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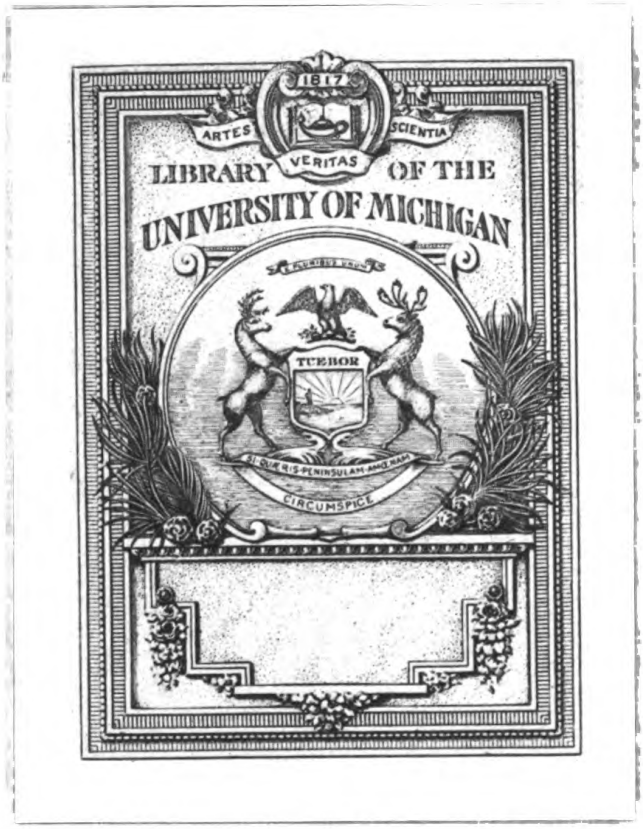
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"THE VIKING'S DAUGHTER."

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVIII. DECEMBER, 1888. No. CCCCLXIII.

THE LAST MASS.

BY WALTER BESANT.

I.

EXACTLY a Year before the Coming of the Spanish Armada (which they blasphemously call'd the Invincible) there happen'd in a remote Country Village an Event which can hardly be accounted as other than a Miracle. It is very well known that the Purpose of Miracles was to Establish the Kingdom of Christ; and that Accomplisht, it is thought by some (but not by Papists) that no more were permitted. Yet (which we cannot but acknowledge) when we pray for Grace and Succour, we ask for the continual Miraculous Interposition of the Providential Hand. And when the Mouth of an old Woman is open'd, and she is permitted to Foretell Things about to Happen, before ever they are Suspected (save perhaps by those deep in the Counsels of Sovereigns), what can we call it but Miraculous, unless we attribute it to the Pow'r of Witchcraft? No one, for certain, ever thought the Lady Katharine to be a Witch, seeing that she was not only a Black Nun, but also formerly Abbess of her Convent, and always Faithful and Obedient to her Order. We are now taught that all Orders of Monks and Nuns are Fond and Superstitious Inventions, but we are not taught that Nuns are Witches.

You shall hear exactly what Lady Katharine Predicted, and in what Words. For what Purpose the Future was Reveal'd to her I know not, nor shall I inquire into Things too deep for a Woman —or even for the most Learned of Divines—to find out. If it be Objected that it was the Bounden Duty of those who heard the Prophecy Straightway to Inform the Sheriff of the County, so that the Matter might be brought before the Queen's Most Excellent Highness, I have to reply that although the Coming of the Spanish Armada was indeed foretold to us in Clear Language, Plain to Understand, the Prophecy was like unto those Oracles recorded in History, inasmuch as its Full Interpretation only became Visible after its Fulfilment. This is, methinks, the Custom observed even by the Sacred Prophets: they Proclaim the Coming Woes, but never Name the Day or Hour, else would the Guilty (being warn'd) take Care to Get out of the Way, and so the Thunder-Bolts would Fall Harmless, and thus the Prophecy remain Unfulfill'd. What, indeed, could the Maidens of Jerusalem do, after the Prophet had gone about the City announcing its Overthrow, except pray that the Hand of the Lord might be Stay'd, so that they at least and their Children might be Spar'd?

Nay, just as sometimes happen'd to the Delphic Priestess, our Prophetess, as you shall see, prov'd to have been Herself in part Deceiv'd. Though she knew Something, she did not know All. Though she could see Beforehand the Coming Battle, she prov'd to be mistaken as to the Victors. Praise be to GOD, the Victors were not the Queen's Enemies, but her own Brave Soldiers!

The Miracle cannot be in any way Explain'd. No one knew or suspected so early, in our Part of the Country, the Designs of the Spanish King. No one in our Parts could possibly know them. Why, I have been credibly inform'd that it was not until November of that Year that the First News of the Armada reach'd the Queen Herself. I do not say that we are more than commonly cut off from News, but that no News of the Kind could have reach'd the Lady Katharine. As regards the Hearing of News in General, indeed I think that we are as commodiously situated as in any Part of the Country, except London. Our Ships bring Intelligence from every Part: from North-

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umberland, for instance, and from Durham, whither they sail for Coal; from the Low Countries, whither they go with Wool and come back with Cloth; from France and Spain, whence they return Laden with Wines of all Kinds, as Malmsey, Sack, Sherris, Mountain, and good Bordeaux; from Norway, whither they go for Timber; and from the Baltic Sea and Muscovy, whence come Amber and Peltry of all Kinds, such as Sable, Ermine, and Miniver. Some there are who have sail'd from Lynn to the Mediterranean Sea and the Levant, escaping the Pirates of the Moorish Coast. Our Ships also bring us News from London, whither they go as to the Market of the World, seeing that there is Nothing which is not to be had as abundantly at that great Port as in Rome of old or in Venice of later Times. So that when News is stirring we presently hear it, and you will see that it was not many Weeks after the Court learned the Preparations of the Spaniard before our People also heard and were talking of them. But to learn News quickly, after others, is different from learning it before all others, by way of Prophecy. And this is what we learn'd.

We live in the Village of Burnham St. Clement, which, as everybody knows, is close to the ancient Port of Wells-by-the-Sea, on the Coast of Norfolk. Wells is not so rich and thriving a Place as Great Yarmouth or as Lynn, but there are many Tall Vessels which sail up and down its Winding Creek and Anchor alongside the Quay. And in the Town there are many Fair Houses belonging to the Merchants and Adventurers, and in them many strange things may be seen, brought from Foreign Parts, and one can see and converse with the Captains and Mates of the Ships, and hear Stories of Foreign Folk and their Ways, and of the Dangers which those must dare who make their Livelihood upon the Ocean.

Burnham Hall is but half a mile from the Port of Wells: from the Roof one can even see the Masts of the Ships as well as the Tower of the Church. The House is of Stone and very Stately. It was built by my Grandfather in the Time of Henry the Eighth, in Place of a House of Timber and Plaster which formerly stood there: by Permission of the King it is Embattled, and hath a Moat, but I doubt how long the House could stand a Siege against Artillery.

The Time was Eight o' the Clock in the Evening of the 20th of July, in the Year of Grace 1587, and the Sun nigh unto his Setting. At this Time of Day there is often a Hush or Stillness in the Air, as if most Things were resting. Yet from the Orchard was heard the Note of a Thrush: the Pigeons cooed in the Dove-Cot: from the Farm-Yard came the Satisfied Clucking of the Hens: the Honey-Bees Dron'd as they flew Home heavily: the Peacocks dragg'd their long Tails across the Grass: the Hounds lay sleeping in the Sun: over the low Hedge we could see the Gentle Deer lying under the Oaks in the Park: all the Summer Flowers were blooming, the Honeysuckle in the Hedge, the Roses on their long Stems, the Sweet-Peas, the Mignonette, the great Red Lily, the Jasmin, the Stocks and Pinks and Sweet-Williams, so that there was hardly a single Foot of Ground in the Flower Beds but had its Blossoms. Our Winter in Norfolk is cold, and in Spring the Winds blow long from the East and the Icy North: but in no Part of the Kingdom is the Summer sweeter than in Norfolk.

Two Young Men, in their Doublets, and Bareheaded, were playing Bowls upon the Grass: these were Will Hayes and my brother Roger. Beneath the great Walnut-Tree sat my Father Sir Francis, and Sir Anthony, Parson of the Parish. Between them was a Dish of Strawberries. They were both well stricken in Years and Gray-Beards. As for Sir Anthony, he was a Learned Divine able to read Greek and Hebrew, and a Maintainer of the Protestant Faith—such as few could be found in Country Places, where so many Changed by Order of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth from Protestant to Catholick and Back again to save their Benefice. My Father, as everybody knows, was a Justice of the Peace much feared by Rogues, Deer-slayers, Vagabonds, Witches, and other Evil Doers. They talk'd gravely, and of things too high for the Understanding of Women. It was truly a Time full of Danger, with Traitors at Home and Enemies Abroad. Queen Mary was Executed in this Year: and many there were who Rag'd furiously about that Dread Deed. It was known that Frenchman and Spaniard alike, with the Pope behind, desir'd Nothing so much as to set Loose the Dogs of War in this Kingdom, while even in the Universities there were Many who long'd for the Res-

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"TWO YOUNG MEN, IN THEIR DOUBLETS, AND BAREHEADED, WERE PLAYING BOWLS."

toration of the Ancient Faith. What do I say? Are there not still Traitors at Home and Enemies Abroad? Yea; and always will be. Wherefore let us still be Ready, and send forth our Lads to singe the Spaniard's Beard, and to snatch from him at the Cannon's Mouth and from his Ports on the Caribbean Sea his great Galeasses and his Carracks full of Treasure.

There stood leaning over the Sun-Dial on the Terrace two Girls, of whom I was one, and Alice Hayes the other. Like the two Young Men, we were nearly of the same age, and if Roger was betroth'd to Alice, then was I for my Part Promis'd to her Brother Will. We stood beside the Sun-Dial, I say, and watch'd our Lovers at their Game. Oh, Happy Time, when a Maiden hath given up all her Heart, and is her Lover's Slave, though still he Choose to call her Queen and Mistress! A Modest Maiden may, I hope, take Delight in the Comeliness of her Lover without Blame. Two more Comely Lads than Will and Roger could nowhere else be seen. Alas! that one of them should be no more! He dyed for Queen and Religion: therefore we ought not to mourn: yet he was taken from the Girl he Loved: therefore she goeth still in Sadness.

It was for Coolness' sake that the Young Men play'd in their Doublets, and their Cloaks and Caps lay upon the Grass. Will always had plain Camlet for his Doublet and green Taffeta for his Cloak, but Roger, like a London Gallant, went more Brave in Violet Silk, his Cloak Garnished with Velvet Guards and Bugles. A Young Man must needs go Fine if only to do Honour unto his Mistress—yet not to put his whole Estate upon his Back. Who would love one who Neglects to set off his Face and Figure with such Attire as becomes his Rank and Station? For my own part, I desire to see a Young Man Fine with French Hosen, Starched Ruff, Feathered Cap of Velvet, Shirt of Lawn, Doublet Slashed and Laced, Cloak Lined and Laced and Hung with Tassels of Gold and Silver. Let him show to the

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World by his Brave Attire the Stout Heart that Beats Beneath. What? Doth the Gallant King of the Farm-Yard hide his Splendid Plumes? Not so; the Braver he is, the more he Displays his Purple Feathers to the Sun.

While we looked on, and the Lads laugh'd and made Bets upon the Game, we became aware that Lady Katharine was walking on the Terrace. She came forth every Day to take the Air in the Garden. It was Nothing Unusual to Meet her; but this Evening I shiver'd when I saw her, and caught Alice by the Hand. She went slowly, looking toward us, but as one who saw no one; and she was follow'd at due Distance by her Three Nuns.

No one, I am sure—not even, speaking with all Respect, the Queen herself—could move with more Dignity than Lady Katharine. She was call'd the Abbess; but as there are no longer any Convents, I give the name by which she was Christen'd and the Style to which she was Born. She was tall and erect, though now near Eighty Years of Age; her Nose was hooked like the Beak of an Eagle; her Chin was Long; her Lips were Firm; her Eyes under Thick Red Eyebrows were as Keen as any Hawk's, but they were full of Wrath. I have never (but once) seen Lady Katharine when her Eyes were not full of Wrath. They were Gray in Colour, I believe, but I am not sure, because no one Dared to look her Steadily in the Eyes. Such, however, was the Effect of her Red Eyebrows and her Wrathful Look that they seem'd Bloodshot. She was Wrathful because she had been Deprived of her Convent and her Spiritual Rank; for Fifty Years she Nourish'd Rage therefor, and daily Prophecy'd to her Nuns the Woes and Punishments which should Fall upon the Land. It is a Terrible Thing for a Woman to Nurse this Passion of Wrath: a Man may Fight his Enemy, and so an End; here there was no Enemy, but a Thing done Fifty Years before. And a private Gentlewoman can do nothing but sit with Clinched Hands and Flaming Eyes, and sometimes fly out into Fiery Speech. It is only a Queen who can Punish her Enemies. Wherefore it especially Behooves a Woman to Forgive all who wrong her lest she spend her Life (and Lose her Soul) in Longing for Revenge.

Some there are who Praise the Past, and would Praise it even if it were the Past before the Flood, or the Past before the Coming of Joshua, or the Past of King Herod. These Men speak of the Godly Monks and the Meek Nuns, now Dispersed. Here was not only a Nun but an Abbess. But as for the Grace of Meekness or Humility, one might look in vain for it. My Father was blam'd by some for suffering her to remain in his House, but she was his Mother's Sister, and it is well known that those who were driven forth when the Houses were dissolved were permitted to remain with their Friends, even though it was notorious that they pray'd daily for the Restoration of the Old Religion. She wore the Habit Proper to an Abbess of her Order; and was the last who wore that Habit in this Country. Therefore I describe it particularly. It consisted of a black Tunic or Gown reaching to the Feet, with a Border of Ermine: the Sleeves were tight and long, and at the Wrists there was a white Edge. Over the black Gown was a white Surplice reaching to the Ermine: over that a short black Surplice. For Head Dress she wore a white linen Hood, very full, and tied under the Chin. It was low over the Forehead, and hid the Hair. Over all she wore a black Mantle with gray Fur. Round her Waist was a Cord with the triple knot of Charity, Poverty, and Obedience.

Round her Neck was a Chain of Gold with a Crucifix. Behind her, at the Distance of six Feet or so, walked the three Ancient Dames, her Nuns and Servants. They too were still dressed in their Benedictine Robes. By Living long together they had grown to resemble each other so that one hardly knew which was Sister Claire, Sister Angela, or Sister Clementina. They were as old as their Mistress; their Shrivell'd Faces wore Something the Look of Sheep, and when the Abbess spoke they Trembled and Huddled together. These poor old Ladies had been turn'd out of the Convent with Lady Katharine, but there was no Wrath in their Faces, rather a Desire to Rest and be at Peace.

She walk'd along the Terrace and presently stopp'd. When she stopp'd the old Nuns began to tremble and crept close together. But she did not stop in Order to admonish them. On the contrary, which was a strange thing of her to do, she stopped to look at the Players.

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"SHE RAISED THE GOLD-HEADED STICK WHICH SHE CARRIED AND POINTED IT TO THE WESTERN SKY."—[SEE PAGE 8.]

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Mostly she regarded no one in the garden. Then she beckoned to them; and they left their Bowls and walked across the Grass, wondering, and stood before her, Will's Hand on Roger's Shoulder. As for us, we drew near as well. And my Father arose and followed the Boys. But Sir Anthony moved not. For such as himself the Popish Woman would have none but Words of Wrath.

"So," she said, addressing Will. She had a Deep Man's Voice, which made her the more Terrible. "So, Sirrah; by thy Face thou shouldest be Grandson to Sir Humphrey Hayes, Robber of the Church. I play'd with him when we were Children together, before he despoil'd the Sanctuaries and grew Rich upon the Lands and Beeves of Holy Church."

"Madam," said Will, "I am the Grandson of Sir Humphrey who is dead, and the Son of Sir Humphrey who is alive."

"They shall not prosper who despoil the Church," she said, speaking slowly. "Thy Grandsire is dead. They shall be accursed. They shall be cut off, they and theirs."

"By your Leave, Madam," said Will, "some of those who despoiled the Church have since done, methinks, indifferently Well. As for my Grandsire, he was long past Threescore Years and Ten when he died."

"Silence, Sirrah!" She raised the Gold-headed Stick which she carried and pointed it to the Western Sky, now red and flaming. "Behold!" she said. "The Sky is full of Blood. I hear the Groans of Dying Men: I see a Great and Terrible Slaughter: there is a mighty Battle upon the Ocean: the tall Ships are crushed like Egg Shells, and sink to the Bottom of the Deep with all their Armaments: the Waves are Red: those who went forth to Fight are Drowning in the Flood: never before was there such a Battle: never in Days to come shall be such another: the Arm of the Lord is outstretched: the Mighty are scattered. After the Roaring of the Cannon, the Weeping of the Women: after the Weeping of the Women, Punishment—yea, the Torture of the Flames for those who have led the People astray. After their Punishment the Ancient Faith shall be restored: then shall those who thought to grow fat upon the Lands of the Church be driven forth homeless and Beggars to wander upon the Roads. Woe! Woe! Woe! to the Mothers and the Children in that day! Death to the young Men! Woe to the Maidens!"

"Madam," said Will, calmly, "we who wait upon the Lord and are His Servants fear not any Evils."

The Abbess made no Sign of hearing him.

"I see," she said, still gazing into the Sky—"I see the Bones of one who thought to go Home and wed his Bride: this is his Marriage Bed among the Seaweed: the Crabs crawl about his Ribs: the Fishes eat out his Eyes: the Tides roll him hither and thither."

"Madam," said Will again, calmly, "we who are in the Hands of the Lord fear not any of these Evils."

"Fools! Fools! ye lean upon a Reed, and it shall Pierce your Hands." Then she rais'd her stick again. "Death and Ruin for the Enemies of the Church! Death and Ruin for those who have despoil'd the Holy Shrines! The Avenger cometh—lo! the Avenger cometh quickly."

Her Nuns, all Huddled close together, cross'd themselves. Alice caught my Hand, and we trembled and shook.

The Abbess slowly lower'd her Stick, and turn'd and walk'd away, followed by her Attendants, who shook in their Limbs as if the Curse was pronounced upon themselves.

The Sun was down by this Time: a Thunder Cloud rolled up which hid the Splendour of the West: it grew darker than it is wont to be at this Season: an Owl screeched from the Ivy.

"Cheer up, Lads," said my Father, who alone had heard her unmoved. "This is not the first time by many that my Lady hath prophecy'd Death and Disaster. Before the Pilgrimage of Grace—as I have heard: before the Rebellion of the Ketts: before the Death of King Edward—many Times hath she uprais'd her Voice in this Fashion. I have never heard that any were hurt—whatever she may have said."

"Sir," I said, "by your Leave: great Disasters followed her Words then. What new Disaster is to follow this new and terrible Forecast?"

It was Sir Anthony who answered, gravely, having now joined us:

"Those who are assur'd that they hold the true Catholick Faith need fear nothing. Since it hath been prov'd abundantly that the only true Catholick Doc-

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trine is that of our own Church, we are, as Master Will truly said, in the Lord's Hand. Therefore let us fear nothing. The Times are truly full of Trouble: there will be Wars, and many of our Young Men may fall. Yet be of Good Cheer all, as those who are on the Lord's Side, though Owls may screech and Nuns predict Confusion."

As he spoke, the Owl screech'd again, and the first Drops fell of the coming Shower, and the Thunder roll'd and rumbled.

"Sweetheart!" cried Will, catching my Hand, "why so pale and white? The Thunder is the Cannon with which we shall salute our Enemies. Let us meet our Fate, whatever happens, with Stout Heart and Steady Eye."

"Words, Words," said my Father. "Let the poor mad Woman rave. Now, Lads, let us within. Nell shall Pop a Posset upon us, and Alice shall Sing us a Song, before we go to Bed."

II.

The Abbess came to this House—the House of her Sister's Husband—in the Year 1539, when, with her Nuns, she was turn'd out of her Convent of Benedictine Sisters at Binstead. 'Twas the Year when the Great Religious Houses were made to Follow the Small, and All together were Overwhelm'd in One Destruction. It was thirty Years before I was Born, yet have I talk'd with old Men who Remember'd very well this Great Event, and to their Dying Day they could never Understand how this Great Destruction could have been peacefully carried out.

There was then, to be sure, a most Masterful King who would have his Will in everything: he had also Masterful Ministers under him who carried out his Bidding. But still the Affections of the People must have been already turn'd away from the Monks, or there must have been a Rising everywhere. Not here and there one Convent suppress'd, but everywhere, over the Whole Country —Six Hundred and More—with Thousands of Monks and Nuns driven forth: a Hundred Hospitals, a Hundred Colleges, and I know not how many Hundreds of Chantries—of which there is not now left a single one. What befell the Priests and Monks is not known. Some, I believe, fell into a low Way of Life, and became mere Vagabonds and Rogues. Some, being of rustical Origin, return'd to their People, and once more Steer'd the Plough—a Wholesome Discipline, though the Flesh might Rebel. I have never heard how these became afterwards Disposed towards the Protestant Faith. They would, methinks, regard it with half-hearted Loyalty. As for the Nuns, they, in our Part of the Country, mostly took Ship and sail'd across to the Low Countries, where they were admitted into other Convents, and looked for Rest, but I fear found none, by Reason of the Wars of Religion. Some of them, especially those who belong'd to Substantial Families, return'd to their Friends, and were by them Maintain'd until their Death, no one asking whether a harmless Woman read her Prayers in Latin or in English, from a Missal or the Book of Common Prayer.

The Convent of Binstead would have been held in Greater Respect had it not been for its Rich and Illustrious Neighbor of Walsingham. The Sisters possess'd a Priceless Treasure (as it was then deemed) in the Arm of St. Philip. There are still living Country People who will tell you how Miracles were worked at Binstead as well as at Walsingham, the Arm of St. Philip being strong to heal the Sick, sovereign in Cases of Rheumatism. The Walls are now pulled down, and their Stones have been used for Farm Buildings: the Chapel itself, the Refectory, the Dormitory, are all Destroyed: Nothing remains but a few Stone Walls of what is said to have been the Kitchen, and the broad Moat which guarded it on all Sides. The last Abbess of Binstead, the Lady Katharine, was but twenty-eight Years of Age, though ten Years Novice and Nun and six Years Abbess, at the Time of the Suppression of the Religious Houses. Though so young, she ruled her House with Authority, strictly Enforcing the Rules of the Order, so that the Sisters Trembled daily lest they should incur her Displeasure, and receive those Punishments by which Obedience is enforc'd in such Houses, where I cannot but think little Things are magnify'd, and a Broken Rule, even one of no Consequence, becomes a Great Sin. The Visitors of the King could find no Fault at all with this House; but, like the rest, it must needs go.

On the Day when they must Depart, the Sisters, Sixteen in Number, came forth Weeping from the Chapel where they had

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Held their Last Service. These Walls had Shelter'd them from the Dangers of the World: some of them had grown Old in the House and look'd to lay their Bones in the Convent Burying-Ground: some were of Middle Age, who never Thought to leave the House: some were Young, and yet had no other Hope but to Continue where they were until they should Exchange the Black Frock of their Order for the White Robe of the Angels. Therefore they came forth Weeping. They knew not, besides, whither they would go, or what would become of them, or where they should find Friends. By the Order of the Abbess, however, they chang'd their Wailing into Singing, and with the Chanting of Psalms they walked to Wells, where Thirteen of them said Farewell to the Rest and went on Board Ship, and so to the Low Countries. But how they fared there I know not and have never heard. Long since, doubtless, their Troubles have ceased.

The three youngest remained with the Abbess, who took them to her Sister's House at Burnham St. Clement. Here they had their own Chambers set apart for them, in which they lived and took their Meals. The Chapel was also given to them, in which they might Worship after their own Fashion, and so might keep up in their Chambers the Convent Rules, as they still wore the Dress of their Order. And just as before they never went beyond the Walls of their Convent, so now they never pass'd outside the Garden. In a Word, there was a little Convent of four Benedictine Nuns establish'd within a Protestant Household, whose Master was a Justice of the Peace, yet tolerated this Breaking of the Law. The Abbess from the first Day of the Dissolution looked for some signal Punishment which should fall from Heaven upon the King or the Country. Herod, for Instance, was Devoured of Worms for his Blasphemies: for the Sins of David a Pestilence raged among his People. So should it be with King Henry. And after he was gone the old Order would be Restored, save for the Glories of the Shrines which were scatter'd and destroyed. (So Nehemiah rebuilt the Temple, but could not Restore the Gold and Silver Vessels and the Carved Work.) No Punishment, as the Years went on, fell upon King or People. It is true that King Henry dyed some ten Years after the Suppression of the Houses. But then he was arrived at a good Age, and we must all die. And his Son, who succeeded him, was a Protestant, who dyed in his Youth —on Account of his Protestantism, said the Papists. Then Queen Mary came to the Throne, and for a While it seem'd as if the Roman Catholick Religion was Restored for Good. Then the Abbess, Lady Katharine, with her three Sisters, rode to Binstead, purposing to return to their House. Alas! it was already destroy'd. The Country Folk had Broken down the Wood Work and carry'd off the Stones. No Human Creature could live among the Ruins. Therefore the Sisters rode back to Burnham St. Clement, and continued to abide there.

Queen Mary died, and Queen Elizabeth succeeded.

The Abbess once more fell to looking for the Judgment of Heaven upon the Country. Surely for all that hath been granted to us, the Gracious Mercies and the Crowning Victories, we should be prepar'd to Acknowledge the Blessing of the Lord and His Approbation of the Protestant Faith.

Lady Katharine was old when first I remember her. As long as she lived afterwards no change fell upon her. She was always Lofty in her Spirit, always Terrible in her Eyes, and always Wrathful. So look'd, I suppose, Judith: so Jael, the Wife of Heber the Kenite: so Deborah: so Boadicea. Mostly Lady Katharine sat in her own Chamber, her three Women standing around her: she took her Meals alone: she walk'd about the Garden followed by the three Sisters, all in Silence. They, however, were certainly not Wrathful, nor did they ever Prophesy Disaster. On the contrary, they were as Happy as Women who are old can expect to be: nay, they were Happier than we who have the Protestant Light can ever be, because they were Convinced that their Salvation was Assured to them by their Profession and by the Power of the Church. Their only Care was not to incur the Displeasure of the Abbess, of whom, old as they were, they still stood in as much Dread as a young Maid who fears to be whipped for Carelessness: in the Presence of the Abbess they were Mute as Mice. But when, as sometimes Happened, they were permitted or ordered to leave her Presence, they would run and play and laugh like unto Children. They were also like Children

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"WITH ONE CONSENT THEY SPRANG TO THEIR FEET AND THREW UP THEIR CAPS, AND DRANK WITH ZEAL."—[SEE PAGE 12.]

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in their Simple Contentment with small Things, and in their Readiness to Laugh and be amused with Toys, and in their Fear of being Punish'd. Sometimes one would be in Disgrace, though of this the others did not speak. After the Abbess died—in what Manner you shall hear—the Sisters told me how hard was her Discipline, so that for Little Things they were put upon Bread and Water: their Warm Clothing was taken from them: they had to say more Prayers: they had to Kneel in Corners:—I know not what Indignities they did not endure. But with me, from my Childhood, they would Play as if they were Children too, and they knew many Stories about Saints and Miracles, which I now understand to have been Fables, but which then pleased me mightily. When I hear Talk of Nunneries, I think of these poor old Women, so Simple and so Childish. And when I hear Talk of an Abbess, I think of a tall old Woman with a Hooked Nose and Fierce Eyes and a Man's Voice.

III.

I was, to be sure, thrown into a most Dreadful Fear by this Prophecy, despite of Will's Courage. Such a Prediction, utter'd by a Woman, hath in it Something much more Terrible than if it were Pronounc'd by a Man. We of Norfolk are quick to consider any old Woman as a Witch; and if any poor Old Rustical Creature who desires it can command Magic Power, why not a Stately Lady of Gentle Birth, like the Lady Katharine?

Why, it was but three or four Years before this that they Burned at Lynn Regis an old Woman—her Name was Mother Gobley—because of her Abominable Witchcraft. With Egg Shells and Water she Compass'd the Shipwreck of a Noble Vessel and the Cruel Deaths of Fourteen Brave Sailors. If such Mischief be permitted, I say, to a Miserable Old Woman like her, even at the Cost of her Immortal Soul, what would not be accorded to such as Lady Katharine if she Sought it?

"As for Battles," said Will, "the World is full of them, and always shall be. They are Fighting in the Low Countries: they are Fighting in France: there is never any Peace upon the West Indian Seas: and as for Spain, is not Drake gone forth to destroy as many of the Spaniard's Ships as he can? Sweetheart, it needs no Witch to see Blood in the Red Sky and to hear the Groans of Dying Men. Courage! Perhaps War will not come hither."

It was in August—only a few Weeks later—that certain good News made us forget our Fears, and put the Prophecy for a while clean out of our minds.

Will brought us the News. It was on the last Day of our Harvest, the Day of the Horkey Load, when the Last Wagon is driven Home, adorn'd, according to our Country Custom, with Flags and Ribbons, very splendid, and perch'd atop, a Kern Baby. We were in the very Middle of the Feast. When the Wagon drew near to the House my Father went out to meet it, followed by Myself and all the Maids. He carry'd a great Horn fill'd with Ale. When the Wagon stopp'd, the Men all took Hands and shouted, "Largesse!" "Largesse!" after which the Horn was passed about, and one who had a Trumpet blew it. After the Passage of the Horn from Hand to Hand, the Men sat down to a Feast of Beef and Pudding with more Ale: nowhere are the Rustics better at the Drinking of Ale than in our Norfolk; and if they Drink too much, it is but a Headache the next Morning, and so no more Mischief. As soon as the Men were at their Work, the Lord of the Harvest, as they call a Fellow dressed Fantastically, began to run about the Tables, singing:

"So Drink, Boys, Drink,
And See you Do not Spill:
For if you Do, you Shall Drink Twice;
It is your Master's Will."

Now, while they were thus making Merry, we heard the Clattering of Hoofs, and Will rode into the midst of us, his Handsome Face so full of Joy that we knew at the first Sight of him that he had Good News to Tell.

"Good News, Sir Francis!" he cry'd unto my Father. "Rare News, Roger!" Here he threw himself from his Horse, and toss'd the Reins to one of the Varlets. "I come from Wells, and am carrying the News to my Father. Up, Men, shout for the Queen, and toss your Caps, and drink her Health, and Confusion to her Enemies!"

Our Honest Lads needed no Second Invitation. With one Consent they sprang to their Feet and threw up their Caps, and drank with Zeal. Both Drinking and Shouting were very much to their Taste.

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Then Will began his Story. "I come from Wells," he said, "whither the News hath been Brought by John Eldred, Master Mariner of the Ship *Good Intent*, from London, laden with Wine and other Goods. He reports that the Day before he dropped down the River Thames there arrived Francis Drake himself from Plymouth, bringing to the Queen the most excellent News that he had enter'd the Spanish Port of Cadiz, and under the Enemy's Nose, look you, there Fired and Sunk no fewer than Thirty Ships, great and small, without Damage to his own Fleet."

"That is good," said my father. "Thirty Ships cannot be built in a day."

"But they may be borrow'd or bought," said Sir Anthony, who was present. "Go on, Will. Is there more? Thirty Ships will not destroy the Spanish Kingdom. Is there more?"

"There is Much More," Will reply'd. "For when he left Cadiz, Drake sail'd along the Coast, and Destroyed a Hundred more Ships."

"That is Brave News indeed," said my father.

"It is Brave News," said Sir Anthony. "But I would rather have Heard that Drake had Captur'd one of the King's Treasure Ships. It is in the West, in the West, that the Spaniard must be struck. A Hundred and Fifty Ships will not destroy the Spanish Kingdom. But I grant you that it is Brave News."

"They are Ringing the Bells at Wells," said Will. "You can hear them. Listen!"

"Nay," said Sir Anthony, "we will not be behindhand," and commanded the Ringers to be set to Work.

"A Hundred and Thirty Vessels!" said my Father. "'Tis a splendid Fleet destroy'd."

"Why," said Will, "I doubt if from all our Ports we could get together so vast a Fleet. A Hundred and Thirty Ships! With all his Treasure, yea, and back'd by the Pope himself, I doubt if the King of Spain will recover this Blow in his Lifetime. Well, it seems that we are Safe at Last. Without Ships, what can he do? Will he Cross the Flood like Moses or like Joshua?"

"The longer Time we have," said my Father, "the better for us. Let us not forget that though the King of Spain may Die, the Pope doth never Die. Therefore, we have an Enemy who, until he himself is Overthrown, will never cease to Conspire against us."

"Yet, Sir, with Submission," said Will, "one Fears the Pope less than one Fears the King of Spain. The Pope is but a Priest."

"Fear him therefore the More," said Sir Anthony.

Well, so we talk'd and gave Thanks to God for this signal Mercy, and for a Time I wholly forgot the Prophecy of Evil, and lived in a Fool's Paradise, and thought of nothing but of Will and of happy Love. Yet, as Afterwards I remember'd, there were many Warnings which should have Shaken my Confidence. I know that under the new Religion we are Taught not to Regard these Warnings (yet the Country People are slow to give them up): but certain it is that all this Autumn I saw Shooting Stars (particularly in November): there was an Eclipse of the Sun: the Moon showed in September of a Bloody Hue: I continually heard the Screech-Owl, the Croaking Raven, and the Chattering Pie: the Dogs Howled: I had Fearful Dreams: there were Strange Sounds at Night. All this was not for Nothing, as you will presently Understand. But being Young and Happy, I pay'd no Heed.

I know not if Lady Katharine heard this News. In those Days I avoided her: it seem'd to me that her Eyes were Growing Fiercer: she Mutter'd as she Walk'd: and once I saw her Stop short on the Terrace and Throw up her eyes to Heaven, crying aloud in her deep Man's Voice, "O Lord! how long?" The three Ancient Nuns behind her Caught each other by the Hand and huddled together, trembling and shaking for Fear.

IV.

It was a Christmas Day—None Other—the Day when Peace and Good-Will should Reign among Men—that our Peace was rudely interrupted. We awoke in the Morning and arose long before Daybreak, expecting Nothing more than a Day of Feasting and Rejoicing, with Twelve more Days to Follow, all of Mirth and Joy. Well: Feasting there was. As for the Rejoicing—but you shall hear.

In the Morning all my Father's Tenants and the Servants gather'd about Eight of the Clock in the Hall. Here we met them, and after Christmas Greetings—all the Old Customs did not Perish when the

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Religion was changed—the Black Jack went Round full of Strong October instead of Small Ale, and the Men sat down to the great Christmas Sausage with Toast and Cheese. There had been a Bowl of Lamb's Wool the Night before, and some of them had drunk deeply thereat, so that their Heads were Heavy; yet at the Morning Draught they seem'd to be refresh'd suddenly and Ready for More.

After Breakfast we all went together to Church. 'Twas a still Morning, the Snow falling, and the Ditches frozen over. Such a Christmas Morning one loves, when the World seems Hushed and Awed by the Tremendous Event of the Night. In every Church, methinks, on that Morning, is a Manger; every Star is the Star of Bethlehem; the Way of Walsingham, as the People still call the Milky Way, points to the Church in every Parish. In this Night, they say, the Cock awoke and crow'd, "Christ is Born." Then the Raven awoke and croak'd, "When?" And the Crow reply'd, "This Night." And the Ox ask'd, "Where?" And the Sheep reply'd, "In Bethlehem."

My Father led the Way, and after him I walked with my Brother, and all the People after, save the Maids, who were wanted by the Cook to dress and serve the Christmas Feast. That, to be sure, was ready long before, with its Store of Christmas Pye, Shrid Pye, Plum Pudding, and Plum Porridge; its Beef and Turkeys—none so good as those from Norfolk; its Capons, Fat Geese, and Manchets.

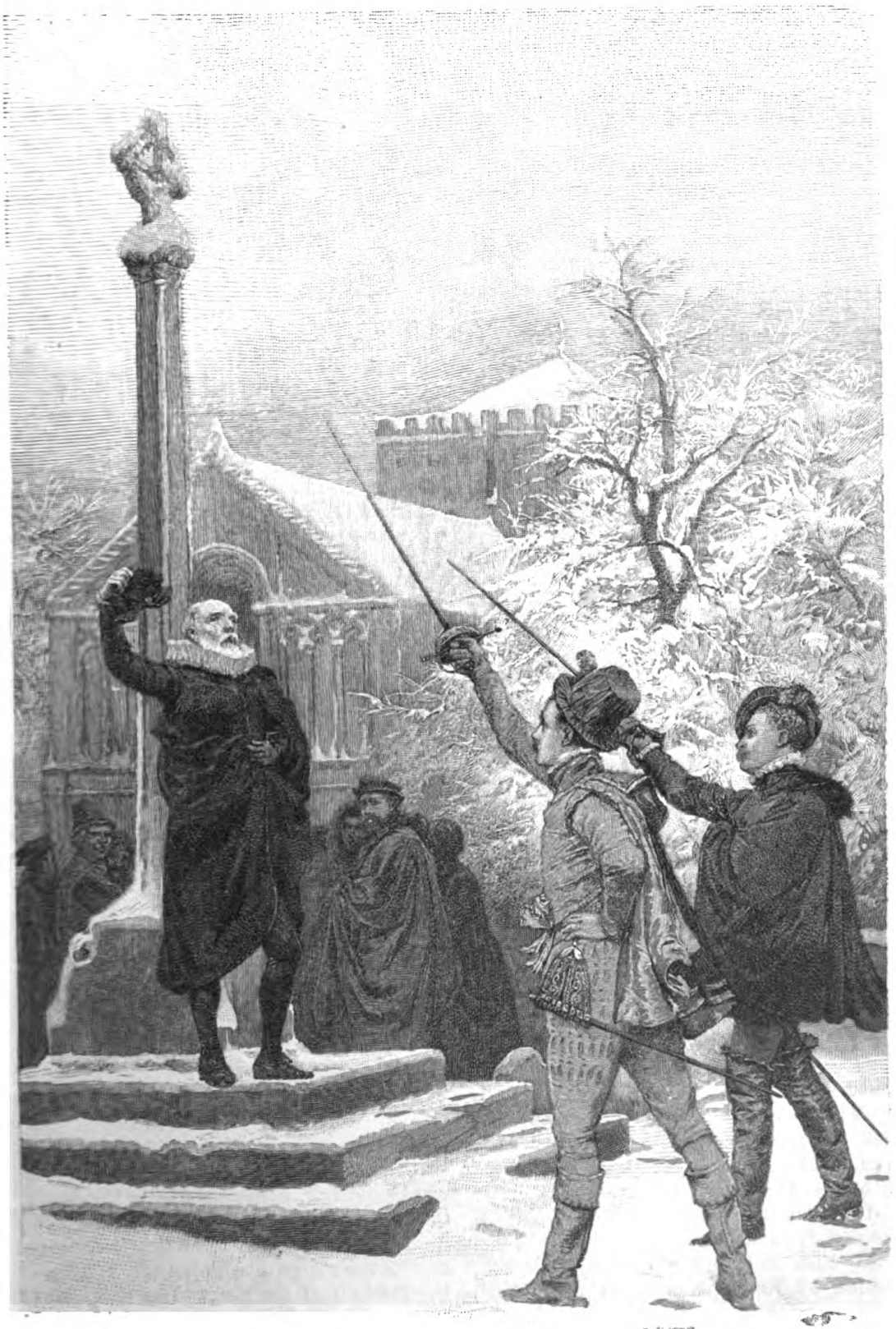
After the Service Sir Anthony gave a Weighty Discourse on the Superstition of those who Worship the Mother and Babe instead of the Holy Trinity, and reminded us of the Fond Practices which were finally renounced when the Queen's Grace ascended the Throne: how they would set a Wooden Child dress'd up on the Altar, while the Boys and Girls danc'd before it, and the Priests shouted: how on St. Stephen's Day they gallop'd the Horses into a Sweat, hoping thus to keep them well for the next Year: how on St. John's Day the Priests consecrated Wine and sold it for the Making of Manchets to keep off Storms—nay, we have some of these Manchets still. And how on Childermas the Priests beat one another, which, Sir Anthony said, was the only Righteous Custom of all. Many there were in that Church who could remember when the Mass was set up again under Queen Mary, whose Husband, the King of Spain, was never weary of contriving and conspiring for the Overthrow of the Protestant Faith. Many there were also who remember'd the Martyrs of Norwich. Therefore Sir Anthony bade us never forget that we might be call'd upon, one and all, to testify for the Truth in like Manner, even to the Horrible Agony of the Stake.

Sermon over, the People flock'd out, and we follow'd. But in the Porch, waiting for Speech with Sir Francis, was none other than Sir Humphrey Hayes, and with him Will and two or three Grave Merchants of Wells. So Sir Humphrey went into the Church and talk'd for the Space of ten Minutes, and then they came forth. My Father, instead of walking through the People, who were waiting in two Lines for us to pass, mounted the Steps of the old Church Cross, where he stood looking mighty Grave, so that all the World could tell that he had News to tell. Sir Humphrey remain'd in the Porch with Sir Anthony and the Merchants.

Then my Father spoke.

"My Friends," he say'd, "here is News which is likely to be a Mar-Feast. Yet needs must that I tell you. It is such News as I had hoped never to hear in my Lifetime. Yet, since it has been threaten'd long, surely the Sooner it happens the Better, while we have Stomach for the Fight. You all know how the King of Spain, once the Consort of Queen Mary, doth continually devise Mischief to this Country. That has long been known. Nor will anything, we are convinc'd, assuage his Hellish Malice and Rage Insatiable. Briefly, then, he now Aims at Nothing short of the Subjugation of this Realm, the Enslaving of us all, and the Overthrow of our Free Religion. Doubtless he hath been more than commonly Enraged by the Great Havoc wrought among his Ships by our Brave Commander Francis Drake. Wherefore, having few Ships of his own, he hath bought or borrow'd from Venice, Genoa, and other Ports so great a Fleet as was never before gotten together, which he is now fitting out with Guns and Men and Muniments of War, intending to launch it against this Country as soon as the Winter is over. Nay, it is not so vast but what, with the Blessing of the Lord, we shall know how to meet it. But every Man who can handle a Pike and carry a Harquebus will be wanted. Wherefore

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"ROGER AND WILL SPRANG FORWARD THE FIRST, DRAWING THEIR SWORDS WITH A SHOUT."

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you will go Home to your Christmas Fare with the Knowledge that you must shortly Fight for your Liberties and your Religion. Keep the Feast joyfully, in the Firm Trust that the Lord will protect His Servants.

"My Lads," he continu'd, "I know that you will all play the Part of Men, seeing what is before you if you Play that of Cowards. Every Seaport will, according to its Means, contribute a Ship or more towards the Fleet which the Queen will raise to meet this great Expedition. There is talk of Ten Ships or more from the City of London. Wells is but a small Port, but we will do our Part, and if we get Volunteers we will, with the Blessing of God, send one Tall Ship well armed and equipped to strike a Blow for Freedom and for Faith. My Lads"—here he raised his hat—"God save the Queen! Who volunteers?"

Roger and Will sprang forward the first, drawing their Swords with a Shout. Then one of the Village Lads—'twas a mere Stable Boy — stepped forth and lugged off his Hat and pulled his Forelock. "May it Please your Honour to take me," he said. And then another and another—oh, Brave Lads of Burnham!—till from our Little Village alone there were a Dozen at least. My Heart swells with Pride when I think of those Brave Lads. They had plodded in the Fields all their Days, with Plough and Flail, and Hook and Sickle: they had no more Knowledge of War than comes from a Wrestling Match and a Bout with Quarter Staff: and now they were Soldiers going forth to fight upon the Ocean. They went because Roger led the way: our Brave English will go anywhere if they are led.

"Gentlemen," said my Father to the Merchants, "here are our Lads. If every Village does as well, we shall be well sped. Roger, bring your Troop to the Hall. Sir Humphrey, you will Feast with me this Day, and to-morrow we will take such Order as the Queen in Council hath directed."

So with a Shout the Men followed, headed by Roger, and with him Will, walking with Drawn Swords: and not a Lad among them but held up his Head and straighten'd his Back as if he was Marching to Battle. Nay, the Ancient Men, who would stay at Home, also straighten'd their Backs and stuck out their Legs, as if they too felt the Glow of War, and would Fain go forth to Fight. And the Boys cheer'd and ran beside the Troop of Volunteers and envied them. As for the Women, some Wept, but not aloud: and some there were whose Cheeks were pale: and one, at least, among them would Fain have been alone in her Chamber to fall upon her Knees and Weep and Pray.

Never, I declare, was Christmas kept with more Lusty Cheer or greater Rejoicing. One would have thought, from the Way that these Brave Fellows Feasted and Laugh'd and Sang, that the Prospect of Fighting was the most Joyful Thing in the Whole World. The Heavy Country Lads show'd themselves suddenly Nimble-witted: those who only Yesterday would have sat Mum all the Evening over a Tankard of Ale and a Crab, now Sang and Joked, and were as Merry as so many Players at the Fair. Even Sir Anthony himself, who, if King Philip won the Victory, would assuredly meet the Fate of St. Bilney on Mousehold Heath—even Sir Anthony, I say, Laugh'd and Crack'd his Fingers at the Jests of the Lord of Misrule.

They feasted all the Day. My Father sat in his great Arm-Chair: Sir Humphrey sat beside him: after the Christmas Antics a Bowl of Punch was brought, and some sang Songs: and the Talk fell upon War and Battles and the Brave Deeds of English Men in Days gone by. Presently the Village Lads went away, singing noisily Outside, and the Maids went to Bed, and we were alone, the Red Light of the Logs for Candles. Then we fell to more serious Talk. While we talk'd we heard the Voices of the Abbess and the three Sisters from the Chapel. They were singing a Triumphal Psalm. It was doubtless the Psalm appointed for the Office of the Day: yet to me it seemed as if they were Singing for the Overthrow of the English Armaments, and my Heart fell, thinking of the Prophecy, and there rose before me in the Embers a Shape which seemed to be the Skeleton of my Lover rolled about by the Waves at the Bottom of the Sea. The deep Man's Voice of Lady Katharine rose Loud above the Quaverings of the three Ancient Sisters.

The Others seemed not to hear.

"There are no Sailors," said Sir Anthony, "like the English Sailors, for

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"SO WITH A SHOUT THE MEN FOLLOWED, HEADED BY ROGER, AND WITH HIM WILL, WALKING WITH DRAWN SWORDS."

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Courage and for Holding on. The Dutch are Good, but the English are Best. There are none who can Handle a Ship like an Englishman. God grant we meet them on the Ocean!"

Alas! it was on the Ocean that Lady Katharine's Battle was to be fought; when the Ships should be Crush'd like Egg Shells, and sink down to the Bottom of the Deep with their Gallant Freight of Brave Hearts.

V.

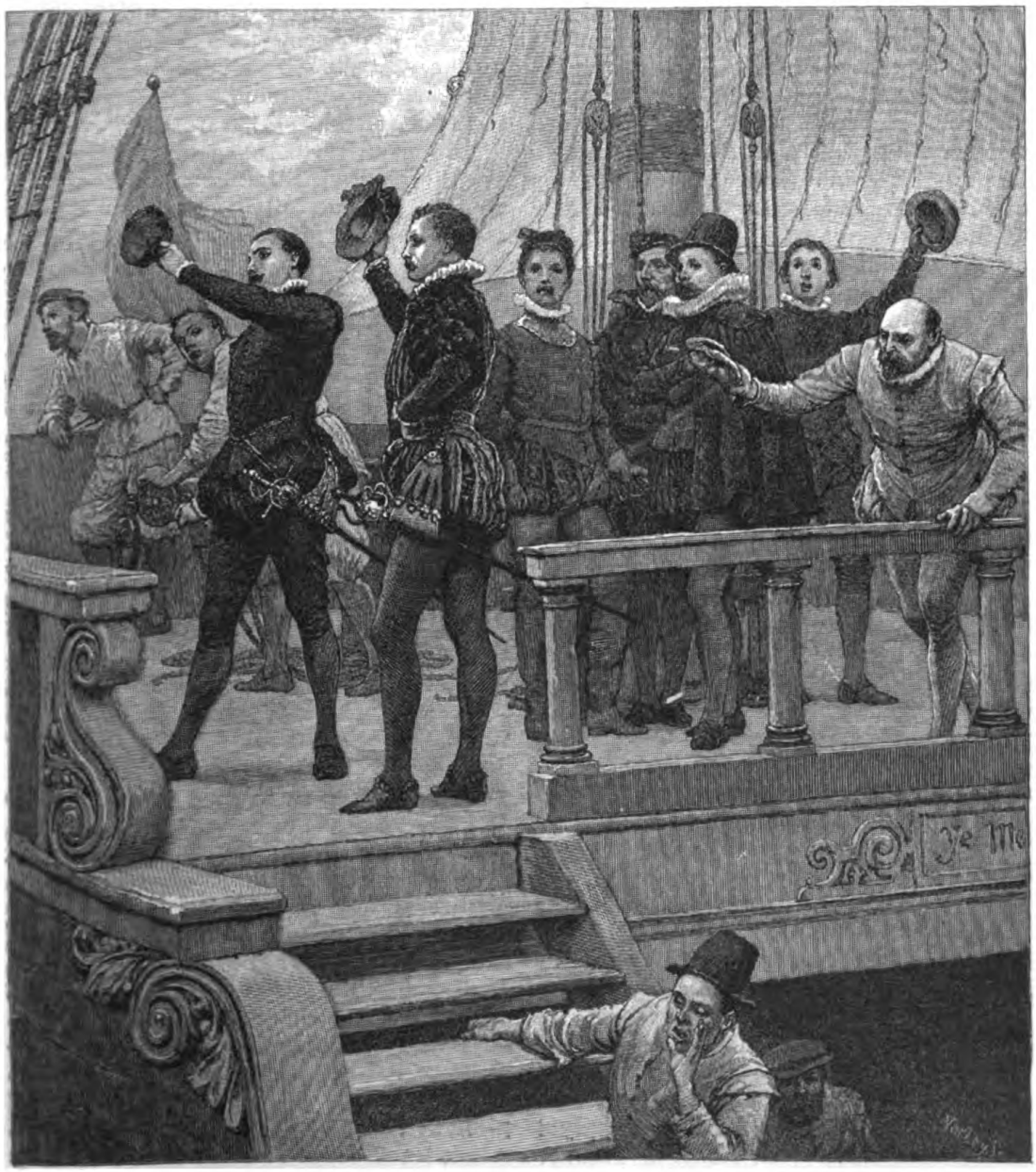
The Ship furnish'd by the Merchants of Wells for the Service of the Queen was named the *Mere Honour:* she was a Stout and Serviceable Craft and a Swift Sailer: she carry'd Sixteen Guns, and was three Hundred Tons Burden: as for her Complement of Men, I know not how many she carry'd, with Sailors and Volunteers. They were Fighting Men all, Tall and Resolute Fellows, with Half a Dozen young Gentlemen of Family such as Will and Roger, and while the Ship was making Ready with her Equipment, not only of Provisions and Water but also of Arms, such as Boarding Pikes, Grappling Irons, Harquebuses, and Cutlasses, there were Martial Exercises every Day for the Volunteers, who were taught to Board a Ship, to Repel Boarders, to handle their Weapons, and all the Time you never saw Young Men so Gay and Cheerful. They went to their Exercises with Songs, as if they were going to a Wedding or a Feast. As for us, we look'd on, but I promise you without Joke and Laughter: and because we would be doing Something towards the Good Work, we made a great Standard for the Ship, all of Silk, with the Royal Arms embroider'd thereon, and a very fine Flag it was. Sailors love their Ship to be adorn'd, like a Woman, with Ribbons and fine Colours.

At last all was ready, and our Brave Lads must sail. I say Nothing of the Fond and Tender Farewells of those who had Lovers among 'em. There was not one, I am sure, of the Girls who would keep her Sweetheart Ignobly Tied to her



"WE MADE A GREAT STANDARD FOR THE SHIP, ALL OF SILK, WITH THE ROYAL ARMS EMBROIDER'D THEREON."

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"ON THE HIGH POOP STOOD THE GENTLEMEN WAVING THEIR CAPS. . . .TO THE LAST I SAW THE TWO LADS STANDING BESIDE OUR FLAG."

Apron String, while the others went forth to Fight for their Country: yet of Tears there were Many, with Dismal Forebodings and Prayers, both secret and public. Alas! it seems better to be a Man and go forth to fight, even to meet Wounds or Death, than to be a Woman and to stay at Home.

It was a Morning Early in February when the *Mere Honour* sail'd away. The Day was fine, with a Southeasterly Breeze, and the Sun Shining. We were all gather'd upon the Quay to see the Ship set Sail. Guns were fired: Trumpets play'd: Drums were beat. On the High Poop stood the Gentlemen waving their Caps —the most Comely among them all my Brother and my Lover. The Waist and Forecastle were Crowded with the Volunteers, who also wav'd their Caps and shouted. The Yards were mann'd by the Sailors: and on the Quay were all the People of the Town, and Hundreds from the Country, as far as Hunstanton on one Side and Clay on the other, to see the Sight. The Ship was Hung with long

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Streamers and waving Pennons, and our great Flag Floated Bravely from the Poop. Then the Anchor was weigh'd and the Sails unfurl'd, and the Ship mov'd slowly down the Creek, and so out into the Open Sea. To the Last I saw the two Lads standing beside our Flag, with Caps doff'd in Farewell to their Sweethearts. Well: it was not until we could see them no longer that we fell to Weeping.

"There they go," said Sir Humphrey, "for a Shipload of as Gallant Fellows as one would wish to have in the Queen's Navy. Some there are among them who will never come back, I doubt. Well, God speed the Ship!"

"Old Friend," said my Father, "your Son is on Board her, and so is mine. If we were sending them to certain Death, would we keep them at Home? God Knows that they would not Stay. Many a Brave Lad shall meet with a Watery Grave. In the End we hope 'twill be no Worse for him."

We rode Home; but all that Day I seem'd to hear the Voice of Lady Katharine saying, "I see his white bones lying among the Seaweed beneath the Waves; the Fishes have eaten out his Eyes, and the Tide Rolls him hither and thither."

VI.

All that Year, until the Sea-Fight was over, the Country was full of Rumours and Alarms. Everybody knew by this Time that the King of Spain had gotten together a vast great Army, with Ships innumerable. The Pope had renew'd his Bill of Excommunication against the Queen: that matter'd no more than the Barking of a Dog: but he also supply'd King Philip with Vast Sums of Money. For our Part, not only were the Fleets fitted out with Expedition, but every Man in the Country became a Soldier, the Catholicks being as eager in the Cause as the Protestants, though the Catholick Gentlemen were not allow'd to have a Command (but Lord Howard of Effingham, the High Admiral, my Kinsman, was himself a Catholick.) I know not what Forces were collected, but it was said that wherever the Spaniard might Attempt to Land, there within two Days an Army of Twenty Thousand Men could be gather'd together to meet him. All this is Matter of History known to all the World. It is also very well known that the English Fleet, consisting of a Hundred and Fifty Ships with Fifteen Thousand Men, was ready in the Spring to meet the Armada on the Sea, though there were twice that number of Spaniards, with Ships twice as big as the little English Craft.

As for our Boys, I had one Letter from Will. That dear Letter have I always kept. It is the only Letter that I have ever had in all my Life. This is what he said:

"SWEETHEART,—Our Good Ship the *Mere Honour* is now cruising off the Coast of Flanders, and I promise you the Duke of Parma keeps Snug Ashore, and only Peeps out to See if we are Out of Sight. 'Tis said that he has Innumerable Flat-Boats and Twenty Thousand Men with whom to invade our Island. Well: we boast not. We are Commanded by Lord Henry Seymour. Two Score Ships we be; our Friends the Dutchmen have promised three Score more: with Drake and Hawkins at Plymouth are other three Score or even a greater Number. We know not yet what Force will come against us: 'tis said that the King of Spain designs to imitate King William the Conqueror, but with a Larger Fleet and a Greater Army: he is, by the Latest News to Hand when we sailed out of the Port of London, levying Troops everywhere: hiring and buying Ships at Venice, Genoa, Naples, and Sicily, not to speak of his own Ports. I boast not, I say again, but every Man of us is Resolute. My Dear, I long for the Sight of thy most sweet Face once more. Forget not, whatever happens, that I love thee. As for Roger, he is the most proper Man of our Company, and the lightest-hearted. If he hath not Written to thy Father or to Alice, let this Letter send them News of him. Most of our Lads were down with Seasickness, but that is past, and now there is not one but can walk about and Exercise with the Rest. I knew not before that a Sailor's Life was so Merry. We are never plagu'd with Thoughts of the Harvest: we have no Hay to cut, or Corn to reap: we care little whether the Sun shines or not: we are not Troubl'd with Rumours such as continually disquiet our Folk at Home: we have no Trouble for Money: we Fear not Poverty: there is little Sickness at Sea save when the Voyage has been long and the Provisions are mouldy: and as for Tempest, Shipwreck, or the Enemy, no one at Sea regards these Dangers. I talk as a Sailor, for indeed

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when one is on Board, although a Volunteer only, one begins to become a Sailor and to Speak and Think like one. They said in London that the Spanish Fleet would certainly Sail in the Spring. It is now April, wherefore we may shortly look for Hot Work. Farewell, Sweetheart.

"From your loving W. H."

The Spring pass'd and the Summer follow'd: then we heard—'twas in June—that the Armada had set Sail from the Tagus. Next we heard that it had met with Gales in the Bay of Biscay, and was Dispers'd and Scatter'd. At the News we had a Thanksgiving Service in the Church. But presently it appear'd that though the Fleet was scatter'd by a Storm, little Harm was done, and then for a Space we had no more News, but waited with Beating Hearts.

VII.

All that Summer the Air was Thick with Rumours. The Spaniards, we heard one Day, had landed: another Day, Drake's Fleet was sunk and himself kill'd: the Queen had fled: the Camp at Tilbury had been broken up. There was nothing too monstrous to be whispered or to be believ'd. All was idle Gossip, the Effect of Fear and Uncertainty. How could the People escape Fear and Uncertainty, when in every Village all the Men who could bear Arms were daily train'd, and all were under Orders to repair, on the Signal made, to such and such a Rendezvous, and on every Hill along the South Coast—I say not along our Eastern Shores—there was a Watch by Day and Night, and a Beacon Pile ready to be Fir'd should the Spanish Fleet be Discern'd upon the Horizon? Let these Rumours pass: what I have to tell was not the Effect of Fear.

Everybody knows now that the Armada was first seen on the 21st Day of July: on Tuesday, the 23d, the Fighting Began, and was Continued, the Spaniards every Day getting into worse Troubles, until the last Day of the Month, when they had no more Stomach for the Fight, and resolved to Fly Northwards, which they did, a Part of the English Fleet in Pursuit, until they had no more Ammunition and were compell'd to stop. But the Hand of the Lord was heavy upon them, and the Tempests Overwhelm'd them, so that in the End out of all that Great Fleet, that Invincible Armada, the Spanish Admiral brought Home barely Fifty Ships, and out of Thirty Thousand Men not half return'd.

Now on Tuesday Evening, the Day when the Fighting began, the Lady Katharine spoke to me again. (Note that she had not spoken to any of us for a whole Year, namely, since the Evening when she saw the Skies red with Blood, and foretold the Battle.) She came forth, as before, to take the Air in the Evening, follow'd by her Nuns. According to her wont, she Walk'd Slowly along the Terrace, looking before her as if she saw Nothing. But her Lips moved. She was Agitated. Suddenly she Stopp'd as one who is call'd, or who hears Something. I, who was sitting beside my Father in the Garden, saw that her Face Changed Suddenly. Tears rose in those Hard Eyes: her Lips Trembled.

Then she Beckon'd to me.

"Child," she said, softly, "come hither. Listen!"—for I obey'd and stood before her. "Listen! The Day of the Lord hath come at last. Listen! You can hear the Roaring of the Cannon and the Shrieks of the Wounded Men: the Ships are dash'd together, and they Break like Egg Shells, and Sink with their Guns to the Bottom of the Deep. The Day of the Lord hath come! The Day of the Lord hath come! Let us within—to sing Praises—to sing Praises—to sing Praises."

So without a Word more she turn'd and walk'd back to the House, follow'd by the Nuns, and so to the Chapel, where until Midnight I heard their Voices Singing Psalms of Praise, while I spent the Night in Tears and Prayers.

After this I saw her no more for nearly a Fortnight. But I have learn'd since that she was all the Time as one possess'd with a Spirit. She Spoke to the Sisters as if she was the Spectator of the Fight: she told them how here a Tall Ship was Sinking and here Another was in Flames, and how one blew up, and how the Fire-Ships in the Dead of Night spread Destruction and Dismay. She Rested not nor had any Sleep by Night: she Took no Food: and Broke out Continually into Praise and Thanksgiving for the Destruction of Heretics and those who had Despoil'd the Holy Sanctuaries.

It was on the Last Day of July (when the Spanish Fleet was sailing Northwards

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in full flight) that this Ecstasy of Spirit left her suddenly. Then she Clasp'd her Hands, Solemnly Thanked God, took some Food, and fell Asleep, continuing to Sleep like a Child for a Whole Night and Most of the following Day. In the Evening of that Day, when she Awoke, the Sisters saw that she was Chang'd: for she was now Meek and Gentle: she Spoke to them as a Sister, not as their Abbess: she ask'd Humbly for Food, and when she had taken it and read a few Prayers from her Book, she fell asleep again. And so also the next Day, and the next, being always Gentle when she awoke, and falling to Sleep again quickly.

Now on the Night of Saturday, the 4th of August, I could not Sleep for the Great Trouble of my Mind. Reports had reach'd us that the Fleets had met: a Ship from London brought the News that there had been Heavy Fighting: there were other Rumours, which I pass over: my Father was more than Commonly Grave: I had heard him saying to Sir Anthony that the Last Stand Might, after all, have to be made upon the Dykes of Holland, if our own Land were to be Conquer'd by the Papists. Therefore I could not Sleep, but lay awake thinking that if Will were Dead his Spirit might perhaps be Permitted to Whisper Consolation to me. I even cry'd aloud to him at Midnight while the Church Clock was striking the Hour: I say that I sat up in Bed and held out my Arms and cry'd, "Will! Will! Will! come to me, O Dead Spirit of my Dead Lover!" He came not. There was no Sound or Sigh, no Voice or Appearance at all. Yet now I knew—or thought I knew—that he was surely Dead, since she who foretold his Death was also permitted to Hear the Roaring of the Guns and to Witness afar off the Sinking of the Ships.

Two Hours and more pass'd thus in Wakefulness and in Weeping. Then, while the First Light of the Day was just Showing in the Sky, I heard Footsteps Outside, and my Door was open'd, and one of the Sisters came running in. 'Twas Sister Clementina, the Youngest (though she was already Seventy-six).

"Awake!" she cried—"oh! awake and come Quickly. The Abbess calls you. Dress Quickly, and come."

She helped me to Dress, and I Hurry'd away with her—a Dreadful Fear in my Heart—to the Chamber where no one had been permitted to Enter for Fifty Years.

The Daylight was quickly growing stronger. The Abbess sat in her Bed propp'd up by Pillows. She was dying: any one, even a Girl who had never looked on Death, could Perceive that Immediately. The Face, as happens often to Dying People, was Young again, and it was Beautiful. Her Eyes were Soft and Kind.

"My Dear," she said—she called me my Dear—"thou wilt do me a Service. These Sisters of Mine are Old and Weak, but thou art Young and Strong. Hasten therefore. Take Horse and ride to the Meals beyond Wells: ride over the Meals to the Sea-Shore. There is a Fisherman's Hut. Bid the old Fisherman mount the Horse, and do thou sit behind him and come back. Tell him that I am Dying; but I cannot Die until I have Heard the Holy Mass again. Tell him that the Day of the Lord hath come; He hath Blown with His Breath, and His Enemies are scatter'd. The Holy Faith hath Come Again."

I marvell'd at these Words, but I lost no Time. The Stable Boys were all asleep: I Saddled a Horse and rode forth. The Town of Wells was Fast Asleep; I Rode through it and out upon the Sand-Hills that we call the Meals. It is a Wild and Deserted Place; the Wild Fowl Fly about it all the Year round: nobody comes with Hawk or Dog for them: the Rabbits swarm among the Sand and Swamps: if there be any Fishermen's Huts, there are no Fishing-Boats; the Going is dangerous for Horses on account of the Holes made by the Rabbits.

By this Time it was broad Daylight. Presently from a Sand-Hill a little higher than the Rest I discern'd in the Distance a Hut standing alone very near the Shore. It was a rude Hut form'd by an old Boat turn'd Bottom upwards, and placed on Supports, the whole Cover'd with Black Pitch. As I drew near the Hut I saw an Ancient Man in a rough Fisherman's Dress, with long white Hair and Beard, standing at the Door, as if waiting.

"I am ready," he said. "I was waiting for the Message."

I have never learn'd what he meant, or how he knew I was Coming.

He Mounted, however, and I behind him, and so we Rode slowly away, but

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"AS I DREW NEAR THE HUT I SAW AN ANCIENT MAN IN A ROUGH FISHERMAN'S DRESS."

on the Journey he said no Single Word. I, however, understood by this Time what this Meant. He was no Fisherman, which any one could understand by his Speech: and if the Lady Katharine sent for him because she would Fain Hear the Mass once more, he must be a Catholick Priest.

At the Entrance of the Park—Lo! a Marvel. Sometimes I think I must have Dream'd this Thing. But no; I cannot have Dream'd it. Besides, there was living until a Year or two ago the Sister Clementina (she died at the Age of ninety-five), who could Testify to the Truth of what I tell.

I had left a Dying Woman waiting for the Priest before her Soul could leave her Body. She was too Weak to stand; she spoke Feebly. Now—could one believe one's Eyes?—she was Standing at the Entrance of the Park, erect and strong, without even her Stick: she was Dress'd in her Full Habit as Benedictine Abbess: in her Hands she bore Reverently Something—I know not what—wrapp'd in Silk and Cloth of Gold. Behind her stood the Three Sisters bearing Vestments and Vessels of Gold. Then the Priest dismounted, and the Sisters clothed him with some of the Vestments. And then, the Priest going first, they walk'd in Procession, carrying their Sacred Things, towards the Church, which stands outside the Park. I follow'd, Watching and Wondering. They sang, as they went, that Psalm which begins *Exurgat Deus.* It is the Sixty-eighth Psalm, and is Appointed for the Thirteenth Day of the Month. It is a Psalm of Thanksgiving and Praise: "Let God Arise, and let His Enemies be Scatter'd"—why, they were already Scatter'd, she thought. "Kings with their Armies did Flee"—the poor Lady thought that Queen Elizabeth with her Armies was in Flight. "The Lord hath said, I will bring my People again"—they were the People from Rome. "Sing therefore as unto God, O ye Kingdoms of the Earth; oh! sing Praises unto the Lord."

Then they reach'd the Church Door,

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which was open—who had Open'd it?—nay, I know not—and they Walked in, still singing, and so to the Table, which stood, as is our Custom, unfurnish'd save with a Red Cloth Covering or Pall; but upon this Table they placed these Vessels, and so made it into an Altar for their Mass.

The Sun was now High in the Heavens, and shone through the East Window (which is Splendid with Colour'd Glass) upon the Abbess and the three Sisters, who Knelt together upon the Steps before the Communion Table, making their White Cassocks look as if they were Cloth of Gold, and Painting their White Faces a rosy red.

There was never, sure, a Stranger Service than this Mass in the Early Morning, sung by the Old Priest to the Four Old Nuns in the Parish Church, now handed over to Protestant Use. I look'd on, unnoticed, while the Priest went through the Service, sometimes putting on and sometimes taking off his Vestments, sometimes praying in Silence. Then I beheld for the first Time the Elevation of the Host. It was Strange to think that until Forty Years Agone they held this Service every Sunday in the Church, and had so held it since the Church was built.

At last the Mass was said.

The Abbess was on her Knees, bow'd down almost to the Ground; the Sisters beside her were in Like Manner humbly bow'd and kneeling; the Priest knelt in Silence before the Altar; upon it glitter'd the Cups and Vessels of the Service, and the Thing, whatever it was, which the Abbess had carry'd wrapt in Cloth of Gold.

Then as I watch'd, standing beside a Pillar, I saw the Lady Katharine suddenly Sink Forward. I cry'd out and ran to lift her up; the Sisters sprang to their Feet; the Priest stopp'd his Prayers; and we lifted her up.

But she was dead. And oh! how Sweet a Face was that upon which we gazed! All the Pride and Wrath were gone out of it: a Sweet Pale Face, full of Meekness and Piety; the Face with which, Sixty Years before, she had taken her Vows.

She was dead. First the Sisters began to Tremble and to Weep; then they recover'd their Wits, and set themselves, refusing my Help, to Carry the Dead Body of the Abbess back to her Chamber.

No one had seen the Procession on its Way: no one saw its Return: as for the Priest, I know not what became of Him, nor did I ever learn.

At Eight o' the Clock that Morning the Sexton went to open the Church Door. He found it open. Also—this was his Story—he found upon the Communion Table a Human Bone, which he had thrown into a newly opened Grave. Nothing more. When I told my Father what had happen'd, he said that the Bone could have been none other than the Famous Arm of St. Philip, which had once belong'd to Binstead Abbey.

Now while we talk'd of this strange Event I heard a Footstep outside the Hall—a Footstep which I knew. "'Tis Will!" I cried; "'tis Will!" and would have run to meet him, but the Door open'd, and he stood before us.

He was Alone, and he Hung his Head.

"Will!" cried my Father, "what Cheer, my Lad?"

He Hung his Head lower, and the Tears stood in his Eyes. In his Hand he bore a Sword. Alas! I knew whose Sword it was.

"First, Man," said my Father, "what of the Enemy?"

"They are Dispers'd and Scatter'd. Half their Fleet is Sunk or Taken; the Rest are in Flight. We Pursu'd them until we had no more Powder. We were Order'd to Return, each Ship to her own Port, and to be in Readiness. But it is Finish'd. They will not try to Invade us again."

"God save the Queen!" said my Father, solemnly.

"I have brought you his Sword," said Will, without more Words. "He was Kill'd in the last Day's Fighting by a Musket Shot when we Boarded and Took the *San Matteo*. We bury'd him at Sea."

So the Prophecy of Lady Katharine came True. There was the Great Sea-Fight: there was the Sinking of the Ships: there was the Mighty Slaughter: and of the two Young Men who stood before me one was to Lie at the Bottom of the Deep as she Foretold. It was my Brother—my Brave and Gallant Brother. Wherefore Alice goeth still in Sadness and Mourning, and hath Refused to Marry, saying that her Husband indeed Liveth, and in Heaven is waiting still for her.

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"BUT SHE WAS DEAD, AND OH! HOW SWEET A FACE WAS THAT UPON WHICH WE GAZED."

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A LIKELY STORY.

A Farce.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

I.—MR. AND MRS. WILLIS CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Campbell: "Now this, I think, is the most exciting part of the whole affair, and the pleasantest." She is seated at breakfast in her cottage at Summering-by-the-Sea. A heap of letters of various stylish shapes, colors, and superscriptions lies beside her plate, and irregularly straggles about among the coffee-service. Vis-a-vis with her sits Mr. Campbell behind a newspaper. "How prompt they are! Why, I didn't expect to get half so many answers yet. But that shows that where people have nothing to do *but* attend to their social duties they are always prompt—even the men; women, of course, reply early anyway, and you don't really care for them; but in town the men seem to put it off till the very last moment, and then some of them call when it's over to excuse themselves for not having come after accepting. It really makes you wish for a leisure class. It's only the drive and hurry of American life that make our men seem wanting in the *convenances;* and if they had the time, with their instinctive delicacy, they would be perfect: it would come from the heart: they're mere truly polite now. Willis, just *look* at this!"

Campbell, behind his paper: "Look at what?"

Mrs. Campbell: "These replies. Why, I do believe that more than half the people have answered already, and the invitations only went out yesterday. That comes from putting on R. S. V. P. I knew I was right, and I shall always do it, I don't care what *you* say."

Campbell: "You didn't put on R. S. V. P. after all I said?" He looks round the edge of his paper at her.

Mrs. Campbell: "*Yes*, I did. The idea of your setting up for an authority in such a thing as that!"

Campbell: "Then I'm sorry I didn't ask you to do it. It's a shame to make people say whether they'll come to a garden party from four till seven, or not."

Mrs. Campbell: "A shame? How can you provide if you don't know how many are coming? I should like to know that. But of course I couldn't expect you to give in gracefully."

Campbell: "I should give in gracefully if I gave in at all, but I don't." He throws his paper down beside his chair. "Here, hand over the letters, and I'll be opening them for you while you pour out the coffee."

Mrs. Campbell, covering the letters with her hands: "Indeed you won't!"

Campbell: "Well, pour out the coffee, then, anyway."

Mrs. Campbell, after a moment's reflection: "No, I shall not do it. I'm going to open them every one before you get a drop of coffee—just to punish you."

Campbell: "To punish me? For what?" Mrs. Campbell hesitates, as if at a loss what to say. "There! you don't know."

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, I do: for saying I oughtn't to have put on R. S. V. P. Do you take it back?"

Campbell: "How can I till I've had some coffee? My mind won't work on an empty stomach. Well—" He rises and goes round the table toward her.

Mrs. Campbell, spreading both arms over the letters: "Willis, if you dare to touch them, I'll ring for Jane, and then she'll see you cutting up."

Campbell: "Touch what? I'm coming to get some coffee."

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, I'll give you some coffee; but don't you touch a single one of those letters—after what you've said."

Campbell: "All right." He extends one hand for the coffee, and with the other sweeps all the letters together, and starts back to his place. As she flies upon him, "Look out, Amy; you'll make me spill this coffee all over the table-cloth."

Mrs. Campbell, sinking into her seat: "Oh, Willis, how can you be so base? *Give* me my letters. *Do!*"

Campbell, sorting them over: "You may have half."

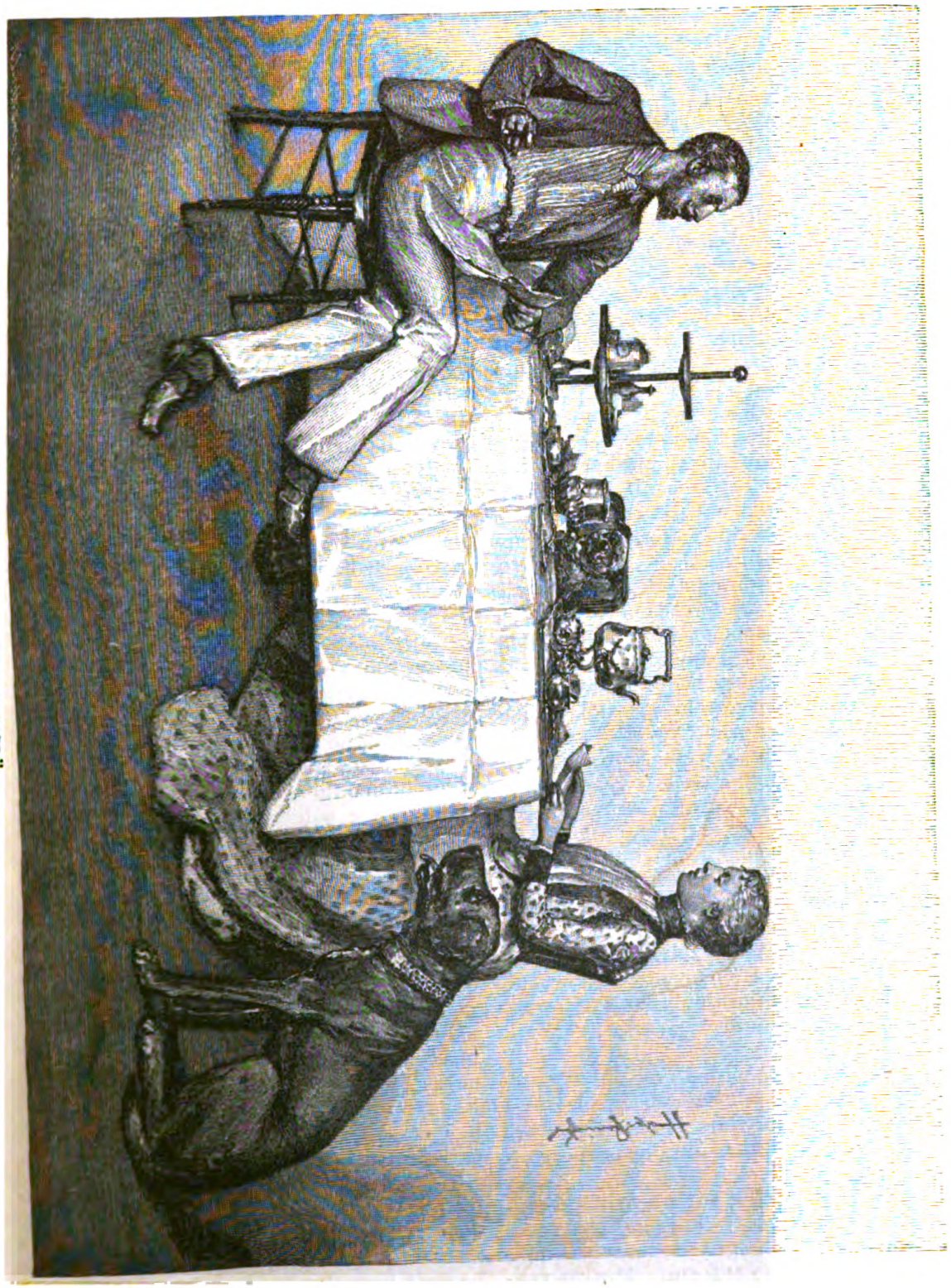
Mrs. Campbell: "No; I shall have all. I insist upon it."

Campbell: "Well, then, you may have all the ladies' letters. There are twice as many of them."

Mrs. Campbell: "No; I shall have the men's too. Give me the men's first."

Campbell: "How can I tell which are the men's without opening them?"

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"THE MOST EXCITING PART."

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Mrs. Campbell: "How could you tell which were the ladies'? Come now, Willis, don't tease me any longer. You know I hate it."

Campbell, studying the superscriptions, one after another: "I want to see if I can guess who wrote them. Don't you like to guess who wrote your letters before you open them?"

Mrs. Campbell, with dignity: "I don't like to guess who wrote other people's letters." She looks down at the tablecloth with a menace of tears, and Campbell instantly returns all the notes.

Campbell: "There, Amy; you may have them. I don't care who wrote them, nor what's in them. And I don't want you to interrupt me with any exclamations over them, if you please." He reaches to the floor for his newspaper, and while he sips his coffee, Mrs. Campbell loses no time in opening her letters.

Mrs. Campbell: "I shall do nothing *but* exclaim. The Curwens accept, of course—the very first letter. That means Mrs. Curwen; that is one, at any rate. The New York Addingses do, and the Philadelphia Addingses don't; I hardly expected they would, so soon after their aunt's death, but I thought I ought to ask them. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, naturally; it was more a joke than anything, sending their invitation. Mrs. and the Misses Carver regret very much; well, *I* don't. Professor and Mrs. Traine are very happy, and so am I; he doesn't go everywhere, and he's awfully nice. Mr. and Mrs. Lou Bemis are very happy too, and Dr. Lawton is very happy. Mrs. Bridges Dear Mrs. Campbells me, and is very sorry in the first person; she's always nice. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Rangeley, Mr. Small, Mr. Peters, Mr. Staples, Mr. Thornton, *all* accept, and they're all charming young fellows."

Campbell, around his paper: "Well, what of that?"

Mrs. Campbell, with an air of busy preoccupation: "Don't eavesdrop, please; I wasn't talking to you. The Merrills have the pleasure, and the Morgans are sorrow-stricken; the—"

Campbell: "Yes, but why should you care whether those fellows are charming or not? Who's going to marry them?"

Mrs. Campbell: "*I* am. Mrs. Stevenson is bowed to the earth; Colonel Murphree is overjoyed; the Misses Ja—"

Campbell, putting his paper down: "Look here, Amy. Do you know that you have one little infinitesimal ewe-lamb of a foible? You think too much of young men."

Mrs. Campbell: "*Younger* men, you mean. And *you* have a multitude of perfectly mammoth peccadilloes. You interrupt." She goes on opening and reading her letters. "Well, I didn't expect the Macklines *could;* but everybody seems to be coming."

Campbell: "You pay them too much attention altogether. It spoils them; and one of these days you'll be getting some of them in love with you, and *then* what will you do?"

Mrs. Campbell, with affected distraction: "What *are* you talking about? I'd refer them to you, and you could kill them. I suppose you killed lots of people in California. That's what you always gave me to understand." She goes on with her letters.

Campbell: "I never killed a single human being that I can remember; but there's no telling what I might do if I were provoked. Now there's that young Welling. He's about here under my feet all the time; and he's got a way lately of coming in through the window from the piazza that's very intimate. He's a nice fellow enough, and sweet, as you say. I suppose he has talent too, but I never heard that he had set any of the adjacent watercourses on fire; and I don't know that he could give the Apollo Belvedere many points in beauty and beat him."

Mrs. Campbell: "*I* do. Mrs. and Miss Rice accept, and her friend Miss Greenway, who's staying with her, and—yes! here's one from Mr. Welling! *Oh*, how glad I am! Willis, dearest, if I *could* be the means of bringing those two lovely young creatures together, I should be *so* happy! *Don't* you think, now, he *is* the most delicate-minded, truly refined, exquisitely modest young fellow that ever was?" She presses the unopened note to her corsage, and leans eagerly forward entreating a sympathetic acquiescence.

Campbell: "Well, as far as I can remember my own youth, no. But what does he say?"

Mrs. Campbell, regarding the letter: "I haven't looked yet. He writes the *most* characteristic hand, for a man, that I ever saw. And he has the divinest taste in perfumes! Oh, I wonder what *that* is? Like a memory—a regret." She presses

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it repeatedly to her pretty nose in the endeavor to ascertain.

Campbell: "Oh, hello!"

Mrs. Campbell, laughing: "Willis, you *are* delightful. I should like to see you really jealous once."

Campbell: "You won't, as long as I know my own incomparable charm. But give me that letter, Amy, if you're not going to open it. I want to see whether Welling is going to come."

Mrs. Campbell, fondly: "Would you *really* like to open it? I've half a mind to let you, just for a reward."

Campbell: "Reward? What for?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, I don't know. Being so nice."

Campbell: "That's something I can't help. It's no merit. Well, hand over the letter."

Mrs. Campbell: "I should have thought you'd insist on *my* opening it, after that."

Campbell: "Why?"

Mrs. Campbell: "To show your confidence."

Campbell: "When I haven't got any?"

Mrs. Campbell, tearing the note open: "Well, it's no use trying any sentiment with you, or any generosity either. You're always just the same: a teasing joke is your ideal. You can't imagine a woman's wanting to keep up a little romance all through; and a character like Mr. Welling's, who's all chivalry and delicacy and deference, is quite beyond you. That's the reason you're always sneering at him."

Campbell: "I'm not sneering at him, my dear. I'm only afraid Miss Rice isn't good enough for him."

Mrs. Campbell, instantly placated: "Well, she's the only girl who's anywhere *near* it. I don't say she's faultless, but she has a great deal of character, and she's very practical; just the counterpart of his dreaminess; and she *is* very, *very* good-looking, don't you think?"

Campbell: "Her bang isn't so nice as his."

Mrs. Campbell: "No; and aren't his eyes beautiful? And that high, serious look! And his nose and chin are perfectly divine. He looks like a young god!"

Campbell: "I dare say; though I never saw an old one. Well, is he coming? I'm not jealous, but I'm impatient. Read it out loud."

Mrs. Campbell, sinking back in her chair for the more luxurious perusal of the note: "Indeed I shall not." She opens it and runs it hastily through, with various little starts, stares, frowns, smiles of arrested development, laughs, and cries: "Why—why! What does it mean? Is he crazy? Why, there's some mistake. No! It's his hand—and here's his name. I can't make it out." She reads it again and again. "Why, it's perfectly bewildering! Why, there must be some mistake. He couldn't have meant it. Could he have imagined? Could he have dared? There never has been the slightest thing that could be tortured into— But of course not. And Mr. Welling, of all men! Oh, I can't understand it! Oh, Willis, Willis, Willis! What *does* it mean?" She flings the note wildly across the table, and catching her handkerchief to her face, falls back into her chair, tumultuously sobbing.

Campbell, with the calm of a man accustomed to emotional superabundance, lifting the note from the toast rack before him: "Well, let's see." He reads aloud: "'Oh, my darling! How can I live till I see you? I will be there long *before* the hour! To think of your *asking* me! You should have said, "I permit you to come," and I would have flown from the ends of the earth. The presence of others will be nothing. It will be sweet to ignore them in my heart, and while I see you moving among them, and looking after their pleasure with that beautiful thoughtfulness of yours, to think, "She is mine, mine, mine!"

> "Oh, young lord lover, what sighs are those
> For one that can never be thine?"

I thank you, and thank you a thousand times over, for this proof of your trust in me, and of your love—*our* love. You shall be the sole keeper of our secret—it is so sweet to think that no one even suspects it!—and it shall live with you, and if you will, it shall die with me. Forever yours, Arthur Welling.'" Campbell turns the note over, and picking up the envelope, examines the address. "Well, *upon* my word! It's to you, Amy—on the outside, anyway. What do you suppose he means?"

Mrs. Campbell, in her handkerchief: "Oh, I don't know; I *don't* know why he should address such language to me!"

Campbell, recurring to the letter: "*I* never did. '*Oh, my darling—live till I see you—ends of the earth—others will be nothing—beautiful thoughtfulness—mine, mine, mine—our love—sweet to*

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think no one suspects it—forever yours.' Amy, these are pretty strong expressions to use toward the wife of another, and she a married lady! I think I had better go and solve that little problem of how he can live till he sees you by relieving him of the necessity. It would be disagreeable to him, but perhaps there's a social duty involved."

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, Willis, *don't* torment me! What do you suppose it means? Is it some—mistake? It's for somebody else!"

Campbell: "I don't see why he should have addressed it to you, then."

Mrs. Campbell: "But don't you see? He's been writing to some other person at the same time, and he's got the answers mixed—put them in the wrong envelopes. Oh dear! I wonder who she is?"

Campbell, studying her with an air of affected abstraction: "Her curiosity gets the better of her anguish. Look here, Amy! *I* believe you're *afraid* it's to some one else."

Mrs. Campbell: "Willis!"

Campbell: "Yes. And before we proceed any farther I must know just what you wrote to this—this Mr. Welling of yours. Did you put on R. S. V. P.?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes; and just a printed card like all the rest. I did want to write him a note in the first person, and urge him to come, because I expected Miss Rice and Miss Greenway to help me receive; but when I found Margaret had promised Mrs. Curwen for the next day, I knew she wouldn't like to take the bloom off that by helping me first; so I didn't."

Campbell: "Didn't what?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Write to him. I just sent a card."

Campbell: "Then these passionate expressions *are* unprovoked, and my duty is clear. I must lose no time in destroying Mr. Welling. Do you happen to know where I laid my revolver?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, Willis, what are you going to do? You see it's a mistake."

Campbell: "Mr. Welling has got to prove that. I'm not going to have young men addressing my wife as Oh their darling, without knowing the reason why. It's a liberty."

Mrs. Campbell, inclined to laugh: "Ah, Willis, how funny you are!"

Campbell: "Funny? I'm furious."

Mrs. Campbell: "You know you're not. Give me the letter, dearest. I know it's for Margaret Rice, and I shall see her, and just feel round and find out if it isn't so, and—"

Campbell: "What an idea! You haven't the slightest evidence that it's for Miss Rice, or that it isn't intended for you, and it's my duty to find out. And nobody is authority but Mr. Welling. And I'm going to him with the *corpus delicti*."

Mrs. Campbell: "But how can you? Remember how sensitive, how shrinking he is. Don't, Willis; you mustn't. It will kill him!"

Campbell: "Well, that may save me considerable bother. If he will simply die of himself, I can't ask anything better." He goes on eating his breakfast.

Mrs. Campbell, admiring him across the table: "Oh, Willis, how perfectly delightful you are!"

Campbell: "I know; but why?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Why, taking it in the nice, sensible way you do. Now some husbands would be so stupid! Of course you *couldn't* think—you couldn't *dream* —that the letter was really for me; and yet you might behave very disagreeably, and make me very unhappy, if you were not just the lovely, kind-hearted, magnanimous—"

Campbell, looking up from his coffee: "Oh, hello!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes; that is what took my fancy in you, Willis: that generosity, that real gentleness, in spite of the brusque way you have. Refinement of the heart, *I* call it."

Campbell: "Amy, what are you after?"

Mrs. Campbell: "We've been married a whole year now—"

Campbell: "Longer, isn't it?"

Mrs. Campbell: "—And I haven't known you do an unkind thing, a brutal thing."

Campbell: "Well, I understand the banging round hardly ever begins much under two years."

Mrs. Campbell: "How *sweet* you are! And you're *so* funny always!"

Campbell: "Come, come, Amy; get down to business. What is it you do want?"

Mrs. Campbell: "You won't go and tease that poor boy about his letter, will you? Just hand it to him, and say you suppose here is something that has come into your possession by mistake, and that you wish to restore it to him, and then —just run off."

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Campbell: "With my parasol in one hand, and my skirts caught up in the other?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, how good! Of course I was imagining how *I* should do it."

Campbell: "Well, a man can't do it that way. He would look silly." He rises from the table, and comes and puts his arm round her shoulders. "But you needn't be afraid of my being rough with him. Of course it's a mistake; but he's a fellow who will enter into the joke too; he'll enjoy it; he'll—" He merges his sentence in a kiss on her upturned lips, and she clings to his hand with her right, pressing it fondly to her cheek. "I shall do it in a man's way; but I guess you'll approve of it quite as much."

Mrs. Campbell: "I know I shall. That's what I like about you, Willis: your being so helplessly a man always."

Campbell: "Well, that's what attracted me to you, Amy: your manliness."

Mrs. Campbell: "And I liked your *finesse*. You are awfully inventive, Willis. Why, Willis, I've just thought of something. Oh, it would be *so* good if you only would!"

Campbell: "Would what?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Invent something now to get us out of the scrape."

Campbell: "What a brilliant idea! *I'm* not in any scrape. And as for Mr. Welling, I don't see how you could help him out unless you sent this letter to Miss Rice, and asked her to send yours back—"

Mrs. Campbell, springing to her feet: "Willis, you are inspired! Oh, how perfectly delightful! And it's so delicate of you to think of that! I will just enclose his note—give it here, Willis—and he need never know that it ever went to the wrong address. Oh, I always felt that you were *truly* refined, anyway." He passively yields the letter, and she whirls away to a writing-desk in the corner of the room. "Now, I'll just keep a copy of the letter—for a joke; I think I've a perfect right to" —scribbling furiously away—"and then I'll match the paper with an envelope—I can do that perfectly—and then I'll just imitate his hand—such fun!—and send it flying over to Margaret Rice. Oh, *how* good! Touch the bell, Willis;" and then —as the serving-maid appears—"Yes, Jane! Run right across the lawn to Mrs. Rice's, and give this letter for Miss Margaret, and say it was left here by mistake. Well, it *was*, Willis! Fly, Jane! Oh, Willis, love! Isn't it perfect! Of course she'll have got his formal reply to my invitation, and be all mixed up by it, and now when this note comes, she'll see through it all in an instant, and it will be such a relief to her; and oh, she'll think that he's directed *both* the letters to her because he couldn't think of any one else! Isn't it lovely? Just like anything that's nice, it's ten times as nice as you expected it to be; and—"

Campbell: "But hold on, Amy!" He lifts a note from the desk. "You've sent your copy. Here's the original now. She'll think you've been playing some joke on her."

Mrs. Campbell, clutching the letter from him, and scanning it in a daze: "*What!* Oh, my goodness! It is! I have! Oh, I shall die! Run! Call her back! Shriek, Willis!" They rush to the window together. "No! no! It's too late! She's given it to their man, and now nothing can save me! Oh, Willis! Willis! Willis! This is all your fault, with that fatal suggestion of yours. Oh, if you had only left it to me I never should have got into such a scrape! She will think now that I've been trying to hoax her, and she's perfectly implacable at the least hint of a liberty, and she'll be ready to kill me. I don't know *what* she won't do. Oh, Willis, how *could* you get me into this!"

Campbell, irately: "Get you into this! Now, Amy, this is a little too much. You got yourself into it. You urged me to think of something—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, do, Willis; *do* think of something, or I shall go mad! Help me, Willis! Don't be so heartless—so unfeeling."

Campbell: "There's only one thing now, and that is to make a clean breast of it to Welling, and get him to help us out. A word from him can make everything right, and we can't take a step without him; we can't move!"

Mrs. Campbell: "I can't let you. Oh, isn't it horrible!"

Campbell: "Yes; a nice thing is always ten times nicer than you expected it to be!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, how can you stand there mocking me? Why don't you go to him at once, and tell him the whole thing, and beg him, implore him, to help us?"

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Campbell: "Why, you just told me I mustn't!"

Mrs. Campbell: "You didn't expect me to say you might, did you? Oh, how cruel!" She whirls out of the room, and Campbell stands in a daze, in which he is finally aware of Mr. Arthur Welling, seen through the open window, on the veranda without. Mr. Welling, with a terrified and furtive air, seems to be fixed to the spot where he stands.

II.—MR. WELLING, MR. CAMPBELL.

Campbell: "Why, Welling, what the devil are you doing there?"

Welling: "Trying to get away."

Campbell: "To get away? But you sha'n't, man! I won't let you. I was just going to see you. How long have you been there?"

Welling: "I've just come."

Campbell: "What have you heard?"

Welling: "Nothing—nothing. I was knocking on the window-casing to make *you* hear, but you seemed preoccupied."

Campbell: "Preoccupied! convulsed! cataclysmed! Look here: we're in a box, Welling. And you've got us into it." He pulls Welling's note out of his pocket, where he has been keeping his hand on it, and pokes it at him. "Is that yours?"

Welling, examining it with bewilderment mounting into anger: "It's mine; yes. May I ask, Mr. Campbell, how you came to have this letter?"

Campbell: "May I ask, Mr. Welling, how you came to write such a letter to my wife?"

Welling: "To your wife? To Mrs. Campbell? I never wrote any such letter to her."

Campbell: "Then you addressed it to her."

Welling: "Impossible!"

Campbell: "Impossible? I think I can convince you, much as I regret to do so." He makes search about Mrs. Campbell's letters on the table first, and then on the writing-desk. "We have the envelope. It came amongst a lot of letters, and there's no mistake about it." He continues to toss the letters about, and then desists. "But no matter; I can't find it; Amy's probably carried it off with her. There's no mistake about it. I was going to have some fun with you about it, but now you can have some fun with me. Whom did you send Mrs. Campbell's letter to?"

Welling: "Mrs. Campbell's letter?"

Campbell: "Oh, pshaw! your acceptance or refusal, or whatever it was, of her garden fandango. You got an invitation?"

Welling: "Of course."

Campbell: "And you wrote to accept it or decline it at the same time that you wrote this letter here to some one else. And you addressed two envelopes before you put the notes in either. And then you put them into the wrong envelopes. And you sent this note to my wife and the other note to the other person—"

Welling: "No, I didn't do anything of the kind!" He regards Campbell with amazement, and some apparent doubt of his sanity.

Campbell: "Well, then, Mr. Welling, will you allow me to ask what the deuce you did do?"

Welling: "I never wrote to Mrs. Campbell at all. I thought I would just drop in and tell her why I couldn't come. It seemed so formal to write."

Campbell: "Then will you be kind enough to tell me whom you *did* write to?"

Welling: "No, Mr. Campbell, I can't do that."

Campbell: "You write such a letter as that to my wife, and then won't tell me whom it's to?"

Welling: "No! And you've no right to ask me."

Campbell: "I've no right to ask you?"

Welling: "No. When I tell you that the note wasn't meant for Mrs. Campbell, that's enough."

Campbell: "I'll be judge of that, Mr. Welling. You say that you were not writing two notes at the time, and that you didn't get the envelopes mixed. Then if the note wasn't meant for my wife, why did you address it to her?"

Welling: "That's what I can't tell; that's what I don't know. It's as great a mystery to me as it is to you. I can only conjecture that when I was writing that address I was thinking of coming to explain to Mrs. Campbell that I was going away to-day, and shouldn't be back till after her party. It was too complicated to put in a note without seeming to give my regrets too much importance. And I suppose that when I was addressing the note that I did write I put Mrs. Campbell's name on because I had her so much in mind."

Campbell, with irony: "Oh!"

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III.—MRS. CAMPBELL, MR. WELLING, MR. CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Campbell, appearing through the portière that separates the breakfast-room from the parlor beyond: "Yes!" She goes up and gives her hand to Mr. Welling with friendly frankness. "And it was very nice of you to think of me at such a time, when you ought to have been thinking of some one else."

Welling, with great relief and effusion: "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Campbell! I was sure you would understand. You couldn't have imagined me capable of addressing such language to you; of presuming—of—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Of course not! And Willis has quite lost his head. I saw in an instant just how it was. I'm so sorry you can't come to my party—"

Campbell: "Amy, have you been eavesdropping?"

Mrs. Campbell: "There was no need of eavesdropping. I could have heard you out at Loon Rock Light, you yelled so. But as soon as I recognized Mr. Welling's voice I came to the top of the stairs and listened. I was sure you would do something foolish. But now I think we had better make a clean breast of it, and tell Mr. Welling just what we've done. We knew, of course, the letter wasn't for me, and we thought we wouldn't vex you about it, but just send it to the one it *was* meant for. We've surprised your secret, Mr. Welling, though we didn't intend to; but if you'll accept our congratulations—under the rose, of course—we won't let it go any farther. It does seem so perfectly ideal, and I feel like saying, Bless you, my children! You've been in and out here so much this summer, and I feel just like an elder sister to Margaret—"

Welling: "Margaret?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, Miss Rice, then—"

Welling: "Miss Rice?"

Mrs. Campbell, with dignity: "Oh, I'm sorry if we seem to presume upon our acquaintance with the matter. We couldn't very well help knowing it under the circumstances."

Welling: "Certainly, certainly—of course: I don't mind that at all: I was going to tell you anyway: that was partly the reason why I came instead of writing—"

Campbell, in an audible soliloquy: "I supposed he *had* written."

Mrs. Campbell, intensely: "Don't interrupt, Willis! Well?"

Welling: "But I don't see what Miss Rice has to do with it."

Mrs. Campbell: "You don't see? Why, isn't Margaret Rice the one—"

Welling: "What one?"

Mrs. Campbell: "The one that you're engaged—the one that the note was really *for?*"

Welling: "No! What an idea! Miss Rice? Not for an instant! It's—it's her friend—Miss Greenway—who's staying with her—"

Mrs. Campbell, in a very awful voice: "Willis! Get me some water—some wine! Help me! Ah! Don't touch me! It was you, *you* who did it all! Oh, *now* what shall I do?" She drops her head upon Campbell's shoulder, while Welling watches them in stupefaction.

Campbell: "It's about a million times nicer than we could have expected. That's the way with a nice thing when you get it started. Well, young man, you're done for; and so are we, for that matter. We supposed that note which you addressed to Mrs. Campbell was intended for Miss Rice—"

Welling: "Ho, ho, ho! Ah, ha, ha! Miss Rice? Ha—"

Campbell: "I'm glad you like it. You'll enjoy the rest of it still better. We thought it was for Miss Rice, and my wife neatly imitated your hand on an envelope and sent it over to her just before you came in. Funny, isn't it? Laugh on! Don't mind *us!*"

Welling, aghast: "Thought my note was for Miss Rice? Sent it to her? Gracious powers!" They all stand for a moment in silence, and then Welling glances at the paper in his hand. "But there's some mistake. You haven't sent my note to Miss Rice: here it is now!"

Campbell: "Oh, that's the best of the joke. Mrs. Campbell took a copy"—Mrs. Campbell moans—"she meant to have some fun with you about it, and it's ten times as much fun as *I* expected; and in her hurry she sent off her copy and kept the original. Perhaps that makes it better."

Mrs. Campbell, detaching herself from him and confronting Mr. Welling: "No; worse! She'll think we've been trying to hoax her, and she'll be in a towering rage; and she'll show the note to Miss

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MR. WELLING EXPLAINS.—[SEE PAGE 37.]

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Greenway, and you'll be ruined. Oh, poor Mr. Welling! Oh, what a fatal, fatal—mix!" She abandons herself in an attitude of extreme desperation upon a chair, while the men stare at her, till Campbell breaks the spell by starting forward and ringing the bell on the table.

Mrs. Campbell: "What are you doing, Willis?"

Campbell: "Ringing for Jane." As Jane appears: "Did you give Miss Rice the note?"

IV.—JANE, MRS. CAMPBELL, WELLING, CAMPBELL.

Jane: "No, sir; I gave it to the man. He said he would give it to Miss Rice."

Campbell: "Then it's all up. If by any chance she hadn't got it, Amy, you might have sent over for it, and said there was a mistake."

Jane: "He said Miss Rice was out driving with Miss Greenway in her phaeton, but they expected her back every minute."

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, my goodness! And you didn't come to tell me? Oh, if we had only known! We've lost our only chance, Willis."

Jane: "I did come and knock on your door, ma'am, but I couldn't make you hear."

Campbell: "There's still a chance. Perhaps she hasn't got back yet."

Jane: "I know she 'ain't, sir. I've been watching for her ever since. I can always see them come, from the pantry window."

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, then, don't stand there talking, but run at once! Oh, Willis! Never tell me again that there's no such thing as an overruling providence. Oh, what an interposition! Oh, I can never be grateful and humble enough— Goodness me, Jane! why don't you go?"

Jane: "But where, ma'am? I don't know what you want me to do. I'm willing enough to do anything if I know what it is, but it's pretty hard to do things if you don't."

Campbell: "You're perfectly right, Jane. Mrs. Campbell wants you to telegraph yourself over to Mrs. Rice's, and say to her that the letter you left for Miss Rice is not for her, but another lady, and Mrs. Campbell sent it by mistake. Get it and bring it back here, dead or alive, even if Mrs. Rice has to pass over your mangled body in the attempt."

Jane, tasting the joke, while Mrs. Campbell gasps in ineffective efforts to re-enforce her husband's instructions: "I will that, sir."

V.—MRS. CAMPBELL, WELLING, CAMPBELL.

Campbell: "And now, while we're waiting, let's all join hands and dance round the table. You're saved, Welling. So are you, Amy. And so am I—which is more to the point."

Mrs. Campbell, gayly: "Dansons!" She extends her hands to the gentlemen, and as they circle round the breakfast-table she sings,

"*Sur le pont d'Avignon,*
Tout le monde y danse en rond."

She frees her hands and courtesies to one gentleman and the other.

"*Les belles dames font comme ça;*
Les beaux messieurs font comme ça."

Then she catches hands with them again, and they circle round the table as before, singing,

"*Sur le pont d'Avignon,*
Tout le monde y danse en rond.

Oh dear! Stop! I'm dizzy—I shall fall." She spins into a chair, while the men continue solemnly circling by themselves.

Campbell: "It is a sacred dance:

"*Sur le pont d'Avignon—*"

Welling: "It's an expiation:

"*Tout le monde y danse en rond.*"

Mrs. Campbell, springing from her chair and running to the window: "Stop, you crazy things! Here comes Jane! Come right in here, Jane! Did you get it? Give it to me, Jane!"

Welling: "*I* think it belongs to me, Mrs. Campbell."

Campbell: "Jane, I am master of the house—nominally. Give me the letter."

VI.—JANE, MRS. CAMPBELL, WELLING, CAMPBELL.

Jane, entering, blown and panting, through the open window. "Oh, how I did run—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, yes! But the letter—"

Welling: "Did you get it?"

Campbell: "Where is it?"

Jane, fanning herself with her apron: "I can't hardly get my breath—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Had she got back?"

Jane: "No, ma'am."

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Campbell: "Did Mrs. Rice object to giving it up?"

Jane: "No, sir."

Welling: "Then it's all right?"

Jane: "No, sir. All wrong."

Welling: "All wrong?"

Campbell: "How all wrong?"

Mrs. Campbell: "What's all wrong, Jane?"

Jane: "Please, ma'am, may I have a drink of water? I'm so dry I can't speak."

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, certainly."

Campbell: "Of course."

Welling: "Here." They all pour glasses of water and press them to her lips.

Jane, pushing the glasses away, and escaping from the room: "They thought Mrs. Campbell was in a great hurry for Miss Rice to have the letter, and they sent off the man with it to meet her."

VII.—MRS. CAMPBELL, WELLING, CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, merciful goodness!"

Welling: "Gracious powers!"

Campbell: "Another overruling providence. Now you *are* in for it, my boy! So is Amy. And so am I—which is still more to the point."

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, now, what shall we do?"

Campbell: "All that we can do now is to await developments: they'll come fast enough. Miss Rice will open her letter as soon as she gets it, and she won't understand it in the least; how *could* she understand a letter in your handwriting, with Welling's name signed to it? She'll show it to Miss Greenway—"

Welling: "Oh, don't say that!"

Campbell: "—Greenway; and Miss Greenway won't know what to make of it either. But she's the kind of girl who'll form some lively conjectures when she reads that letter. In the first place, she'll wonder how Mr. Welling happens to be writing to Miss Rice in that affectionate strain—"

Mrs. Campbell, in an appealing shriek: "Willis!"

Campbell: "—And she naturally won't believe he's done it. But then, when Miss Rice tells her it's your handwriting, Amy, she'll think that you and Miss Rice have been having your jokes about Mr. Welling; and she'll wonder what kind of person you are anyway, to make free with a young man's name that way."

Welling: "Oh, I assure you that she admires Mrs. Campbell more than anybody."

Mrs. Campbell: "Don't try to stop him; he's fiendish when he begins teasing."

Campbell: "Oh, well! If she admires Mrs. Campbell and confides in you, then the whole affair is very simple. All you've got to do is to tell her that after you'd written her the original of that note, your mind was so full of Mrs. Campbell and her garden party that you naturally addressed it to her. And then Mrs. Campbell can cut in and say that when she got the note she knew it wasn't for her, but she never dreamed of your caring for Miss Greenway, and was so sure it was for Miss Rice that she sent her a copy of it. That will make it all right and perfectly agreeable to every one concerned."

Mrs. Campbell: "And I can say that I sent it at your suggestion, and then, instead of trying to help me out of the awful, awful—box, you took a cruel pleasure in teasing me about it! But I shall not say anything, for I shall not see them. I will leave you to receive them and make the best of it. Don't *try* to stop me, Willis." She threatens him with her fan as he steps forward to intercept her escape.

Campbell: "No, no! Listen, Amy! You *must* stay and see those ladies. It's all well enough to leave it to me, but what about poor Welling? *He* hasn't done anything—except cause the whole trouble."

Mrs. Campbell: "I am very sorry, but I can't help it. I must go." Campbell continues to prevent her flight, and she suddenly whirls about and makes a dash at the open window. "Oh, very well, then! I can get out this way." At the same moment Miss Rice and Miss Greenway appear before the window on the piazza. "Ugh! E—e—e! How you frightened me! But—but come in. So gl—glad to see you! And you—you too, Miss Greenway. Here's Mr. Welling. He's been desolating us with a story about having to be away over my party, and just getting back for Mrs. Curwen's. Isn't it too bad? Can't some of you young ladies—or all of you—make him stay?" As Mrs. Campbell talks on, she readjusts her spirit more and more to the exigency,

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and subdues her agitation to a surface of the sweetest politeness.

VIII.—MISS RICE, MISS GREENWAY, *and the others.*

Miss Rice, entering with an unopened letter in her hand, which she extends to Mrs. Campbell: "What in the world does it all mean, Mrs. Campbell, your sending your letters flying after *me* at this rate?"

Mrs. Campbell, with a gasp: "My letters?" She mechanically receives the extended note, and glances at the superscription: "*Mrs. Willis Campbell.* Ah!" She hands it quickly to her husband, who reads the address with a similar cry.

Campbell: "Well, well, Amy! This is a pretty good joke on you. You've sealed up one of your own notes, and sent it to Miss Rice. Capital! Ah, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Campbell, with hysterical rapture: "Oh, how delicious! What a ridiculous blunder! I don't wonder you were puzzled, Margaret."

Welling: "What! Sent her your own letter, addressed to yourself?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes. Isn't it amusing?"

Welling: "The best thing I ever heard of."

Miss Rice: "Yes. And if you only knew what agonies of curiosity Miss Greenway and I had suffered, wanting to open it and read it anyway, in spite of all the decencies, I think you ought to read it to us."

Campbell: "Or at least give Miss Rice her own letter. What in the world did you do with that?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Put it in my desk, where I thought I put mine. But never mind it now. I can tell you what was in it just as well. Come in here a moment, Margaret." She leads the way to the parlor, whither Miss Rice follows.

Miss Greenway, poutingly: "Oh, mayn't I know too? I think that's hardly fair, Mrs. Campbell."

Mrs. Campbell: "No; or—Margaret may tell you afterward; or Mr. Welling may, *now!*"

Miss Greenway: "How very formidable!"

Mrs. Campbell, over her shoulder, on going out: "Willis, bring me the refusals and acceptances, won't you? They're upstairs."

Campbell: "Delighted to be of any service." Behind Miss Greenway's back he dramatizes over her head to Welling his sense of his own escape and his compassion for the fellow-man whom he leaves in the toils of fate.

IX.—MISS GREENWAY, MR. WELLING.

Welling: "Nelly!" He approaches, and timidly takes her hand.

Miss Greenway: "Arthur! That letter was addressed in your handwriting. Will you please explain?"

Welling: "Why, it's very simple—that is, it's the most difficult thing in the world. Nelly, can you believe *any*thing I say to you?"

Miss Greenway: "What nonsense! Of course I can—if you're not too long about it."

Welling: "Well, then, the letter in that envelope was one I wrote to Mrs. Campbell—or the copy of one."

Miss Greenway: "The copy?"

Welling: "But let me explain. You see, when I got your note asking me to be sure and come to Mrs. Curwen's—"

Miss Greenway: "Yes?"

Welling: "—I had just received an invitation from Mrs. Campbell for her garden party, and I sat down and wrote to you, and concluded I'd step over and tell her why I couldn't come, and with that in my mind, I addressed your letter—the one I'd written you—to her."

Miss Greenway: "With my name inside?"

Welling: "No; I merely called you 'darling'; and when Mrs. Campbell opened it, she saw it couldn't be for her, and she took it into her head it must be for Miss Rice."

Miss Greenway: "For Margaret? What an idea! But why did she put your envelope on it?"

Welling: "She made a copy, for the joke of it; and then, in her hurry, she enclosed that in my envelope and kept the original and the envelope she'd addressed to Miss Rice, and—and that's all."

Miss Greenway: "What a perfectly delightful muddle! And how shall we get out of it with Margaret?"

Welling: "With Margaret? I don't care for her. It's you that I want to get out of it with. And you do believe me—you do forgive me, Nelly?"

Miss Greenway: "For what?"

Welling: "For—for— I don't know what for. But I thought you'd be so vexed."

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Miss Greenway: "I shouldn't have liked you to send a letter addressed darling to Mrs. Curwen; but Mrs. Campbell is different."

Welling: "Oh, how archangelically sensible! How divine of you to take it in just the right way!"

Miss Greenway: "Why, of course! How stupid I should be to take such a thing in the wrong way!"

Welling: "And I'm so glad now I didn't try to lie to you about it."

Miss Greenway: "It wouldn't have been of any use. You couldn't have carried off anything of that sort. The truth is bad enough for *you* to carry off. Promise me that you will always leave the other thing to *me*."

Welling: "I will, darling; I will indeed."

Miss Greenway: "And now we must tell Margaret, of course."

X.—MISS RICE; *then* MR. AND MRS. CAMPBELL, *and the others.*

Miss Rice, rushing in upon them, and clasping Miss Greenway in a fond embrace: "You needn't. Mrs. Campbell has told me; and oh, Nelly, I'm so happy for you! And isn't it all the greatest mix?"

Campbell, rushing in, and wringing Welling's hand: "You needn't tell me, either; I've been listening, and I've heard every word. I congratulate you, my dear boy! I'd no idea she'd let you up so easily. You'll allow yourself it isn't a very likely story."

Welling: "I know it. But—"

Miss Rice: "That's the very reason no one could have made it up."

Miss Greenway: "*He* couldn't have made up even a likely story."

Campbell: "Congratulate you again, Welling. Do you suppose she can keep so always?"

Mrs. Campbell, rushing in with extended hands: "Don't answer the wretch, Mr. Welling. Of course she can, with *you*. Dansons!" She gives a hand to Miss Greenway and Welling each; the others join them, and as they circle round the table she sings,

"*Sur le pont d'Avignon,*
Tout le monde y danse en rond."

AT A READING.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE spare Professor, grave and bald,
Began his paper. It was called,
I think, "A Brief Historic Glance
At Russia, Germany, and France."
A glance, but to my best belief
'Twas almost anything but brief—
A wide survey, in which the earth
Was seen before mankind had birth;
Strange monsters basked them in the sun,
Behemoth, armored glyptodon,
And in the dawn's unpractised ray
The transient dodo winged its way;
Then, by degrees, through silt and slough,
We reached Berlin—I don't know how.
The good Professor's monotone
Had turned me into senseless stone
Instanter, but that near me sat
Hypatia in her new spring hat,
Blue-eyed, intent, with lips whose bloom
Lighted the heavy-curtained room.
Hypatia—ah, what lovely things
Are fashioned out of eighteen springs—
At first, in sums of this amount,
The eighteen winters do not count.
Just as my eyes were growing dim
With heaviness, I saw that slim,
Erect, elastic figure there,
Like a pond-lily taking air.
She looked so fresh, so wise, so neat,
So altogether crisp and sweet,
I quite forgot what Bismarck said,
And why the Emperor shook his head,
And how it was Von Moltke's frown
Cost France another frontier town.
The only facts I took away
From the Professor's theme that day
Were these: a forehead broad and low,
Such as the antique sculptures show;
A chin to Greek perfection true;
Eyes of Astarté's tender blue;
A high complexion without fleck
Or flaw, and curls about her neck.

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SOSRUS DISMAL.

BY WILLIAM W. ARCHER.

"I DUN had proof wid deze eyes an' deze ears how ve'y of'n when you hear a big green parr't bird talk'n' 'tain' no bird 'tall, but be dev'l whar dun 'sguise hisseff for a bird."

The speaker was known by members of his race as the Black Prophet, and was one of a small group of negroes who were sitting on the banks of James River one autumn evening when the stream was undergoing its annual freshet. His remarks were intended to provoke dissent, and the result was the memorable discussion between the Black Prophet and Sosrus Dismal. Having produced the designed sensation, the Black Prophet proceeded to complete the effect by adducing proof of his assertion.

"Wunst," he continued, "when I was down to Richmond in dem times when I ain' got no 'lijun, I go in a sto' wid Cæsar Jacks'n for to buy a flute. Cæsar pick out a flute an' gin de man de money for it, an' him an' me start to walk out de do'. Dat time we hear a voice say, 'Did you pay for it? Did you pay for it?' An' when we look up, dar was one of deze green parr't birds sett'n' up on a ring, eyin' of us an' sayin' dem words, 'Did you pay for it? Did you pay for it?' Dat thing look'n' at us all de time, too, when Cæsar pay for dat flute, 'case he look'n' *right at* Cæsar when he pay de man de money, an' yit he *keep on* ax'n', 'Did you pay for it? Did you pay for it?' Of co'se 'twarn no bird. How can a bird talk? Carn' do it? An' ef he could talk, what a bird warn lie in datter way for? Dat de dev'l talk'n'; dat warn no bird. Dat de dev'l sett'n' up dar on dat ring."

The sensation created by the recital of the Black Prophet was unpleasant to Sesostris Dismal, or, as he was better known, Sosrus, who experienced a jealous twinge when he found that his remarks were not now heard so readily as what fell from the lips of the Black Prophet. Sosrus was captain and owner of the small bateau lying at the wharf, and was known by everybody throughout that region as the navigator of "Sosrus Dismal's boat." Inquirers who failed to get a proper appreciation of his identity after this were generally enlightened with the further explanation, "Sosrus Dismal whar play de eight-string banjer." Why the usual five strings failed to fulfil his requirements was never set forth, but Sosrus never omitted the information, "Nar 'nuther man in Fuhginia play on er eight-string banjer 'cep'n' 'tis me."

He was to leave for Richmond within a few hours, and had been keeping the group in good-humor and evoking their applause, until Ole Mose, the Black Prophet, joined them. The old darky's story of his experience with the parrot, and furthermore the seemingly indisputable proof brought forth as to the connection of the parrot with the devil, had diverted the attention from Sosrus and the eight-string banjer. An odd character, privileged always in having his say, was this aged negro they called Ole Mose, de Black Prophet. The attribute of prophecy was founded on his own claim, strenuously urged by himself for many years. Upon religious meetings he was a regular attendant, shouting and groaning in accordance with the ever-urgent promptings of his spirit. But the preachers of his race never allowed him to preach in their churches, therefore he was compelled to confine his addresses to such small groups as that which claimed his attention on this particular night.

"Dey feared on me," he never failed to explain—"dey feared on me 'case I talk too bol' f' um. When I speak, de sinner gotter be er-mov'n', or sump'n' gwi' bu's'."

Between Sosrus and the Black Prophet a feud of long standing existed. Ole Mose regarded the banjo-playing boatman as a curse to the colored people, and the ire of the Prophet was increased by the levity and easy contempt with which Sosrus met all his warnings.

After a painful pause Sosrus took up his eight-stringed banjo and smiled complacently. "Black Prophet thinkin' he dun got 'head of me," he thought. He struck up "Take your time, Miss Lucy." It was such a favorite that it enthused all present, and as their feet began to pat time, the Black Prophet scowled, and his gaunt frame twitched uneasily.

"Hit er good old a'r," commented Sosrus. "De Lor', dough! Y' ought to hearn Mr. Joe Sweeny play dat a'r. Dat

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man meck er banjer talk same's ef hit he own chile."

"I lay he couldn' put you out at knock'n' a tune," said Long Harry.

"Couldn' put who out?" returned Sosrus, turning almost savagely upon the questioner. "Why, man, what you talk'n' 'bout? You nuv'r hear Joe Sweeny play. I wouldn' tetch a banjer whar he was. Not in dem days, I wouldn'. I hear um say dat man play befo' all de Queens of England. I think I know heap 'bout de insterment tell I see him; den I fin' I ain' know nuth'n'. But dat a long time back. Sence dem days I do lot of play'n', an' I meck bol' to doubt ef Joe Sweeny could do what I kin wid er *eight-string* banjer. I say dat myseff. I *ric*lec' de fus time I hear dat man play. Hit was de 'Mis'sippi Sawyer' whar he perform. Umph! how dat man did play dat 'Mis'sippi Sawyer'! I skeered to look at banjer arfter dat. I practise dat tune five years befo' I ain' 'shamed to play hit in public like. A man mout play hit every day all he life, an' every time he play hit he gwi' fin' he l'arn sump'n' new in hit."

Then Sosrus took up his banjo and began "The Mississippi Sawyer"—that old air whose wild gayety has for generations past been the inspiration of happy dancers in the country homes of Virginia, that old air only justly rendered by the Virginia darky banjo-player.

"Dat a big a'r, an' a ole a'r too," said Long Harry. "I hear dat a'r twenty years ago dis gone Christmas. I see white folks dance to dat a'r when dee was crowds of um up dar to de big house. How ole is dat a'r, Sosrus?"

"How ole dat a'r is?" replied Sosrus. "Dee ain' nar man kin tell *how* ole hit is."

"Hit come fum Mis'sippi, of co'se," ventured Peter Pucket.

"Come fum whar? Come fum who?" responded the performer, overbearingly. "Dee ain' no Mis'sippi in dat a'r. Who dat say hit come fum Mis'sippi?"

"What meck hit say 'Mis'sippi' Sawyer for, den?" expostulated Peter, sulkily.

"Nigger, why ain' you tole me all dis time you come fum Petersburg?" said Sosrus, scornfully.

"I ain' nuv'r come fum Petersburg; I raise right here. You know I ain' come fum no Petersburg, Sosrus Dismal," returned Peter, indignantly.

"What you called Peter for, den? You ain' come fum Petersburg dough yo' name Peter. Dis a'r ain 'come fum Mis'sippi dough hit name is Mis'sippi."

"I ain' carn whar hit come fum," said Peter. "Hit a-gitt'n' up an walk'n' roun' a'r, sho. De man whar meck hit meck hit pupus people to dance by. Dat sho."

"Dar whar you wrong 'gin, Peter," asserted Sosrus, severely. "Dat a'r warn made by no man, neither."

"What! Huccum you talk datter way, Sosrus Dismal? You meck'n' mock of me. Whar hit come fum ef 'tain' fum a man?"

"Hit come jess so," replied Sosrus, significantly, as he looked at the Black Prophet. "Dat a'r made by de dev'l hisseff."

As he uttered the remark he chuckled over the prospect of his enemy's discomfiture, and muttered to himself, "I gwi' show him I can tell sump'n' bout dev'l well's he can."

The Black Prophet smiled contemptuously, but when he noticed that the assertion of Sosrus had roused the attention of the group, each member of which eagerly waited for further developments, he shuffled about uneasily. Sosrus began playing the air of "The Mississippi Sawyer," and at the same time commenced talking, the air serving as an accompaniment to his words; and so he went on, interspersing his narrative here and there with music, and while he played and talked the force of habit impelled him to call out once in a while cotillon figures, for this was the great tune at country dances. Even now his eyes gleamed as if he were seeing the dancers respond to his calls, and the effect upon his auditors was similar, for as he sang out the cotillon figures and played the cheery music of "The Mississippi Sawyer," each eye in the group reflected more than the fire-light gleam, and at the very moments when their feet were halting in their beats they were infused with new energy by the regular energetic singing out of such figures as "swing corners," "right and left through," "forward two," "ladies change," "cross over," and others.

"I gwi' tell y' all how it was," said Sosrus. "Befo' dem days when dee was saw-mills was a nigger whar dun steal a crosscut-saw—de kind of saw whar hit teck a man at each een to wuck. De nigger couldn' use it by hisseff, but he jess dat mean he boun' to steal dat saw 'case

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he see it when 'twarn nobody else roun'. Well, dat nigger had said cornstant he ain' feared of no dev'l, he ain' b'lieve dar any dev'l. Soon's he got in a piece of woods wid dat saw on he shoulder, dev'l come up behind him an' tetch him. De nigger fall down flop on he knees. He ain' b'lieve in dev'l tell now, but he know'd 'twas de dev'l soon's he see him. He so skeered he ain' talk at fus. Den dev'l ax him, 'Whar you cum fum?' 'I dun know, Marse Dev'l, whar I come fum, I dat skeered.' He think he deceiv'n' dev'l, but dev'l know all de time whar he come fum, an' jess proj'k'n' wid 'im. De dev'l ain' let on dat, dough, an' say, 'Well, you sich a liar I spec you mus' come fum Mis'sippi: dem niggers down dar beat Fuhginia niggers lyin'.' Den de dev'l say, 'Whar you steal dat saw fum?' De nigger say to hisseff, 'I gone now, sho. I wonder who tell him I steal dis crosscut-saw?' But he feared to speak out loud. Den de dev'l say, de dev'l did, 'You a Mis'sippi nigger now, sho, 'case ef you was a Fuhginia nigger you ain' gwi' be stealin' saws; you be stealin' pullets. You Mis'sippi sawyer, dat what you is,' an' de dev'l larf fit to bu's' hisseff open. De dev'l jess proj'k'n' wid him den too, 'case he know dat nigger ain' no Mis'sippi nigger. Arfter he larf some mo' de dev'l say, 'I gwi' g'e you a job; I warn some firewood; I gwi' roas' a fresh nigger dis day.' Dat nigger fa'rly trimble. But de dev'l he say, 'Hurry up wid dat firewood, nigger!' De nigger say, 'Marse Dev'l, speyar me, speyar me!' Dat time de dev'l say, sorter sorrowful like, 'Well, le's see what you gwi' do wid dat saw.' De nigger say hit made for two to saw wid. 'Carn' holp dat,' say de dev'l; 'dat whar a man steal he gotter use, an' use hit fas', too, I tell you.' Den dey come to a big hickory log, an' dev'l say: 'Dis log got to be saw'd up—dat sort of firewood I want. I spec I gwi' have roas' nigger for supper. I ain' sayin' what nigger I gwi' pick out yit, but I do s'pose a fat, plump nigger in a risky place when he got a crosscut-saw an' stand'n' 'fo' a hick'ry log, doubt'n' he wuck some of he fat off.' Den dat nigger was skeerder than befo', 'case he fat; an' he ups an' takes de saw, but it so heavy he boun' to saw slow, 'case hit made for two men. He push it over de log an' den draw hit back, he push it over de log an' den draw hit back, he push it over de log an' den draw hit back, dat meck three times; den he put he han' up to de small of his back an' push de saw one time mo' over de log ve'y slow, an' stop, 'case he tired an' hick'ry tough. An' in all dem pushin's de saw meck de same soun' like de fus slow part of de a'r whar I playin' now. An' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, and he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw—heyah! yah! yah! Here she go! *Salute yo' pard-n-e-r-s!* Den de dev'l hop off de stump whar he sitt'n' an' ketch hol' de yuther een of de saw, an' pull an' push powerful, an' de nigger at his een gotter pull an' push powerful too, I tell you, an' dat saw fa'rly fly, an' meck de fas' part of de a'r whar I playin' now. An' dey saw, an' dey saw, an' dey saw, an' dey saw, an' dey saw, an' dey saw—heyah! yah! yah! *Swing cornd-e-r-s!* I tell you de dev'l at one een an' de nigger at de yuther een of dat saw pull her through dat log in no time; an' de saw, hit red-hot. But dat ain' meck no diff'rence. An' dey saw, an' dey saw, an' dey saw, an' dey saw, an' dey saw, and dey saw. *Right an' left through!* An' de saw, hit fa'rly fly. Dee warn no res' for dat nigger. De dev'l go back an' sit on stump an' res' hisseff, an' he pick up he pitchfork. De nigger think, 'Hit my time to res' too,' an' stop like; but de dev'l jess tetch him up wid de sharp prong an' say, 'I carn have no lazy nigger roun' me; saw dat firewood, nigger, saw dat firewood; I spec I gwi' have fresh roas' nigger for supper.' An' den de nigger 'gin to saw de wood agin slow, jess like befo', an' ef you b'lieve me, de dev'l jess pick de five prong of dat pitchfork like a banjer, an' he meck banjer music, dough hit louder; an' de nigger saw slow, an' push it over de log an' den draw hit back, he push it over de log an' den draw hit back, he push it over de log an' den draw hit back, dat meck three times; den he put he han' up to de small of his back an' push de saw one time ve'y slow, an' stop, 'case he tired an' hick'ry tough. Dat meck de fus slow part of dat a'r agin. An' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw. *Forward two!* An' de dev'l busy pickin' dat pitchfork; an' here come de place whar de fas' part of de chune got to come in agin, an' how dat nigger gwi' pull dat crosscut-saw dat fas' when dee warn no dev'l at de yuther een? Carn' holp dat; de chune right dar call for fas' music, an' de dev'l he gitt'n' excited, an' he warn see dat log cut in two, so he say, 'Faster dar, faster dar; you got to go through; I gwi' roas' a fat,

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plump nigger for supper'; an' den dat nigger did fa'rly yucker dat saw; an' every time he look like he gwi' slow up, de dev'l spit fire at him; an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw. *Ladies change!* Dat's hit. *Cross over! cross over!* All dat time de dev'l playin' on de pitchfork, de saw gitt'n' red-hot, de log 'gin to bu'n, an' de dev'l jess spitt'n' fire an' stormp'n' wid he feet, keep'n' time an' yell'n', 'Go it, Mis'sippi sawyer!' an' de nigger goin' like a steam-engyne tell, I s'pos'n', ten minutes; an' in dat time he wuk he flesh down fum two hundud poun' to ninety poun', so he nuth'n' but a skeleton; an' dat save him, 'case de dev'l had done say he gwi' have a fat, plump nigger for supper, an' dis nigger too bony now. Dat time de saw so hot de handles bu'n off, an' de nigger fall back fum his holt, an' terrectly de chune stop, an' he look roun'. De dev'l done gone, an' right dar whar de pitchfork was, was a banjer, an' dat nigger, whar nuv'r know how to pick a banjer befo', took it up an' play off dat ve'y dance a'r whar de dev'l an' de saw done meck, an' dat huccum hit call de 'Mis'sippi Sawyer.'"

As Sosrus rounded off his narrative by rendering the closing bars of the lively old dance air, his hearers breathed somewhat uneasily, and looked at each other, deeply impressed.

Long Harry asked, "How you s'pose de banjer git dar dat de nigger fin'?"

"Dat banjer de dev'l's pitchfork, whar had done tu'n into a banjer," replied Sosrus.

"Ef dat happen, den what de dev'l gwi' do for a pitchfork next time?" persisted Long Harry. "Whoever hear of Ole Sayt'n gwine anywhar 'dout he got a pitchfork? an' how he gwi' git he pitchfork ef hit done tu'n into a banjer?"

"Nigger, you's a fool," said Sosrus. "You don' s'pose dat de *onliest* pitchfork de dev'l got? Dat nuth'n' but a spar' fork. Long's he bin shov'n' people in de fire, why, he done had 'nuff wuck to w'ar out a thous'n' pitchfork. He got a whole stack of dem things down dar whar he come fum. Why, man, he w'ar out a hundud pitchfork a day some of his busy days. Pitchforks ain' nuth'n' to him. What's w'arin' out a hundud pitchfork or so a day to de dev'l? 'Tain' 's much as ef you drap a linch-pin outn yo' axle-tree."

During the latter part of Sosrus Dismal's remarks the Black Prophet had been muttering impatiently. He was anxious to upset the story with argument, for he prided himself upon his controversial ability.

"Sosrus Dismal done 'cuse hisseff, an' I gwi' 'spute wid him right now, so I is," he said, rising to his feet. "Ef dat whar he say is true, which hit ain't, I gwi' take he own words an' tu'n um 'gin him."

At this Sosrus smiled contemptuously.

"He 'ain' tell why de dev'l leave dat banjer in de woods, an' how come dat nigger could play whar nuv'r play befo'. I gwi' tell you, dough. Sosrus, I know'd yo' mother. She b'longst to de folks whar raise me. I jess dat sorry to see you gwine up 'n' down dis river playin' dat banjer an' enticin' of sinners tell dey all dancin'. Sosrus Dismal, ef ever de dev'l smile favorable, he sut'nly smile favorable on you."

"Don't keep on talk'n' to me like dat," said Sosrus, testily.

"What I tell y' all is dat whar 'll keep you 'way fum torment. A man carn' be a church member an' dance an' play on musical insterment. You know all dat, Sosrus Dismal."

"Don't know hit 'tall," responded Sosrus.

"I jess dat ready for 'sput'n'," said Ole Mose, "I gwi' lif' up a veil an' show you sump'n' behind hit."

"Ole Mose, you bin walk'n' 'bout dis country long time, an' you always say'n' you gwi' lif' up a veil an' show sump'n' behin' hit, but y' 'ain' lif' up no veil yit, as I knows on. He mout have lots behin' dat veil, but look like to me hit too heavy for him to lif' up—heyah! yah! yah! Ain' dat so, Long Harry Johns'n?" said Sosrus, in a bantering tone.

"I come here to say I gwi' 'spute wid you, Sosrus Dismal," replied the Black Prophet, his wrath growing as he noticed other members of the party smiling approval to Sosrus. "I ain' feared of no man when hit got to be 'sput'n', an' I dat ready for 'sput'n' dis very time, I deyar you, I deyar you, Sosrus Dismal, you nigger musicianer, to 'spute wid me. You keep on talk'n' an' larf'n', but dee ain' nuth'n' in all dat fool'shness. So can cat-bird make fuss wid de mouth, an' so can parr't talk, but dee ain' nuth'n' in what ar one of um say, 'cept'n' when de dev'l git inside a parr't an' talk hisseff thew de parr't mouth, an' den 'tain' no parr't 'tall, but de dev'l. An' I can show

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"RIGHT DAR WHAR DE PITCHFORK WAS, WAS A BANJER."

all dem whar roun' dish yere fire dat de dev'l got a holt on every man whar playin' de banjer an' whar lis'n to hit."

"Dar, now, Sosrus!" said several voices; "he done dar' you."

"He can dar'," retorted Sosrus. "I ain't skeered of his darin'. I ready to 'spute wid him, ef he do meck hisseff out a prophet." And then turning upon Ole Mose, he continued, "Come at me wid argyment, Prophet; come at me wid argyment. When I git thew 'th you, you wonder whar you is."

"I gwi' w'ar you out; I gwi' meck you dat 'shamed you won' warn show yo' face roun' here 'gin," said the challenger, and his body swayed backward and forward, his nostrils dilated as his breath snapped in quick jerks through them, as though sounding the on-coming of his wild and medley emotions.

"Ole Mose," said Sosrus, "you say jess now I 'cuse myseff. I warn know how I 'cuse myseff. You done say dat word."

"Yes; I gwi' 'cuse you outn y' own mouf," insisted the Black Prophet. "I gwi' lif' up a veil an' show you sump'n' behin' it. I do say as how a fiddle an'

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banjer bofe un um is dev'l's insterment, an' dem .whar play um b'longst to de dev'l. When you meck mention of dat chune whar you play, you 'low'd dat de nigger whar had a crosscut-saw ain' know how to play dat banjer when he come into dat piece of woods. Is I say dat correct?"

"Hit mout be; he nuv'r see a banjer tell den," Sosrus responded.

"You ain' anse my question. Did dat nigger know how to play dat banjer 'fo' he cum in dem woods?"

"No," replied Sosrus, slowly, "but—"

"Hol' on dar, nigger, hol' on dar," cried the Black Prophet, warningly, advancing his long arm. "Den who larn him how to play a musical insterment? Anse me dat, anse me dat. Talk 'bout 'sput'n'; I show you how to 'spute. Who larn him how to play dat banjer?"

"He larn hisseff," replied Sosrus, defiantly. "He lis'n to de dev'l play, an' den he strike de banjer for hisseff. He take to hit natch'l like. He nuv'r play befo' 'case he 'ain' nuv'r see a banjer."

"Sosrus Dismal, you liar, you liar! De dev'l dun meet him dar. What meck he ax dat nigger to saw some firewood? De dev'l d' warn no firewood. What he warn wid firewood when he in a place whar fire always bu'nin'? De dev'l git him in dem pines 'case he warn larn dat nigger how to pick a banjer, an' he meck de saw play de a'r an' den play hit hisseff, so de nigger can ketch hit an' go 'bout de worl' enticin' sinners. Dat nigger in hire of dev'l."

"Sosrus, he pushin' you right hard," observed Peter Pucket, glad of the opportunity to get even with Sosrus for the rebuff given early in the evening.

"Heyah! yah! yah! didn' I dar' him to 'spute wid me, Peter?" cried the old man, delighted.

"Push'n' who?" remonstrated Sosrus, indignantly. "I ain' 'gin wid him yit. I propose dat de nigger whar I tell 'bout ketch dat 'Mis'sippi Sawyer' chune 'case hit a ketch'n' chune, an' not 'case de dev'l play hit. Ef he had heered ar other man play hit he'd ketch'd hit too. Now I gwi' ax you one question, Ole Mose. How you meck out hit wrong jess to play on banjer?"

"'Case hit de dev'l's insterment. Hit ain' use 'cep'n' by light-haid people in de sinful shak'n' of de foot. Dat man whar cross a foot in a dance gittin speak'n' terms wid de dev'l, an' de banjer gin a man encouragement to do dat whar he got no business to do. When you say dat banjer lef' dar in place of de dev'l's pitchfork, an' dat he perform dat same 'Mis'sippi Sawyer' whar ev'body dancin' to, I know dey dancin' wid a chune de dev'l dun meck. Sayt'n come roun' cornstant spy'n' an' pull'n' down fences so he can git at de sinner."

Sosrus bethought himself of a new tack, for the discussion was taking too wide range, especially as he designed leaving for Richmond within a few hours, and furthermore he was forced to confess that the Black Prophet was overcoming him.

"What dat you say jess now 'bout a parr't?" asked Sosrus.

"I made mention dat when a parr't talk'n' 'tain' no parr't 'tall, but de dev'l. I know dat. I dun had proof of dat. I dun tol' y' all how dat was."

"Now I gwi' argyfy," said Sosrus, advancing in front of his opponent. "Black Prophet, you wonder whar you is when I git thew 'th you. I ax you fus kin you say es a gorspel man dat hit ever right for a nigger to steal or 'stroy dat whar don' b'longst to him when he git chance an' ain' nobody look'n'?"

"De man whar steal or 'stroy dat whar ain' b'longst to him, pick'n' out a corndernigh on to de fire in torment. What you ax'n' me sich fool question like dat for?" replied the Black Prophet, indignantly.

"Put dis in de back part yo' haid, an' keep hit dar tell I call for hit," said Sosrus, looking significantly at his auditors. "De Black Prophet say nigger ain' got a right to steal or 'stroy dat whar ain' b'longst to him. Now I gwi' ax you de sec'n' question. Gorspel man, ought a nigger to fight de dev'l an' strive to ov'cum de dev'l?"

"Hit he duty to fight de dev'l an' strive to ov'cum de dev'l."

"Put *dat* in de back part yo' haid, an' keep hit dar tell I call for hit terrectly, an' I gwi' call *soon*, too," said Sosrus to the group. "Now," he continued, "Black Prophet, you say when de parr't talk'n' datter way, an' ax, 'Did yo' pay for it?' 'twarn no parr't 'tall, but de dev'l?"

"Dat de word I say," replied the Black Prophet, with dignity.

"You mean to 'low by dat, dat dev'l kin git in any kin' of fowl, an' in dat ve'y time 'tain' no fowl 'tall, but de dev'l?"

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"SOSRUS DISMAL, ON YOU I GWI' PUT DE BLIGHT."—[SEE PAGE 46.]

"I mecks dat sayin', and I stan' by hit," assented the Black Prophet.

"S'pos'n' you cum 'cross a chick'n, an' dat chick'n cluck human, den you say dat chick'n ain' no chick'n 'tall, but de dev'l?"

"Ef a chick'n cluck human, den hit 'case de dev'l in him, an' den 'tain' no chick'n 'tall, but de dev'l," returned the seer.

"I gwi' ax you dis question, now," pursued Sosrus. "S'pos'n' a man meck a statement, an' right arfter dat meck anuther statement whar contradict dat fus statement, which statement gwi' hol' good, de fus or de las'?"

"Ef dat happen, an' de two statements ain' 'gree, dat whar las' ought to be de one whar hol', 'case hit g'e de man's las' solumn judgment, an' dat one boun' to be true."

"All right," said Sosrus, turning to the group. "Now I gwi' call on y' all to bring dem two argyments out de back part yo' haid whar I tell you to put um jess now. De Black Prophet say fus dat a nigger 'ain' gotter right to steal or 'stroy dat whar don' b'longst to him. He say las' dat hit nigger's duty to fight de dev'l, an' strive to ov'cum de dev'l."

"Name 'r Gord, what yo' driv'n' at?" interrupted the Black Prophet, petulantly.

"My time, my time now," urged Sosrus. "You wonder whar you is terrectly. Now I gwi' argyfy. I gwi' show you how t' argyfy. I makes de argyment dat what de Black Prophet say las' do contradict what he say fus, an' 'cordin' to his own word dat what he say las' gotter hol' good. S'pos'n' a nigger go in white folk hen-house at night. 'Cord'n' to de Black Prophet's fus sayin' dat nigger ain' got a right to steal or 'stroy ar one dem pullets, 'case dey don' b'long to him. But s'pos'n' one dem pullets cluck human, den, 'cordin' to Black Prophet's las' sayin', dat pullet de dev'l, an' hit de duty of dat nigger to fight an' try to ov'cum de dev'l, an' how he gwi' do hit 'cep'n' by wringin' dat pullet neck? An' de Black Prophet done 'clar' dat de las' statement de one gotter hol' good, so outn he own mouf I dun judge him. Here is a gorspel man, a

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man whar say hit sinful for Sosrus Dismal to pick a eight-string banjer, 'clarin' hit every nigger's duty, when he go into white folk hen-house an' hear chick'n cluck human, to wring dat chick'n neck an' 'stroy dat what don' b'longst to him. Dat ain' wrong no mo'. Oh no. Nigger can git all de fried chick'n he want now. White folk s'ply him. All he got to do is wring a chick'n's neck when chick'n cluck human. De Black Prophet, de gorspel man, say hit right. Mind you, I don' say hit right."

This climax created intense surprise and excitement. Long Harry rushed forward, grasped Sosrus's hand, and yelled with delight. "Dey carn' 'spute wid you, Sosrus. Whar de Black Prophet now? Which de wust, to play a banjer or to 'stroy white folk chick'n? Hi! yi! but you sut'n kin 'spute, Sosrus."

The Black Prophet glared steadily at the group. He discerned that the logic of his opponent had won. Drawing his garments closer about him, he raised his arm, and pointing his finger in the victor's face, said: "Sosrus Dismal, de dev'l on yo' side now. You think you done cunj'r me; you done trick me; but I ain' done wid you yit. I gwi' meet you in Richmond, an' when you git dar I gwi' lif' up a veil an' show you sump'n' behin' it. You cuss de day you think you cunj'r me, Black Prophet. I gwi' put de blight on you. Yas, Sosrus Dismal, on *you* I gwi' put de blight." With these words he slowly moved from their midst.

As the night advanced, and after they became weary of discussing the sudden flight of the Black Prophet, Sosrus made his preparations to leave for Richmond, but at the first step his progress was retarded. The navigating force of the bateau consisted of Sosrus and a youth called Alpheus, who had been an interested listener when the Black Prophet began the discussion. Alpheus had disappeared, and calls and a search at the quarters had been ineffectual. This absence was unaccountable, as he had always been tractable and satisfied with his position.

"I got to go to Richmond 'dout him," said the captain of the bateau to Jonas.

"Dat don' meck no diff'rence, Sosrus," retorted Jonas. "You got a cl'ar night 'mos'. Dem few cloud you see drif'n' 'bout —'tain' no rain in um. Sun sot cl'ar dis ev'nin'. I see hit jess es hit gitt'n' down, an' hit dat red. Hit look to me like a red-hai'd man a-peep'n' over fence to see how de watermillion patch gitt'n' on. You ain' gwi' have no trouble. All you got to do is to look out for de big dam."

The trip to Richmond was, indeed, not a difficult one for Sosrus to take alone. It was only necessary to put the boat in midstream and let her float until he turned from the river into the canal, where a tow could be picked up. Sosrus had made the down trip alone before; he was not troubled on this account, but the more he thought over the missing boy, the stronger grew his conviction that his absence was caused by the Black Prophet. Alpheus, he knew, was not of an adventurous disposition, and furthermore had been entirely under his control.

"Dat boy like me," thought Sosrus. "Alfeeus like bein' on dis *cun*nal-boat too. He ain' go nowhar dis night outn he free choice."

Suddenly certain words of the Black Prophet and the peculiar look that accompanied them returned to the boatman. "Yas, Sosrus Dismal, on you I gwi' put de blight!" What did this mean? Was the ancient man really the possessor of the superior power claimed, and the disappearance of Alpheus the first evidence of that awful ability? How was it possible for the flight of Alpheus to work harm? These were the interrogative suggestions that figuratively jutted up in the stream of his thoughts, not unlike those stumps of trees or broken fence-rails that actually once in a while bobbed up from the dark river in the pathway of the boat, and marred the harmony of the placid sweep of water. It was a moonlight night, flaky clouds draping the orb for a few minutes, then releasing it so suddenly that its first quick gleam across the river caused the solitary boatman to start and say, "My! ef dat moon didn' meck a fas' flash jess like a haid-light fum engyne flyin' roun' de bend on railroad!" The night was very still, the high water rolling on its long journey with a stately movement whose pace was timed by the solemn bending and quick uprising of the low willows as their branches were caught and released by the current. For the first time in his life Sosrus Dismal was lonely on that river. Hoping to expel such feelings, he swallowed a stimulating drink from his jug of whiskey. As the boat was in mid-stream, he simply fastened the tiller and drifted.

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"BLACK PROPHET, SPAR' ME! SPAR' ME!"—[SEE PAGE 49.]

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"Alfeeus a good boy," muttered he. When he refreshed himself again from his jug he continued: "Lor my! What 'd I done ef I hadn't filled dis jug wid whiskey dis lonesome night? Yas, dat boy Alfeeus a good boy; so 'beejunt, so reg'lar, so quick when he spoken to—an' grateful too. He 'tend to his business. I wonder ef dat Black Prophet done cunjur him? I wonder whar he is now? Po' Alfeeus! po' boy! I sut'nly like dat young nigger. But dat boy ain' had no business gwine outn my sight—de lazy, triflin' young rarsk'l! Ef I had him here now right dis minit, ef I wouldn' w'ar him out!"

The outline of his long boat-horn caught his eye, and picking it up he sounded its winding largo voice; but instead of diverting his thoughts, it only aided in keeping them in their present sombre track, for the unbroken merging of one note into another accorded with the unrippled movement of the stream past the shore borders whose dingy shadows seemed to encompass him.

"Hit meck me feel lonesome, dis horn do," he murmured, laying the horn aside. "I never know'd dis horn to soun' dat strange an' ho'se befo'; hit seem like hit somebody er-cryin' an' er-sobb'n' like, like dey in somewhar an' carn' git out."

Here he noticed that the boat was opposite the graveyard on the hill. He knew it by its three head-boards, and the humble encircling fence at this hour was but a seeming vaporous girdle, from the centre of which the triple shapes stood forth with such assertion that the boatman turned from the sight in horror, and repeated the words he had uttered the moment before: "Somebody er-cryin' an' er-sobb'n' like, like dey in somewhar an' carn' git out. Is dem whar in dee graves a-movin'? Is de sperits arter me—de ghosts an' sperits? Lemme git pas' dis place—lemme git pas'!"

He cast himself shivering in the bottom of the boat, covered his face with his hands, and crawled toward the jug, from which he gurgled such draught as he deemed a kindly exorciser in this awful hour.

The air seemed to grow thicker, while the stillness of the night made strangely distinct a medley of sounds from water and shore, giving them the power of associated voices, though subdued. They beckoned his thoughts in a dreadful way. It was the night song of the katydid and myriad co-singers, in tempo slow and unvarying, now dying, now vivified with new strength by the lifting breeze, united, untuneful, sweeping on with a universal hum, as if following an unseen score. Other night sounds there were too, out of harmony with all this, yet belonging to it. For denizens of water and marsh sent forth their voices, jerky and out of accord with the united buzz of the hosts of field and wood hummers. The organ-like roll of a million infinitely minute tones of insect minstrels in groves and trees swelled too slowly, solemnly, for the staccato sharpness of interjectional croaks and brittle calls from the river edge and swamp.

"My! my!" muttered Sosrus; "jess lis'en at all dem hoppergrasses an' green katydids! Jess lis'en at um er-singin' an' er-buzz'n'! What dat? what dat?"

It was the plaintive cry of a kildee startled from its sojourn on the bank. "How lonesome dat kildee meck a man feel at night!" he soliloquized. "Look like kildee cryin' 'case hit los' sump'n', or 'ain' got nar frien' in de worl'. What dat 'gin? Dat stranges' noise I ever did hear. 'Twarn no kildee dat time out dar 'mongst dem frogs an' feesh. Mout bin a frog; seem like he chok'n' an' tryin' to holler. Dar hit is 'gin! Hit go 'cluck, cluck!' Dat thing cluck human. What de Black Prophet say 'bout de dev'l in dat whar cluck human?"

His face grew clammy, and as he listened again and again to the slow cluck which came from the water's edge, his heated imagination pictured the arch-fiend floating by his boat's side, gibing at him in a succession of clucks. He was certain that the devil had been his escort all the way down the river from the time the three grave-boards had swayed in the darkness.

"Dat dev'l trace me by de soun' of dat horn. He out dar in de graveyard, an' come right to'ds me so fas' he shake de daid outn de graves like I see um. I wish I hadn' blow'd dat horn." He began to feel that he was a doomed man. "Dat Black Prophet warn no fool," he mused. "He payin' me off now. He know mo'n he say out loud. He git dat boy Alfeeus 'way fum me. Ef he did do dat, an' all deze things happ'n dis night whar nuv'r happ'n befo', den Black Prophet mus' be a prophet."

"I sorry I 'buse de Black Prophet in datter way," he said. "I feered I a gone

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man. Look like to me I keep on hearin' dem words, 'On you I gwi' put de blight.' He took his banjo and attempted to sing, but in vain. Those words, "On you I gwi' put de blight," forced themselves in every verse.

He leaped to his feet, panic-stricken, and falling forward, clutched the boat chest. "Lemme save my ole banjer, my eight-string banjer, whar dee ain' nar one kin play on 'cep'n' 'tis me," he cried, as he put it in the chest. "Let hit stay in dar whar no blight can git to hit, an' no nuth'n'. Black Prophet, you done blight my songs, don' blight my banjer, my eight-string banjer, whar dee ain' nar one kin play on 'cep'n' 'tis me." Tears were in his eyes. "I staggerin'; I carn' stan' straight; I carn' even see straight," he cried, clutching the tiller as a support, his energetic movement wrenching it aside, and turning the prow toward shore.

"Here come all dem buzzin's 'gin," he said. "Here hit come, dat big soun', a-rollin' an' a-rollin'. What dat? what dat? Hit de cluck human agin. Hit louder cluck human dan befo'. An' all dem buzzin's an' human hummin's dey roars 'mos' like a big storm a-comin', an' cluck human gitt'n' faster an' faster, like hit runnin' a race wid de buzzin's an' hummin's; an' now here come dem words, 'On you I gwi' put de blight,' hollered at me, an' I hearin' thunder all roun', but dee ain' no lightnin', and dee sich fas' soun's I carn' onderstand, an' dee sich a bun'in' in my haid hit seems on fire, an' rattle an' rattle, an' dee sich a trimble in my body an' mis'ry runnin' down my back, an' here come dat cluck human faster an' faster. Black Prophet, spar' me! spar' me!" His boat rolled for an instant, shivered its entire length, and then shot forward into the air, plunged over the great dam, careened, hurled Sosrus on the jagged rocks below, and falling on him, pinned him there, his body submerged and torn, his head fixed above the foaming water. He had forgotten to turn from the river into the canal.

Morning light was beginning to dawn when all this happened. Four darkies on their way to work saw the boat shoot the dam, and they succeeded in rescuing Sosrus from the wreck. The chest had floated in to shore, and was carried along with the insensible form of its owner.

"We bes' go to A'nt Ceely's cab'n," suggested one. "Dis man got breath in his body yit."

Aunt Ceely's cabin was in a small clearing, and after the inanimate form of the boatman had been carried there the room was filled by a group of blacks of both sexes. A wave of the hand from Aunt Ceely subdued all utterances. She was tall and gaunt, and possessed of a nervousness of movement and a shrill voice which, added to intense energy and a supposed great experience and insight, made her the ruling spirit in that vicinity. At times of sickness she was invaluable, her advice being eagerly requested on those critical occasions when a bed had been tricked by an enemy. She could give charms the mere holding of which preserved the holder from malicious conjurations and fended sickness. With it all, Aunt Ceely was a woman of religious fire. In times of revivals her voice was loudest, and her tall figure swaying with emotion, her wild hymns and warning appeals, were familiar to young and old.

Sosrus lay breathing heavily. A log fire not long started was jetting forth both light and shadow from the recesses of the chimney, and this, with the poor gleam from the slight lamp upon a shelf in a corner, and the motley and solemn-appearing assemblage, gave to the scene that stillness which, in emotional natures confronted by exciting contingencies, first calls into being a seething fountain of feeling, next rends the gates confining it, and gives the sway for its impetuous rush. Calm when they brought the unconscious man there in such touching plight, calmer still while exclamations of horror rolled from each new-comer, it was only when the cabin was filled and there existed the unnaturalness of stillness in a hastily assembled group, together with the pain of that tension of repression evident as it is in a crowd whose faces radiate nervous comment but whose tongues are dumb—it was only then that Aunt Ceely's emotion began to tumble forth.

"No one don' know him," she said, "no one don' know dis po' boatman whar nigh onto death—whar we all gotter go—whar we all gotter go."

With folded arms she began to bend her body backward and forward. Her glance at the prostrate figure of the man evoked her wailing, and she began, while

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her swaying figure timed the rhythm of her words:

"Lord, rocker my soul in de bosum of Abr'ham!
Lord *rocker* my soul!"

From the strained group, huddled forward to catch her every utterance, a low murmur continued the sound, protracting it into a moan, and then they intoned,

"Lord—rocker—my—soul!"

As they sang, stamping time on the floor, the regular fall of feet roused Sosrus, who opened his eyes and began to bow his head in time to the air. He attempted to stand, but failing, fell back to a sitting posture, and cried:

"I carn' zackly hol' to my feet. I well on outside, but look like I jarred away inside. Didn' I hear a hum like?"

"Po' brother," whispered Aunt Ceely, bestowing a warning glance upon the group, for Sosrus had a delirious light in his eyes. His brain was so busy as to startle all his vital forces to work. His mind was hurrying over the scenes of the last day. He was preparing for his great wrestle with the Black Prophet's blight, for he muttered, smilingly, "You say po' brother now; jess wait tell I git thew 'th Black Prophet." Then rousing himself, he continued, eagerly:

"Gimme my banjer outn my chis—my eight-string banjer, whar 'tain' nar one kin play on 'cep'n' 'tis me."

The banjo was handed its owner, and his eyes gleamed as he grasped it and settled back against the head of the low bed, while one foot swung to the floor ready to tap time. As he slowly drew the strings into harmony he stared upward, and the hush throughout the room deepened, while Aunt Ceely, who was trembling in every fibre, could restrain herself no longer, and cried out:

"He seein' dem visions, he seein' dem visions—umph! umph!

"Lord, *rocker* my soul!"

And the group slowly reiterated,

"Lord—rocker—my—soul!"

"I hear music 'gin," said Sosrus. "Black Prophet, you wonder whar you is when I git thew 'th you."

Smiling, he slowly began "The Mississippi Sawyer," playing softly; then, as the quaint opening movement of the old air came forth, he mumbled to himself, but what he said they never knew, though Aunt Ceely believed he was carrying on a conversation with some one not visible to them, though apparent to him, as he gazed upward.

"He seein' dem visions," she cried, clasping her hands in ecstasy—"he see-in' dem visions." But Sosrus gave no heed, nor was there pause in the air, for he bowed, and smiling much, said, as his memory began repeating to him his own story of the Mississippi sawyer, "'He know'd 'twas de dev'l soon's he see him.'"

"Dar, now," shouted Aunt Ceely, "he seein' dem visions. Yas, oh yas, de sinner on de watch for de dev'l, an' he know de dev'l soon's he see him. Ole Sayt'n, you carn' fool de sinner whar on de watch. Dis rectified brother seein' dem visions. Yas, yas.

"Lord, *rocker* my soul!"

She turned, panting, upon those who themselves seemed breathless, and amid sighs, head-shakings, and down-lookings they again echoed, slowly and gently,

"Lord—rocker—my—soul!"

Sosrus, sounding "The Mississippi Sawyer," made it the accompaniment to his words as he went on,

"'An' de dev'l larf fit to bu's' hisseff open.'"

"Yas," interpolated Aunt Ceely, raising a warning finger, "of co'se he do, of co'se he larf. Dat de way he come at de sinner, a-larfin' an' a-smilin' an' a-tryin' to entice de sinner. When de dev'l come at you larfin' he gitt'n' ready to meck you cry."

"'De dev'l say, I gwi' g'e you a job,'" continued Sosrus and his banjo.

"Lis'n at dat," exclaimed Aunt Ceely, "lis'n at what de po' brother say'n', an' he smil'n' when he say hit. De dev'l always ready to promus dem a job whar wuck for him, but he lyin' all de time, an' jess layin' to git sinner in he power."

"'A fat, plump nigger in a risky place,'" continued Sosrus.

This roused his guardian into an order of fury that directed her attention to other objects, for she left the bedside, and rushing across the room, faced a lazy, sleek, unintelligent-looking young darky who stood gazing upon the scene. First shaking him by the shoulder, she then thrust her finger in his face, and cried, with vehemence:

"Dar, now, you Cephas! What I tell'n' you 'bout yo' laziness? Ain't I bin warnin' you de dev'l gwi' git you ef you don'

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stop, but yo' keep on sleep'n' an' fattenin' yo'seff like hog for slaughter, an' all de time de dev'l de one whar gwi' slaughter you. You in he pen, you is. Didn' you hear what de po' brother say whar seein' dem visions? Didn' you hear him say 'A fat, plump nigger in a risky place'?"

"I gwi' wuck, A'nt Ceely," gasped Cephas, shaking with terror, while the eyes of all present scowled on him. "I ain' gwi' be lazy no mo'."

"Go on outn dis cab'n. Y' ain' got no business here nohow. Go on outn dis cab'n," she continued, as her wrath increased. "De po' brother say a fat, plump nigger in a risky place, an' ef you stay here you gwi' git us all in trouble; go on outn dis cab'n."

The banjo was telling out the melody of "The Mississippi Sawyer" over and over again, Sosrus's foot was coming down with infallible regularity, while the expelled youth slowly left the cabin, his eyes suffused and his often-abused spirit crushed, as he gave an anxious glance behind.

"'An' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw,'" said Sosrus, with growing glee, while the music seemed to repeat his words. "'*Salute yo' pard-n-e-r-s.* An' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw.'"

"Dar hit come at las'. I said hit, I said hit fum de fus. Didn' I say he seein' dem visions? You hear de po' brother say he saw an' he saw? What dat he keep on seein' in datter way? He seein' dem visions. Bless dis day! bless dis day! He gwi' tell we-all what he saw. He say, Salute yo' pardners. Yas, I ready, my brother, I ready, my brother, to salute dem partners in white," shouted the old woman, as her thin form contorted with the intensity of her emotion. Her tones were joyous, and seemed to carry exalting infusion to the spirits of all there, for satisfied moans and ecstatic ejaculations followed, together with slow, assenting bows of the head, and rapt upward gazings, while their feet, from softly patting time to "The Mississippi Sawyer," now accompanied it with all the emphatic life of a shuffle, so that even Cephas, lingering like an outcast on the outside, timidly crept in, and his face in that instant seemed to catch the glow from the others.

"'An' de saw, hit red-hot,'" murmured the player to his eight-string banjo.

"'Oh, lis'n'! oh, lis'n'! Dey saw hit red-hot," gasped Aunt Ceely. "Dey looked down an' see de dangers of torment. An' dey saw hit red-hot down dar. Dat mean a warnin' for somebody; who hit?" and her eye suddenly discerned Cephas cowering. "I know'd hit, I know'd hit. Why you come back here for, Cephas? You done bin warn'. De po' brother whar seein' dem visions done say a fat, plump nigger in a risky place, an' spite of dat you come back here into de jaws of danger. You see what you done got. Jess de ve'y time you enter dis room de brother say dey saw hit red-hot. Dat mean hit red-hot for you. Go on outn here, Cephas; you don' b'long in here; an' don' you come in here agin."

"'*Right an' lef'!*'" cried musician and instrument together.

"What I say? what I say?" shouted Aunt Ceely, wildly. "Git outn here quick. Sheeps to de right, goats to de lef'. Git on outn here, Cephas; you done bring danger on yo'seff. You nuv'r was indust'ious. You b'long on de lef'. A fat, plump nigger in a risky place." The panic-stricken youth again fled from the room, yet after he was outside he felt drawn to the place again, and creeping to the door, he stood behind the group, shivering, and feeling abject and accursed.

"'De nigger think, Hit my time to res' too,'" repeated Sosrus, softly playing.

"Great day a-comin'!" The old woman was blinded by her tears, and she sobbed as she fell in a chair. "Yas, my brother, thank you for dem words. Yo' time to res' mos' here, mos' here. De po' nigger think hit he time to res' too. Yas, I sleepy for dat res' now.

"Lord, rocker my soul in de bosum of Abr'ham!
Lord, *rocker* my soul!"

"'An' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw, an' he saw. *Forward two!*'" called out the musician, whose delirious eyes were blazing.

"He seein' dem visions, he seein' dem visions. He gitt'n' ready to salute de partners, de white-robe partners whar beck'nin', 'case dey tell de po' nigger don' be skeered, but to hol' up he haid an' to come forward too."

"'Faster dar, faster dar; you gotter go through,'" said Sosrus.

"De gates of gold in sight. De words of encouragement say faster dar, faster dar; you gotter go through. Yas, faster dar," moaned Aunt Ceely.

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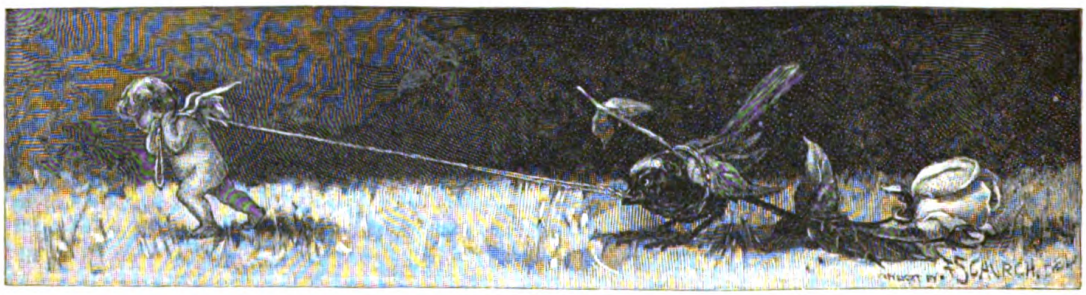
"'*Cross over! cross over!*'" shouted Sosrus, sounding every string and playing fast in involuntary obedience to the command.

"Glory an' glory! He seein' dem visions. He preparin' to cross over Jordan!"

"'De dev'l was gone,'" muttered the musician, feebly, and with that letting down of a reader's tone on the last page of a story, while his fingers began to move more slowly, and his body fell against the back of the bed.

"Oh, great glory! Glory an' glory! You done driv him off. De dev'l gone! dev'l gone! He carn' hinder yo' journey now. De cherryubims an' de serryufims a-guardin' you. You boun' to cross over Jordan now. Far'well, my brother, good-by, good-by," said Aunt Ceely, rushing up to him; and they all followed, with outstretched hands. In that instant, with a quickness that he had never shown before, Cephas pushed through the crowd, crying, "Lemme tell po' brother good-by. Po' brother! don' tell um to put me on de lef'. I gwi' wuck. Good-by, po' brother."

There was a pause as Cephas grasped the hand of Sosrus, and then the banjo-player seemed to sink in a stupor, from which he slowly roused, and he again began to finger the instrument, but the air was no longer "The Mississippi Sawyer," but it was the old negro hymn, "Lord, rocker my soul in de bosum of Abr'ham," and while he played it he sank more heavily on the humble couch, and then he struck the strings in a scattering way, then barely touched them, and finally the banjo fell from his hands, and in a few minutes he was dead.



"STRUGGLE OF LOVE."—From a painting in Mr. John A Lowell's collection.

F. S. CHURCH.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM SHELDON.

THREE friends of Mr. F. S. Church were discussing the significance of his pictorial work. They agreed that his distinction as a painter consists in having created in a series of idyls the most beautiful women in American art: that interesting young creature who, as "The Viking's Daughter," stands on the sea-shore in a robe of delicate green, listening to the whispers of a sea-gull; who, as the heroine of "A Fairy Tale," walks under flowering trees in the midst of four charmed tigers; who, in "Subdued," plays a pipe to a group of lordly lions; who tells to a fair companion "Beneath the Sea" the story of a skull that has been perforated by a bullet; who puts her arms around the neck of a fawn and imparts her secret in "Confidence"; who leads as a mistress a white winged horse in "Pegasus Captured"; who kneels on the lid of Pandora's box to prevent the escape of the mischievous elves; who sits in "Peace" beside the sheep, holding a shepherd's crook; who exercises the magic of a "Sorceress" upon a group of crocodiles; who idles on a bank with some gay-hued flamingoes; and who, as "Sibyl," extracts wisdom from the head of an Egyptian mummy. But the question was as to the spiritual import of the young woman in her relations to the animal kingdom. One of the friends in council declared that Mr. Church meant to show the power of feminine purity. All these beasts, he explained, from the most savage to the most domesticated, were held captive by the power of a good damsel; and the artist by his work had made himself a great moral teacher.

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F. S. CHURCH.—From a sketch by C. Y. Turner.

The second friend, like a specialist in pathology, differed from his associates in the diagnosis of the case. He thought we should see in every work of art the largest meaning it will bear; that Mr. Church's maiden represented not only Purity, but the Heavenly Love which is to subdue all things, and which, in binding by its magic spell the earthly to the heavenly, is to include every living creature as well as man.

To the third member of the party the significance seemed to reside in the power of womanly beauty—the beauty of the ideal American woman of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. For (he went on to explain) Mr. Church's creation may be called our first American woman very much in the sense that Mr. Lowell has called Abraham Lincoln our first American man. She never was incarnated until Mr. Church incarnated her. She

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is a personage as distinct as she is vital, seductive, and satisfying. No model that this artist uses in his studio—and he has used many models—appears as a portrait in this series of idyls. No living woman to-day can claim that she recognizes her face and figure in the pictures signed by Mr. Church. He never made a realistic portrait of a model in his life, although he once came very near doing so in the picture of the "Sorceress" charming the crocodiles, where he had the co-operation as sitter of an interesting girl of twelve years, who was introduced to his notice by the fact that her mother once sent her on an errand to his studio while she was on her way from school; and he might easily have repeated her face during the two years that she consented to aid him. No foreign figure-painter, ancient or modern, has ever produced Mr. Church's young woman. The history of art may be searched in vain for her. To a certain extent his "Mermaid and Sea-Wolf" does suggest one of the beautiful goddesses with which the Greek genius peopled the Ionian sea, but only because Mr. Church's work has certain qualities that are Greek, or, in other words, that are fundamental. His figures have all the poetry of lines and color in dress, all the seductive undulation of robes, that characterize the Tanagra figurines. His woman is clothed in drapery rather than in gowns. Her gracious form and regular features are those of a beautiful statue of the classic period. The drawing and the color associate themselves in a tranquil harmony. While Mr. Church's art may be called classic, it is never academic.

But in its most characteristic respects his art is modern and contemporaneous. This flower of womanly beauty, which in our perishable world is the most durable expression of the ideal, has grown from the soil of to-day. She feels, as did Eugénie de Guérin, that it does her good to be going about in the midst of our enchanting nature, with blossoms, birds, and verdure all around her under the large and blue sky, but, unlike Eugénie, she never experiences the *ennui* that finds at the bottom of everything only emptiness and nothingness. The man that made such a woman has the true instinct of genius for what is really admirable, and an acquaintance with her is a lasting benefit. She stimulates the intellect, fortifies the character, and pleases the soul. She lives according to nature, and she is modest, trustworthy, magnanimous, and equal-minded. If fiction has no reason to exist unless it is more beautiful than the reality, she has every reason to exist because she is thus beautiful; but her beauty does not recall that blossom of love, fatal to the heart, of which Æschylus speaks, nor that winsome Gigokoo of the Japanese who is the dame of Sheol. In her ingenuousness she reminds one of the young singing girls of Luca della Robbia, while, at the same time, she stands forth as an image of the intellectual movement that governs the age to which she belongs. Being our first American woman, we respect her as a unique and lovable type in a civilization where the emotions have become less simple as the heart has become more sceptical; and if, as in the "Viking's Daughter," her expression reveals, perhaps, a *nuance* of the sceptical, it is because even she can no more escape the influence of an epoch of agnosticism than could the pretty women of Boucher and Watteau the suggestion of the gay adventures, the frivolities, and the foolishnesses of the France of the eighteenth century.

A study of the genesis of Mr. Church's work, the transformations which it has assumed, is curious. At ten years of age he painted in crude water-colors on sheets of foolscap-paper a wondrous panorama of Indians, pirates, and highwaymen performing most blood-thirsty deeds. At thirteen he left his home in Grand Rapids, Michigan, to work for the American Express Company, in Chicago, where he was known among his comrades as "the artistic chap," because he had a talent for drawing comic sketches with the pencil. At seventeen he entered the Federal army as a private, and served as such for three years, until the close of the war for the Union. One of his messmates speaks of him as a notable shot with the cannon, and a brave soldier, but he never had any impulse to paint battles, and his country lost a possible De Neuville. What struck his imagination most in that awful and prolonged contest was the comic side of tenting on the old camp-ground. At twenty-six, after renewing his service with the American Express Company, he worked as a draughtsman for a wood-engraver of machinery, and was considered the worst draughtsman his employer had. Walter Shirlaw, then teaching art in the Acad-

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"SUBDUED."—From a sketch for picture for collection of Henry Allen.

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"THE SORCERESS."—From an original painting in the collection of R. V. Raynolds.

emy of Design in Chicago, first started the amateurish young draughtsman on a serious road by introducing him to the opportunities of the life-school of that institution, and Professor Wilmarth, of the National Academy of Design, in New York —whither he had removed—followed up the advantages of such a course, while the artist supported himself by making comic sketches for *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Bazar*. One of these sketches, which appeared in the *Weekly* of June 21, 1873, under the title of "Latest from the Front, Our Friends the Mosquitoes," represents a group of these insects sharpening their bills on a grindstone, under the supervision of the leader of the band, while others on the right are dipping their bills in a bottle labelled "Appetizer," and others still are flying off on their mission of torment with grip-sacks and umbrellas. About this time the Elgin Watch Company awarded him a contract for illustrations for an almanac, which occupied him several years. It was not until 1875, in his thirty-second year, that he produced his first serious work—a black and white drawing entitled "Up in the Crow's Nest," representing a comely young woman standing in a rustic lookout of a Hudson River country-seat, and gazing upon the scenery.

This drawing was followed rapidly by others of a serious nature, solely because his comic sketches were not so much in demand. The artist preferred the latter, but it was a question of bread and butter, and he entered upon what may be called his allegorical period. "Death" represents a drowned girl on the shore, lying flat on her back, her hands by her side, and her hair streaming along her arms. "Refuge" shows some weather-beaten birds under the arms of a Christ in a shrine during a snow-storm. "Maternity" discovers some young alligators on the back of their mother. "Coming through the Rye" introduces us to a bear with a pig under each arm. In "After the Rain" we see a girl on a plaza with three storks in front of her. In the "Struggle of Love," Cupid has a string around a bird, and pulls him and the big yellow rose fastened to him. In "April Showers" a young girl is watering roses, from underneath which Cupid demurely emerges. In "Retaliation" she has succeeded in caging Cupid, and is poking him with a stick. In "Who are you?" her younger sister confronts a mermaid at the sea-side and asks the question of her. "The Witch's Daughter" sits clad in a light green dress beside an owl on the arc of a new moon. Then came the brilliant and beautiful ideal, our first American woman, of which the most characteristic examples are "The Mermaid," published in *Harper's Weekly* in March, 1883, "A Fairy Tale," which appeared as a frontispiece in this Magazine for November, 1887, and "The Viking's Daughter," which has been reproduced as a frontispiece for the present number of the same periodical—an ideal so brilliant and beautiful that few of the multitude whom it has charmed will regret the circumstances which turned the attention of the artist from the comic to the serious.

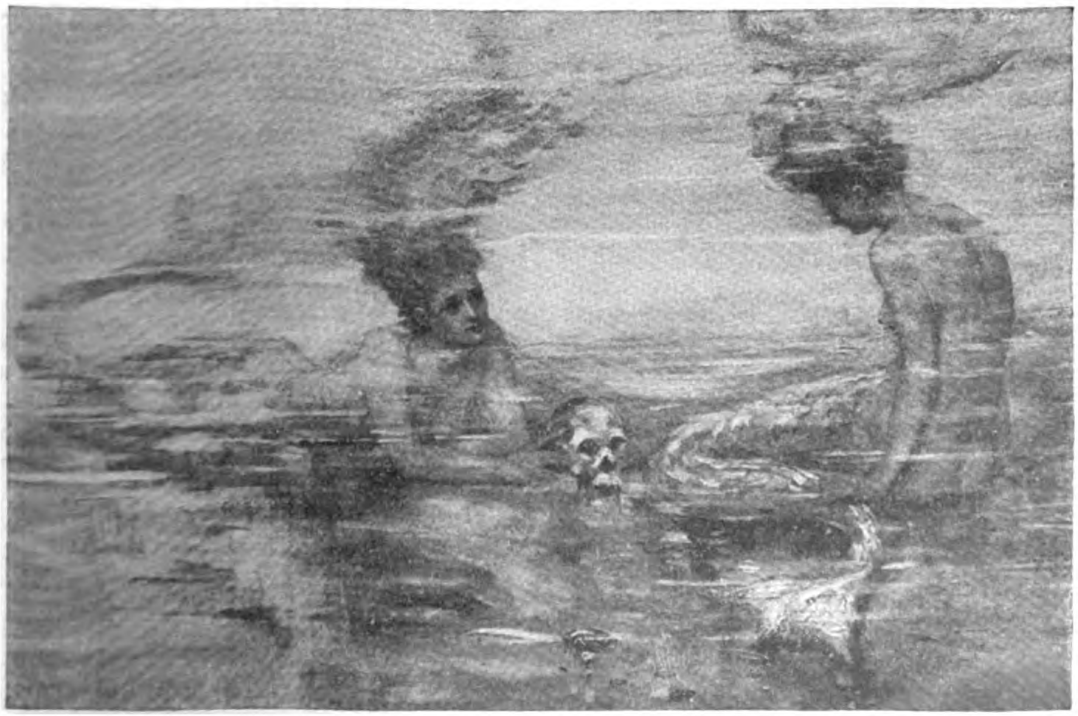
Nevertheless it is evident that nothing in Mr. Church's biography, as just related, explains the conditions that produced our first American woman. A brave soldier for more than three years, a business man, a comic illustrator, what was there in the influence of his *milieu* to bring into existence so delightful an ideal as "The Viking's Daughter," with her whispering sea-gulls? Why did he not paint the battle scenes *quorum magna*

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pars fuit? Why did he prefer the comic to the serious, "Our Friends the Mosquitoes" to "The Viking's Daughter"? And how was it that when at last his comic sketches did not sell, he turned his attention to our first American woman, with such success that he himself, by this time, must be tired of his old flame, Miss Amanda Jenkins, of Podunk, who, while visiting the Aquarium, sits down on the African tortoise, thinking it a stool, her new red rose meanwhile being stolen from her bonnet by the voracious giraffe?

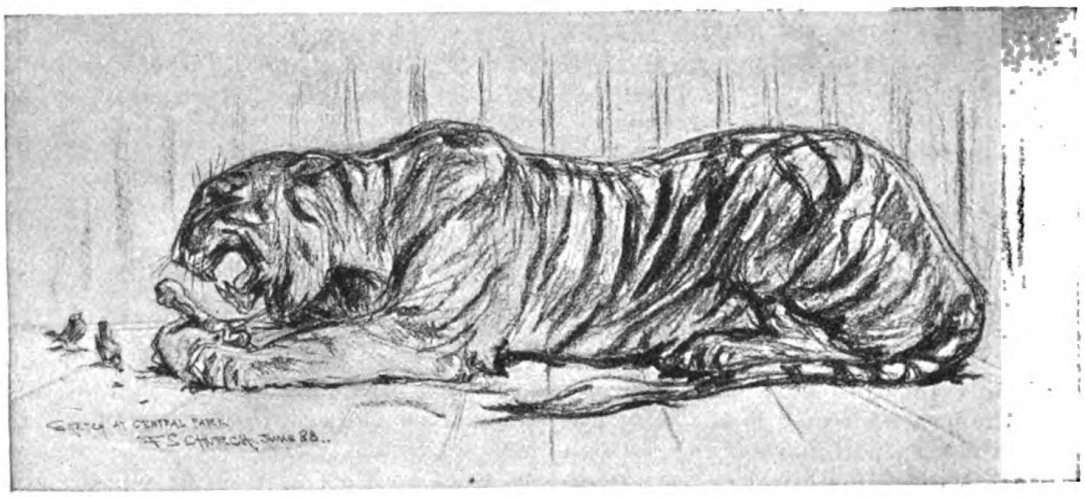
Perhaps on that eventful afternoon when the pretty school-girl of twelve visited his studio, and he saw her face in contrast with some bear-skin or tiger-skin hanging upon the walls, a glimmer of the subject which has since enthralled his pencil may have stolen across his imagination. For years he had been a student of wild animals at the menagerie in the Central Park, had studied their habits with the loving assiduity of a Barye, had made plaster casts of them when they were dead. The needs of his profession as a comic illustrator led him to an intimate acquaintance with these animals, and in Professor Conkling, the superintendent of the menagerie, he found a valuable friend. He made thousands of pencil sketches of wild beasts in various attitudes. The action of the caged tiger when he sees a horse especially interested him, but the artist was obliged to wait for weeks before he caught it. Perhaps one memorable day he saw a fair young American also watching the same wild beast, and the relations of a beautiful girl to a magnificent animal began to interest him. One day, while he was painting a coast scene at Sandy Hook, a boat came in containing a bear and a peasant, and he saw them against the green trees with the light playing upon them. Perhaps his picture of a Circe and a tiger on the shore was suggested by the scene. He certainly went to Fort Hamilton to ascertain how nearly he had succeeded in getting the relation of her complexion to the sea.

For all his subjects, all his values, are based on nature, fantastic though many of them seem. The sentiment of the animal, the right feeling of his action, comes not from copying photographs, but from direct personal watching of the original, and there is not another artist who believes this truth with his heart more profoundly than Mr. Church. To possess the animal one must understand his construction and must study his motions. Many a time has Mr. Church caught the



"BENEATH THE SEA."—From an original painting in the collection of H. Walters.

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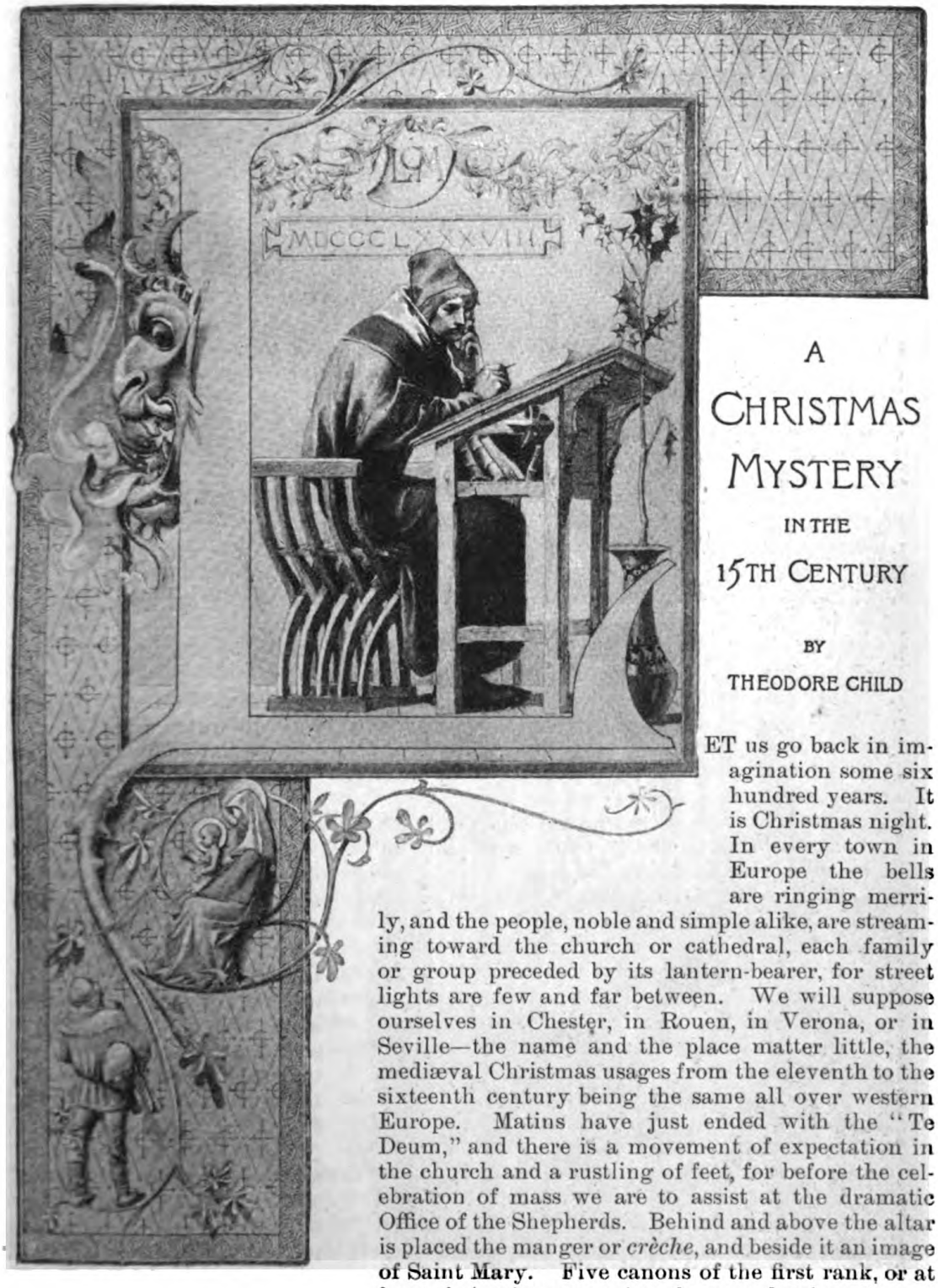
"AN INTERRUPTED FEAST."

elusive little sand-pipers and sketched them from nature. He has scores of studies, made at daylight in the Central Park, of peacocks in the snow, when his water-colors froze. He has painted six or eight women's faces, one after the other, before the fit one came. In the picture of the mermaid and the polar-bear, the reddish hair and yellowish-white fur of the bear, in connection with the prismatic tints in the tail of the mermaid, and the reflections of the same on the ice, were a favorite chromatic study; and one is often reminded in his paintings of the chestnut hair and the pale green landscape tones of Memling's "Mary Magdalen."

Yet the artist never saw this picture, never entered the Louvre, never studied in the École des Beaux Arts, never set foot upon the soil of Europe. And if he has lost something thereby, he certainly has gained something also. The painter of our first American woman might never have seen her had he pursued the usual course of study in France; and the student of his work cannot but lay stress upon this fact of his exclusively American training. The Greek artist studied art in Greece, and the French artist studies art in France. And Millet's simple faith in nature is Church's holiest creed: "One ought to habituate himself to receiving only from nature his impressions, whatever they may be, and whatever his temperament may be. It is necessary to become impregnated, to become saturated, with her, and to think only of that which she makes us think of. The pictures that we love, are they not those that proceed from her? Other pictures are but pedantic and void."

Nor can we forget that at the time that Mr. Church was entering upon his best and most successful period—he cannot paint these idyls faster than buyers ask for them—our American Renaissance had just begun, with all its inadequacies, with all its experiments, with all its love of the sensational and the striking. Clever young Americans, fresh from the ateliers of Munich and Paris, were breaking with the traditions of our Academic art, and bubbling with enthusiasm to show to the public the latest and most stunning way of laying on paint. Surrounded by evidences of a moral sense that was low and a public taste that was vitiated, the creator of "The Viking's Daughter" turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, but, self-poised and self-contained, found in his own admiration of the beautiful and in his own study of nature the method and the inspiration of his art. Did some sibyl tell him, as Fromentin told his young pupil Humbert: "The epoch is bad. It depends upon you to give a lesson in painting, a lesson in style, a lesson in taste"? Or was it our first American woman herself that appeared in a vision, and gave him the blessedness of the man who catches sight of truth, and who recognizes a kindred spirit? Perfect his work is not. Many resources of the palette are still strangers to him. He belongs to the grand future, as well as to the present. But no other American painter has done so much as F. S. Church toward creating a national art.

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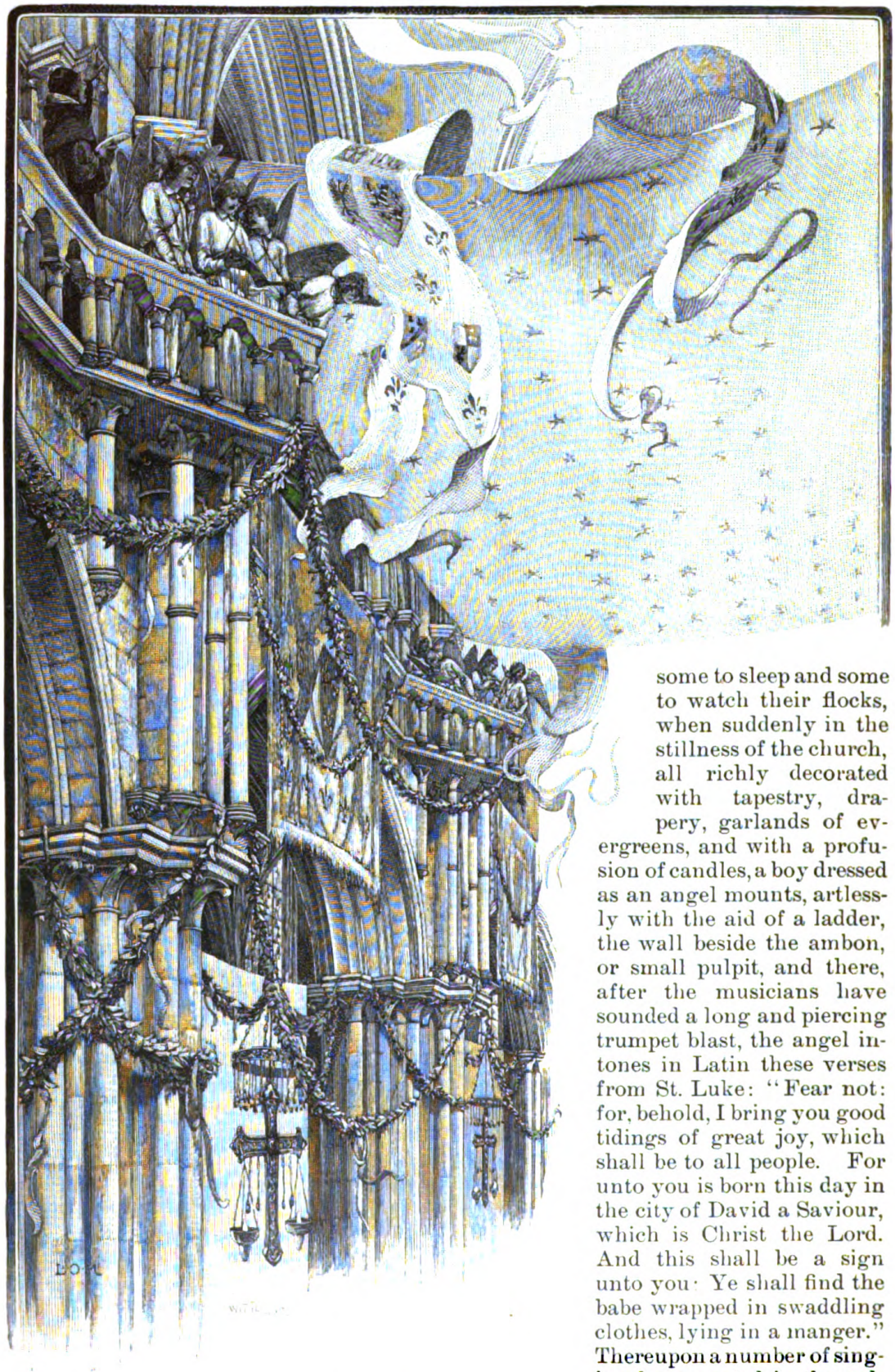
A CHRISTMAS MYSTERY IN THE 15TH CENTURY

BY

THEODORE CHILD

LET us go back in imagination some six hundred years. It is Christmas night. In every town in Europe the bells are ringing merrily, and the people, noble and simple alike, are streaming toward the church or cathedral, each family or group preceded by its lantern-bearer, for street lights are few and far between. We will suppose ourselves in Chester, in Rouen, in Verona, or in Seville—the name and the place matter little, the mediæval Christmas usages from the eleventh to the sixteenth century being the same all over western Europe. Matins have just ended with the "Te Deum," and there is a movement of expectation in the church and a rustling of feet, for before the celebration of mass we are to assist at the dramatic Office of the Shepherds. Behind and above the altar is placed the manger or *crèche*, and beside it an image of Saint Mary. Five canons of the first rank, or at least their vicars, wearing the sacerdotal tunic, and over it the amice, or linen gown, represent the shepherds, and form a group in the transept in front of the entrance to the choir. The shepherds carry crooks, and have with them real sheep and dogs, and attendants with musical instruments and rustic offerings of fruit. We may imagine how picturesque and impressive this Office of the Shepherds must have been in some Lombardian church where the architecture lent itself to effective pantomime. We may figure to ourselves the shepherds, feigning

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CHILDREN AS ANGELS SINGING IN THE CLERE STORY.

some to sleep and some to watch their flocks, when suddenly in the stillness of the church, all richly decorated with tapestry, drapery, garlands of evergreens, and with a profusion of candles, a boy dressed as an angel mounts, artlessly with the aid of a ladder, the wall beside the ambon, or small pulpit, and there, after the musicians have sounded a long and piercing trumpet blast, the angel intones in Latin these verses from St. Luke: "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." Thereupon a number of singing boys, posted in the galleries in the clere-story of the

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cathedral—*aux voûtes de l'église*, says an old Rouen manuscript—and representing the "multitude of the heavenly host," begin to sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And from the indications of the old manuscripts, and from the judgments of competent critics, we may conclude that the music which accompanied this Office was very grand and simple, for the plain song was supplemented by special melodies, and the music of brass and of stringed instruments was employed besides that of the organ.

Meanwhile the shepherds enter by the great gate of the choir, and advance slowly toward the altar and the manger, chanting a rhymed Latin hymn, "Pax in terris." Arrived at the manger, they are met by two priests of the first rank, wearing the long white dalmatica and figuring two midwives, who ask them, "Quem quæritis in præsepe, pastores dicite?" (Say, shepherds, whom seek ye in the manger?) And the shepherds reply, "Salvatorem, Christum Dominum." (We seek the Saviour, Christ the Lord, the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, according to the angel's words.) Thereupon the two priests figuring midwives draw a curtain and show the child Jesus to the shepherds, and bid them announce the Nativity to the people. The shepherds kneel in adoration, and salute the Virgin with a rhymed Latin hymn. After which they return processionally through the choir, singing: "Alleluia! Alleluia! sing all his coming, and say with the prophet, Unto us a child is born." These words form the Introit of the Christmas mass, which begins immediately, the shepherd-priests directing the choir—*pastores regunt chorum*, says the Rouen manuscript—and reading the lessons from the lectern.

This detail is interesting because it shows that the bond which united the above and similar dramas to the liturgy was so close that the personages of the drama remained in view, and even in action, during the course of divine service. It was, as it were, an Office of the Shepherds intercalated in the usual Office of Christmas. But some may think how impious to introduce these mummeries into the very sanctuary, and to set up the scenery of a stage play behind the high altar. Let us not judge too harshly, but having reconstituted the material aspect of a liturgical drama, let us endeavor to realize the spirit in which our mediæval ancestors witnessed such spectacles.

Nowadays we are accustomed to consider a church simply as a "house of prayer," according to the terms of the gospel. But there was a time when the church was not only a house of prayer, but also the principal and almost the only centre of intellectual and moral life. As the historian Michelet has put it, "The church was then the domicile of the people. The dwelling-house, the miserable hut, to which man returned at night was only a momentary shelter. In plain truth, there was only one house, and that was the house of God. It was not a vain word that the church possessed the right of asylum; it was then the universal asylum; social life had taken refuge there entirely." In the times of which we are speaking, about the twelfth century of our era, to employ the poetic phrase of an old chronicler, Raoul Glaber, it seemed "as if the whole world had shaken off the rags of antiquity to put on the white robe of the church," and that white robe took the splendid form of the cathedrals of Reims, Rouen, Cologne, Salisbury—edifices whose storied walls expounded with all the charm and sincerity of primitive art the history of the Fall and of the Redemption of man, the lives of the saints, the images and actions of heroes. The religion which presided over the construction of these edifices had the pretension not only of guiding man to his salvation in the world to come, but also of penetrating his whole nature in this present world, of enlightening his mind, of comforting his soul, and of charming his eyes. Hence the arts of sculpture, of painting, and of music became tributary to the church, and helped to enrich the exterior and public forms of worship, or, in other words, the liturgy. And, in order still further to fascinate and charm the worshipper, the delicate and poetic symbolism of the liturgy was materialized: the frescoes and bass-reliefs on the cathedral walls were animated, and the latent dramatic elements of the church ceremonial were developed in the form of naïve dramatic representations, such as the Shepherds, the Adoration of the Magi, the Massacre of the Innocents, the Resurrection, and other similar pieces, which were enacted in churches and monasteries, especially during the feasts of Christmas and Easter.

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As the victory of Christianity became more complete, and the wealth and influence of the church more extended, the service of the church grew more pompous, and the dramatic element more considerable. At first this dramatic element takes the form of a simple trope interpolated in the liturgy, the words in Latin being borrowed from Scripture or from the canonical tradition. In the next phase of the liturgical drama short pieces of verse are intercalated in the sacred prose. Then gradually the verse gains ground, the prose diminishes in quantity, the purely liturgical elements disappear, and refrains and catch lines in the vulgar tongue are introduced. Finally the liturgical drama, in France at least, develops into a composition of very complicated and varied versification, written half in Latin and half in French or Provençal. Thus we see that in western Europe, as in ancient Greece, the stage was born of the ceremonies of public worship; and far from proscribing the theatre, religion may be said not only to have adopted it, but even to have created it; for the liturgical drama is the precursor of the Mystery play, and the Mystery is the first form of the serious national stage in England, France, Italy, Spain, and Germany.

Let us now repair in fancy to the good town of Rouen, in the year 1473, we will say. Seven citizens of high degree have met in the house of one of their number, a canon perhaps of the cathedral, or, at any rate, a great clerk, doctor in one of the universities of the kingdom, and a most religious and learned person, celebrated in the city and the whole surrounding country for his literary labors both in the Latin and in the vulgar tongue. The object of the meeting is most grave. It is nearly twenty years since the inhabitants of the city have been edified and rejoiced by the representation of a Mystery play. The souvenir of the last triumphant and magnificent spectacle of the Nativity given on the market-place is waxing feeble in the minds of the people, and it might be desirable to stir up their devotion by a new representation. The times are peaceful, the city is rich, the municipal finances are in a good state. Perhaps a humble and pathetic petition to the sheriffs might enable them to obtain not only the necessary authorization, but also a subvention of money. The chapter of the cathedral, too, and that of Saint Maclou, cannot refuse to contribute with purse and person to the success of a work so useful to religion. Several citizens have also promised to help with money and drapery; and some of the old costumes and scenery still exist. Thereupon these citizens of high degree bind themselves to pursue their project in spite of all obstacles, and the learned, eloquent, and scientific doctor agrees to furnish the text of a Mystery, say of some ten thousand verses—in short, a Mystery that can be played comfortably in two days.*

The sheriffs, after having been waited upon by the seven citizens who have taken the initiative in this pious work, deliberate, and decide to grant the authorization demanded, vote a handsome

* I have chosen the instance of a French Mystery in preference to an English one because the *mise en scène* was evidently more elaborate and more curious, and also because researches made during the past thirty years in French provincial archives have brought to light many new documents which enable us to conceive with considerable certitude the aspect of the mediæval theatre and the manner in which a Mystery play was mounted. For that matter the history of the Mystery plays of Coventry, Chester, York, London, Cornwall, and Cambridgeshire has been fully treated by many distinguished English writers whose works are easily accessible. In general we may say that the mediæval Mystery plays were much the same in England and in France, only in France the stage, although temporary, was fixed, whereas in England, where the performance of the Mysteries seems to have been the monopoly of trade companies and guilds, who played regularly every year, especially on Corpus Christi Day, the stage was movable, as is described in an old account of the Chester plays; that is to say, "every company had his pagiant, a high scafold with 2 rowmes, a higher and a lower, upon 4 wheeles. In the lower they apparelled themselves, and in the higher rowme they played, beinge all upon the top, that all beholders might heare and see them." These pageants or scaffolds were wheeled from street to street for the better advantage of spectators, and the subject of the plays was the story of the Old and the New Testaments "composed into old English rithme."

The texts which I have consulted in the preparation of this essay are too numerous to be cited, but I must especially recognize obligations to M. Marius Sepet and M. Petit de Julleville. The latter author, in his erudite volumes on the mediæval stage, has published the essence of almost every document hitherto discovered which throws any light on the French Mysteries. But my heaviest debt is to M. Luc Olivier Merson, whose profound knowledge of the costumes, usages, life, and spirit of the epoch has enabled him to reconstitute in the illustration of this article a representation of a Mystery in its most minute details. M. Merson might justly add to his name the proud mediæval title of *docteur ès drames sacrés.*

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OFFICE OF THE SHEPHERDS.

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HEROD PLAYING WITH HIS SCEPTRE.—[SEE PAGE 66.]

subsidy from the municipal funds, and appoint a number of commissioners to act, so far as concerns the financial and police departments, in concert with the citizens who have conceived the scheme. The chapter of the cathedral and that of Saint Maclou have both responded warmly to the appeal of the committee, and have vied with each other in gifts of money, and loans of albs, stoles, dalmaticas, and copes; while the most learned of the canons of both chapters have promised to play the rôles of God the Father, the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, the twelve apostles, the prophets, the Sibyl, Saint John, Herod, and others of considerable importance. Meanwhile the learned doctor, whom we see at work in the initial letter of this essay, has made great progress with his piece, which is an ingenious compilation of the works of his predecessors, adorned with a few new rhymes and a few favorite quotations from Aristotle and the Venerable Bede; and all things being thus far satisfactory, the initiatory committee decide to have a public cry and *monstre* on the coming Sunday, and separate, after having appointed the learned doctor *meneur du jeu*, or master of the ceremonies, and having nominated its members "superintendents."

The *monstre* was a great event. On the appointed day we may be sure that the streets swarmed with people, and that the crowd was particularly thick in front of the town-hall, whence the cortége was to issue. At eight in the morning the gates were thrown wide open, and there rode forth on prancing horses first of all six trumpeters, who flourished valiantly upon their long brass trumpets, from which hung silken banderolles emblazoned with the arms of the town. Then followed the ordinary town trumpeter and his coadjutor the town crier, commodiously mounted on appropriate steeds, and after them a group of mounted sergeants and archers, wearing the livery both of the king and of the municipality, whose duty it was to preserve order, and to prevent the crowd from breaking in upon the goodly order of the procession. Next came, mounted on fine horses, two heralds, dressed in black velvet, with satin sleeves of gray, yellow, and blue, and their duty was to make the "cry," or proclamation. Behind them, on their mules, two by two, gravely rode those canons of the

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CASPAR, ONE OF THE MAGI, WITH HIS SON, A PAGE.—[SEE PAGE 68.]

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cathedral and of Saint Maclou who had accepted rôles in the play; and after them, on horses richly caparisoned, rode the learned doctor, *meneur du jeu*, author of the Mystery. In his hand he carried the roll of his precious manuscript, and his visage was radiant with the pride of authorship. At a short distance he was followed by his two lieutenants, and by the superintendents, clad in black velvet doublets and crimson coats, and mounted on horses richly harnessed. The cortége was closed by a number of notable citizens and people of the town, all well mounted, according to their estate and capacity. At each crossing the procession halted, and two of the superintendents rode up to the ordinary town trumpeter and his coadjutor the town crier; the six trumpeters thereupon sounded three times, and after the usual exhortations in the name of the king and the mayor, the proclamation was delivered in pompous and detestable verse, after which a simpler and more intelligible announcement was made in vulgar prose, to the effect that a Mystery was to be represented, and that those who wished to act in the said Mystery were to come on such and such a day to the church of Saint Maclou, where, in the hall of the chapter, they would find commissioners deputed to hear the voices of all candidates. God save the king!

The parts were distributed without further difficulty than attended the selection of those candidates whose voices were strongest and whose pronunciation was clearest, for as the performance was to take place in the open air, it was necessary that the actors should have far-reaching voices in order to make themselves heard by the thousands of spectators who were naturally expected.

As for the actors, we have seen that the leading rôles were undertaken by the clergy, and the rest were accepted by members even of the richer bourgeoisie, but especially by members of the minor bourgeoisie and of the artisan class, which latter supplied the actors for the secondary and mute rôles. All the feminine parts were of course filled by men, according to the usage, and great care was shown by the superintendent in picking out youths with soft voices. It is curious to note that young men often obtained astonishing success in such rôles.

All the documents having been duly signed, and the two or three hundred actors necessary for the performance of the learned doctor's Mystery having been enrolled, the rehearsals began in the hall and in the cloisters obligingly lent by those excellent canons of Saint Maclou; and at the same time the costumes, scenery, and accessories were made, or, where possible, the old accessories were furbished up and the old costumes repaired.

It was decided that the representation should begin on December 24th, and that eight days before there should be made a second *monstre* by all the actors in full costume, in order to warn the public. And so the last touches were given to the accessories by the scene-painters, the costumes were tried on, the old palm-trees were freshened up, labels were posted to mark the sites of Bethlehem and Nazareth, and Herod, while amusing himself with his new sceptre, was obliged to endure the counsels of that tiresome though learned doctor, who thought only of his text, and cared little about the splendor of Herod's costume. Poor Herod!

However, on the appointed day the trumpeter and the crier rode through the streets, and summoned all who had parts to play in the Mystery to assemble at the hour of noon in the cloister of Saint Maclou, each one in the costume of his rôle. After which "cry" the players met at the said place, where they were set in order, one after the other, all clad, accoutred, armed, appointed, and mounted so very well that better were impossible. And so great and triumphant was the procession that when God and His angels, who closed the cortége, issued from the cloister, Satan and his devils, who headed the parade, had already reached the cathedral Close, which is no small distance away. And so the cortége traversed the town in all directions, amidst the acclamations of the crowd, which gazed with astonishment on the fine trappings and splendid costumes; for, in despite of historic and dramatic truth, even those who played the parts of beggars and valets in the Mystery were dressed sumptuously and magnificently. Considerations of local color and of archæological exactitude were then unknown, both in scenery and in costume, and in this grand parade we must figure to ourselves that God was dressed in the paraphernalia of a pope, and the Magi in the richest costumes that the wardrobes of the churches and the armories of the town could offer; while

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PASTOR PRIMUS AND MADELON.—[SEE PAGE 68.]

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the shepherds of Bethlehem wore doublets and slashed sleeves of the most approved fifteenth century cut.

In our illustration (page 65) will be seen one of those three kings of the East—Melchior, Caspar, and Balthazar—who came to see the infant Jesus and to offer Him gifts. This is Caspar, impersonated by a wealthy merchant prince of Rouen, who is attended by his son dressed as a page. Caspar is clad in armor, over which he wears a magnificent dalmatica lent by the chapter of the cathedral; around his waist is tied a rich Oriental scarf, which, together with the scimitar, is spoil brought home by some crusader; although his armor and spurs denote a horseman, he carries, for decorative purposes, the round buckler or *rondache* of the foot-soldier; around his neck are chains and jewels, the gala ornaments of his wife; over his hat is placed a spiked crown and a turban laced with strings of pearls; in one hand he carries a golden censer borrowed from the treasury of Saint Maclou, and with the other he grasps a fantastical sceptre, whose Gothic design is intermingled with souvenirs of imperial Rome. His little son, who stands in front of the family greyhound, and holds on his fist a hooded hawk, and on his left shoulder his mother's pet monkey, is worthy of our attention as being the very pink and mirror of fifteenth century fashion. The only fantastical detail in his costume is the turban, studded with big stones, which is wound round his felt hat, with a view to giving him an Eastern air. The rest of his dress—his velvet coat, his fur-trimmed mantle of stout silk brocaded with pomegranates, his hose, and his one long boot of doeskin—all this is the height of *chic*.

The shepherd whose image is here depicted, like King Caspar, has been decked out in superfine clothing, high-life shoes, soft doeskin hose, a dalmatica of rich brocaded silk, a fur-lined cape, a wallet trimmed with fur, and a felt cap starred with a big jewel; while on his fingers he wears rings in profusion—all of them doubtless lent by the treasury of the cathedral. His crook is adorned with streamers of ribbon and a branch of holly, and the Druidical mistletoe has been honored with a place on the bagpipes. But who is that little maiden so quaintly dressed, who is arraying a patient ewe with garlands of Christmas roses? This is Madelon, the little shepherdess, whose history has been prettily told by a modern French poet, Émile Blémont. Madelon came with the shepherds to adore the infant Jesus, but being poor, she had no present to offer, and so she stood back behind the shepherds and the Magi and wept and prayed. And the angel Gabriel came down from heaven and said to Madelon, "Little shepherdess, why do you weep and why do you pray?" And Madelon answered, with quavering voice: "Alas! I have no present to offer to the infant Jesus. If I could only give Him some roses. He has not a single flower. But it is freezing, and spring is far away. Good angel, woe is me!"

And Gabriel took Madelon by the hand and led her out; and when they were outside a golden light seemed to float around them. Then Gabriel struck the frozen earth with his rod, and behold the ground was covered with fresh flowers, of which Madelon gathered a posy and gave to the infant Jesus. In memory of this miraculous origin of the Christmas rose, Madelon is decking her ewe with fresh garlands, and she herself is tricked out with brocades and jewelled kirtles, and her headdress is composed of a tall peaked *hennin*, the very height of the fashion, and of a starched muslin veil, which happily shelters her lovers from the too vehement ardor of her beauteous eyes. How artlessly and sincerely these good shepherds must have played their parts, and how quaint must have been the effect when they approached the manger, Primus Pastor playing the pipes, while Secundus and Tertius Pastor sang, as in one of the Coventry pageants:

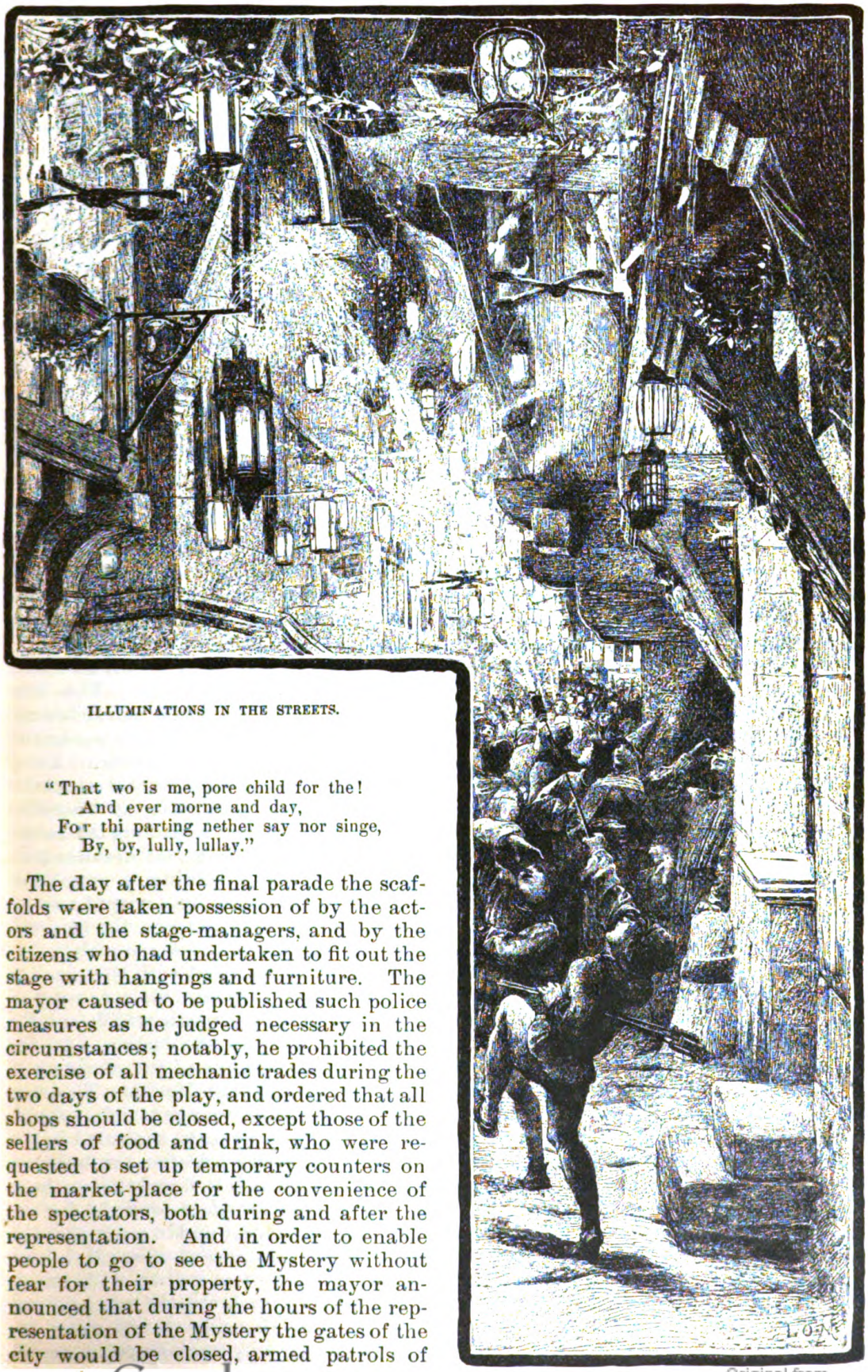
"Doune from heaven, from heaven so hie,
Of angels there came a great companie.
With mirthe and joy and great solemnitye
They sange, terly, terlow;
So mereli the sheppards ther pipes can blow!"

As for little Madelon, she would doubtless join her voice to those of the women who sang a lullaby-lament in this strain:

"Lully, lulla, thow littel tine child;
By, by, lully, lullay, thow littell tyne child;
By, by, lully, lullay.
O sisters too! how may we do
For to preserve this day
This pore yongling, for whom we do singe
By, by, lully, lullay.

"Herod, the King, in his raging,
Chargèd he hath this day
His men of might, in his owne sight,
All yonge children to slay.

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ILLUMINATIONS IN THE STREETS.

"That wo is me, pore child for the!
And ever morne and day,
For thi parting nether say nor singe,
By, by, lully, lullay."

The day after the final parade the scaffolds were taken possession of by the actors and the stage-managers, and by the citizens who had undertaken to fit out the stage with hangings and furniture. The mayor caused to be published such police measures as he judged necessary in the circumstances; notably, he prohibited the exercise of all mechanic trades during the two days of the play, and ordered that all shops should be closed, except those of the sellers of food and drink, who were requested to set up temporary counters on the market-place for the convenience of the spectators, both during and after the representation. And in order to enable people to go to see the Mystery without fear for their property, the mayor announced that during the hours of the representation of the Mystery the gates of the city would be closed, armed patrols of

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SCENE IN THE MYSTERY PLAY—THE ARRIVAL AT BETHLEHEM.

archers would parade the streets to watch over the empty houses and catch the thieves, and two watchers would be posted on the tower of the belfry. The crier also published the desire of the mayor and of the sheriffs that on the eve and during the three days of the representation citizens would hang lanterns on their houses in sign of rejoicing, and also in order to light up the streets for the greater convenience of the multitude of visitors who were expected from the neighboring towns and villages. Finally the bishop caused to be announced in all the churches of the diocese that the hours of divine service would be changed during the two days of the representation, in order that the faithful might be deprived neither of their accustomed prayers nor of the edifying spectacle of this Mystery of the "Incarnacion et Nativité de nostre saulveur et redempteur Jesuchrist."

At last, we will suppose, the great day has come; it is between seven and eight in the morning, and there is an immense crowd in the New Market-place when the seventy-eight leading actors, and the hundred and fifty figurants—angels and devils—preceded by the learned doctor, and accompanied by the music of trumpets, clarions, drums, organs, harps, and other instruments, make their appearance in procession, and take up their position on the stage.

But first of all, in order that we may better comprehend and follow the performance of this famous Mystery, let us examine the construction of the theatre, and the sitting and other accommodation provided for the spectators. The New Market-place formed a vast quadrilateral, from the sides of which radiated the quaint and narrow streets of old Rouen. Along the northern side were erected the *establies*, or stage, or "skafhold," as it is called in English Mysteries; and along the southern side, facing the stage, stand other scaffolds, or "pentes," forming an amphitheatre, and surmounted by a row of private boxes. On these pentes were the reserved seats, and in the centre was a richly decorated box, emblazoned with the arms of the town, and adorned with a canopy of gold and purple, beneath which sat the mayor, the sheriffs, the bishop, and the deans and the canons of the chapters of the cathedral and of St. Maclou. The common people, who were not rich enough to pay for reserved seats, swarmed in the intermediate space between the tribunes and the fence which enclosed the northern side of the market-place reserved for the stage and the actors; and in order that the public might sit down at ease, all this intermediate space was strewn with straw. Finally, every window in the market-place and in the neighboring streets, every gable, and every cozy vantage-point near a

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warm chimney, was of course occupied, and from this crowd of spectators, which numbered some sixteen thousand people, there rose a terrible clamor and murmuring, and only those who were near the stage could hear the supplication of the learned doctor, shouting in his prologue:

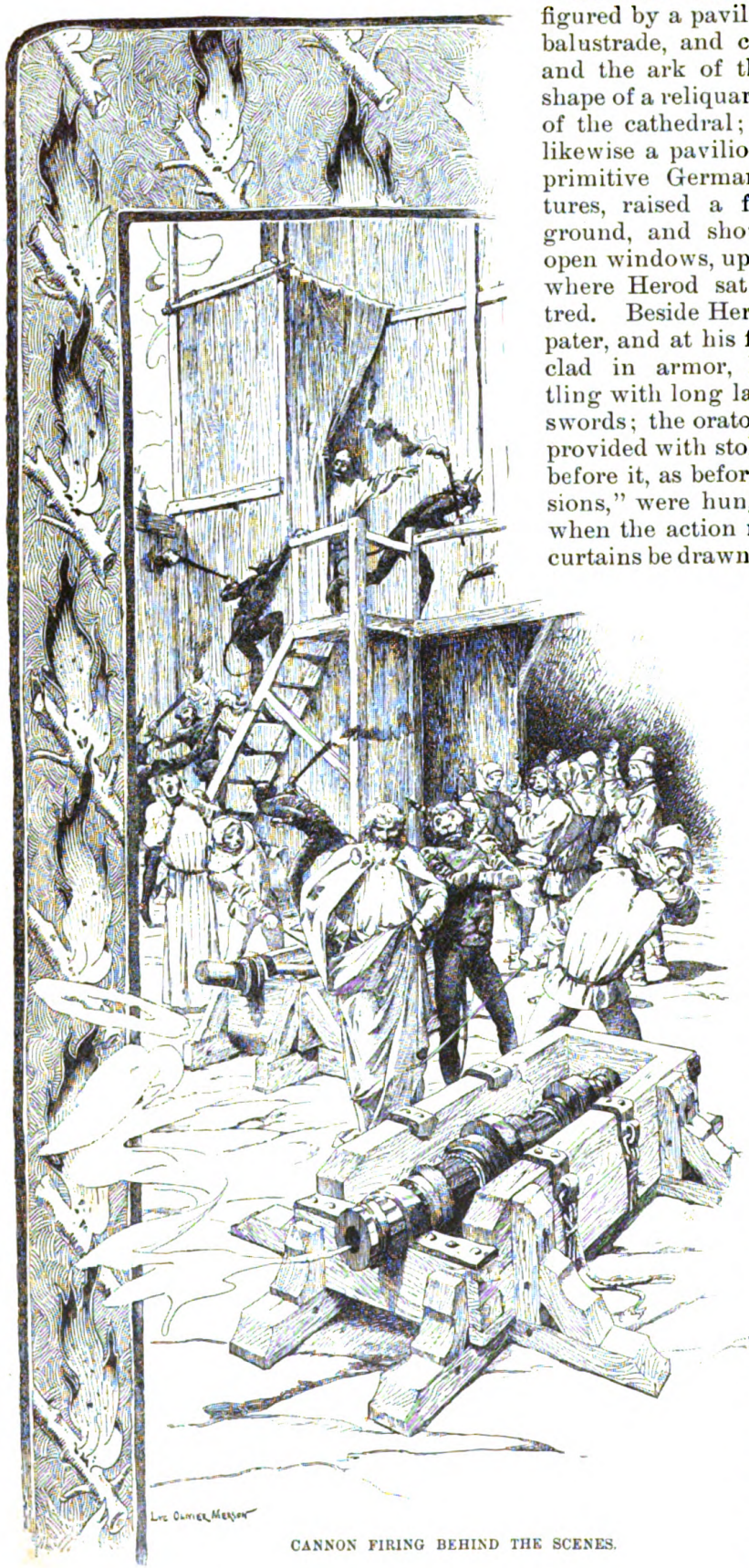
"Silete! Silete! Silentum habeatis,
Et per Dei Filium pacem faciatis."

The stage may be figured as an immense floor, sloping slightly, like a modern stage, and about one hundred feet square, thus presenting a superficies of ten thousand square feet. This space comprises two distinct parts—the "mansions," "lieux," "sieges," or "loges," and the stage proper, or *parloir*, or, in other words, the open space in front of the "mansions." These "mansions" figured the edifices or towns where the action successively took place, for in a Mystery play all the scenery was set when the public arrived, and remained, together with the actors, simultaneously and uninterruptedly visible until the end of the performance. Nowadays, when we play a piece in five or six acts, the scenery is changed five or six times, but successively. In a Mystery the different scenes or places, however numerous, were set and disposed in advance all together and at the same time. The stage was, so to speak, the materialization of those mediæval frescoes, pictures, and bass-reliefs where we see represented in the different planes of the same expanse the different phases of the life of a man, or the different incidents of some event, which, though happening successively, are grouped in such a manner that the spectator embraces them all at a glance. The stage on which the Mysteries were performed was arranged in a similar manner; the scenery was permanent and the action mobile. Twenty times in a single day's performance the action changed place, and passed successively to the different localities where it was supposed to happen. The problem of having so many scenes set simultaneously on a single stage gave rise to the hypothesis that the stage of the Mystery plays was several stories high, and that it resembled a tall house from which the front had been removed. The absurdity of this hypothesis has been demonstrated recently by M. Paulin Paris, and from the ingenious conjectures of this *savant*, and from the examination of documents—not only written documents, but especially tapestries, pictures, miniatures, sculptures in ivory, and even iron-work—we can now explain the general construction of the mediæval stage with considerable certitude.

We may imagine that the "mansions" were disposed as follows: in the centre Paradise, and then, beginning at the west end of the stage, Nazareth, with the house of the parents of Our Lady and the oratory where the Virgin says her prayers. By the side of Nazareth, separated by a distance of a few feet only, was Bethlehem, and the inn, bearing the name and sign of the Fleur-de-Lis, where Joseph will come to beg hospitality for Our Lady, and doff his cap respectfully to the surly innkeeper, who will appear at the window, lantern in hand, to indicate that the time is supposed to be night. In our illustration M. Merson has depicted this episode of the play with charming naïveté, and shown us also the ubiquitous doctor standing with his manuscript unrolled, ready to prompt the various actors. The doctor might or might not be visible to the public; he would in all probability be masked by the next "mansion," which represented the stable and the manger, near which were placed an ox and an ass, ingeniously contrived with mechanism to allow them to kneel before the infant Jesus at the given moment. Next to the stable were "mansions" representing the receipt of customs, the field where the shepherds guard their flocks and make believe to play upon pipes. Then followed Jerusalem with the Temple, Herod's palace, the golden gate, the houses of Simeon, Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, Zacchæus, etc.; and beyond was Rome, the Temple of Apollo, where a pagan bishop was seen adoring idols, the home of the Sibyl, the lodging of the princes of the synagogue, the chamber of the Roman emperor and his throne, and finally the Capitol. Next came Hell, in the guise of an immense mouth opening and closing with a curtain as need required, and the limbo of the fathers in the form of a square tower with iron gratings. In all, the scenery of this Mystery comprised some thirty different places, disseminated over four towns, namely, Nazareth, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Rome.

Now it must not be supposed that the stage town was a large structure. A wall and a gate and a few gables sufficed

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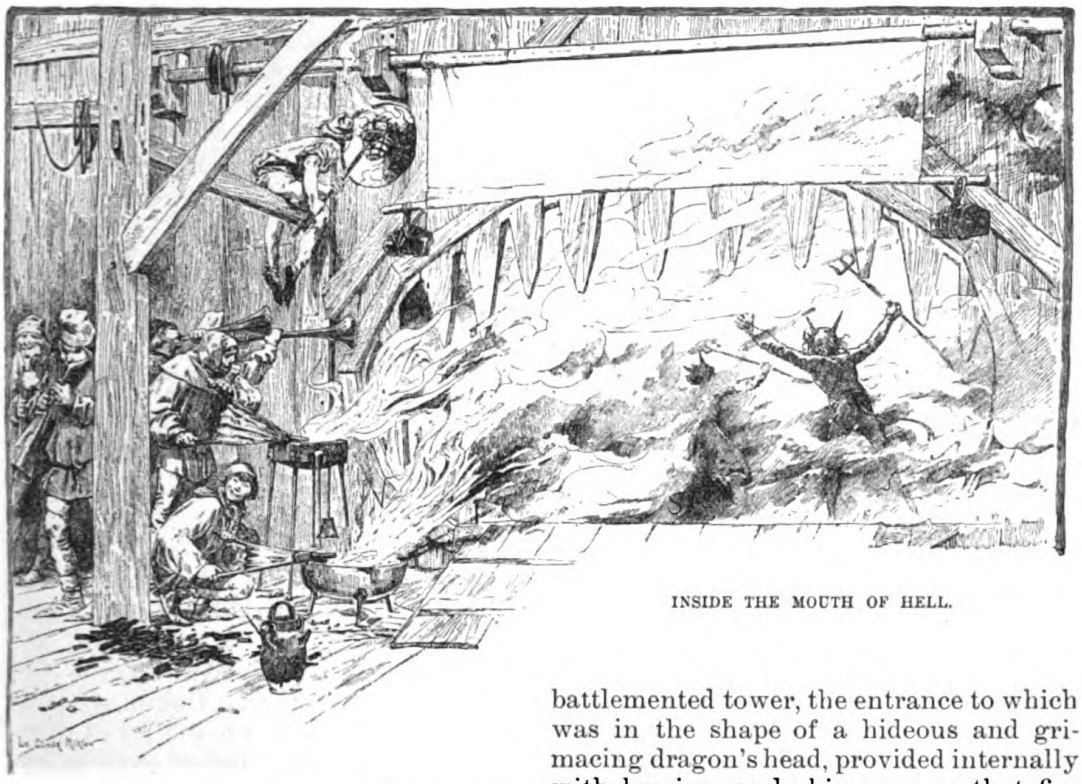


CANNON FIRING BEHIND THE SCENES.

to indicate Nazareth; the Temple was figured by a pavilion surrounded by a balustrade, and containing the altar and the ark of the covenant, in the shape of a reliquary lent by the chapter of the cathedral; Herod's palace was likewise a pavilion, such as we see in primitive German and Flemish pictures, raised a few steps from the ground, and showing through large open windows, upon a dais, the throne where Herod sat crowned and sceptred. Beside Herod was his son Antipater, and at his feet were his guards, clad in armor, helmeted, and bristling with long lances and formidable swords; the oratory of the Virgin was provided with stoles and cushions, and before it, as before most of the "mansions," were hung curtains, and only when the action required would these curtains be drawn, and the "mansions" "sodeynly unclose," as the English texts say. All the mansions were very fair to see, gayly painted, richly furnished, and draped by the munificence and diligence of notable citizens, and in front of them, running the whole length of the stage, was a good free space or promenade, which is called the *parloir*.

Of Paradise and of Hell we must speak more at length, for a fine Paradise was the triumph of the fifteenth - century stage carpenter, and the Paradise of this present Mystery was very finely disposed in a grand pavilion two stories high and dominating the whole stage; the upper floor was open to the sky, and in the middle was a golden throne surrounded by golden rays, in which God sat, an attentive and

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INSIDE THE MOUTH OF HELL.

permanent spectator of the play.' At his feet were Peace and Mercy on the right, and Justice and Truth on the left, each figure allegorically arrayed. And God, who was impersonated by the tallest of the canons of Saint Maclou, was dressed like a pope; on his head was a tiara, in his right hand he held a sceptre, and in his left the globe surmounted by the cross, symbol of the universe. Around and behind the throne were arranged semicircularly in tiers, one above the other, nine orders of angels, clad in albs and stoles,* and with wings attached to their shoulders; and behind the angels, and concealed by them from the public, were the organ and the musicians and singers, for these angelic choirs were naturally charged with the musical parts of the performance. But as most of the angels were chosen for their beautiful faces from amongst the youths and boys of the town, it happened that few of them had musical talent, and that was why the real players of instruments and singers were hidden behind the scenes, while the beautiful angels were only to make believe (*font manière de jouer*).

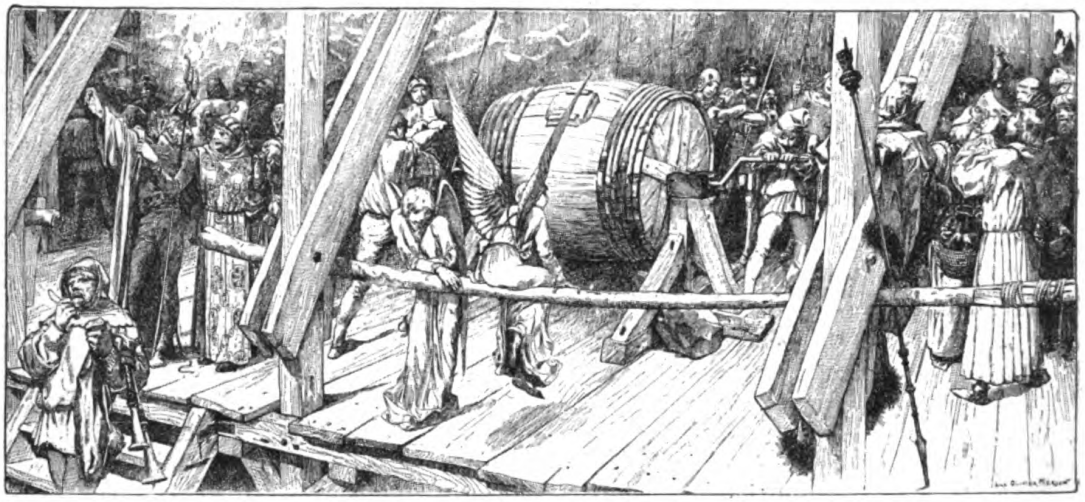
As for Hell, it was figured by a square battlemented tower, the entrance to which was in the shape of a hideous and grimacing dragon's head, provided internally with braziers and chimneys, so that fire and smoke might be vomited from the mouth, nostrils, eyes, and ears. The inside of Hell was partly visible through lateral gratings, and the devils were constantly making a terrible noise with drums, trumpets, cannons, barrels full of stones, and other noisy engines. The French Hell mouth was most hideous, and corresponded exactly with the Hell mouth of the English Mysteries, as described in Sackville's Induction to the *Mirrour for Magistrates:*

"An hideous hole all vaste, withouten shape,
Of endlesse depth, orewhelm'd with ragged stone,
With ougly mouth, and griesly iawes doth gape,
And to our sight confounds itself in one."

This time the Hell mouth was most terrible, and our learned doctor had suggested many details, which the painter had most excellently carried out. The costumes of Lucifer and of his attendant devils had also been particularly attended to. Some were clad in skins of wolves, calves, and rams; some had sheep's heads, and others the heads of oxen skilfully imitated by an ingenious artificer; while round their waists they wore belts hung with grelots and bells, and some carried black rods full of squibs, and others smoky firebrands; and both big devils and little devils were very active and nimble, and

* Itm payd for waschyng ye angells albs, ijd. Itm pd for mendynge ye angells surplices & wasshyng, iijd.—*Coventry Leet-Book.*

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THE THUNDER BARREL—BEHIND THE SCENES.

many were said to be excellent tumblers and leapers, so that the interludes of *diableries* were expected impatiently by the public.*

Indeed there is no exaggeration in saying that for the grosser majority of the spectators the tricks and antics of Satan and his attendants formed the chief attraction of a Mystery, and for the actors themselves the noise and fun that went on inside Hell mouth behind the scenes appear to have been singularly fascinating. What joy for the boys to blow up the charcoal fires for burning the pitch and brimstone, and to hold baskets of fire in the eye holes of the Hell head! With what glee the devils bounded through the clouds of smoke that rolled forth from Hell mouth! Even Lucifer himself, and Saint Peter, must come to see the firing of the wooden cannons bound round with iron rings, and so absorbed are they in this interesting spectacle that they pay no heed to the voice of the scientific doctor, who is calling to them to hurry on to the stage to play their parts. As for the thunder barrel, even the white angels come down from Paradise to hear the stones rattle inside it; and for some reason or other the grown-up actors find the noisy vicinity of the thunder machine a convenient place for taking a drink and a bite.

Yet a word or two concerning the management of the stage. Dominating the whole was Paradise; on the level of the stage proper, and distributed over it, were the "mansions"; at one end was Hell mouth and the pit of Hell, which rested on the pavement of the market-place, while the level of the stage was about eight feet above the ground. Below the stage thus formed a vast room, where was installed the machinery for the traps, counterpoises, and other strange engines and "secrets," as they were called; and behind the stage also were windlasses and counterpoises, for the stage carpenters of Rouen were very skilful, and not only did they make mechanical kneeling oxen and asses, but very curious *voleries*, or *voulleryes*, for ascensions or flying visits of angels; wheels *secrètement faictes dessus un pivot à vis*, for raising souls into Paradise; and many sorts of traps, called by metonymy "apparitions," and used for sudden appearances or disappearances, for the substitutions of persons, and for passing up the manikins to be tortured or beheading, as we often read in old account-books, *Item un faux corps pour la decollation.* As a rule, the actors remained in view and *en scène*, even when their rôles were interrupted or finished, the principal characters abiding in their "mansions," and the secondary characters grouped on each side of the stage in convenient places, and standing "pour honorer le jeu," according to the directions of the learned doctor. Only those actors disappeared through the traps

* In the expenses of the English Mysteries in the old Leet-Books, Hell mouth invariably figures. Thus in the Coventry books for the Drapers' Pageant of Doomsday we read: "1537. Itm paide for paintyng and makyng new hell hede, xijd. 1538. Itm payd for mendyng new hell hede, vjd. 1565. p'd to Jhon Huyt for paintyng of hell mowthe, xvjd. 1567. p'd for makyng hell mouth and cloth for hyt, iiijs. Itm payd for kepyng of fyer at hell mothe, iiijd."

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AN ENTR'ACTE FOR DINNER, SHOWING THE STAGE.

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whose presence would too directly interfere with the dramatic illusion. Finally we have a few *écriteaux*, or placards, bearing the name of Jerusalem, Nazareth, or Bethlehem, in order to indicate the principal "mansions," and to explain the general geography of the stage.

But the *protocolle* or *acteur*, that is to say, the author or arranger of the text, our friend the learned doctor, steps forward to speak his prologue. He bows and gesticulates, but amidst the roar of the crowd his voice is not heard, and a good half-hour passes before the doctor becomes intelligible and honey-mouthed.

> "Doulces gens, un peu de silence
> Doulces gens, un peu escoutez
> Pésiblement, sans noise faire."

Thus he begins a long sermon in verse, full of quotations from the Bible, Virgil, Saint Thomas, Boethius, Hippocrates, and Aristotle of course; and in this discourse he explains the scenes that are about to be represented, draws the useful moral from them, sketches a plan of the drama, exhorts the people to virtue and piety, and after devoutly reciting an Ave Maria, he turns to the actor who holds the rôle of Balaam, and signifies to him to begin the play. Balaam, mounted on his ass, advances and prophesies in verse, and after him David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel — the testimony of the prophets of Christ having remained the traditional beginning of the Mysteries of the Nativity. After having finished his prophecy, each prophet is seized by the devils, carried off, and respectfully precipitated into the Limbo of the Patriarchs. Finally comes the Sibyl, who steps upon the stage, and prophesies the coming of the Son of Man and the last judgment, *teste David cum Sibylla*. Next comes a scene in Limbo, where Adam laments his fate, and a scene in Heaven, where the four virtues, Truth, Justice, Mercy, and Peace, dispute with such vivacity over the lot of man that Peace at last cries to them to be calm, for it is not becoming to see such noise and storming amongst virtues. However, the redemption of mankind through the death of the Son of God is decided upon. Thereupon a solemn chorus of angels celebrates the approaching salvation of man, the choruses singing a verse, the air of which the players of instruments repeated after them, and many complicated and beautiful variations being executed by the tenor, the counter-tenor, and by duos, trios, and quartettes, alternating with the choruses and the instruments, which are the violin, the trumpet, the harp, the rebec, and the organ. After this beautiful harmony the learned doctor, *meneur du jeu*, coming forward as protocolle, announces the half-hour *entr'acte* for dinner, begging that all will remain in their places, and eat and drink heartily while the minstrels play.

After dinner the learned doctor delivered only a very short versified sermon, and the Mystery continued with the Annunciation and the Visitation, which, with the musical and other interludes, ended the first day's programme.

The second day of the Mystery begins with the order of Augustus to number the inhabitants of his empire, which causes Joseph to quit Nazareth and go to Bethlehem. At this point Ludin, the "fol pasteur," comes upon the stage, and Anathot, the "pasteur niays," who performs all sorts of antic tricks and pleasant inventions, and speaks many grotesque histories and farces, to amuse the public. Then, together with the other shepherds, they sing rustic songs. Next we see Mary and Joseph enter the stable, and Joseph expresses his sorrow to think that Mary will have to give birth to the Saviour in such a miserable spot. But the Virgin resignedly replies, "It pleases God that it be so" (*Il plait à Dieu qu'ainsi se face*). "Alas!" continues Joseph, "where are those grand castles, those fine towers with battlements, so pleasantly built? And the Son of God is here so poorly lodged." And Mary replies, "*Il plait à Dieu qu'ainsi se face.*" Then Joseph resumes, "Where are those halls so finely painted with diverse colors and paved with tiles, and so pleasant that it is a consolation to behold them?" And Mary: "*Il plait à Dieu qu'ainsi se face.*" And to each regret of Joseph, who enumerates the delights of chambers hung with gold-embroidered tapestry, and of beds richly decked with rare furs, Mary replies, with sweet resignation, "*Il plait à Dieu qu'ainsi se face.*"

Meanwhile Jesus is born; the angels salute him with songs; his mother adores him; the idols fall down in the pagan temples, and Hell mouth opens to display the rage of the demons. Lucifer asks Asmodeus news of the false gods, and

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the fury of the devils is manifested by fire and brimstone, and a horrible din of cannons, culverines, and diabolical engines. And after that the angels come into the stable and adore Christ; the shepherds and the Magi follow with their gifts and homage, and the Mystery ends at Rome with the sacrifice that Augustus, by order of the Sibyl, offers to an image of the Virgin. Whereupon the doctor delivers an edifying final sermon, and the chorus sings the *Te Deum*.

The representation having been thus happily concluded, we find that the performers descended from their scaffolds, and, accompanied by the mayor and sheriffs and other notabilities, went on horseback in solemn procession to the church of Saint Maclou, where a "Salut," followed by the *Te Deum*, was sung to thank God for the success of this triumphant Mystery of the "Incarnation and Nativity," the souvenir of which remained long graven in the memory of the inhabitants.

FRAGILE.

AN OUT-DOOR SKETCH.

BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.



SITTING under the aromatic shadows of a clump of stunted pines that topped a gentle hill overlooking a curved valley that meandered about a mouldering mediæval town in Brittany. It was not a bad place for two enthusiastic art students, fresh — not so very *fresh*—perhaps, but not long away from the arid asphalt and the blinding white walls of the outer fringe of Paris. We were trying to rest our weary eyes, seared and dazzled by blare and blaze of glittering modernity, by laving them in this restful, moss-grown well of antiquity. Many stirring deeds of arms had surged round the grass-grown battlements of the distant town in days gone by. Steel-clad warriors, following the dread pennon of the mighty Du Guesclin himself, had pranced their armor-plated steeds along that dusty road. Dark-eyed Anne of Brittany had watched from yonder tower many a bloody fray to the bitter

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end about this sinuous valley. We do not see the present at all. Of course we know that those figures winding along the powdery highway are modern artillerymen with baggy trousers and mean, perky kepis; but there is a golden glory of dust about them, and they do very well for cross-bowmen of the good old time. And down there, where the river winds past its fringe of shimmering aspens, what pictures we seem to see, partly helped by memories of the poets!

"Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot."

"Ah!" said my sketching companion, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, which was a sign that he was going to work again. "This is all very lovely, this poetic mood, but if *I* give way to it —I don't know how it serves *you*—it leads to laziness."

"*Sacré moniteur—va!* You are such a mill-horse you can afford to be lazy once in a way, especially if you are up in the clouds of poetry at the same time."

"Besides," he said, as he gathered up his traps, "I see a bit down by the corner of the road, that bit of gleam of white and blue and gold [pointing] that looks like a bit of shrine; you go on with your distant view, and I will join you anon—old chap, anon." And he whistled himself off down the valley.

I had scarcely settled myself to work when there came upon the scene, by careful approaches and gentle sidlings, as if I were some shy bird he did not wish to scare away, a curious fellow-creature, half peasant, half mouldy town-bred. He began very politely indeed, in a soothing, apologetic sort of way, to point out the very obvious places of interest about the horizon's edge, asking with much interest if I had seen them near by. I gave him but scant return for his pains, as I thought I saw his drift. He wanted to be a guide and hanger-on, and I had a young and healthy horror of all such *impedimenta*. He was not easily put off, however, but adroitly played about the subject in a genial, general sort of way that at last awoke a spark of interest. I had sat down heavily from the first on his mild proposal to act as guide, making it understood that any information he offered was at his own risk. He waved away any ulterior or selfish motive on his own part and dwelt on the difficulty of getting about in Brittany and seeing the people and Breton ways without knowing the Breton *patois*. He could take me to places within a few miles that I would never dream of or find without some one to lead the way. I shook my head with slow incredulity, not wishing to be led into any such unenterprising ways.

He took small heed; his eye was roaming over the dim, undulating distance. Pointing to the white, gleaming speck afar, he said: "See! there is St. Anne's Church, and there is a holy well there, and the pilgrimages will begin in a few days." He described how the people from far and near came to this—the sick, the halt, and the blind especially. Everybody with any bodily or mental or spiritual affliction thronged there, many dragging themselves for miles on their hands and knees by way of penance; but this was done very early in the morning, and one must be betimes to see it, and all the rest of it, with so much and really fetching "word-painting" that I soon let myself be taken in the net, but only conditionally. He mentioned his terms, which he called his "little gratifications," and they were so miserably modest that I did not half like to take him at his own value.

When my light-hearted friend came back from his ruined shrine, there was a moment of gloom about him on finding me in close converse with a somewhat unattractive stranger.

This gloom glared out into solid good round English when I told him of what I was thinking of doing. "Nonsense! bosh! rubbish! hampering ourselves with that uncanny-looking ruffian. Thank you—*no!*" And then he began to lead up to a certain point that I felt would soon divide us. "Why not leave this sad land of sad morose people and go toward the sunshine? or, if that is too hot, come to the eternal snows of the Alps, or to the green lanes of England." He was always like that, my ponderous friend—forever wanting to be at just the place he was not. It was not of the slightest use all our talk that moonlight night around those ghostly shadowed battlements. I could not ridicule him out of running away, and he could not jeer or joke me out of my fixed idea of staying on. "Come," he said, "where the purples are like wine and not like slate; where the

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"AN ANXIOUS YOUNG MOTHER, WISTFUL AND SAD OF FACE, ROCKING A PALE YOUNG BABY."

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yellows are gold and not a dirty drab; where the greens are like a peacock's tail in the sun, and not a carpet of mouldy soot. Come on!"

"You have spoilt your enticement by your rich color scheme. I know it only too well. I must try to conquer my drabs and grays; you go, and I'll meet you by-and-by in your old haunt—by the lake of *Chromo.*" It was my light but o'er true word spoken in jest that parted us: many a time I had joked him on his chromo-attic scale of color to ward off his attacks on my grays. We did not argue much after that. He was not angry, or even vexed, as we parted that night; he drew himself up to his full six feet three and said, with a dramatic folding of his big arms, "Cassio, I love thee, but *never* more be officer of mine!"

In the morning he was not at his usual place. "M'sieu' not down yet?" I asked of the landlady. "Yes, yes; did m'sieu' not know? down two hours ago to early breakfast, and off by the first diligence. He left this note." It ran, "Pardon hasty resolves—will write to explain when I get to Chromo. Good-by. God bless you!"

I felt a little dazed at the suddenness of the snap among the many links of our old comradeship. I covered myself with blame and humiliation; the utter loneliness of that decaying old town seemed to settle over me like a pall of darkness. The yellows and the drabs, the grays and the browns, I had so vaunted the simplicity and "reticence" of, seemed indeed of one melancholy mud-color. I felt as if I would gladly have been dipped in the rawest vats of Chromo-land to get back some cheering tone into my saddened surroundings. When, with an abashed and hang-dog air, the "guiding star" came round in the morning to see if we required his services as pilot, I gave him a discouraging reception. To begin with, I told him that my friend had gone away, not to return. This did not seem to depress him a bit; in fact, he rather seemed relieved. He hinted that there was something like a natural want of sympathy between them, and that now all would be well. It did not seem so very well, perhaps, when I told him that I should not want him, for the present at least.

I got together my sketching things, few and simple, in view of a long investigating tramp, all by myself—anywhere, even along that interminable dull dusty high-road that seared its even way to Paris itself. I passed under the weedy gateway, with thistles choking up lancet slits that let in the light, and let out the bowmen's arrows in the good old feudal days. There was no Anne of Brittany (or any of her maids) at the tower casements, but since it has been made useful as a jail, only the melancholy prisoners peering between the bars. Even the squadron of dragoons that filed out with much blare of bugle have no halo now beyond the choking dust; they are no longer the plumed knights of yesterday. All was modern and sordid, even myself, with a suit of checks and a white umbrella. Just in the outer fringe of modern cottages that seemed to have been spilled over from the well-crowded town I peered down the entrance of an arid forbidding courtway, thanking my stars meanwhile that I had no mission there. I stopped for a moment to make certain about a familiar figure standing in a gloomy, unlovely doorway. It was Jacky, at home, so to speak. It seemed churlish to pass him by without a sign, especially as he took off his squash of a hat to me. I wandered up the arid baking court; he met me more than halfway. "So here is where you live?" I said.

"*Mon Dieu!* yes. It is poor enough; but there is plenty of fresh air, and we have a garden at the back. It is not so bad as many a better-looking house in town."

I entered at his invitation. The small, low, smoke-grimed room was parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and nursery—mostly nursery, it seemed, as near as I could make out. I was still blinking with the glare of the blazing sun fiercely beating on liberal lime-wash squandered on every side—except inside. There was a pungent reek of past and present smoke that helped to obscure the sun-dazed vision, and it was some minutes before I made out of the bituminous gloom that I was in the presence of an anxious young mother, wistful and sad of face, rocking a pale young baby in as primitive and touching a cradle as ever I met with. Mothers and babies and cradles of all sorts and conditions had I seen, and sketched too, in my little career, but never had I seen just such a mother's nest before for any mite of humanity, no matter how lowly or forlorn. Jacky saw me eying it with an oblique

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THE BOY COUSIN AND THE BABY.

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glance of interest and amusement, and hastened to explain, with a tone half proud, half apologetic, that he had builded it all himself, all out of his own invention, parented by the moment of necessity. The materials were donations from various sympathetic neighbors. The grocer's wife gave the oblong packing-case; and he called my attention to its happy shape and size. He made light of the various labels, directions, and other decorations, including (in big stencilled letters) that word of caution, "Fragile," on one end of it. "It made it more amusing," he said. The rockers were made from a couple of old chair backs donated by the cabinet-maker. The canopy (if one may use so fine a word) was an arrangement of old barrel hoops nailed at the head, with an old faded shawl gracefully draped over them. I stood gazing at this quaint bit of home contrivance with far more interest than I have given to many a carven and gilded cradle of some by-gone princeling in some museum. The poor father could hardly interpret my smile of amusement over his handiwork. He did his best to explain and apologize, never thinking that from my point of view it was a very "find" of unconscious picturesqueness.

By this time the little room had come out of its thick shadows. The window was close curtained to keep out the glare and the flies, as Jack explained. Our whispered voices were not so low as to prevent us from rousing the baby, and she began to dig her little pink fists into her little pink eyes, and whimper out a feeble protest at the world in general. I said softly to the pale little mother that if she wanted to let her sleep on I would sit down and sketch and never say a word. She gave a little approving nod, and the curtain was drawn a little aside for the light, and down I sat to my work, as if there had been no yesterday of poetry and pleasant fellowship, of hair-breadth 'scapes and moonlight wanderings, of sad awakenings on the morrow, of rushings off—one cared not whither—to seek forgetfulness. Here, in no time at all, yesterday and the morrow were toned into the background, and the foreground of our thoughts was occupied by a fly-tormented baby in a packing-box cradle. What babies we are, and what babies we pursue!

The little one was soon sketched in, and only in time, for she woke up and let us soon know that she was tired of the business. After a light repast she was given to a small and sturdy boy cousin to promenade out in the open under the apple-trees, but she must not be tempted with the forbidden fruit. Mamma did not mind sitting at all; in fact, she rather invited it. So the window was opened wide to the air and flies, and I must say she braved the ordeal nobly. French women of the peasant class take to posing as a duck to water — one is seldom refused.

This little mother was not in the least pretty in the English or American sense, but she had a face full of deep feeling and fine character—a kind of face known in French studios as *une belle laide*. She was perhaps more "beautifully plain" than plainly beautiful. There was far more beauty in the soft, sad, deep-set eyes, in the fine firm curves of the sensitive mouth, and the fine "set" of the head upon the straight throat, than I could hope to do full justice to.

The husband was looking on, meanwhile, with a beaming and expansive grin—a contented fatuous smile rippled across his face, as if to say the clouds of yesterday had been dispersed by this little burst of success. This was the surprise he had been leading up to, and now he was supremely happy.

Now and again some kindly interest or a latent spirit of investigation would tempt the curious neighbors to uplift the clicking latch, on some improvised errand, letting in at the same moment a stream of unwonted sunshine. A hasty but expressive gesture from Madame Jacky would soon dispel them about their business, and we in our silence could hear and smile at the busy cackle of the "Prys" outside the door. Noon soon came, with what they call there the breakfast hour. Whatever one calls it, we were all very hungry, and Jack was sent off to the hotel with written message from me to the landlady to send me a good and substantial meal.

He soon returned from the hotel, with my wishes so fully carried out that the basket was a very good load for him. He had artfully impressed upon the susceptible and gushing landlady—already depressed to softness by the sudden decampment of my burly friend, whose appetite was still a dream to her—that I needed

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THE SWING.

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sustenance. As I was recovering from an illness, my palate was fastidious, and must be tempted. If the cold fowl and salad failed, there must be galantine of veal with ham to fall back on. Some trifle of cream-cheese and strawberries too; and for wine, some good old sealed Burgundy would be my salvation perhaps. He chuckled with delight as he brought out these things; he nodded and winked and distorted his every feature to express, *entre nous*, how he had got on the soft side of our good landlady. Meanwhile the excitement in the court was running somewhat wild; they were all in the now painful uncertainty as to what it all meant, and we were all agreed that it was better for them not to know more than was good for them. So the door was barred and the thin curtains drawn to "keep out the flies," as Jack said, with a grin that meant the neighbors as well. That little "square meal," as they say in the West, was as cozy and sociable as if it had been planned for a week; perhaps more jolly on account of its impromptu nature. There was no hitch anywhere, and the painfully scrubbed little pine table was had out and spread with a coarse but spotless linen cloth. The plates and knives and forks were very "harlequin," but they served our simple turn. The tempting meal for the one fastidious invalid was sufficient for three hungry people, and some over.

When the remnants of the feast were cleared away the door was set ajar, so that the rampant curiosity of the court might be appeased by seeing us smoking our wooden pipes. I soon took mine out under the apple-trees, and as the blue rings went up, I wondered where the lost friend was speeding, and what he would say if he could look through the miles of space and see the callous way I was mourning his absence.

This was a curiously promiscuous sort of plantation to call an orchard. It was rather a cabbage garden, a potato patch, a bean field, and a parsley bed, with a few straggly limbed bullet-fruited apple-trees standing about in the way. These little plots belonged to the various occupants of the court; there were no fences or hedges to mark the lines of ownership: a fence would cost too much, and a hedge would take too much room, so a well-defined line of sturdy cabbages or graceful beans would show each the "thus far" between the bits of abutting gardens.

There must be some sacred sentiment of *mine and thine* inherent in these peasant folk, but whether built on morals or pure superstition I could not find out from Jack. When I asked him what was to prevent any one from helping himself to any craved-for vegetable on a dark night, he answered, promptly, "Well, it would be a sin, in the first place; besides, it is very unlucky to take a single growing thing that is not one's own," and he seemed to be shocked that I needed to be told such vital truths. Hearing shouts of youthful laughter, we went to another orchard near by, where we came upon a group of merry youngsters who were disporting themselves on an improvised swing rigged from the apple-tree limbs. The fun was fast and furious, and instead of slacking up when I pulled out my sketch-book, they only became spurred to greater antics. I need not say that I egged them on with applause and promise of "white money," and I only wonder that a few young necks were not broken in the course of that wild afternoon. I could *not* keep them within decent bounds. The girls naturally were much worse than the boys (and they were quite demoniacal enough, goodness knows!). When the two blue-eyed sisters with hair like ripened corn managed to beguile some trusting hobbledehoy of a garçon on to that much-bespliced rope, and those fair sisters had the swinging of him, it would not be long after that a wild howl would arise, and you would see the hapless urchin, his lank legs lashing the upper air for a moment, and then over he would flop and plump down in a kindly bed of rotting cabbage leaves and stalks, unkilled and revengeful. Then the boys would swing the girls; but it was all hard work, with no compensating disaster to encourage them.

They might cause the girls a moment's struggle up aloft, and a reckless kicking out of blue hosen, but they stuck to the rope like kittens to a lace window-curtain, and if the boy enemy gave her half a chance, she would let slip the lightsome wooden shoe as near to his bullet head as her flying aim would allow.

When we returned to the cottage for our afternoon *séance* it was quite an-

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"OUR MILLER'S DAUGHTER."

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other picture. Everything had been remarkably tidied up and made ship-shape. The baby had had its few hairs brushed into curl, was shining with recent soap and water, and arrayed in its best bib and tucker.

"Is that the baby's name you have painted on the foot of the cradle?" said I, pointing to the word "Fragile," and looking as if I was quite serious. I never thought such a small jokelet would have had such a tremendous success. Jacky tilted back his cap and smote his thigh with resounding whack, and roared with laughter loud and deep, and swore that it was the best thing he ever heard. Madame Madonna sat down and shrieked a silvery yell, pounding the table meanwhile with her floury truncheon. Then the door was opened wide and the listening neighbors were told the little jest. I don't know to this day if the laugh was with or against me, such was the undefined clamor, but I only know that they were obliged to lean against the door-posts or the stony wall in order to sustain themselves against the prevailing bursts of merriment. I wondered whether I had been as humorous as "all that" without knowing it.

I naturally went the next day, and many other days, either to sketch about the cottage or in the orchard, and a fine out-door atelier it was; the resort of all the people, young and old, who could be material for the pencil. I noticed a gradual change coming over the interior of the cottage; little comforts, and even ornaments, were being added day by day, and one fine morning madame suggested that if I had quite finished with the packing-case cradle she would like to replace it with a *real* one. Of course I said I didn't mind so long as Jacky wrote "Fragile" at the foot of it. The baby soon got all well and strong, and got to be a prominent figure in our out-door studio.

One fine day, however, I found that there was a strong influence brought to bear to get me to a certain picturesque old well in a certain part of the town at a given hour. I felt there was something in the wind of a clumsy subtle kind: whatever Jacky did had its veil of mystery. I went prepared, and when, after prospecting about it for a good view, I was about to make a beginning, there came upon the scene a maiden fair, clad in all or most of her finery and lace and family jewels, to draw a mincing little *cruche* of water. She was not an adept at drawing water, for she was a long time over it, and I gathered from her furtive look at Jack that they knew each other, though they did not speak. She was neither drawer of water nor hewer of wood, "fish or flesh or good herring," that was evident, but her dress was rather amusing. "Would she stand just so for a moment to oblige m'sieu'?" Jack asked. "Like a bird!" (This was not the textual reply, but it amounted to it.)

So we did not make alone one, but several sketches of various *poses*, short and simple. When all was done she would see them, and there was one that seemed to please her much. So she asked me what the value of such a drawing would be. I, thinking to put a prohibition price, and exalt the thing generally, said fifty francs. (Jack shuddered visibly.)

"Well, I shouldn't mind fifty francs at all," said the artless maiden with the jewels. It was getting like a fairy tale, and I was glad I came. I explained that that was a vague sort of commercial value. I should be only too glad if she would take it for her pains in posing for me. She, not to be outdone, offered further services, and we bowed to each other in real drawing-room style. The little play was over, and I suggested to Jack to carry the jug for mademoiselle and we would walk her way home. This was permitted.

It was a nice, delightful sort of a mill at which she lived, and she was "the Miller's Daughter" too (S.V.P.), with "the girdle about her dainty, dainty waist," and even "the jewel that trembled in her ear." (How useful Tennyson is to a painter!) We saw the miller himself, too, with "the busy wrinkles round his eyes." He was very kind indeed, and asked us in and gave us cider, and offered various hospitalities. The daughter, who seemed much of a spoiled child, and most unconventional for a French girl, showed the sketch which I had given, and told the incident prettily enough.

I was to go away from this neighborhood in a few days. I need not say I was soon down at the mill again to see more of that famous wardrobe, and well worth while it was, for Sylvie (that is the name on one of the drawings of her) looked like a queen in some of them, and sat like an angel. She was very frank and simple after all, for she owned that she

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had heard of our sketching fêtes at Jack's place, and thought she would like to have some of the family costumes put into a picture. "Photography," she said, "was only fit for the peasants." She showed me some sad photographs with great derision. No, she wanted to see a real drawing or a picture with color, such as she had seen once in Paris. We made no mystery of the hopes and efforts of Jacky to get me to stay, and much merriment and many a good talk we had about it. One fête-day Jacky and I were on our way through the town, he with the sketching traps over his back, and the big white umbrella of our craft over us both, for there was then a summer shower falling. Presently it increased and increased, until it came in such sheets that we were fain to seek an archway to get out of the deluge. Most of the arch and doorways were full of refugees from the storm, and many in holiday attire were in most sad and soppy plight. Across the way, blotted under a shallow porch, we soon made out our miller's daughter, who smiled at us through her tears. Soon the rain left off for a moment, gathering itself together again for another spill. The church was quite near, so in the interim we mostly ran for its wide porch and ever-open doorway. I offered the protection of the great white "Gamp" to Sylvie, and off we sped over the puddles, regardless of a few extra splashes, and Jack rattling on behind with the sketching gear. We were sweetly thanked, and again invited to the mill, with such sincerity, too, that Jacky began, even as we walked home through the rain, to put so many twos and twos together that they must have made some two millions and two in the end. He kept adding so to the air-built castle that he was running up for me day by day that his architect's commission alone would have been a large sum. I did not dare remind him that I was going. I told his wife in confidence, as she was the banker of the household. She even knew of his airy plans about the palatial studio-mill that Sylvie and I were to live in forever afterward, and how she enjoyed the joke of it is still a pleasant memory.

I thought to slip away unmarked, but though I took the early diligence, and had got safely up into the recesses of the *impériale*, it was not to be. A few minutes before the horses were let go my friend came upon the early morning scene.

"So you are going off like that?" said he, with some dramatic effect that I felt unequal to.

"Only for a short time," I said, and I meant it. (And I *did* return, but that's another sketch.) "En Voiture! Messeurs et dames. Heugh! [crack!] huep!" Crack! crack! "Give my love to 'Fragile.' Au revoir! 'À bientôt!'"



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A SOUL DRAMA.

BY ANNA D. LUDLOW.

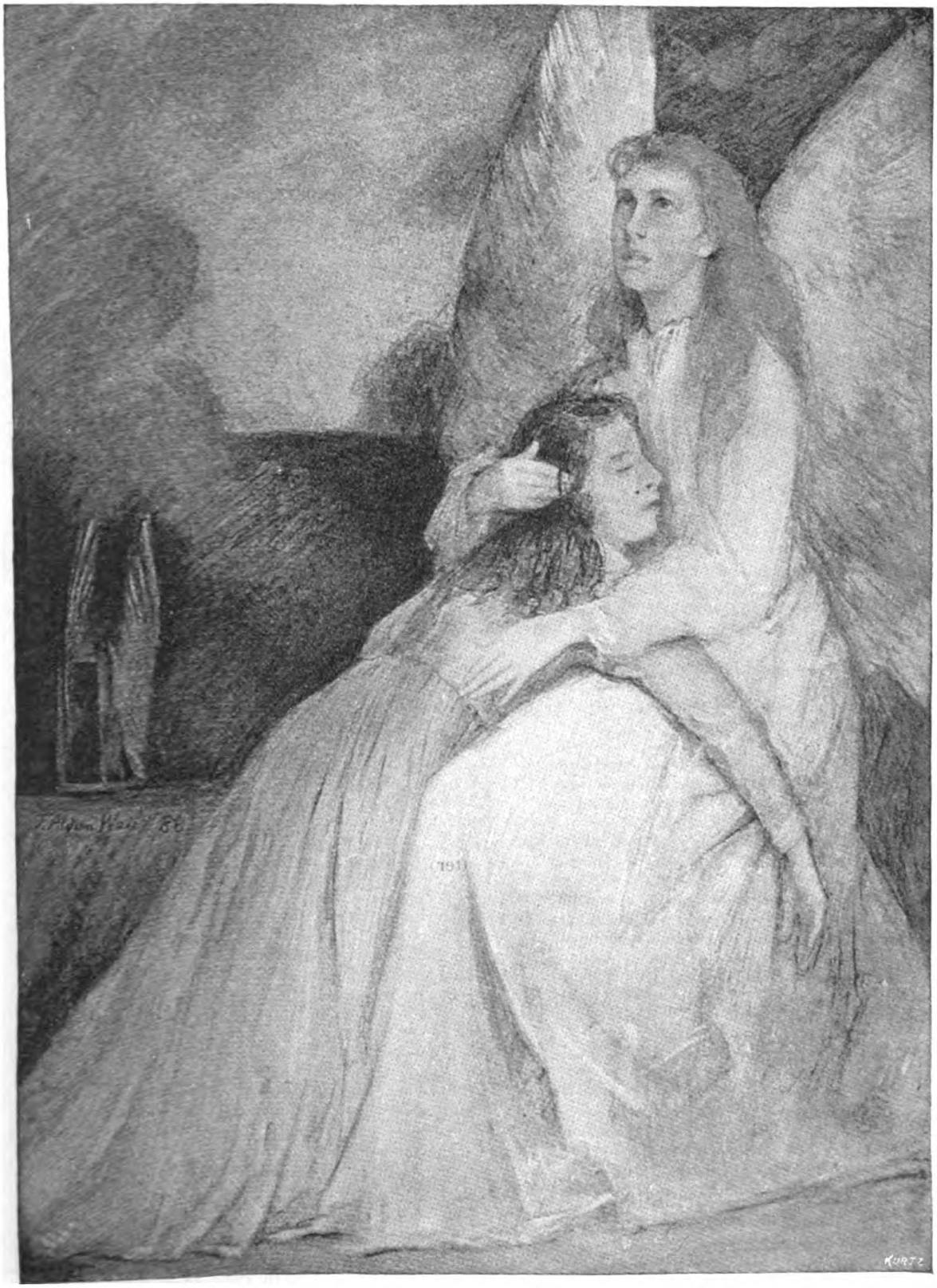
Soliloquy of Sorrow.

NIGHT, solemn Night! noiseless thy shadow falls,
While earth grows still, and moving forms retire.
Not Sorrow thus: this is my time to roam.
From glare of day I hide these painèd eyes;
In this dim light I may go forth to weep,
And hold communion with my lonely soul,
That wakeful, weary, yearns in vain for rest.
Rocked on the dark breast of the heaving sea
Lies the wild gull, nor knows how cold her couch,
Nor heedeth she the wailing of the wind.
Far in his eyrie, upward toward the sky,
'Mid craggèd rocks where ne'er a vine hath root,
The eagle droops his crest, nor feareth fall.
The insect nestles at the rose's heart,
Lulled by the gentle, soothing Summer breeze,
And when rude Winter breaks the rose's heart
It lieth torpid in some secret place
Till Spring returns to waken it to life.
Thus do all weary living things repose,
Touched by the breath of the kind angel Sleep,
Who cometh nightly to frail mortals' world.
But I—ah! whither shall I go for rest?
My name is Sorrow. Sleep comes not to me.
Oft have I seen her heavenly pinions poise
O'er the fair forms of Love and Joy and Hope,
And while to sighless slumber soft they sank,
Have lifted up my hollow, tear-scorched eyes,
And by their burning floods of agony,
And by the pangs of heart-born groans, have plead
That o'er this sinking form she'd fold her wings,
And breathe upon my brow and throbbing breast
And seal my senses for a little while.
But nay; she heedeth not or prayer or pain.
Tender to all, to Sorrow only stern.

Then to me cometh gaunt, grim Thought—Sleep's foe,
Of glaring, piercing eye and restless soul—
As the great ocean tossing evermore.
He bringeth countless instruments of pain
For which my lips can speak no fitting names.
Some are sharp arrows dipped in fire and bane;
One is a cup brimming with mingled draught,
Bitter and hot, nor one sweet strength'ning drop.
Sure is his aim, resistless is his grasp.
I bear the tortures, though they rack my frame,
And forced to drink, I drain the draught of Thought.
Not till soft gray-winged Sleep flieth from Earth,
And rosy day is rising o'er the hills,
Doth my tormentor leave his victim, worn,
Weary, and faint from conflict long and fierce.
Gone then the burning fever, the wild pain;
Feeble my pulse, icy my heart's slow stream.
Ah! 'tis the sick'ning cold, the sinking low,
That follow after wrestling long with Thought.

Then with a languid cry I call on Death
To hide me in the grave's dark place of rest,
Where only Sorrow finds at last repose.
I call the tyrant fond and tender names,
Tell him how Joy doth dread, while Sorrow yearns
To feel her aching brow on his grim breast,
And feel his kiss upon her pallid lips.
Ah! he would rather kiss the full fair cheek
That shudders at his touch, or the bright lips
That loathe and curse, then close, forever still.

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"AM SENT TO WOO THEE TO MY SHELT'RING ARMS."

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Spirit of Life, sent forth from God to feed
With breath of being all frail mortal forms,
Oh, wherefore dost thou nourish such as I?
Why dwelleth Sorrow in such glorious world
As this fair Earth, garnished with wondrous skill?—
Tapestry wove of softly shaded green,
Spangled with flowers of countless brilliant hues;
Bright silver lakes studded with em'rald isles;
Broad waters in whose wavy folds love the
Wild winds to play, bordered with forests dark
And turfy hills, and mountains grand and gray.
O Beauty, thou immortal born in heaven,
To thee, when thy Creator formed this globe,
The task was given the new-made earth to robe,
And still thou ling'rest o'er thine own dear work,
Gently retouching what Time's hand hath dimmed.
Mortals thy presence feel, and chant thy praise.
But not more fervid is Joy's ardent song,
Her swelling anthems, pæans loud and clear,
Than Sorrow's solemn, silent worship is.
How in such night as this I feel thy power,
Bowing me rev'rent, trembling, to the earth,
While from my heart gush out, not songs, but tears!
And, oh! if e'er its tears have aught akin
To sweetness in their fount of bitterness,
'Tis in such hour, when, circled round and thrilled
By Beauty's wondrous power, I half forget
My being, nature, the dread doom I bear,
And the dark name deep written in my soul
And branded on my brow, which maketh me
A wanderer uncherished on the Earth.
But, ah! how brief the space when, half beguiled
By Beauty's spell, I cease to pine for Sleep
To grant oblivion deep and long of pain!

Nay, solemn Night, this is my time for strife.
Oh! 'neath thy tranquil sky what beings come
To fright and torture my wild, weary soul!
Visions of terror cast before my eyes,
And pierce my wounds afresh that never heal.
Fancy comes oft with Thought. Like angel's bread
Is the sweet food they bring to beings blest.
But to me, Sorrow, they are fierce, stern foes.
Fear and Despair and Memory I count
In list of those that war against my soul.
But, oh! more dread appear strange, horrid forms
Flapping their black wings round my shud'ring heart.
I know them well—foul fiends prowling for prey;
With them I struggle, wrestling unto blood.

Hush! hush! my soul, thy plaint. I hear a strain
Of far-off music sounding through the air.
Oh, wondrous sweetness! Is it of the earth?
Nay, hark! it seems to come from out the stars,
As if heaven's portal oped, and thence strayed out
Some notes from seraphs' harps to mortals' air.
Still, still, my heart, thy throb! It nearer comes.
What vision strange now breaks upon my view?
A glorious brightness gleams from out the stars.
Lower it shines. How wonderful! how pure!
Descending earthward now, it taketh shape
As of some being of celestial mould,
All wrapped in light—fit garb for Angel's form.
Quiet, my heart, thy throb! Now swells again
That mystic music clearer through the air.
Hark!—for I catch the strain—'tis a sweet song
Of praise to God in words of human speech,
Over and over chanted—"*God is Love!*"

Yes, 'tis an Angel bright on way to Earth.
Now hov'ring in mid-air, it stays its flight,
While I may gaze in wonder and sweet awe.
O beauteous being! Oh, what matchless form!
What grace, what glory, mingle in thy mien!
Those spreading pinions, white as snowy cloud,
Sparkle with gems as though the brightest stars
Clustered upon them as they fanned the sky.
That brow so grand is twined with crown of flowers
Which could but bloom in the immortal land.
Oh, that strange song, that magic melody!
What means its power to soothe my deepest pain?
Celestial stranger, cometh she to poise
One moment those strong wings o'er mortals' world,
A moment gaze, then quickly take her flight?
Perchance she comes Love, Joy, and Hope to seek,
In slumber sweet among the dewy flowers,
And on their fragrant pillows drop some gifts
To greet them when they wake at morrow's dawn.

Now that light form touches the soft green turf.
O wondrous creature! I do see thy face,
And I must hide me from that heavenly eye.
'Neath the dark branches of this cypress-tree
I'll shelter me to gaze and watch thy way.
Would I could stay these tears that dim my sight!
Why in that look doth pity mix with peace?
Now sudden from those radiant eyes gush tears.
Oh, can it be that Angels ever weep?
Hark! hark! again that song, "Our God is Love,"
Over and over warbled—"God is Love."
Now that clear eye doth pierce my hiding-place,
And fix upon me yearning, tender gaze.
Oh, never yet such fond and gentle look
On lonely, friendless Sorrow hath been cast.
Those white wings stir the cypress branches now;
That song is sweetly murmured to my ear.
Oh, I must fly! I dare not bide so nigh
An Angel's presence and an Angel's voice.
I'll hide me in that cavern dark and cold
Where oft Despair hath led my bruisèd feet.
E'en now I hear his whisper through the air,
Saying, "Not thine such guest—depart! depart!"
Once more the music of thy mystic song.
One look on thee, sweet Angel. Now I go.

ANGEL.

Oh, Sorrow, Sorrow, wherefore fleest thou?
Nay, stay thy flight; fear not a heavenly friend.
Tarry beside me 'neath this starry sky
While I shall tell my errand to this sphere.
From the celestial world above I come
To seek *thee*, Sorrow, and to bring thee peace.

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BETWEEN DOUBT AND FAITH.

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Repose I'll grant thee, worn and weary one,
Sweeter than Sleep had ever power to give.
I'll wrap my soft wings round thy sore, cold heart,
And shield its wounds and heal their sharpest pain,
And soothe thine ear with music sweeter far
Than softest tones of earthly melody.
By human breast uncherished, thou art dear
In angel's bosom, and these eyes, undimmed
By tear or shadow in the land of light,
Now weep with pity for thy ceaseless pain.
Uncherished mortal, *Faith* would woo thee now—
For such my simple name by God bestowed.
O, Sorrow, pining, lonely child of tears,
Faith yearns to be thy guardian angel now.

SORROW.

Majestic, gentle Faith! sweet falls thy name
On Sorrow's heart as dew on dying flower,
And all its quiv'ring chords are softly soothed
By the strange music of thy heavenly song;
Thy radiant presence makes me lowly bow
In tender rev'rence of celestial form.
Nor would I dare within thine eyes to look
Did not thy gracious kindness make me bold.
But, ah! that *Sorrow* heavenly care should have
I may not bid my friendless soul believe.
Thy presence casts strange spell upon my heart,
But short the sweetness as a bright, brief dream.
Nay, nay, *Despair* doth vigil hold o'er me.
Again his hollow whisper low I hear,
Saying, "Go forth and wander o'er the earth;
Go, sternly bear thy curse, fulfil thy doom."

FAITH.

Oh, Sorrow, Sorrow! Faith would plead with thee
As mortal with a fellow-mortal pleads.
Flee not away, for power to me is given
Above Despair. Shelter thee in my arms,
And I will bid thine every foe depart.

SORROW.

Dear glorious angel Faith, thy tender words
Soften again my heart and stay my feet.
Now breaks again the music of thy song.
Would I *might* lean upon thy breast, and hear
Thy voice so sweet declaring "God is Love"!
Tarry, celestial stranger; go not yet.
Seest thou that form? Hear'st thou that laugh of scorn?

FAITH.

O, Sorrow, tortured child, thou wilt not come
To my safe arms; yet near thee I will bide
To watch thy conflict with thy strongest foe,
Thine enemy and mine. His name is *Doubt;*
His guileful lips will say his name is *Truth.*

DOUBT.

Sorrow, unheeded and unblest of Him
Whose praise delusive Faith so sweetly chants,
I come to thee with power and will to help.
My name is Truth. Nay, shrink not thus away;
For worth not always is by Beauty touched.
Though dark my visage, I am strong and free,
Reason and knowledge boast which Faith hath not.
I hasten here to win thee from the wiles
Of this deceiver fair, and from her strain
Of mocking melody will turn thine ear.
Now hearken while I prove how false her song.
Hath not stern *Thought* oft communed with thy soul
On ways of God to man? With soul on fire,
Hast thou not heard the record long and dark,
How the Creator, when this earth was formed,
Did give it for the fruitful, flowery home
Of the first pair, wedded by his own word,
In sinless bliss, beneath his outspread sky;
Then Satan gave permission to steal in,
And power to tempt those guileless ones to fall.
Who *might* have kept their heart and hand from wrong?
Did He not scan with far, omniscient gaze
Earth's awful fate through countless ages on?
How could the strong eye even of a God
Such vision bear? O Sorrow, canst thou tell?
One instant's glance through that long dreadful scene,
Whose horrors human speech could never paint,
Eternal blindness to thine eye had struck.
I, Truth, in my own native force have dared
With stern yet quailing eye backward to pierce
Through the long ages of Earth's drama past,
And forward to its awful final scene.
Pain is the first, grand element of life.
From those black depths, hid 'neath the sea's soft blue,
Where blood of strife is mingling with the waves,
To bird that perches on the mountain-peak,
Insect and beast have never-ceasing pangs.
And *man*, far nobler, in God's image made,
The verdant plains are fattened by his flesh,
The waters colored by his heart's life-stream;
The lightnings tear his living form asunder
As they do cleave the insensate, barren rock;
The flames consume him as the dead, dry tree.
The elements combine, servants of Death—
Relentless, cruel Death—to wreak stern wrath
Upon man's tortured, bleeding, quiv'ring frame,
And flesh and spirit joined, together faint!
For, oh! the *soul* hath yet more dreadful fate.
Heart bound to heart, and hands together joined,
Death rends apart, and in the black, wet grave,
Where human union finds eternal end,
Where come no sunshine and no summer breath,
Are hid the closed eyes that love lighted once;
On the fair cheek where love its own did press,
The crawling, loathsome worm doth make its bed;
From the sweet lips whence love its honey drew,
The hungry worm derives its daily food.
And, oh! beyond, beyond the awful tomb,
Who shall the soul pursue beyond its bourne,
Unto the sunless land where God reveals
(So tell his saints, with lips unblanched and calm)
That countless spirits dwell in endless pain—
Souls which He formed, and gave immortal breath!
Now I will cease, but first will question thee:
Was it for this the great Creator made
Man in His image—last and noblest work?
Foreseeing his dread doom, *can God be Love?*

SORROW.

Cease! cease thy horrid tale! my tortured soul,
Frantic, bewildered, can endure no more.
Thy words have reason; ah! they seem too just.
Yet stay thy speech; I cannot bear these pangs.

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If thou be Truth, then leave me to my doom,
For Sorrow hath no cure if Faith be false.
O for some dreary desert, void and still,
Where her sweet voice should come not, nor thy voice!

DOUBT.

Nay, come with me and I will do thee good.
I'll press thee closely to my strong, stern breast,
And soon thine own shall be as cold and calm,
And ceasing then to bleed and burn in pain,
Reckless and bravely thou shalt bear thy fate.

SORROW.

Oh, horrid peace! Better were burning pain.
Thou hast but poured fierce coals upon my wounds;
Nor knew I ever anguish such as this
Until I knew thee. Fly from me, I pray;
Leave me to bear my curse silent and lone.

DOUBT.

Yes, I'll depart, nor longer waste my power
On such a puny weakling as thou art.
Reject my lofty reason now, and take
Faith's foolish falsehood to thy feeble brain.

SORROW.

Hark! hark! Again that song, "Our God is Love."
Still Faith doth fold her wings and tarries nigh.
With grieved, sad gaze she wooes me to her side.
Resistless look! I cannot but draw near.

FAITH.

Oh, Sorrow, Sorrow, tempted, weary child!
Alas that thou didst yield to Doubt's fair speech,
Though with deep guile he stole an angel's name!
Earnest give heed while Faith now speaks to thee:
Bright is God's throne, though from thy human sense
'Tis darkly wrapt in veil of mystery.
'Tis not for Faith a light undimmed to shed
On ways of God to man; yet trust my word—
Nay, the eternal, solemn word of God,
Sounding through all the universe—that He is good.
Earth heard it once when 'neath her starry skies
Descending angels sung good-will to men.
Again she heard it 'neath her darkened sun
When the great thrill her rocks and graves did rend—
Ah! heard it in the dying, piercing cry
Of Christ incarnate crucified for man,
Dying to show that surely God is Love!
Man's will is free, though God his sovereign is.
But 'tis not now the seal shall be unloosed
Of that hid mystery yet to be revealed.
Why Sin was born, then gave to Sorrow birth,
It is not thine to know in this low world.
But in that higher sphere from whence I came
Dwelleth a seraph with an eye of light—
My brother Truth. Wing gently touching wing,
Together we have flown through heaven's pure air.
He bideth now above, while I to earth
Am sent to woo thee to my shelt'ring arms,
To bear thee safe, when mortal life is passed,
To our bright home, where he will clear thy mind,
And show thee all the wondrous ways of God,
Where all thy tears shall be forever dried,
And unto thee a new name shall be given.

SORROW.

Majestic, tender Faith! I cannot rise
In firm and peaceful strength to go to thee;
But wilt thou take me, feeble as I am,
Wounded and weary, weak in heart and will,
Tortured by Doubt, still quailing 'neath his eye,
Yet without power to turn my gaze away?
Stay thou the conflict; draw me to thy breast.
To thee I cannot cling; cleave thou to me.

FAITH.

I'll lift thee to my bosom as thou art.
Though faint thy trust, I'll help thy unbelief.

SORROW.

But, oh! if strong, stern Doubt, who fleeth now,
Should come again to tear me from my rest,
How shall I turn me from his power away,
And give deaf ear to words that have seemed just?

FAITH.

Oh, Sorrow, Sorrow! I will succor thee
When thou art tempted by Doubt's wily words;
I'll gently free thee from his mighty spell.
Lie closer, closer to the breast of Faith.
I'll sing to thee the song, *Our God is Love.*

THE CHRISTMAS STORY OF A LITTLE CHURCH.

BY GRACE KING.

IT was a little ugly brick church, and it had been built out of a little ugly brick house—a cheap, made-over concern. There was hardly a new brick, a new nail, or a hodful of new mortar in it. What could possibly be made use of had been left standing. Of what had been torn down, the bricks were cleaned, the mortar pulverized and sifted, and the nails extracted from the joists and beams: such a spirit of economy reigned in the erection that even the broken pieces of slate from the roof were trimmed and put in a pile by themselves, to use, instead of breaking up a new one, to fill up a corner or end a row.

The little Dago girl from the end of the block was the indefatigable observer of it all, as if she wanted to learn the process, and apply it herself too one of these days to the changing of a house of the devil into a house of the good God.

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For that it was a house of the devil no one in the length and breadth of the town had much doubt—one of those consular buildings of a great power which never fails to provide a representative in every town. The village must be very small and insignificant indeed, and blessed, where there are not more than one of these official residents, and the villagers not enterprising, or *progressive*, as the word goes.

The neighbors had complained of the house, the servants had gossiped about it; the very garbage man, looking as if he himself had been fished out of the garbage of humanity for the office, grumbled that he had to add its leavings to the reeking contents of his cart, and when he could, neglected it, thus insuring a further nuisance of odor to the precincts; for, as he reasonably explained to any one who would listen to him, as if corroborating also a questionable fact about himself, half drunk as usual, on account of his profession, "I is a man, if I does drive a dirt cart."

As everything was used in the building which could be used, and very little carried away, and as the former building had been bought at a great bargain, having, it seems, depreciated the value of the land upon which it stood and the tone of the surrounding neighborhood, the conclusion was inevitable to the little girl that God was not investing much money in the affair, perhaps because He had not much to invest. It was a financial condition which she understood better than any other, for the oyster and orange trade slackened at times to a degree where there seemed to be no cohesion left, and Dago life almost hung on one cent more or one banana less to the price, and the street could hardly contain the amount of Sicilian *patois* expended to obtain either, when the little Marianna with her nursling was forced to wander abroad for the ordinary peace and comfort necessary to the human mind, Dago or otherwise. It was in this way she saw so much of the building of the church, and found out that money was as scarce in heaven as on earth.

"When will it begin to be a church?" she questioned herself. The foundations were laid down and the walls went up, but in no manner different from an ordinary dwelling or shop, and nowise more churchly. It was evidently to be a sudden transformation. Afraid of missing the critical moment, she was at her post, a door-step opposite, in rain or shine, as regularly as the bricklayers were at theirs, persistently looking: thanks to the baby's constitution, she could do it. If it had been any other baby it would have died long ago, of croup, or colic, or such great broad teeth, or ennui, or overdieting on bananas; but fortunately there had been no mistake—a regular Dago baby had been sent to the Dago family; one with black hair and black eyes, and an orange skin that grew out of dirt into cleanliness like an orange, and demanded (not that it would have got it for the demand) no expenditure in the way of washing.

"How did the workmen know God wanted a church built?" "Who paid them?" "Who gave them orders?" "Were the workmen who built churches different from the workmen who built Dago houses, for instance?" "Did they feel they were building a church?" "If they didn't build it well, what happened to them?" Marianna's mind was constantly occupied with such interrogatories. It was a *Sicilian* mind, and had not been subjected to the tamperings of education or religion, although public schools offered the one in every district of the city, and churches distributed the other.

Suddenly one day the cross was put upon it, a gray painted wooden cross; and then it became a church as quick as a flash of lightning. One moment before it might have been taken for a warehouse or a tall stable; but now there could be no mistake. The cross said it all, and said it well. It was the crown of thorns which changes the face of a simple sufferer into the face of a Saviour. It was the door-plate which tells who lives within, and the child sanctified the edifice, and, ugly or little, saw not its proportions nor defects henceforth.

As for the church itself, if it had not been a church it must have felt shamed, humiliated, degraded. Not only made of second-hand material, but completed in such niggardly fashion that with the exception of the Dago cabin, the Chinese laundry, and the locksmith's shop, it was the meanest house on the block. The boarding-house opposite was a palace in comparison, the freedmen's drinking saloon at the corner more imposing; as for

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the drinking saloons for the fashionables, on the fashionable street, the papering of one of them alone would have paid for the church and the ground underneath, not to mention the mirrors, pictures, marbles, and cellars.

In fact the little church could look nowhere from the elevation of its cross and not find indeed that, judging from appearances, God was the very poorest person in all that neighborhood. There were club-houses around the corner the initiation fee of which alone was a minister's salary, and beyond the club-houses the grand bric-à-brac shops, the milliners' shops, where the body is clothed and beautified at such a price that the merest trifles on the counter are doubled in value to pay for the grandeur; beyond all this the cross could penetrate and see other expenditures and displays: it is better to imitate the ignorance of the little girl, and not enumerate them. What would become of little girls in a great city if God did not frustrate the devil by limiting their comprehension? for the prince of darkness holds no intercourse with fools.

But the cross did see it all, and the little church, if any knowledge of its pre-existence survived in the brick and timber, must have thrilled with joy to think that the cross stood on top of it at last—stood up there to watch and to see, ay, and be seen too, a sign as well as a symbol of regeneration.

If the church could feel this, and the very wooden cross on top, what must the parson have felt! He was small too, so small that he certainly could not have carried his heart, not one day's work of it, around inside his cassock. He was insignificant-looking, and as pale as a white-washed house which the owners cannot afford to paint. He looked somehow second-hand too, something thrown away from a different use and picked up cheap, a made-over sinner. To judge from his appearance, he also was small recommendation of his employer. Any of the handsome well-dressed gentlemen in the boarding-house opposite would have made more creditable ministers; any of the clerks in the bar-rooms, for bar-rooms are more particular about their ministrants than churches are. Three-fourths of the men who thronged the bar-rooms were better equipped physically even when they came home at night, some of them stumbling against the electric-light poles. As for the clerks in the other shops, they were better dressed and better cared for than the Reverend Herbert Sting, or they would not have been employed there. Even his name was about the poorest and least attractive in all the catalogue of human appellations, as well as the most inappropriate, he having wandered far away from any inheritance of those qualities which made it a complimentary ancestral title. When people had objected to his size, figure, color of his hair, expression of his face, accent, nose, eyes, clothes, and walk, they filed one more protest against the whole business and connection by, if they were women, condemning the incongruous name of Sting. But he did not recognize this in the least. He was as unconscious of the objections against his name as the little Marianna was of the objections against her neighborhood. He pursued his way as indomitably as if he had been called St. Paul or St. Augustine, or the British peerage rifled to celebrate his aristocracy.

We all know, though the little girl did not, whence the money and directions came for the new church building. The primal source, if divine, was a little mixed. The congregation of the parish, through its official mind, the vestry, had gradually found out that their church was simply doing a breaking business; that while the new theatre, started on a venture next door, was paying dividends on its investment, while new and varied shops multiplied and throve all around, while each establishment could pay and did pay for its scores of clerks, its light, full wear and tear, and patronage on the increase, the venerable granite edifice had to confess to a precarious income and a diminishing membership, not in a month fetching as many to a sermon as went in one evening to the ballet, not in a year taking in all its alms-basins as much as went into the till of the least patronized saloon of them all in a month. They could not, do what the financiering vestry would, make the two ends meet, the debt and credit ends, without a break in the middle to sprout out in another cancerous debt. And so the fact was no longer to be disguised that the old church, which had risen out of the early virtues, was slowly sinking under the later vices of the city—sinking as surely as at one time it was believed all stone buildings would sink and disappear in the marshy soil of the place.

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They reduced and reduced the salary of the minister until living within it was a feat of prestidigitation; they lowered and lowered the gas bill until service became an effort of memory; as for fires, the zeal of devotion was all the guarantee the blood could obtain against rheumatism, neuralgia, and catarrh; and then, when these measures had also reduced the congregation and certified the financial failure, they determined to sell the church and transport the proceeds of the whole establishment into a more progressive, enterprising district, to plant their cross where souls would not only come to be saved, but pay for it. As for the vicious souls round about who had neglected their opportunities and obligations, they were to be left quietly behind in the evacuation, to make what terms they could with the enemy.

After a little advertisement and judicious puffing the old church was sold—all sold, with the ground it stood upon; its outfit and its infit too, though this was not mentioned in the deed of transfer. Its consecration, its dedication, the pious will of the old gentleman who had bequeathed the lots to the parish, its memories and associations, its spirits of dead ministers who had read and preached from its pulpit, with the spirits of dead congregations who had sat under them in the pews; the graces strengthened by confirmation, the hungers stilled by the Lord's supper, the marriage troths plighted at the altar, the baptismal vows taken at the font, and the cold dark place in front where the dead rested one moment more in church, amid life, to hear once more the promise of resurrection, ere they went their way to the tomb to await its fulfilment—all sold, with the roofing and flooring and guttering, the glass and slate and gas fixtures.

"Sold out of house and home on account of failure in business," the Saviour like any one else.

Walking around the banquette which had once encircled the church, day after day, night after night—for the spot had a fascination for him—the Reverend Herbert had strange thoughts and fancies, particularly at night, the unreal thoughts and fancies that spring from unknown seed in the virgin soil of a young mind.

"Did not the stars hanging so low over the low flat city, threatening to fall with their weight and brightness into it—did not the stars miss the tall square steeple which thrust itself up amongst them, and made of them jewels to ornament its weather-beaten head? And the morn, shedding its benefaction of light over all buildings alike, good and bad, humble and rich, did it, in the monotonous expanse of roofs and chimneys, look for the peaks and gables which it must have been a delight to gild and beautify? It had caught the first rays of the sun rising damp and red from the marsh, and received the last as the great fire-ball sank hot and dry into the river. The atmosphere which had been ploughed by the vigorous bell, it had closed in over the space, and rippled with many sounds and noises, but none which could have rejoiced it like the brazen clang which seemed to dissipate the clouds of rainy Sundays and dominate the violent thunder.

The little minister could always see the church, however, a ghastly airy structure, hovering over the old foundations in purified resurrection, and he loved to think he could see, though he knew he could not, the figure of the ancient proprietor, wandering around his alienated domain incognito, like some deposed, ill-treated heir, without rancor, but in all love and forgiveness looking after those interests connected with his property, those entailed possessions which could not be sold or bartered without his consent: a little singing beggar girl, a gambling newsboy, a desperate woman, or an unprincipled man—the outcast, the cripple, the inebriate. Wherever he imagined this white-clad, barefooted visitor going, there went Herbert. He bent over what he saw Him bend over, he touched what he saw Him touch, he spoke what he heard Him utter. He accompanied Him into places where none but He and the police could go with impunity, and he ministered with Him at times when no police could have been paid to remain. He never faltered in thought or deed. In truth, if all the wickedness in the world had been stored for deposit in Herbert's heart, he could not have known more about it, been less shocked at it, and if he himself had invented all loathsome diseases of the soul and body, he could not have more readily applied the antidote or suggested the alleviation.

In the delirium of agony sufferers would sometimes take him, the accessory, for the principal, and so hail and bless him, not-

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withstanding the contradiction of his threadbare clothes and homely features.

As he saw the old church pulled down, the idea came to Herbert that another one must be built in the place of it. The idea came not only to him, but to all those who could not afford to ride in the cars to the desirably progressive locality selected by the vestry; to all those who had attached themselves like cats to the old locality, for romantic reasons, over which they, like cats, have no control; to all the constitutional kickers against authority, civil or religious; to all lukewarm enemies or lukewarm friends of the empirical vestry; to the Sunday-school children who felt perhaps, and were, more aggressive than all. The idea came to a sufficient variety and number to warrant co-operation in an effort, and the effort was sufficiently vigorous to bring from an idea into being the identical little church of this story.

It is almost as much labor to destroy as to build a church. They could not shoot it down with cannon, they could not burn it down in the good old way. The carpenters did the best they could with peaceable instruments and peaceable hearts, reversing the natural order of their profession, travelling down from the topmost spire of the steeple, prizing out posts, chiselling out bricks, brick by brick, down to the foundation. The first tap of the hammer sounded to poor Herbert like a slap on a dead giant's face.

It was all so solid, so massive, the plan was so perfect, the materials so good, the workmanship so honest! If it had only been a prosperous church it might have lasted ages. Nothing would totter, nothing would fall, nothing would even shake itself loose; it was a unanimous position of resisting protest, passive stability: "I can be destroyed, but I cannot surrender."

At last it was all taken down, and the dismembered parts buried, contractors only knew where, second-hand stuff from churches fetching no higher price than from any other edifice. The space was cleared and swept, and with bright new material a grand circus was erected in it, a show and a wonder to the banquette idlers. The ring was described in what had been the body of the church, the trapezes hung from the ceiling, the orchestra sat in the old altar. Through the doors on the side, where surpliced boys and ministers used to march singing, the horses pranced and clowns tumbled and velocipede girls whirled. A grand novelty circus, so it was, a magnificent circus, and patronized by such numbers that managers and performers were not only paid, but munificently paid, and were making a happy fortune out of it. So much so that if the church people had only had the wit to do themselves that which they had sold out for others to do, they would have been able to construct a grand cathedral in the new fashion locality, and paid people well for attending it.

The circus was octagonal, with arched sides, and under every arch were places of attractive resort of all kinds, and so attractive that at night frightened inhabitants screamed, whistled, rattled in vain for policemen, until some volunteer would hasten thither and fish the officer of justice out of one of the octagonal rooms, as surely as a boy in spring-time fishes larvæ out of a wasp's nest.

The minister thought many a time what a miraculous draught St. Peter would make again if he could but cast his net over the whilom place of worship!

When the little Dago girl had nothing more to look at, when walls, roof, floor, and cross were in place, pews carried in, shavings and blocks carried out, workmen dismissed, she naturally concluded that the church was completed and ready for the abode of Him to whom it belonged. She knew no more of the inside workings of a church than of the inside workings of a clock, and Herbert was very little wiser than the child, for it was his first church. The quantity of springs and machinery necessary was enough to surprise and confuse a tyro. The ladies came in, from whence neither he nor any one else could tell; they swarmed about the church like insects about sugar, only they possessed organization. By authority of what tradition, by order of what transmissions or laying on of hands, in what version of the Testament, Old or New, they read their title and commission, or whether they had any authority, divine or human, for it at all, whether the whole legislation was not an unwarranted act of assumption, Herbert did not question or investigate the matter. He quietly submitted, and with his church bowed under the guild to whose mysterious care the parish had by occult power been confided.

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The guild was composed of chapters, and the chapters were so numerous that every active worker was fractionally represented in them, to look after some fractional division of the church, the service, and the minister. It takes a very large church to woman all its chapters, and provide meeting-places for them. Judge how the little church was taxed for both, when they all came together, condensed as it were, on special occasions: Building, Altar, Vestment, Choir, Library, Sunday-school, Industrial School, Mission, Visiting chapters, with presidents, vice-presidents, secretaries, treasurers, and members. They atoned for the smallness of their number by the multitude of their opinions; they represented not a volume, but a library of dissenting sentiments worthy the greatest church in the land. There were just about days enough in the week to contain the meetings, and none left over for pacification, except Sunday, which grew in importance as a kind of "Truce of God," without which church business would have been an unfinished story. For instance, whoever crossed Mrs. Bunnyfeather in the Altar Chapter, crossed the secretary of the Choir, the president of the Visiting, the treasurer of the Sunday-school, and the vice-president of the Library chapters, and broke a quorum in all the other chapters. And when Mrs. Goodenough (which is a name the constitution should forbid) was made to weep by unkind remarks over the laundrying of the Reverend Herbert's one vestment—a shrunken, narrow, transparent surplice—parliamentary rules were suspended by acclamation until the sensitive lady was soothed and the remarker rebuked, for it was an early Monday morning, and never a meeting could have been held during the week. After he had learned by practice and discipline to steer clear of organizations, the young minister found that he could not walk from portal to pulpit without tripping against individual solicitude. The motherly ones were always there to tender advice, the sisterly ones to ask it, and poor as he was pecuniarily, and thin and miserable to look at, there was not a mother among them who did not accuse some other mother of trying to catch him for a daughter, and not a sister whose heart did not occasionally beat with ill feeling against some other sister on account of him.

But though to the pastor they all appeared to be pulling in as many different directions as there were names in the chapters, the general tendency was forward, and the church was jerked and pulled and tugged along through October, November, and into December without more than one serious stalling a week, and a jar a day. If they had not been women, and the man a Herbert, it would have jolted into some big rut and staid there forever, a wreck on time, and never have reached December at all, not to speak of Christmas Eve.

The little Marianna had changed her position. She had crossed over the street, and now sat with the baby in her arms in a corner of the stone steps. Sheltered from the rain, there was little cold to dread; the bright blue sky overhead was as Sicilian as her own hair and features. She silently watched the entrances and exits of the young priest, as she called him, the assembling and disbanding of the various yet unvaried committees, theorizing perhaps on the passers-by, who seemed to be arbitrarily separated in kind and degree by the different hours of the day, and walked along in their different costumes on their different avocations as if fulfilling some predestined fate rather than individual volition. The passers-by must have theorized about her. Immovably constant, she was to them as fixed in her place as if she had been built there with the church, or sculptured and set up for ornament. A pretty ornament, and not inappropriate, for she had the proper turn of the neck, the proper droop of the shoulders, the sweet, modest, soft eyes, and the proper clasp of the arms around an infant which God has given to her nation that sculptors might have a model, that painters might paint, and mankind know the portrait of the Madonna.

The young priest sat almost as immovably in-doors when the church business was all transacted, the chapters all gone, and he and the good Lord were in the way of no one, except Mrs. Bunnyfeather, who worried over his conduct, thinking it altogether inexplicable, if not improper, not to mention Romanistic, necessitating a new chapter—Ministerial Conduct.

One evening in December, at the time when the sinking sun made rainbows through the western windows, and his thoughts travelled easiest the heavenward journey, a woman rushed up the aisle of the church to the altar, a pale,

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wild-eyed woman, holding a bundle in her arms.

"Will you christen her, sir?—will you christen her? For God's sake christen her, to save her soul!" She held the bundle toward him, and began to untie, unwind, untwist it, with fingers all disobedient and astray as to their proper vocations, and so slow that her feet began to give way, and she would have fallen on her hopelessly entangled bundle if he had not caught it with one hand, while with the other he eased her to the ground.

"I'm only dizzy, sir—I'm only dizzy and weak. I've just been discharged from the Charity Hospital."

She lay back against the steps of the altar and closed her eyes. Shade after shade of gray and blue pallor palled over her thin, pinched features. Her long limbs lay stiff and straight under her calico gown, as they had lain under the sheets of her cot at the hospital. As she vibrated back and forth in and out of unconsciousness her cheek sank wearily against the step, as if it were a soft pillow, or turned away, repulsed by the coldness of the timber. She did not attempt to rise or to look at him, but talked along dreamily, almost deliriously.

"The Sisters would have christened her, but I wouldn't let them. They would have put her in one of their asylums. The Sisters would have christened her, and put her in an asylum. The Sisters—"

She became conscious of the repetitions of her tongue, and by a struggle raised herself to a sitting posture, and relieved her thoughts.

There is no telling how old a sick woman is. As she lay on the ground she looked weazened and shrivelled; yet her way of hiding her face in her arm, and her petulant opposition, were very childish.

"There's no need for her to be damned too, is there, sir?"

The face that looked out from the shawl was as old as the mother's, and so red and wrinkled, and with such an unpromising outlook for the soul, that the minister felt he could assume the responsibility of a decided negative.

"They said she was a fine child; I'm sure she's very pretty; don't you think so, sir?" There was a huge stone font which the guild had begged from a pious stonecutter. It was as large as a child's bathtub, and not unlike one in shape, a font in which babies by the half-dozen could have been immersed. And there was a small pitcher of water which the kind old colored sexton daily placed in a corner of the choir for the minister's refreshment. As careless of the ritual as the Saviour had been before him, in all his ceremonies, ignoring the printed requirements of his prayer-book and trespassing against ecclesiastical etiquette in almost every word and gesture, Herbert administered the rite, humbly praying on his own behalf, at the end of it, that the good Lord would stand by him on the last day, when his bishop, before which dignitaries ministers like Herbert are the worms of the earth, should find out the full irregularity of the proceeding.

"What is her name?" he asked, not in the formal conventional tone, for he did not venture to bring the dignity of the Church into the transaction; it was only a matter of a fortnight-old soul, between the Lord and himself.

The woman had risen. He saw now that she was really young, and had been pretty.

"Oh, sir," with a twist of her head, "do you think Daisy would be too good for her? Daisy is such a beautiful name. I read about a Daisy once in a novel."

Decidedly she was very young. He christened her Daisy, and cast about for some saint with whom he might take a liberty. He remembered his mother, a saint, though not in the calendar; her name was Elizabeth; so he made up "Daisy Elizabeth," and for what an informal baptism was worth the little child in his arms lay indebted.

"I can carry her now, sir; I was only a little weak; I should have left the hospital yesterday; my time was up; but the Sisters wouldn't let me. It was raining, so they made me stay one day longer."

She was standing right in a rainbow, looking through the colors, younger and younger, prettier and prettier; the church was already beginning to get dark in the corners.

"The Sisters were very kind; they would have put her— But I was an asylum girl myself."

Oh, the mother-lack and the father-lack in that plaintive confession! It sounded through the little church like a wail from all the sun-bonneted, uniformed little girls foredoomed to heart misery. She turned, and with uncertain feet, unaccus-

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tomed to her light weight, went out of the church.

It was a fiction of his imagination, and he knew it; but if the good Lord had been there, He would have followed her, would have taken the young woman under the arm and conveyed her to a sure, comfortable retreat, just as Herbert thought he saw Him do, just as Herbert did himself.

There were questions to be asked, information statistically useful to be obtained. As a clergyman he was empowered to satisfy his curiosity; but he had none. Why should he surmise sixteen instead of knowing it? why steadfastly overlook her marriage finger?—who she was?—what she was?—a little woman with a child—a new mother in the world with a pathetic body staggering from the ordeal, and a heart so carefully, so femininely concealed.

She walked rapidly, trying to look business-like, trying to deceive people. But the white women they met looked their comments; the black ones uttered theirs coarsely with laughter, glad to find a flattering equality of vice; and the men—she shrank and winced at every one that passed, clinging more and more helplessly to the arm that supported her.

The sun, as usual, had saved cityfuls of warmth and brightness for Christmas week, and was up bright and early Christmas Eve, eager to commence the donation. In the gardens the bushes had still a reserve stock of flowers all ready to blossom out when the sun gave the signal. May must have effected a change with December; for if ever a bright, joyous, exhilarating, bouncing May rushed in, rosy and laughing, amongst the months of the year with exaggerations of warmth, show, glitter, sunshine, and blue sky, that month, or week of it, came on the 24th of December to a certain city, and fell all in a heap around a certain church. The largesses of nature were imitated, if not surpassed, by the people. All the poor had to do was to name their *menu* for Christmas dinner, and they got it, and the older, the poorer, the uglier, the more disreputable, the more certainty of getting it. Christmas trees sprouted in every asylum, and if ever orphans had occasion to forget the loss of parents they had it that night. Sunday-schools, yielding and consenting, finally embraced foolishness, and spent money hoarded for foreign missions on cakes, candy, and lemonade for the heathen at home. Santa Claus was expected ubiquitously in all the hospitals in the city at once, and anticipation thwarted anodynes in the children's wards. The generous gave until they almost destroyed all prospects for future giving; the mean and stingy gave; even the rich and fashionable gave. The commercial exchanges all gave, and the clubs almost got a majority in favor of the annual motion for a grand newsboys' dinner. The butchers sent complimentary roasts, the grocers cordials, the confectioners bonbons, to their customers. From the city went oysters, oranges, and good wishes to the country; the country responded also with eggs and monstrous turkey-gobblers. There may have been some unfortunates who did not receive, but there were none who did not yield to the season, climate, and the prodigality of their natures by giving. If there were any babies born on Christmas Eve—and there must be some, for it is said they are born half-minutely all over the world—and if they had any recollection whatever of the blessed kingdom, they must have stifled their sharp birth-cry of disappointment, pain, and regret, for this spot of earth was so full of good-will, so bright, so redolent of flowers and peace, that they could not have been otherwise than glad to come here.

"But," thought Herbert, walking his beat from the old church to the new, "the reachings of money are limited. There are other wants that need other currency. Empty hearts may be hung like empty stockings on Christmas trees this night which no Santa Claus is coming to fill—the mother who sits by an empty cradle, the husband who stretches out his arms in the dead of night for his absent wife, and the wife swathing her bleeding heart in widow's weeds. The old pensioners, looking around vainly in their eleemosynary shelter for comrade, kith and kin, to pass the feast-night, chide death for tarrying. The old maid, my cousin Ruth, who sits in a grudging home sewing for another's children, who mock at her loneliness and lovelessness, sees, alas! the vision of her own children that might have been! And the old bachelor sitting in his club window, drinking whiskey and water to keep up his spirits and frighten away the ghosts of the past: the realities of the present, his sordidness, meanness, selfishness, what

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exorcism did he exercise against them? An asylum boy or a sick child in the hospital is happier on Christmas Eve than he!"

Night had fallen as low as it could over the broad brilliant street. The tall electric-light poles held the darkness aloof like a canopy over the saturnalia. The deep narrow shops from under their beetling galleries gleamed out Golconda splendors. In the show-windows jewels and precious metals, brocades and laces, pictures, porcelains, fans, feathers, and crystals, were displayed as mere advertisements of the greater beauties within. Violets, roses, and jasmines mingled their fragrance on the flower corner, and almost beautified—so sweet and fresh they were—the withered, faded faces of their venders, the flower girls of half a century ago. The banquettes held their usual kirmess of nations: white, black, yellow, in rags, in silks, in velvets, old, young, middle-aged, handsome and hideous, and a Babel of tongues, which taxed the versatility of the noisy itinerant peddlers, who had brought a new stock of wares, impudence, and wit for Christmas Eve.

Christmas was setting in in earnest, the tropical, maddening, typical Christmas of the place; Christmas that comes but once a year, to make good the long, dull, hot days of summer; to defy the chill, pleasureless days of old age; to remind young and old of the shortness of life and the sweetness of it. The horn-blowing had commenced too—all sorts of horns, blown by all sorts of lips. Great horns borne on the shoulders of tall men, bestridden by manikins, and blown by a united effort; little horns tooted by street ragamuffins, impudently blown in the faces or maliciously blown in the ears of the dignified and unwary. Horns by scores, by fifties, by hundreds, matching the lights by their multitude, involving ears as well as eyes in their confusion. Joyous, melancholy, melodious, and discordant horns; horns that produced tunes, and horns that were barren of all but noise; exciting, fretting, whipping up the blood, kindling it like tinder, sending it off in screams and explosions like the fire-crackers that danced on the streets under the horses' feet. The subtle nocturnal influences, the excitation of money-spending, the delicious consciousness of losing self-control, the extravagances, the unrestricted expressions, the hilarity, the equalities, the friction of humanity, the grotesque banquette procession, where out of strange faces gleamed eyes bright with incipient contagion of vicious blood: Christmas with a latent symptom of orgy in it.

Herbert looked not above for the aerial spires of the old church, nor about on the Vision which usually guided his steps; it was not His hour yet. He hastened on and around the corner, and reached his own little church. His hand was on the door to close it. "Should every house be open and hospitable on this His birth-night and not His own sanctuary? Who am I, that I should selfishly be His only guest?" He propped it wide open, as if for service, and entered the gray gloom inside. The electric light over the way threw a mild radiance up the aisle to the steps of the chancel, garnished for the morrow's feast.

The labors of all the committees of ladies had ended, and so, he hoped, had their wranglings over the decorations. The wranglings were not to be charged to their discredit, for the excitement of the day was upon them, and the vexing contrast between the poverty of their own and the wealth of other churches. Their hearts (foolish women's hearts) hankered after possibilities beyond attainment, their spirits grieved over the acute disappointment of what could not be, and their tongues became partisans and disseminators of discontent. If the motto had been "Discord and Ill-will," instead of the contrary, it would have been far more appropriate to the state of mind which pervaded the discussions as to where it should be hung.

He had a lamp in the choir and books for evenings when he felt inclined to pursue the vast science of theology, of which he was lamentably ignorant. To-night he waited until his eyes had become accustomed to the quieting obscurity, and his ears delivered of the noisy abandonment of the street sounds. It was not to be denied that the preparations were meagre, hardly less so than those on the original night in the stable. Nothing but greens and mosses from the swamp, to be got at the small expense of hiring a cart to haul them in. They garlanded the rails and table and desk and the huge font, which resembled, indeed, a veritable manger. The dimly transparent windows, three on each side, piercing the

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thick walls, looked with their pendent wreaths like marble tablets with funereal cypress memorials to the dead. The effect would not have been festal were it not for the star. It shone over the altar on a shield of green—the donation and triumph of Mrs. Goodenough, the humiliation of Mrs. Bunnyfeather. A beautiful star (frosted with some glistening powder), a white, radiant, diamond star, a gleaming spirit star, a silvery effigy of the joyous living ones in the heavens outside, shining on its green shield as if from the cavernous mouth of some subterranean mystery. For it did shine and gleam and glisten in the dark damp church for all the world as its celestial prototype shone and gleamed and glistened in the East above the trackless desert to the astonished eyes of watching shepherds. Whether helped thereto by unseen celestial sources or by some reflected, refracted contribution from outside electricity, or whether it burned with an effulgence cleverly contrived by Mrs. Goodenough, it was the star's own secret where the illuminating power came from; and the eloquence, too, with which it spoke to the little minister, speaking as it spoke nineteen centuries ago, driving him to his knees as it drove the shepherds to their feet, forcing him to bow his head and hide his face in the moist, odoriferous leaves of the chancel rail.

"Out of the night,
Into the light,
Star of Bethlehem, lead!"

A band of negro singers paused on the steps outside, trying their voices together before starting on their Saturday night round, stringing their improvised rhymes to suit the occasion, carelessly hitting or missing the sense to satisfy sound, the accordion playing an interminable pulsating accompaniment.

"Out of the soil,
Out of the toil,
Star of Bethlehem, lead!"

The weird, thrilling falsetto, a ventriloquial voicing of a distant woman's plaint, griped the heart like a spasm. Fainter and fainter they sang, marching away, keeping step down the street, trailing the tune after them long after the words were swallowed up in the blare of horns, the fusillade of fire-crackers, and the indistinct murmur of tumult that surged and rolled like a near tempest.

"Let us stand in here, Harry; I can tell you better. There's such a din out there. It's a church—the little church."

A woman led the way in, more at home, as women are, in churches. She caught him by the hand and drew him up the aisle, in the path of light, out of danger of overhearing or being seen from the street.

"It's a church, but God knows we mean no harm or disrespect." She had the soft accent of English that has grown alongside of French. She barely came up to his shoulder—not that she was so small, but he was so tall. He had length, breadth, and strength in him for two men.

"Well, what is it, Janey?"

His low voice was rich and sweet with love and premature concession. He must have taken both her hands in his while he said it.

"No, no, Harry; don't touch me. I—"

Now that the time was come, she did not know how to begin it. Should she begin it at all? How sweet not to! To go on and on in uncertainty, but in love, to vacillate another fortnight, and then another, to temporize!

"Is it about to-morrow, Janey?"

"Yes, Harry." She was more resolute than her voice. "I want to tell you I can't; indeed I can't. You must give me back my word; I cannot keep my promise."

"Janey! Janey! are you in earnest?"

"It's no use, Harry; I've tried and tried. I thought I would be able to do my duty to both; but it's no use. I made up my mind to-day, and Christmas is as good a time as any. When I saw everybody to-day so pleasant and happy—ah, me!" She stopped a moment. "It's been before me for some time. To go away from the children now is simply to give them over to the bad; the only chance for them to be better is for me to stay with them. I've waited and waited with hope and courage; I'm at the end of both; and I thought that Louisa one day would make an effort; but she has less thought, less industry, than ever. I thought that father would— The boys, I mean—the boys are getting worse and worse. Never a day but I expect to be called home by some dreadful messenger, ever since Johnnie was run over by the dummy. They curse; they smoke; they run the streets from morning till night; they will not go to school; they will not

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do anything but hang around the corner groceries and theatres. It will be drinking next, I suppose; and gambling and pistols and knives, if not the gallows at the end!"

"Why, Janey, Janey, little woman!"

"No, Harry. The time has come for me to do something about it. I fear I have not done my duty. It rises before me at night, when I go to bed, that it might all have been different. Instead of working out, I should have worked at home. My thoughts go too much to you; they should all go to them. How can I think of leaving them forever! Who would feed them? Who would look after them? What would become of them? What would become of my peace of mind?"

"Bring them all with you, Janey! bring them all with you!"

"No, Harry; you know I cannot; I will not do that. Besides, there's father. There's only one thing to do. I must give up trying to do two things. God has settled my life for me. He has put those children in my charge, and father. And, Harry, you must find some one else to be your wife, some one who can bring more to you than I—more heart, more time, more youth, more beauty, less disgrace and shame. If it had been different! Harry, it is harder on me than on you! Harry, Harry, you should help me out!"

She would not let him touch her, but all the time her hands were holding fast to his arms, to his hands, travelling over the front of his coat.

He did not help her out at all; listening to her speech in dull, dazed silence.

"Instead of getting married to-morrow as I promised, we must part; and—and it is better I should never see you again." Through the incoherence of mind and thought there was a driving determination in her mind which urged her on with desperate recklessness of the pain in her heart and the pain in his. "May God keep and bless you, Harry! and may some other woman love you as I do, and be to you what I cannot!" She raised herself on tiptoe, and put her hands up to his face, her fingers sinking in his soft bushy beard. She pulled him down to her, seeking his lips in the dark with her lips, and kissed him once, twice.

"Janey! Janey! If you throw me off, you throw me to the devil!"

"Harry! Harry!" she screamed; "don't, don't say that!"

She put her arms out again toward him; he was gone. "Harry!" She ran out of the church after him, down the steps, up the street; he was nowhere to be seen. She crossed from one side street to the other, looking for the tall, straight, burly figure. She heard a step behind her, and paused; it sounded familiar; she had to press her hands down over her beating heart.

"My pretty one!"

She struck at the proffered hand and leering, unknown face. "If Harry were only there to protect her!"

In her flight from insult she instinctively abandoned her search, and breathless, trembling, flew homeward.

Harry had only turned aside in the vestibule, avoiding her in the dark as she ran after him. He came back into the church, and sat on a bench.

He knew so little about women, though he knew and loved one.

He bent his head down on his crossed arms, swaying his body from side to side under the mastery of passion which took the form of ungovernable rage, and swept all his reticence away.

"Curse it all!—all!—her father, her family—throw me off!—like a dog!—pretend to love me! Lies! lies! lies! I'll make her repent! I'll—"

A light touch fell on his shoulder. It was not Janey, although it was a figure not any larger, a voice fully as soft and tender.

"Harry," said the minister—he knew no other name to call him by—"I heard it all, and—"

"I don't care who heard it! I don't care if the whole city heard it, from Carrollton to the Barracks!"

"Hush! you have forgotten she told you this was a church."

"I'll leave it. What did she bring me here for? I'll get out of it. I'll go on the street."

"Will you go after her?"

"I go after her? I speak to her? May God— I'll cut her on the street! I never want to lay eyes on her again! I'll disgrace her! I'll drink, I'll—"

He could think of nothing more certain to hurt her than injury to himself.

"I'll go to the devil! Oh, she'll regret it! She'll repent it!"

"Why should she do it?"

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"Why! why! I know why. They've bedeviled her and pestered her at home till she's 'most crazy. They've worked her till she's got no heart, body, nor soul left. They've dragged her down and down till her pride is gone, and she's ashamed even of me. Some of the brats have done something—the devil himself isn't up to more rascality than they—or her old daddy has gone on another spree, been locked up, or kept her up all night abusing her. Her wages are used up, and this Christmas Eve, when all the world is a-pleasuring and frolicking, she must go home and sew till daylight to buy bread and meat for them. It's—it's—" His temper rose with a sudden bound. "Is't a hell, this world?—the whole world?"

The pews shook under the stroke of his clinched fist.

"You love her, then?" Herbert alone knew whether it were a question or a logical conclusion in his own mind.

"Love her? I swear to you, sir, as God Almighty hears me, I never loved any woman on earth but her, and she knows it. I never shall love any other woman. I ain't given to talking about it. I couldn't even tell her. There's no one knows it or understands it but myself. If I were to think of it, sir, I wouldn't work another lick. She isn't pretty, and she doesn't look young any more, and she's worked to a shadow; but God knows, if I was on my death-bed, and life would be given me to marry the prettiest girl in the world and not her, I'd turn my face to the wall and die. I want her! I want her!"

His face went again into his arms.

"And to think she could throw me off like a dog! I might just as well go and jump into the river. It's the end of it all. It is not the look that is in her, sir." He was up again and talking. "It is the look about her. It's the pale face and the sad eyes; it's the poor, thin, tired little body I want to ease. It's her little slim feet I want to hold tight and still in my one hand. It's her little mite of hands I want to give a holiday to." He could feel her little hands passing over his face, her fingers in his beard; the tears gushed in his eyes. "I wish I was dead and buried and out of it all."

"It would be different," he continued, after a silence—the minister was so motionless at his side it was the same as talking to himself—"It would be different if I thought she was going to be happy, or comfortable, or anything like; but my mules—I drive a float, sir—have a better time than her. From morning till night she's going on not enough fodder to keep a bird, and not as much ease and peace as a penitentiary convict. Her father's a sot, that's all. They used to be very respectable and high-minded before he took to drinking. He worked in a cotton-press. There seems to be no end to his sinking now; it would be a God's mercy if he would drown in a gutter, or be knocked over by some of his drunken gang. I wonder she don't take to drink too! If I were a woman with as little chance as her I would. But no, she'll work and work and kill herself—and that will be the end of it all. They've been at her again; they've had a scene; I could see she'd been crying. She doesn't know what to do, so she flings me over, the only friend she's got in God's wide world. And that ain't going to make it easier, as she thinks. It will kill her. Mule nature couldn't stand it, let alone woman nature.

"I'd fixed it all. We were to go off somewhere to-morrow and get married without any one knowing it. I was afraid they'd get at her—the children. I've told her over and over again I'd take care of the children like—like children of my own." He stammered, for the comparison with him had ceased to be conventional. "Good for nothing as the children are, she loves 'em as if she were their mother, and his own wife wasn't as patient with him as she is with that whiskey barrel of a father of hers. I 'ain't got any use for him, and she can't help seeing it; that's what hurts her. She ought to have had the best and proudest father in this city, that's a fact; and God ought to have done better by her.

"Great Scott! to go around all day Christmas with the feeling in my heart that Janey was my legally married wife! My sweet, sad, tired, dainty bit of a Janey! And no one know it—not a soul—until evening came and time to go home. 'Janey, my wife, come home!' Paradise would have been a fool to this earth then; and if any man would have dared say it wasn't a merry Christmas, I'd have knocked him down. Yes, sir, I would. It's all ready and waiting for her—my little shanty. I haven't slept in my room

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since she promised me; I was afraid of soiling or mussing something. I've slept out in the stables with the mules. I own two teams, sir; six of the finest mules in the city, and have paid for them too, every cent. I'll never sleep in that room again. I'll eat and drink and sleep with the mules the rest of my life; and this is the last bit of paper that will ever carry the name of Harry Farren to marry any woman!"

He pulled the license out of his pocket, and would have torn it, but Herbert took it out of his hand.

"Out of the sin,
Out of the din,
Babe of Bethlehem, lead!"

The singers had increased their following. A battalion's tread resounded on the pavement. The rhymes taken up from the front were repeated down the line, falling off with the squeaking mimicry of gamins' voices, out of hearing and jurisdiction of the accordion.

"....You want to go to the devil this night? The devil, no doubt, will give you opportunities enough.

"Out of the dust,
Out of the lust,
Babe of Bethlehem, lead!"

A shout hailed the locally and timely successful hit of the couplet; the contribution of a stentorian basso was sung with continued and deafening satisfaction.

Harry, nevertheless, could hear what the minister said, faint and low as the tones were. If it had been of a Sunday or daylight, and from pulpit to congregation, he might have recognized it as a sermon; the disguise now, by time and circumstances, was so complete that at the end of it he stepped into the street unconscious that he had been quietly and obediently listening to one.

However deficient in morality, even according to the naturally lenient statement of their eldest sister, the little Wiggenses were not to any perceptible degree wanting in intelligence where their own interests were concerned. They did not expect Santa Claus, like the sun, to smile on the just and unjust alike; indeed, their own past Christmas-treeless experience gave the lie to such an expectation, but they did hope this year to manage, or, as they put it, "get ahead of him." As he only came once a year and staid but a short while, they determined to test their strength and his perspicacity by a short, sharp trial of goodness. With handsome munificence, they cancelled from their minds all remembrance or even knowledge of past naughtinesses, calculating that by conduct superlatively exemplary for one night and day they would refute for once, if not for all, the calumny of the neighbors, who persisted that the "Wiggenses didn't know what good was," and render themselves worthy candidates for those largesses which they understood fell only to the obedient and pious. Their devices to this end were varied and endless.

Johnnie—called "Tippie"—whose foot had been amputated by the dummy, that special rewarder of bad boys, took the initiative. He begged, entreated, commanded, that he should be tied in bed, tied with a borrowed clothes-line, and so restrained from hopping around on the floor on his one foot, to the killing amusement of his sister and six brothers, and the exasperation of the unfortunate young practitioner who attended him—an individual who had far more charity than brains. Johnnie also requested and instructed them to put a head on him at the first indication of gab on his part to the old stick-in-the-mud doctor, and called them all to witness that they might depose when the time came that since that morning he had not loosened the bandages to see how the stump was getting on himself, or to show them, though he assured them they might beg him on their knees to do it. And the brothers and sisters were not to be outdone, though it went hard with them, for every day it was funnier in virtue of new original impromptu variations. Instead of hiding behind doors to squeak and scratch and whisper "Rats" when the young man made his appearance, asking him, when he went, about his "ma," requesting a loan of five dollars, or a cigar for a light, pinning fragments of newspaper to his coat tails, and calling "Extra!" behind him down the street, or by opposition show and variety dancing behind his back frustrate his attempts to gain Johnnie's attention—instead of this daily performance, which, as noted, was never more delightful, they wished the doctor "good-morning" with such decorous politeness of tone and manner, were so successful in their hypocrisy generally, that the poor young fellow, having the infection of the day upon him, went directly from the house to

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a fruit stand, and bought all the oranges, apples, and bananas he could not afford, ordering them to be delivered in sure secrecy and mystery the next morning, that Santa Claus, the scapegoat of other people's generosity, should get the merit of it. And more recklessly still, he opened a credit, on what assets he alone knew, and bought a crutch, which was also to be delivered anonymously to Johnnie. He was a country lad, and had not quite learned city ways yet.

Time never fell so heavy on the hands of the Wiggenses before; they found good days much harder to fill than naughty ones; in fact, there was no comparison between the ease of finding occupation for the one and for the other. The *short* and merry life of the wicked is only a figurative expression.

Janey's little cupboard of a room was always securely locked against them, but their own apartment offered as fair a field for reform as for depredation. They swept and dusted it, not once, but a score of times, until the borrowed broom was recalled and a renewal of the loan peremptorily refused. They washed their faces and combed their hair for months in advance. They tied and retied Johnnie in his bed, each one separately, according to some new individual idea of comfort and security, in such high good-humor all the time, laughing and shouting with such boisterous hilarity, that they made themselves, if possible, more annoying than ever to the neighborhood. Long as the day was, it was undeniably drawing to a close. Louisa, the eldest of this set of Wiggenses (Janey belonged to a long-forgotten first wife), had bethought herself at the last moment of washing her frock. It was done standing, the dirty spots all around the skirt; and now, being energetic in any undertaking, the basin being handy, and the water and soap, she had just completed the same satisfactory task for her hair. She stood in the centre of the room shaking her long, dripping red locks over the floor, forgetting her object in fascination of the elegant variegated pattern which, with a little care, she could design all over the dusty surface. They had had an idea of scrubbing the floor at one time, but now rejoiced over the abandonment of it.

"Make it go round and round like shells, sis," suggested Bobbie, in envious admiration.

"No. I tell you, diamonds, diamonds is the prettiest. It's too dry; go get some more water on it."

"Pshaw! now it's too wet."

"You ought to hire yourself out for a waterin'-can, sis."

"Or a whitewash brush."

"A yellow-wash brush you mean." Johnnie always was the wittiest of all.

"It must feel funny to have all that stuff on your head."

"Suppose a horse had his tail tied on his head?"

"Let's cut it off, sis—eh? Just to see how you look without it."

"Geewhillikins! I could laugh till I bust. Janey she thinks I'm smoking cigar stumps round by the Academy, just 'cause she told me particular not to."

Bobbie swaggered up and down, smoking an imaginative cigar stump, his hands under an imaginary coat tail.

"I reckon she's traipsing round now, looking for me everywhere." Louisa swung and switched her hair superciliously. "She seems to think I can't never stay at home."

"She'll just keel over when she sees me a-lyin' here all tied up," said Johnnie, pulling himself together to make his bonds tighter, glancing down at the immaculate bandages over his ankle.

"Tell us how it felt when it was a-coming off, Johnnie."

"Oh, tell us once more."

"It felt a--" prompted Louisa.

"Pshaw! don't be mean."

"It felt a—" continued Louisa.

"You hush up; you don't know. Was you there, now? Say, was you there?" And Johnnie felt obliged to save his anecdote by telling it again for the thousandth time since the accident. The rest clustered around the bed not to lose the least part of word or expression.

"It felt a scrinchin'"—twisting his hands as if wringing something off—"and a scranchin'"—twisting his face now—"and a scroonchin', and a—hell!" with that side-splitting wink of his left eye at them.

"I 'ain't done nuffin all day." Baby, the youngest, four years old, who usually did the gutter business, had patiently waited to enter his claim.

When Janey did come home and open the door in her habitual despairing way, they must, unless they were altogether insatiable, have been satisfied with her

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surprise. At the moment, they were hopping over the floor to show the delighted Johnnie how he would have to walk in future; each one holding the shoe off the naked upheld foot.

"Hurrah, Janey! Here we are!"

"Every single one of us, Janey."

"We haven't been out all day, Janey."

"And we've been being good, Janey."

"Look at me, Janey!"

"Look—look at Johnnie, Janey!"

"Don't you see, Janey?"

"I tied him, Janey."

"So did I!"

"And me too!"

"But I told 'em to do it. Didn't I? Didn't I, now?" screamed Johnnie, over them all.

"I 'ain't done nuffin all day long, Janey," claimed the baby again, looking so unnatural with his clean face that it is no wonder Janey kissed him over and over again for a dear little fellow.

"See, we are going to hang 'em up, Janey," showing the shoes.

"Santa Claus has got to give us something this time, sure!"

"We 'ain't got stockings, but shoes will do."

"And we are going right to bed, so as Santa Claus can come as soon as he likes."

"And right to sleep."

"Here's Tippie's shoe. He 'ain't got but one. Had to let the old car mash off the tother one."

"In course! in course!" Tippie would be sarcastic. "It was my fault. I ought to have took off my hat, and made a low bow to the dummy, and axed the cars please to stop till I took off my shoe, or tell 'em to call round again, or to come in summer when I was barefooted."

"I hope Santa Claus will bring me a red parasol," and Louisa sidled and arched as she imagined the fortunate possessors of these luxuries to do in their promenades through the streets.

They were indeed that evening as good and affectionate children as were to be found anywhere among all the miraculously good and affectionate children of Christmas Eve. They kept their word about going to bed, and what was more surprising, about going to sleep, leaving Janey to novel evening hours, undisturbed by care or anxiety about them, and scoring a point in their own favor which no Santa Claus could by any possibility ignore.

Janey lighted her lamp and got out her sewing that she might think, for one process with her had become inseparable from the other. She had been a precocious adept in both, and since Louisa's age had been hemming, running, stitching, basting, and button-holing year after year, or year on year, first in one, then in another, dress-maker's room, carrying her thought around with her needle-book, adding chapter to chapter, period to period, from childhood to womanhood, finishing up one job of thinking to open another, as if she were paid by the day for them also.

Going through heavy stuffs for the winter, light ones for spring, thin for summer, light for autumn, as the months slipped by, she only knew the seasons, in the close room, by the dry-goods. Going into mourning and out of mourning, changing, twisting, turning, fashioning old garments to look like new, and new ones to appear more than their price, receiving constantly new orders about placing the whalebones, ribbons, buttons, laces, hooks and eyes, cutting out one year this way, another year that, draping and undraping, life had outwardly become one long monotonous servitude to change. If she had had imagination, she would have said that she was not a woman—her woman charms drying up unused upon her—but some devil's imp or gnome, one of a vast league, in some stolen woman's body, sent from some devil's little hell of fashion on a special mission of corruption against womankind; to aid, abet, encourage, assert, and produce dissension between the mind and body; to tempt into perils of debt and perils of morality; to delude with beauty and reward with ugliness; to uncover in pretending to cover; to disclose in pretending to hide; to draw the laces tighter and tighter, cut the bodice lower and lower, the sleeve higher and higher, the skirts narrower and narrower; to push a suggestion to a suspicion, a suspicion to a conviction of impropriety; to efface standards; to inure to exposure; to push flesh and blood forward into ever greater evidence, and the soul backward into ever greater discredit.

But such were not Janey's thoughts, although a morbid companion at the work-table gave utterance to similar ones. Her thoughts wandered in other directions. They were off and away at the first stitch for beautiful gardens, or for sandy shores rippled by the waters of a

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blue lake, under golden skies, listening to sweet music, locating the pearly streets of heaven. Or they spent millions of money in schemes of charity, or went on missions to unfortunates; or, coming home, they cleaned, repaired, and beautified the poverty and disgrace stricken domicile; they educated Louisa into a respectable young woman; they made the boys sober, honest, industrious laborers, keeping Dick from gambling, Bobbie from smoking, and Tippie from catching on behind the cars; they sent the baby to a free Kindergarten, and reformed—God help her!—her old rascally father, bringing him from the grog-shop to sit at home of evenings, refining from his face the blotches and marks that incrusted the features, and hid them from what they were in her childish recollections of him. There was a table with a lamp on it; around it they all sat, she with her sewing, the others with newspapers and books. She could see the very pattern of the table cover. God help her again, and all women who toil on through life after *ignis fatuus* hope, to be led into disappointment and a bog! At the end of all the planning, cleaning, reforming, at some distant point in a long vista, her thoughts, and her needle too (for it was distinctly officious in the process), would marry her to Harry. And then the repose, the caresses, the leaning on a strong arm, the reclining against a strong breast! And now, God bless those thoughts which come to lonely women, and give them a taste of the love they are never to know, and provide them with the mate, family, and home which their nature craves, but their destiny denies!

She had much to think about to-night, but her needle threaded only stitches together. She was to start anew in life tomorrow; she had taken the first step already; but her feet were already tired and apathetic. The children all slept in their little beds, quiet and safe. Perhaps if she had had to hunt them up, as usual, to scold and punish them; if they had been unkind, impudent, ungrateful, as usual! She shed tears over the bitter thoughts that had come to her that day about them, the bitter feelings which had lashed her on to her own immolation. The revulsion which their change of conduct had caused in the judgment of the poor young physician was as nothing to that which the young Wiggenses caused in the heart of their sister, simply by coming in early and going to bed quietly.

Hark! how happy the people were outside! She threw down her work, opened the window, and leaned out. Tramping by, with bundles under their arms, men and women talked and laughed loudly, full of Christmas plans and presents. The market stores were all ablaze with light. She could hear fireworks all over the city; an occasional rocket burst in her horizon, throwing new constellations over the thickly starred heavens. She knew they came from the aristocratic mansions up-town, sent up by servants hidden in flower-gardens to amuse the silk and lace clad ladies in the galleries. Bands of music crossed each other at street angles; great fire-crackers like pistols were shot off like minute-guns over a victory, startling and frightening her every time. What joy and merriment there could be in the world, and what sorrow and heaviness of heart! Why was it that only the latter portion had come to her? The children thought it was their naughtiness had prevented Santa Claus coming to them; what would they say to-morrow when their goodness would be found unrewarded?

"Out of the chase,
Out of the race,
Man of Bethlehem, lead!"

How the voices hurt! the quivering, drear, negro voices, changing every melody into a dirge, funereal in mind as in skin.

"Out of the tears,
Out of the fears,
Man of Bethlehem, lead!"

How often at night they had passed through her dreams, these street minstrels, waking her with tears in her eyes, and she had loved them for their musical gratuity, and gone to sleep again singing the tune over to herself, to be lost or forgotten the next day! God may have afflicted them, but He had given them the expression and alleviation of music.

"Eleven o'clock! They would have passed this evening together, Harry and she, the last evening of their separate lives, hand in hand, and— No; when they were together, it was not all endearment and embrace; that was only in her thoughts. Why should she think that which had never happened, never could happen? Why now did she feel his lips upon hers?" She hid her face in her

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hands and stifled a moan on her lips. Why should her heart involuntarily moan?

What carousing was going on at the corner, in the groggery where her father was? They had better be at home, these men. Where were their women? Leaning out of windows, watching, sleepless, unhappy? Those fire-crackers, how could the police permit them? Murder could be done by pistols under cover of their noise. Harry had looked forward to to-morrow—her great, burly, high-tempered Harry! He was dull about some things, but she loved him all the better for it. "God knows I thought it was my duty!" She said the words aloud, and started at the sound of talking to herself. A black cloud had been gathering over her for a week; perhaps she was not well, perhaps she had worked too hard, and, and—if she had waited! Would Harry go to the devil as he said? Wasn't it always a woman's fault when a man went to the devil? She had meant to save her little brothers —from what? What immediate danger threatened them? Harry had no sister, no family to look after him—Harry, who had given her only the constant love-tokens of an unswerving devotion. Her heart was getting beyond her control; bounding, leaping, demanding, crying, craving —Harry! Harry! no brother, no sister, no father—only Harry, her promised husband! She was so weak and tired, so helpless against this sudden heart fury. "Would he go straight home—ah me!—and sit in the dark thinking hard things of me; or would he go to a saloon too, and make an all night of it?" She had once taken his pistol from him, and made him promise never to wear it again. Would he love again and get married! There were few women who would not be glad of him for a husband, and she had thrown him off—for what? Nothing. To think that her life would go on the better without him! And the children, why should he not have helped to train them, her husband, their brother—without him no future, no—

That was a pistol this time! again, again, and again! Screams, oaths, a rushing crowd; a cry of murder! "Harry! Harry!" She rushed from the room to the street. She would pierce the crowd; she would tear her way through; if he were there, she would drag him out; if he were shot, it was she had disarmed him. There were assassins and drunkards at that corner.

"Janey, Janey, what is the matter? Where are you going? Janey!"

Harry's arms held her; Harry's voice was in her ears. He had waited, as he promised the parson—waited until midnight, his last vigil on the little box steps in front of her house. The bells were just going to ring now.

"Janey! little woman! little wife!"

For she clung to him so, she cried so over him, she kissed his face, his eyes, his beard, his hands—his hard, heavy, mule-driving hands.

"Harry, Harry, Harry, darling!"

That was the way she always called him to herself, but it was the first time he had ever heard her.

"Harry, I'm all wrong; Harry, I can't —I can't live without you."

What a maddening jubilation! what a peal the bells were ringing about them! as if all true, happy, reunited lovers in the world were pulling at the ropes' ends.

Herbert remained alone in the church to his meditations, for which eighteen centuries have furnished the soil, and which, even in a Christmas story, perhaps cannot with discretion be revealed. Whether he wandered up and down the narrow aisles, or whether he stood in the dark, with his head against the walls, staring blankly before him, or whether he sat in a pew, his face in his hands, or looking up at the cheap radiant star over the altar; whether he fell on his knees before the altar, murmuring inarticulate words of prayer, or shedding tears on the green leaves, or cried "Avaunt!" to lurking Satans, or shut his lips to keep back the rising tumult in his heart, it was intended for none but the eye of Him whom the star typified.

Oh, the sadness that comes on Christmas Eve! All the noise and merriment is but to neutralize it. Never does time appear to move so fast, and good resolutions so slow; never does childhood appear so beautiful, or so remote; never does innocence appear more heavenly, or more impossible; never do longings for the dead and gone so wring and torture the heart; never does the hard reality of the present so clash with anticipations of what it was to be—as when, hour after hour, Christmas Eve passes, and, hour after hour, Christmas approaches.

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Herbert struggled to make the present one yield some mitigations of future ones; some recollection which would stand out in Christmas Eves to come, and challenge the black spectre of despondency that glides in midnight hours to whisper in the ear of the conscientious, "Thou hast failed." And if any prayer addressed at such a moment might be recorded by profane hands, it was the prayer that rose from his heart to that effect.

And he felt that the answer would come to him, not in the church, but out there in the multitude, surging and rolling out noise, leaving now and then a rocket here, a voice there, cast up solitary and shrill on the air.

Out there were hands to be clasped, hearts to be raised; out there sympathy, companionship, love; out there a whole population for a desolate, loving heart. Out there, where the barefooted vision walked, were sisters and brothers at this moment waiting for them both—sisters and brothers in spite of religious, political, financial, racial separations.

"Out of the tomb,
Out of the gloom,
Christ of Bethlehem, lead!"

The accordion was tired and tripping, the voices thin and irregular; both were on their last round.

"Up, up above,
To Heaven and Love,
Christ of Bethlehem, lead!"

The words ran together and stopped suddenly, as if butting against a wall; the tune had been lost in the various transmigration of voices. "Would it be safe to leave the door open now?" Had He no more use for His little church to-night? If He should come and find it closed against Him?

Herbert did not shut it. The Dago family hung around their shop like bunches of their own tropical fruits, gorgeous in their bright clothes, which nature must have furnished and renewed from year to year, like foliage, so harmonious and unconventional were they; Maria with her dress open perhaps a trifle too much over the thick yellow skin, for nature is not prudish; but there was a long lock of black hair to fall across it, just where baby hands could clutch and play with it. Every year there was a new bloom, so to speak, around the door; a new baby to toy with the hair and lie on the breast, to be weaned afterward by Marianna, and then turned out with the rest into the whole street for nursery. They slept on the stem as their fruit did, for all the street knew to the contrary, the latest retirers and the earliest risers never hitting on the moment when their banquette was empty or their house full. They were doing a rushing business this evening, uniting all the forces of the family—Salvatore, Maria, Marianna, down to the last lisping tongue—for English in which to negotiate it.

The great thoroughfare still held its throng, but the brilliant shops looked rifled and empty; the tired clerks leaned, pale and haggard, over their disordered counters; the flower women were gone, the street booths were being covered up, buying and selling were over, yet still the moving procession filled the banquettes and blocked the corners. The theatres were discharging their audiences, the great octagonal circus giving forth as if it had hidden inside some inexhaustible source of human beings. The easy-swinging doors of the saloons swallowed some in as they passed; some went in to the grand entrances of the social clubs; the cars carried loads of them away, skimming off by degrees the more respectable element, and all the women. The harmless period of jollity was passing; the horns were instruments of disturbance and annoyance; the fire-crackers were loud, and left behind them the reekings of gunpowder; evil-looking men in shabby garments prowled about their lairs in obscure side streets and dark alleyways.

Almost midnight! Almost Christmas morning!

Once! Four, five, six times!—too quick for counting—well-known sharp reports fell on the air; pistol-shots, no fire-crackers; the imitation sound, after all, was imperfect. A rush of men out of a side street, with the fear of murder and the witness box behind them, gives the clew to the curious.

"Killed?"

"How many?"

"Not dead yet?"

"Who did it?"

The galloping horses of the ambulance go by; policemen lead through the crowd three suddenly sobered pale-faced men, one with a pistol still in his hand. The ambulance returns slowly, and a cab with men in it trying to hold erect an inert body; then the bells, which had been

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waiting a year for this moment, pealed out with all their might and brazenness; the big bells calling up the little bells, the church bells summoning the fire bells, and all together rousing every bell in every factory, market, and depot, till there was not an idle or a stationary bell in the city. Peace, good-will, peace and good-will on earth, on earth as in heaven.

The great, vague, dim ships and steamboats on the river, wakened like sleeping monsters from their mist and inertness, gave voice, tardily taking up the cry with their hoarse steam-whistles, bellowing an inarticulate and beast-like accompaniment to the sweet human rejoicings of the bells. And all who had breath or horns or fireworks left expended them royally during the first five minutes of the great Birth-morn.

Herbert obeyed the bell that called to midnight mass in the cathedral, down a narrow street, overhung with narrow lace-work of balconies, following the file of worshippers contributed from every house door. The bronze equestrian statue in the square gleamed like silver through a coating of dew; the sharp electric light pierced the hidden places of the roses and jasmines, whose perfume freighted the air into heaviness. Through the open doors of the cathedral the lights of the altar were seen, over an undistinguishable mass of heads; the steps in the possession of a mob, pushing and elbowing for entrance; negro faces under headkerchiefs, white faces under laces, still flushed from the dance, lips still wet with champagne; the greasy jacket of the boot-black rubbing against a dress-coat, the calico sacque of the "marchande" brushing aside a silk cloak from bare shoulders. The cross gaunt old uniformed Suisse burrowed in the crowd, rebuking the loud-mouthed, tapping with his staff the irreverent, collaring small boys, and cuffing them all the way out to the street. The sleepy indifferent priest mumbles the prayers to the sleepy indifferent saints niched in the darkness above. The motley congregation arrested their conversation to make the sign of the cross, or dropped momentarily on one knee; until the familiar voice of the favorite opera singer sings the "Cantique de Noël." "Noël! Noël!"

A hush falls on them all. Even the Virgin, in her gaudy incarnation of paint and gilt, must be impressed. Even the most thoughtless, the wildest, the wickedest, must pause for that one moment of singing.

"What do men and women like those feel and think in such a pause?"

Herbert looked at a group, staying their laughing and jesting and undue familiarities of hand and tongue. The hymn was ending, one last note thrilling the air, the current of people already setting toward the street again.

"Where is your baby?" Herbert recognized the young woman by an inspiration through her blazonry of silk and jewels—the asylum girl.

Her face paled as it did that afternoon on the chancel steps, showing on each cheek a spot of rouge in startling relief.

"My baby?"

She tried to say it derisively, tried to make her pretty eyes flash at him, tried to throw off his hand, tried to laugh with the others. In vain. The mother in her deserted the woman; with all her effort nothing was left of her but a weak, trembling, ghastly, conscience-stricken creature, with breasts throbbing wildly, hands craving their burden, and a heart which all through the dinner and the opera, the champagne and the revelry, had been dragging her back—back to the steps where she had deserted her own flesh and blood.

The men, elegant and discreet, looked before them; the women tittered, whispered, pointed; they were older than she. The crowd carried them all off, leaving her standing by the young pastor.

"Have you put it in an asylum?"

"No! no! no!"

"Take me to it."

He took her hand and led her out, pulling her along for a square or two; then she led him, increasing her speed, as the bad spell on her weakened, faster and faster, until, almost in a run, she reached the bright lights of the broad thoroughfare. She pulled him across it, and on, on, past house after house, to where his little church stood gray and shadowy in the night. Up to the church, to the steps, up the steps to the corner appropriated by the Sicilian Marianna.

"Gone! Gone! My baby gone!" she screamed. She got down on her knees and felt the place with her hands, going over and over it, as if searching for a pin.

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"Could it have rolled down?" She rushed out in the banquette and looked up and down; she bent over the gutter and plunged her hands in the slime and mud. "My baby! My baby! Gone! I put it here—right here"—laying her hand on the spot—"where the little Dago girl sits. She would have found it, taken care of it, nursed it. Every day I've seen her here: she looked like the picture of the Virgin."

"You abandoned it; why should you care for it?" He could not ask the question of her as she stood illogically, inconsequently weeping and wringing her hands, her hat and feathers awry, her long, light, wrinkled gloves wet to the elbow with gutter mud. From all eternity women have been mothers, only faithless momentarily.

"I resisted, I resisted, but the Christmas coming—the noise, the lights, the music, the fire-crackers—they called me out, as they called me out of the asylum, out into life, into the world. It was the devil again at me—the devil! My baby! My pretty little baby! She will be sent to the police-station; she will be put in an asylum, to be called out, as I was, by the devil. She will be taken by people who will beat her, by negroes who will degrade and corrupt her. The little Dago girl would have been kind to her. I could have seen her every day. My baby! Now I've lost her forever."

Marianna did not wait for the bell from her own fosterling church, for she knew that it was too poor to possess one. But about the time for the other bells to ring, she ran in from her oyster and banana selling to midnight mass there. No crowd, no lights, no music. She slipped through the open door. Was this a church on Christmas Eve?

It could not have been finer in heaven itself than at San Antonio's, their patron saint's, last year. The stable, the oxen, the manger, the Virgin, the Wise Men, and St. Joseph—all life-size and death-stiff. And not even in heaven, unless in the Italian quarter of it, could the candles (great monoliths of wax with orchidaceous efflorescence, only slightly yellow with age), the gilt and silver, the paper flowers and coloring, be excelled. And the votive legs, arms, hearts, hands, eyes—they hung around like the gleanings of a battle-field; and the mental and moral cures, with the printed acknowledgments—San Antonio must surely have thought of the decoration of his own church when he undertook so many miracles. That was a church! Here was nothing, absolutely nothing, but sad green leaves. She knelt down at the altar. If there had been only a Bambino for the empty manger! Could not God, who sent Bambinos in quantities on the asking, have spared one poor little infant for this cradle? Why did not the patron saint of this church emulate the example of the industrious San Antonio? Not one image! Not one *ex voto!* Not a flower or a gilt leaf! She looked at Pepe in her arms, and at the font. Here was the cradle; here is where the Bambino should lie. But Pepe was far beyond the age and cleanliness for the rôle; his time of dismissal was about come; precocious as he was, he had not learned to crawl a moment too soon. The rich ladies of the neighborhood might have given a Bambino, or loaned one of their own.

"Marianna! Marianna!" her mother called. Maria would have sent her voice into the very Vatican when she was in a temper; and the Holy Father himself would hardly have dared defer obedience. The little girl ran by her corner of the steps. Who had been invading it?—her own temper now rising. The bundle fell open at her touch, exposing the contents.

"A Bambino! a Bambino! God *has* sent a Bambino!" A beautiful Bambino, clean and white, with naked feet and hands. She dropped Pepe, and carried it in quickly, and laid it on the green couch in the baptismal font in time for the first stroke of the great bell that led the ringing choral, over-ringing her mother's vociferous "Marianna! Marianna!"

"Where are you going?" asked Herbert, taking the girl by her wrist again.

"Nowhere! nowhere! There's no place for me to go on earth. My baby! my baby!" She tried to break from him. "Let me go! let me go! I've lost my child! I've killed her! Let me kill myself too!"

Her voice was loud and violent. People passing by turned back to look at the desperate woman in struggle with a man.

There was one place open for her and all like her; the host was standing in the door to welcome her. Herbert lifted her, still struggling up the steps, and carried her, tight and fast in his arms, to the spot

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where she had fallen prostrate, a broken, helpless creature offering her child to the Saviour. The star shone over the place. Her eyes were quicker than his, but she thought it a fantasy; her poor brain had been so distraught. She had been seeing this baby so long; for weary, weary months; through the glaze of fever at the hospital, through suffering, privation, temptation. She had just been seeing it lost, stolen, ill-treated, dead. She could trust her eyes no more; she closed them on the vision, but they would not stay closed.

He thought her cry was maniacal, and her actions, tearing and scattering the greens from the font.

"I gave her to Him, and now He has given her back to me. See! see! I gave her to Him, and now He has given her back to me." She held the Bambino toward Herbert.

With the fear of the committee before his eyes, Herbert replaced, as well as he could, the fontal decorations, artfully trying to suggest in the replacement an impending top-heaviness.

"Where are you going now?"

If he could only have seen the radiance, the sweet holy radiance of her face!

"Home! home! with my baby—my child!"

On the steps a limp figure rolled and lolled over a protesting accordion.

"Into the light,
Into the right,
Christ of...."

"Yes, sir! that's so!" The words ended in a snore.

The little church had a grand congregation, a most surprising congregation, for Christmas Day. Everybody who was anybody in the neighborhood seemed to be getting up too late for any but the one church—the gentlemen could not finish their breakfasts in time, nor the ladies dress themselves sufficiently fine, nor the children be made ready, for the fashionable churches up-town. All came. The nobodies of the neighborhood all came, hot from dusting and sweeping and washing up dishes; the cooks ran in pulling down their sleeves, the maids with their caps and aprons; the passers-by stopped in for a prayer or two; and all the roving churchless Christians, who could not pay pew rent anywhere, or who had been dropped by their pastors or shunned by other church officers as irretrievables—the little church gathered them all in; not only them, but their offerings—big donations intended for bigger churches, and the mites which were too small for any church but this one. The young gentlemen from the boarding-house came over at least in time for the plate, and those who could not come sent crumpled bank-bills by their colored waiters.

The music was wretched, every one said, the sermon more commonplace than ever, the reading miserable, the decorations paltry. But it was soon over—a compensating merit fully appreciated by the members of the clubs just around the corner. By twelve o'clock they were all away—all except a tall, burly, shy man and a neat little, pale, trembling lady, and a long file of children afflicted with irrepressible hilarity, munching apples and whispering their admiration over the agile performances of a lame boy on a new crutch.

"I took your advice last night, sir, and I hope you will marry us this morning, sir. I've got her now, and she sha'n't give me the slip again."

There was no need to answer this, but woman-like the bride would have attempted it if Herbert had not immediately commenced the marriage service. The delighted vestry, with their pocket-handkerchiefs tied to bursting over the bills, trade-dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and picayunes taken up in the collection, acted as witnesses, and gave the bride away in a body, collecting their kisses, however (or they would not have been in the vestry), singly and individually. They shook hands with the groom and tipped the children, from Louisa to Baby.

When they were all leaving the church together, beaming under the load of Merry Christmases they had received and Merry Christmases they had given, who should appear with the greatest alacrity from the corner where she and her curiosity had been concealed but Mrs. Bunnyfeather, note-book in hand, and mindful as ever of her duty as secretary of the Sunday-school chapter. Not one of those little Wiggenses was allowed to depart until the last name, age, and sex had been registered as Sunday-school scholars, membership to commence that very evening at the Sunday-school Christmas tree, on which, she assured them, Santa Claus had hung a present for each one of them by name. Surprising as it may seem, such really turned out to be the case—not one was forgotten.

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THE MEN OF THE ALAMO.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

TO Houston at Gonzales town, ride, Ranger, for your life,
Nor stop to say good-by to-day to home or child or wife;
But pass the word from ranch to ranch, to every Texan sword,
That fifty hundred Mexicans have crossed the Nueces ford,
With Castrillon and perjured Cos, Sesmá and Almonté,
And Santa Anna ravenous for vengeance and for prey.
They smite the land with fire and sword; the grass shall never grow
Where northward sweeps that locust horde on San Antonio.

Now who will bar the foeman's path, to gain a breathing-space,
Till Houston and his scattered men shall meet him face to face?
Who holds his life as less than naught when home and honor call,
And counts the guerdon full and fair for liberty to fall?
Oh, who but Barrett Travis, the bravest of them all!
With sevenscore of riflemen to play the rancher's game,
And feed a counter-fire to halt the sweeping prairie flame:
For Bowie of the broken blade is there to cheer them on,
With Evans of Concepcion, who conquered Castrillon,
And o'er their heads the Lone Star flag defiant floats on high,
And no man thinks of yielding, and no man fears to die.

But ere the siege has held a week a cry is heard without,
A clash of arms, a rifle peal, the Rangers' ringing shout,
And two-and-thirty beardless boys have bravely hewed their way
To die with Travis if they must, to conquer if they may.
Was ever bravery so cheap in Glory's mart before
In all the days of chivalry, in all the deeds of war?

But once again the foemen gaze in wonderment and fear
To see a stranger break their lines and hear the Texans cheer.
God! how they cheered to welcome him, those spent and starving men!
For Davy Crockett by their side was worth an army then.
The wounded ones forgot their wounds; the dying drew a breath
To hail the king of border men, then turned to laugh at death.
For all knew Davy Crockett, blithe and generous as bold,
And strong and rugged as the quartz that hides its heart of gold.
His simple creed for word or deed true as the bullet sped,
And rung the target straight: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead!"

And were they right who fought the fight for Texas by his side?
They questioned not; they faltered not; they only fought and died.
Who hath an enemy like these, God's mercy slay him straight!—
A thousand Mexicans lay dead outside the Convent gate,
And half a thousand more must die before the fortress falls,
And still the tide of war beats high around the 'leaguered walls.

At last the bloody breach is won; the weakened lines give way;
The wolves are swarming in the court; the lions stand at bay.
The leader meets them at the breach, and wins the soldier's prize;
A foeman's bosom sheathes his sword when gallant Travis dies.
Now let the victor feast at will until his crest be red—
We may not know what raptures fill the vulture with the dead.
Let Santa Anna's valiant sword right bravely hew and hack
The senseless corse; its hands are cold; they will not strike him back.
Let Bowie die, but 'ware the hand that wields his deadly knife;
Four went to slay, and one comes back, so dear he sells his life.
And last of all let Crockett fall, too proud to sue for grace,
So grand in death the butcher dared not look upon his face.

* * * * * * *

But far on San Jacinto's field the Texan toils are set,
And Alamo's dread memory the Texan steel shall whet.
And Fame shall tell their deeds who fell till all the years be run.
"Thermopylæ left one alive—the Alamo left none."

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MORGAN.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

OH, what a set of Vagabundos,
Sons of Neptune, sons of Mars,
Raked from *todos otros mundos*,
Lascars, Gascons, Portsmouth tars,
Prison mate and dock-yard fellow,
Blades to Meg and Molly dear,
Off to capture Porto Bello,
Sailed with Morgan the Buccaneer!

Out they voyaged from Port Royal
(Fathoms deep its ruins be,
Pier and convent, fortress loyal,
Sunk beneath the gaping sea);
On the Spaniard's beach they landed,
Dead to pity, void of fear,—
Round their blood-red flag embanded,
Led by Morgan the Buccaneer.

Dawn till dusk they stormed the castle,
Beat the gates and gratings down;
Then, with ruthless rout and wassail,
Night and day they sacked the town,
Staved the bins its cellars boasted,
Port and Lisbon, tier on tier,
Quaffed to heart's content, and toasted
Harry Morgan the Buccaneer;

Stripped the church and monastery,
Racked the prior for his gold,
With the traders' wives made merry,
Lipped the young and mocked the old,
Diced for hapless señoritas
(Sire and brother bound anear),
Donnas, Inas, Manuelitas,
Cursing Morgan the Buccaneer.

Lust and rapine, flame and slaughter,
Forayed with the Welshman grim:
"Take my pesos, spare my daughter!"
"Ha! ha!" roared that devil's limb,
"These shall jingle in our pouches,
She with us shall find good cheer.
Lash the graybeard till he crouches!"
Shouted Morgan the Buccaneer.

Out again through reef and breaker,
While the Spaniard moaned his fate,
Back they voyaged to Jamaica,
Flush with doubloons, coins of eight,
Crosses wrung from Popish varlets,
Jewels torn from arm and ear,—
Jesu! how the Jews and harlots
Welcomed Morgan the Buccaneer!

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THE FRONT YARD.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

"WELL, now, with Gooster at work in the per-dairy, and Bepper settled at last as help in a good family, and Parlo and Squawly gone to Perugia, and Soonter taken by the nuns, and Jo Vanny learning the carpenter's trade, and only Nounce left for me to see to (let alone Granmar, of course, and Pipper and old Patro), it doos seem, it really doos, as if I might get it done *sometime;* say next Fourth of July, now; that's only ten months off. 'Twould be something to celebrate the day with, that would; something like!"

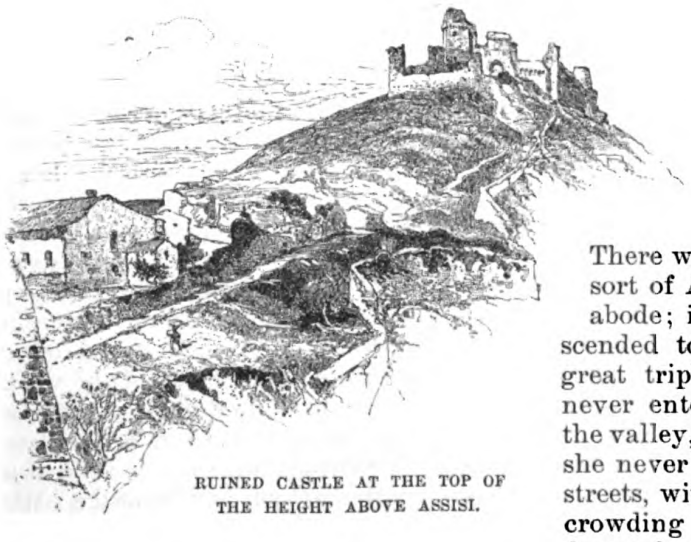
The woman through whose mind these thoughts were passing was sitting on a low stone wall, a bundle of herbs, a fagot of twigs, and a sickle laid carefully beside her. On her back was strapped a large deep basket, almost as long as herself; she had loosened the straps so that she could sit down. This basket was heavy; one could tell that from the relaxed droop of her shoulders relieved from its weight for the moment, as its end rested on a fallen block on the other side of the wall. Her feet were bare, her dress a narrow cotton gown, covered in front to the hem by a dark cotton apron; on her head was a straw bonnet, which had behind a little cape of brown ribbon three inches deep, and in front broad strings of the same brown, carefully tied in a bow, with the loops pulled out to their full width and pinned on each side of her chin. This bonnet, very clean and decent (the ribbons had evidently been washed more than once), was of old-fashioned shape, projecting beyond the wearer's forehead and cheeks. Within its tube her face could be seen, with its deeply browned skin, its large irregular features, smooth, thin white hair, and blue eyes, still bright, set amid a bed of wrinkles. She was sixty years old, tall and broad-shouldered. She had once been remarkably erect and strong. This strength had been consumed more by constant toil than by the approach of old age; it was not all gone yet; the great basket showed that. In addition, her eyes spoke a language which told of energy that would last as long as her breath.



"'TWOULD BE SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE THE DAY WITH, THAT WOULD."

These eyes were fixed now upon a low building that stood at a little distance directly across the path. It was small and ancient, built of stone, with a sloping roof and black door. There were no windows; through this door entered the only

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RUINED CASTLE AT THE TOP OF THE HEIGHT ABOVE ASSISI.

light and air. Outside were two large heaps of refuse, one of which had been there so long that thick matted herbage was growing vigorously over its top. Bars guarded the entrance; it was impossible to see what was within. But the woman knew without seeing; she always knew. It had been a cow; it had been goats; it had been pigs, and then goats again; for the past two years it had been pigs steadily—always pigs. Her eyes were fixed upon this door as if held there by a magnet; her mouth fell open a little as she gazed; her hands lay loose in her lap. There was nothing new in the picture certainly. But the intensity of her feeling made it in one way always new. If love wakes freshly every morning, so does hate, and Prudence Wilkin had hated that cow-shed for years.

The bells down in the town began to ring the Angelus. She woke from her reverie, rebuckled the straps of the basket, and adjusting it by a jerk of her shoulders in its place on her back, she took the fagot in one hand, the bundle of herbs in the other, and carrying the sickle under her arm, toiled slowly up the ascent, going round the cow-shed, as the interrupted path too went round it, in an unpaved, provisional sort of way (which had, however, lasted fifty years), and giving a wave of her herbs toward the offending black door as she passed—a gesture that was almost triumphant. "Jest you wait till next Fourth of July, you indecent old Antiquity, you!" This was what she was thinking.

Prudence Wilkin's idea of Antiquity was everything that was old and dirty; indecent Antiquity meant the same qualities increased to a degree that was monstrous, a degree that the most profligate imagination of Ledham (New Hampshire) would never have been able to conceive.

There was naturally a good deal of this sort of Antiquity in Assisi, her present abode; it was all she saw when she descended to that picturesque town; the great triple church of St. Francis she never entered; the magnificent view of the valley, the serene vast Umbrian plain, she never noticed; but the steep, narrow streets, with garbage here and there, the crowding stone houses, centuries old, from whose court-yard doors issued odors indescribable—these she knew well, and detested with all her soul. Her deepest degree of loathing, however, was reserved for the especial Antiquity that blocked her own front path, that elbowed her own front door, this noisome stable or sty—for it was now one, now the other—which she had hated and abhorred for sixteen long years.

For it was just sixteen years ago this month since she had first entered the hill town of St. Francis. She had not entered it alone, but in the company of a handsome bridegroom, Antonio Guadagni by name, and so happy was she that everything had seemed to her enchanting—these same steep streets with their ancient dwellings, the same dirt, the same yellowness, the same continuous leisure and causeless beatitude. And when her Tonio took her through the town and up this second ascent to the squalid little house, where, staring and laughing and crowding nearer to look at her, she found his family assembled, innumerable children (they seemed innumerable then), a bedridden grandam, a disreputable old uncle (who began to compliment her), even this did not appear a burden, though of course it was a surprise. For Tonio had told her, sadly, that he was "all alone in the world." It had been one of the reasons why she had wished to marry him—that she might make a home for so desolate a man.

The home was already made, and it was somewhat full. Desolate Tonio explained, with shouts of laughter, in which all the assemblage joined, that seven of the children were his, the eighth being an

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orphan nephew left to his care; his wife had died eight months before, and this was her grandmother—on the bed there; this her good old uncle, a very accomplished man, who had written sonnets. Mrs. Guadagni number two had excellent powers of vision, but she was never able to discover the goodness of this accomplished uncle; it was a quality which, like the beneficence of angels, one is obliged to take on trust.

She was forty-five, a New England woman, with some small savings, who had come to Italy as companion and attendant to a distant cousin, an invalid with money. The cousin had died suddenly at Perugia, and Prudence had allowed the chance of returning to Ledham with her effects to pass by unnoticed—a remarkable lapse of the quality of which her first name was the exponent, regarding which her whole life hitherto had been one sharply outlined example. This lapse was due to her having already become the captive of this handsome, this irresistible, this wholly unexpected Tonio, who was serving as waiter in the Perugian inn. Divining her savings, and seeing with his own eyes her wonderful strength and energy, this good-natured reprobate had made love to her a little in the facile Italian way, and the poor plain simple-hearted spinster, to whom no one had ever spoken a word of gallantry in all her life before, had been completely swept off her balance by the novelty of it, and by the thronging new sensations which his few English words, his speaking dark eyes, and ardent entreaties roused in her maiden breast. It was her one moment of madness (who has not had one?). She married him, marvelling a little inwardly when he required her to walk to Assisi, but content to walk to China if that should be his pleasure. When she reached the squalid house on the height and saw its crowd of occupants, when her own money was demanded to send down to Assisi to purchase the wedding dinner, then she understood—why they had walked.

But she never understood anything else. She never permitted herself to understand. Tonio, plump and idle, enjoyed a year of paradisiacal opulence under her ministrations (and in spite of some of them); he was eighteen years younger than she was; it was natural that he should wish to enjoy on a larger scale than hers—so he told her. At the end of twelve months a fever carried him off, and his widow, who mourned for him with all her heart, was left to face the world with the eight children, the grandmother, the good old uncle, and whatever courage she was able to muster after counting over and over the eighty-five dollars that alone remained to her of the six hundred she had brought him.

Of course she could have gone back to her own country. But that idea never once occurred to her; she had married Tonio for better or worse; she could not in honor desert the worst now that it had come. It had come in force; on the very day of the funeral she had been obliged to work eight hours; on every day that had followed through all these years, the hours had been on an average fourteen; sometimes more.

Bent under her basket, the widow now arrived at the back door of her home. It was a small narrow house, built of rough stones plastered over and painted bright yellow. But though thus gay without, it was dark within; the few windows were very small, and their four little panes of thick glass were covered with an iron grating; there was no elevation above the ground, the brick floor inside being of the same level as the flagging of the path without, so that there was always a sense of groping when one entered the low door. There were but four rooms, the kitchen, with a bedroom opening from it, and two chambers above under the sloping roof.

Prudence unstrapped her basket and placed it in a wood-shed which she had constructed with her own hands. For she could not comprehend a house without a wood-shed; she called it a wood-shed, though there was very little wood to put in it: in Assisi no one made a fire for warmth; for cooking they burned twigs. She hung up the fagot (it was a fagot of twigs), the herbs, and the sickle; then, after giving her narrow skirts a shake, she entered the kitchen.

There was a bed in this room. Granmar would not allow it to be moved elsewhere; her bed had always been in the kitchen, and in the kitchen it should remain; no one but Denza, indeed, would wish to shove her off; Annunziata had liked to have her dear old granmar there, where she could see for herself that she was having everything she needed; but Annunziata had been an angel of good-

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ness, as well as of the dearest beauty; whereas Denza—but any one could see what Denza was! As Granmar's tongue was decidedly a thing to be reckoned with, her bed remained where it always had been; from its comfortable cleanliness the old creature could overlook and criticise to her heart's content the entire household economy of Annunziata's successor. Not only the kitchen, but the whole house and garden, had been vigorously purified by this successor; single-handed she had attacked and carried away accumulations which had been there since Columbus discovered America. Even Granmar was rescued from her squalor and coaxed to wear a clean cap and neat little shawl, her withered brown hands reposing meanwhile upon a sheet which, though coarse, was spotless.

Granmar was a very terrible old woman; she had a beak-like nose, round glittering black eyes set in broad circles of yellow wrinkles, no mouth to speak of, and a receding chin; her voice was now a gruff bass, now a shrill yell.

"How late you are! you do it on purpose," she said as Prudence entered. "And me—as haven't had a thing I've wanted since you went away hours upon hours ago. Nunziata there has been as stupid as a stone—behold her!"

She spoke in peasant Italian, a tongue which Mrs. Guadagni the second (called Denza by the family, from Prudenza, the Italian form of her first name) now spoke readily enough, though after a fashion of her own. She remained always convinced that Italian was simply lunatic English, English spoiled. One of the children, named Pasquale, she called Squawly, and she always believed that the title came from the strength of his infant lungs; many other words impressed her in the same way.

She now made no reply to Granmar's complaints save to give one business-like look toward the bed to see whether the pillows were properly adjusted for the old creature's comfort; then she crossed the room toward the stove, a large ancient construction of bricks, with two or three small depressions over which an iron pot could be set.

"Well, Nounce," she said to a girl who was sitting there on a little bench. The tone of her voice was kindly; she looked to see if a fire had been made. A few coals smouldered in one of the holes. "Good girl," said Prudence, commendingly.

"Oh, very good!" cried Granmar from the bed—"very good, when I told her forty times, and fifty, to make me an omelet, a wee fat one with a drop of fig in it, and I so faint, and she wouldn't, the snake! she wouldn't, the toad!—toadest of toads!"

The dark eyes of the girl turned slowly toward Prudence. Prudence, as she busied herself with the coals, gave her a little nod of approbation, which Granmar could not see. The girl looked pleased for a moment; then her face sank into immobility again. She was not an idiot, but wanting, as it was called; a delicate, pretty young creature, who, with her cousin Pippo, had been only a year old when the second wife came to Assisi. It was impossible for any one to be fond of Pippo, who even at that age had been selfish and gluttonous to an abnormal degree; but Prudence had learned to love the helpless little girl committed to her care, as she had also learned to love very dearly the child's brother Giovanni, who was but a year older; they had been but babies, both of them. The girl was now seventeen. Her name was Annunziata, but Prudence called her Nounce. "If it means 'Announce,' Nounce is near enough, I guess," she said to herself, aggressively. The truth was that she hated the name; it had belonged to Tonio's first wife, and of the memory of that comely young mother, poor Prudence, with her sixty years, her white hair, and wrinkled skin, was burningly jealous even now. Giovanni's name she pronounced as though it were two words—Jo Vanny; she really thought there were two. Jo she knew well, of course; it was a good New England name; Vanny was probably some senseless Italian addition. The name of the eldest son, Augusto, became on her lips Gooster; Paolo was Parlo, Assunta was Soonter.

The nuns had finally taken Soonter. The step-mother had been unable to conceal from herself her own profound relief. True, the girl had gone to a "papish" convent; but she had always been a mystery in the house, and the constant presence of a mystery is particularly trying to the New England mind. Soonter spent hours in meditation; she was very quiet; she believed that she saw

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angels; her face wore often a far-away smile.

On this September evening she prepared a heavily abundant supper for Granmar, and a simple one for Nounce, who ate at any time hardly more than a bird; Granmar, on the contrary, was gifted with an appetite of extraordinary capacities, the amount of food which was necessary to keep her, not in good-humor (she was never in good-humor), but in passable bodily tranquillity, through the twenty-four hours being equal to that which would have been required (so Prudence often thought) for three hearty New England harvesters at home. Not that Granmar would touch New England food; none of the family would eat the home dishes which Prudence in the earlier years had hopefully tried to prepare from such materials as seemed to her the least "onreasonable"; Granmar, indeed, had declared each and all fit only for the hogs. Prudence never tried them now, and she had learned the art of Italian cooking; for she felt that she could not afford to make anything that was to be for herself alone; the handful of precious twigs must serve for the family as a whole. But every now and then, in spite of her natural abstemiousness, she would be haunted by a vision of a "boiled dinner," the boiled corned-beef, the boiled cabbage, turnips, and potatoes, and the boiled Indian pudding of her youth. She should never taste these dainties on earth again. More than once she caught herself hoping that at least the aroma of them would be given to her some time in heaven.

When Granmar was gorged she became temporarily more tranquil. Prudence took this time to speak of a plan which she had had in her mind for several days. "Now that Gooster and the other boys are doing for themselves, Granmar, and Bepper too at last, and Jo Vanny only needing a trifle of help now and then (he's so young yet, you know), I feel as though I might be earning more money," she began.

"Money's a very good thing; we've never had half enough since my sainted Annunziata joined the angels," responded Granmar, with a pious air.

"Well, it seems a good time to try and earn some more. Soonter's gone to the convent; and as it's a long while since Pipper's been here, I really begin to think he has gone off to get work somewhere, as he always said he was going to."

"Don't you be too sure of Pippo," said Granmar, shaking her owl-like head ominously.

"'Tany rate he hasn't been here, and I always try to hope the best about him—"

"And *that's* what you call the best?" interrupted Granmar, with one of her sudden flank movements, "to have him gone away off no one knows where—Annunziata's own precious little nephew—taken by the pirates—yam! Sold as a slave—yam! Killed in the war! Oh, Pippo! poor Pippo! poor little Pipp, Pipp, Pipp!"

"And so I thought I'd try to go to the shop by the day," Prudence went on, when this yell had ceased; "they want me to come and cut out. I shouldn't go until after your breakfast, of course; and I could leave cold things out, and Nounce would cook you something hot at noon; then I should be home myself every night in time to get your supper."

"And so that's the plan—I'm to be left alone here with an idiot while you go flouncing your heels round Assisi! Flounce, cat! It's a wonder the dead don't rise in their graves to hear it. But we buried my Annunziata too deep for that—yam!—otherwise she'd 'a been here to tear your eyes out. An old woman left to starve alone, her own precious grandmother, growing weaker and weaker, and pining and pining. Blessed stomach, do you hear—do you hear, my holy, blessed stomach, always asking for so little, and now not even to get that? It's turned all a mumble of cold just thinking of it—yam! I, poor sufferer, who have had to stand your ugly face so long—I *so* fond of beauty! You haven't got but twenty-four hairs now; you know you haven't——yam! I've got more than you twenty times over—hey! *that* I have." And Granmar, tearing off her cap, pulled loose her coarse white hair, and grasping the ends of the long locks with her crooked fingers, threw them aloft with a series of shrill halloos.

"I won't go to the shop," said Prudence. "Mercy on us, what a noise! I say I won't go to the shop. There! do you hear?"

"Will you be here every day of your life at twelve o'clock to cook me something that won't poison me?" demanded Granmar, still hallooing.

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"Yes, yes, I promise you."

Even Granmar believed Prudence's yes; her yea was yea and her nay nay to all the family. "You cook me something this very minute," she said, sullenly, putting on her cap askew.

"Why, you've only just got through your supper!" exclaimed Prudence, astonished, used though she was to Granmar's abdominal capacities, by this sudden demand.

"You won't? Then I'll yell again," said Granmar. And yell she did.

"Hold up—do; I believe you now," said Prudence. She fanned the dying coals with a straw fan, made up the fire, and prepared some griddle-cakes. Granmar demanded fig syrup to eat with them; and devoured six. Filled to repletion, she then suffered Prudence to change her day cap for a nightcap, falling asleep almost before her head touched the pillow.

During this scene Nounce had sat quietly in her corner. Prudence now went to her to see if she was frightened, for the girl was sometimes much terrified by Granmar's outcries; she stroked her soft hair. She was always looking for signs of intelligence in Nounce, and fancying that she discovered them. Taking the girl's hand, she went with her to the next room, where were their two narrow pallet beds. "You were very smart to save the eggs for me to-day when Granmar wanted that omerlet," she whispered, as she helped her to undress.

Memory came back to Nounce; she smiled comprehendingly.

Prudence waited until she was in bed; then she kissed her good-night, and put out the candle.

Her two charges asleep, Mrs. Guadagni the second opened the back door softly and went out. It was not yet nine o'clock, a warm dark night; though still September, the odors of autumn were already in the air, coming from the September flowers, which have a pungency mingled with their perfume, from the rank ripeness of the vegetables, from the aroma of the ground after the first rains.

"I could have made thirty cents a week more at the shop," she said to herself, regretfully (she always translated the Italian money into American or French). "In a month that would have been a dollar and twenty cents! Well, there's no use thinking about it sence I can't go." She bent over her vegetables, feeling of their leaves, and estimating anew how many she could afford to sell, now that the family was so much reduced in size. Then she paid a visit to her fig-trees. She had planted these trees herself, and watched over their infancy with anxious care; at the present moment they were loaded with fruit, and it seemed as if she knew the position of each fig, so many times had she stood under the boughs looking up at the slowly swelling bulbs. She had never before been able to sell the fruit. But now she should be able, and the sale would add a good many cents to the store of savings kept in her work-box. This work-box, a possession of her youth, was lined with vivid green paper, and had a colored lithograph of the Honorable Mrs. Norton (taken as a Muse) on the inside of the cover; it held already three francs and a half, that is seventy cents—an excellent sum when one considered that only three weeks had passed since the happy day when she had at last beheld the way open to saving regularly, laying by regularly; many times had she begun to save, but she had never been able to continue it. Now, with this small household, she should be able to continue. The sale of the figs would probably double the savings already in the work-box; she might even get eighty cents for them; and that would make a dollar and fifty cents in all! A fig fell to the ground. "They're ripe," she thought; "they must be picked to-morrow." She felt for the fallen fig in the darkness, and carrying it to the garden wall, placed it in a dry niche where it would keep its freshness until she could send it to town with the rest. Then she went to the hen-house. "Smart of Nounce to save the eggs for me," she thought, laughing delightedly to herself over this proof of the girl's intelligence. "Granmar didn't need that omerlet one bit; I left out two tremenjous lunches for her." She peered in; but could not see the hens in the darkness. "If Granmar 'd only eat the things we do!" her thoughts went on. "But she's always possessed after everything that takes eggs. And then she wants the very best coffee, and white sugar, and the best wine, and fine flour and meal and oil—my! how much oil! But I wonder if *I* couldn't stop eating something or other, steader pestering myself about her? Let's see. I don't take wine nor coffee, so I can't stop them; but I could stop soup meat, just for myself;

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and I will." Thus meditating, she went slowly round to the open space before the house.

To call it a space was a misnomer. The house stood at the apex of the hill, and its garden by right extended as far down the descent in front as it extended down the opposite descent behind, where Prudence had planted her long rows of vegetables. But in this front space, not ten feet distant from the house door, planted directly across the paved path which came up from below, was the cow-shed, the intruding offensive neighbor whose odors, gruntings (for it was now a pig-sty), and refuse were constantly making themselves perceptible to one sense and another through the open windows of the dwelling behind. For the house had no back windows; the small apertures which passed for windows were all in front; in that climate it was impossible that they should be always closed. How those odors choked Prudence Wilkin! It seemed as if she could not respect herself while obliged to breathe them, as if she had not respected herself (in the true Ledham way) since the pig-sty became her neighbor.

For fifty francs the owners would take it away; for another twenty or thirty she could have "a front yard." But though she had made many beginnings, she had never been able to save a tenth of the sum. None of the family shared her feelings in the least; to spend precious money for such a whim as that —only an American could be capable of it; but then, as everybody knew, most Americans were mad. And why should Denza object to pigs?

Prudence therefore had been obliged to keep her longings to herself. But this had only intensified them. And now when at last, after thinking of it for sixteen years, she was free to begin to save daily and regularly, she saw as in a vision her front yard completed as she would like to have it: the cow-shed gone; "a nice straight path going down to the front gate, set in a new paling fence; along the sides currant bushes; and in the open spaces to the right and left a big flowerin' shrub—snowballs, or Missouri currant; near the house a clump of matrimony, perhaps; and in the flower beds on each side of the path bachelor's-buttons, Chiny-asters, lady's-slippers, and pinks; the edges bordered with box." She heaved a sigh of deep satisfaction as she finished her mental review. But it was hardly mental after all; she saw the gate, she saw the straight path, she saw the currant bushes and the box-bordered flower beds as distinctly as though they had really been there.

Cheered, almost joyous, she went within, locking the door behind her; then, after softly placing the usual store of provisions beside Granmar's bed (for Granmar had a habit of waking in the night to eat), she sought her own couch. It was hard, but she stretched herself upon it luxuriously. "The figs 'll double the money," she thought, "and by this time to-morrow I shall have a dollar and forty cents; mebby a dollar fifty!" She fell asleep happily.

Her contentment made her sleep soundly. Still it was not long after dawn when she hurried down the hill to the town to get her supply of work from the shop. Hastening back with it, she found Granmar clamoring for her coffee, and Nounce, neatly dressed and clean (for so much Prudence had succeeded in teaching her), sitting patiently in her corner. Prudence's mind was full of a sale she had made; but she prepared the coffee and Nounce's broth with her usual care; she washed her dishes, and made Granmar tidy for the day; finally she arranged all her sewing implements on the table by the window beside her pile of work. Now she could give herself the luxury of one last look, one last estimate; for she had made a miracle of a bargain for her figs. By ten o'clock the men would be up to gather them.

It was a hazy morning; butterflies danced before her as she hastened toward the loaded trees. Reaching them, she looked up. The boughs were bare. All the figs had been gathered in the night, or at earliest dawn.

"Pipper!" she murmured to herself.

The ground under the trees was trampled.

Seven weeks later, on the 16th of November, this same Prudence was adding to her secreted store the fifteen cents needed to make the sum ten francs exactly; that is, two dollars. "Ten francs, a fifth of the whole! It seems 'most too lucky that I've got on so well, spite of Pipper's taking the figs. If I can keep along this way, it 'll *all* be done by the

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"NOUNCE TOO CAME OUT, AND SAT ON THE WALL NEAR BY, LISTENING."

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Fourth of July; not just the cow-shed taken away, but the front yard done too. My!" She sat down on a fagot to think it over. The thought was rapture; she laughed to herself and at herself for being so happy.

Some one called, "Mamma." She came out, and found Jo Vanny looking for her. Nounce and Jo Vanny were the only ones among the children who had ever called her mother.

"Oh, you're up there in the shed, are you?" said Jo Vanny. "Somehow, mamma, you look very gay."

"Yes, I'm gay," answered Prudence. "Perhaps some of these days I'll tell you why." In her heart she thought: "Jo Vanny, now, *he'd* understand; he'd feel as I do if I should explain it to him. A nice front yard he has never seen in all his life, for they don't have 'em *here*. But once he knew what it was, he'd care about it as much as I do; I know he would. He's sort of American anyhow." It was the highest praise she could give. The boy had his cap off; she smoothed his hair. "'Pears to me you must have lost your comb," she said.

"I'm going to have it all cut off as short as can be," announced Jo Vanny, with a resolute air.

"Oh no."

"Yes, I am. Some of the other fellows have had theirs cut that way, and I'm going to too," pursued the young stoic.

He was eighteen, rather undersized and slender, handsome as to his face, with large dark long-lashed eyes, well-cut features, white teeth, and the curly hair which Prudence had smoothed. Though he had vowed them to destruction, these love-locks were for the present arranged in the style most approved in Assisi, one thick glossy flake being brought down low over the forehead, so that it showed under his cap in a sentimental wave. He did not look much like a hard-working carpenter as he stood there dressed in dark clothes made in that singular exaggeration of the fashions which one sees only in Italy. His trousers, small at the knee, were large and wing-like at the ankle, half covering the tight shabby shoes run down at the heel, and absurdly short, which, however, as they were made of patent-leather and sharply pointed at the toes, Jo Vanny considered shoes of gala aspect. His low flaring collar was surrounded by a red satin cravat ornamented by a gilt horseshoe. He wore a ring on the little finger of each hand. In his own eyes his attire was splendid.

In the eyes of some one else also. To Prudence, as he stood there, he looked absolutely beautiful; she felt all a mother's pride rise in her heart as she surveyed him. But she must not let him see it, and she must scold him for wearing his best clothes every day.

"I didn't know it was a festa," she began.

"'Tain't. But one of the fellows has had a sister married, and they've invited us all to a big supper to-night."

"To-night isn't to-day, that I know of."

"Do you wish me to go all covered with sawdust?" said the little dandy, with a disdainful air. "Besides, I wanted to come up here."

"It *is* a good while sence we've seen you," Prudence admitted. In her heart she was delighted that he had wished to come. "Have you had your dinner, Jo Vanny?"

"All I want. I'll take a bit of bread and some wine by-and-by. But you needn't go to cooking for me, mamma. I say, tell me what it was that made you look so glad?" said the boy, curiously.

"Never you mind *now*," said Prudence, the gleam of content coming again into her eyes, and lighting up her brown wrinkled face. She was glad that she had the ten francs; she was glad to see the boy; she was touched by his unselfishness in declining her offer of a second dinner. No other member of the family would have declined or waited to decline; the others would have demanded some freshly cooked dish immediately upon entering; Uncle Patro would have demanded three or four.

"I've brought my mandolin," Jo Vanny went on. "I've got to take it to the supper, of course, because they always want me to sing—I never can get rid of 'em! And so you can hear me, if you like. I know the new songs, and one of them I composed myself. Well, it's rather heavenly."

All Tonio's children sang like birds. Poor Prudence, who had no ear for music, had never been able to comprehend either the pleasure or the profit of the hours they gave to their carollings. But when, in his turn, her little Jo Vanny began his pipings, then she listened, or

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tried to listen. "Real purty, Jo Vanny," she would say, when the silence of a moment or two had assured her that his song was ended; it was her only way of knowing—the silence.

So now she brought her work out to the garden, and sewed busily while Jo Vanny sang and thrummed. Nounce too came out, and sat on the wall near by, listening.

At length the little singer took himself off—took himself off with his red satin cravat, his horseshoe pin, and his mandolin under his arm. Nounce went back to the house; but Prudence sat awhile longer, using, as she always did, the very last rays of the sunset light for her sewing.

After a while she heard a step, and looked up. "Why, Gooster—anything the matter?" she said, in surprise.

Unlike the slender little Jo Vanny, Gooster was a large, stoutly built young man, as slow in his motions as Jo Vanny was quick. He was a lethargic fellow with sombre eyes, eyes which sometimes had a gleam in them.

"There's nothing especial the matter," he answered, dully. "I think I'll go for a soldier, Denza."

"Go for a soldier? And the per-dairy?"

"I can't never go back to the podere. *She's* there, and she has taken up with Matteo. I've had my heart trampled upon, and so I've got a big hankering either to kill somebody or get killed myself, and I'll either do it here, or I'll go for a soldier and get knifed in the war."

"Mercy on us! there isn't any war now," said Prudence, dazed by these sanguinary suggestions.

"There's always a war. What else are there soldiers for? And there's lots of soldiers. But I could get knifed here easy enough; Matteo and I—already we've had one tussle; I gave him a pretty big cut, you may depend."

Seventeen years earlier Prudence Wilkin would have laughed at the idea of being frightened by such words as these. But Mrs. Tonio Guadagni had heard of wild deeds in Assisi, and wilder ones still among the peasants of the hill country roundabout; these singing, indolent Umbrians dealt sometimes in revenges that were very direct and primitive.

"You let Matteo alone, Gooster," she said, putting her hand on his arm; "you go straight over to Perugia and stay there. Perhaps you can get work where Parlo and Squawly are."

"I shall have it out with Matteo here, or else go for a soldier to-morrow," answered Gooster, in his lethargic tone.

"Well, go for a soldier, then."

"It don't make much difference to me which I do," Gooster went on, as if only half awake. "If I go for a soldier, I shall have to get to Florence somehow, I suppose; I shall have to have ten francs for the railroad."

"Is it ten exactly?" said Prudence. Her mind flew to her work-box, which held just that sum.

"It's ten."

"Haven't you got any money at all, Gooster?" She meant to help him on his way. But she thought that she should like to keep, if possible, a nest-egg to begin with again; say twenty cents, or ten.

Gooster felt in his pockets. "Three soldi," he replied, producing some copper coins and counting them over.

"And there's nothing due you at the per-dairy?"

There was no necessity for answering such a foolish question as this, and Gooster did not answer it.

"Well, I will give you the money," said Prudence. "But to-morrow 'll do, won't it? Stay here a day or two, and we'll talk it over."

While she was speaking, Gooster had turned and walked toward the garden wall. The sight of his back going from her—as though she should never see it again—threw her into a sudden panic; she ran after him and seized his arm. "I'll give you the money, Gooster; I told you I would; I've got it all ready, and it won't take a minute: promise me that you won't leave this garden till I come back."

Gooster had had no thought of leaving the garden; he had espied a last bunch of grapes still hanging on the vine, and was going to get it; that was all. "All right," he said.

Prudence disappeared. He gathered the grapes and began to eat them, turning over the bunch to see which were best. Before he had finished, Prudence came back, breathless with the haste she had made. "Here," she said; "and now you'll go straight to Florence, won't you? There's a train to-night, very soon now; you must hurry down and take that."

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He let her put the money in his coat pocket while he finished the grapes. Then he threw the stem carefully over the garden wall.

"And no doubt you'll be a brave soldier," Prudence went on, trying to speak hopefully. "Brave soldiers are thought a heap of everywhere."

"I don't know as I care what's thought," answered Gooster, indifferently. He took up his cap and put it on. "Well, good-by, Denza. Best wishes to you. Every happiness." He shook hands with her.

Prudence stood waiting where she was for five minutes; then she followed him. It was already dark; she went down the hill rapidly, and turned into the narrow main street. A few lamps were lighted. She hastened onward, hoping every minute to distinguish somewhere in front a tall figure with slouching gait. At last, where the road turns to begin the long descent to the plain, she did distinguish it. Yes, that was certainly Gooster; he was going down the hill toward the railway station. All was well, then; she could dismiss her anxiety. She returned through the town. Stopping for a moment at an open space, she gazed down upon the vast valley, now darkening into night; here suddenly a fear came over her—he might have turned round and come back! She hurried through the town a second time, and not meeting him, started down the hill. The road went down in long zigzags. As she turned each angle she expected to see him; but she did not see him, and finally she reached the plain; there were the lights of the station facing her. She drew near cautiously, nearer and nearer, until, herself unseen in the darkness, she could peer through the window into the lighted waiting-room. If he was there, she could see him; but if he was on the platform on the other side— No; he was there. She drew a long breath of relief, and stole away.

A short distance up the hill a wheelbarrow loaded with stones had been left by the side of the road; she sat down on the stones to rest, for the first time realizing how tired she was. The train came rushing along; stopped; went on again. She watched it as long as she could see its lights. Then she rose and turned slowly up the hill, beginning her long walk home. "My," she thought, "won't Granmar be in a tantrum, though!"

When she reached the house she made a circuit, and came through the garden behind toward the back door. "I don't want to see the front yard *to-night!*" she thought.

But she was rather ashamed of this egotism.

"And they say they'll put me in prison —oh—ow!—an old man, a good old man, a suffering son of humanity like me!" moaned Uncle Pietro.

"An old man, a good old man, a suffering son of humanity like *him*," repeated Granmar, shrilly proud of this fine language.

Suddenly she brandished her lean arms. "You Denza there, with your stored-up money made from *my* starvation—yam!—mine, how dare you be so silent, figure of a mule? Starvation! yes, indeed. Wait and I'll show you my arms, Pietro; wait and I'll show you my ribs—yam!"

"You keep yourself covered up, Granmar," said Prudence, tucking her in; "you'll do yourself a mischief in this cold weather."

"Ahi!" said Granmar, "and do I care? If I could live to see you drowned, I'd freeze and be glad. Stored-up money! stored-up money!"

"What do you know of my money?" said Prudence. Her voice trembled a little.

"She confesses it!" announced Granmar, triumphantly.

"An old ma—an," said Pietro, crouching over Nounce's scaldino. "A good old ma—an. But—accommodate yourself."

Prudence sat down and took up her sewing. "I don't believe they'll put you in jail at all, Patro," she said; "'twon't do 'em any good, and what they want is their money. You just go to 'em and say that you'll do day's work for 'em till it's made up, and they'll let you off, I'll bet. Nine francs, is it? Well, at half a franc a day you can make it up full in eighteen days; or call it twenty-four with the festas."

"The Americans are all mercenary," remarked old Pietro, waving his hand in scorn. "Being themselves always influenced by gain, they cannot understand lofty motives nor the cold, glittering anger of the nobility. The Leoncinis are noble; they are of the old Count's blood.

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They do not want their money; they want revenge—they want to rack my bones."

Granmar gave a long howl.

"Favor me, my niece, with no more of your mistakes," concluded Pietro, with dignity.

"I don't believe they'd refuse," said Prudence, unmoved. "I'll go and ask 'em myself if you like; that 'll be the best way. I'll go right away now." She began to fold up her work.

At this Pietro, after putting the scaldino safely on the stove, fell down in a round heap on the floor. Never were limbs so suddenly contorted and tangled; he clawed the bricks so fiercely with his fingers that Nounce, frightened, left her bench and ran into the next room.

"What's the matter with you? I never saw such a man," said Prudence, trying to raise him.

"Let be! let be!" called out Granmar; "it's a stroke; and you've brought it on, talking to him about working, working all day long like a horse—a good old man like that."

"I don't believe it's a stroke," said Prudence, still trying to get him up.

"My opinion is," said Granmar, sinking into sudden calm, "that he will die in ten minutes—exactly ten."

His face had indeed turned very red.

"Dear me! I suppose I shall have to run down for the doctor," said Prudence, desisting. "Perhaps he'd ought to be bled."

"You leave the doctor alone, and ease his mind," directed Granmar; "that's what he needs, sensitive as he is, and poetical too, poor fellow. You just shout in his ear that you'll pay that money, and you'll be surprised to see how it 'll loosen his joints."

Mrs. Guadagni surveyed the good old uncle for a moment. Then she bent over him and shouted in his ear, "I'll make you a hot fig tart right away now, Patro, if you'll set up."

As she finished these words Granmar threw her scaldino suddenly into the centre of the kitchen, where it broke with a crash upon the bricks.

"He's going to get up," announced Prudence, triumphantly.

"He isn't any such thing; 'twas the scaldino shook him," responded Granmar, in a loud, admonitory tone. "He'll never get up again in *this* world unless you shout in his ear that you'll pay that money."

And in truth Pietro was now more knotted than ever.

At this moment the door opened and Jo Vanny came in. "Why, what's the matter with uncle?" he said, seeing the figure on the floor. He bent over him and tried to ease his position.

"It's a stroke," said Granmar, in a soft voice. "It 'll soon be over. Hush! leave him in peace. He's dying; Denza there, she did it."

"They want me to pay the nine francs he has—lost," said Prudence. "Perhaps you have heard, Jo Vanny, that he has—lost nine francs that belonged to the Leoncinis? Nine whole francs." She looked at the lad, and he understood the look; for only the day before she had confided to him at last her long-cherished dream, and (as she had been sure he would) he had sympathized with it warmly.

"I declare I wish I had even a franc!" he said, searching his pockets desperately; "but I've only got a cigarette. Will you try a cigarette, uncle?" he shouted in the heap's ear.

"Don't you mock him," ordered Granmar (but Jo Vanny had been entirely in earnest). "He'll die soon, and Denza will be rid of him; that's what she wants. 'Twill be murder, of course; and he'll haunt us—he's always said he'd haunt somebody. But *I* ain't long for this world, so I ain't disturbed. Heaven's waiting wide open for *me*."

Jo Vanny looked a little frightened. He hesitated a moment, surveying the motionless Pietro; then he drew Prudence aside. "He's an awful wicked old man, and might really do it," he whispered; "'specially as you ain't a Catholic, mamma. I think you'd better give him the money if it 'll stop him off; *I* don't mind, but it would be bad for you if he should come rapping on your windows and showing corpse-lights in the garden by-and-by."

Prudence brought her hands together sharply—a gesture of exasperation. "He ain't going to die any more than I am," she said. But she knew what life would be in that house with such a threat hanging over it, even though the execution were deferred to some vague future time. Angrily she left the room.

Jo Vanny followed her. "Come along, if you want to," she said, half impatient,

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half glad. She felt a sudden desire that some one besides herself should see the sacrifice, see the actual despoiling of the little box she had labored to fill. She went to the wood-shed. It was a gloomy December day, and the vegetables hanging on the walls had a dreary, stone-like look; she climbed up on a barrel, and removed the hay which filled a rough shelf; in a niche behind was her work-box; with it in her hand she climbed down again.

She gave him the box to hold while she counted out the money—nine francs. "There are twelve in all," she said.

"Then you'll have three left," said Jo Vanny.

"Yes, three." She could not help a sigh of retrospect, the outgoing nine represented so many long hours of toil.

"Let me put the box back," said the boy. It was quickly and deftly done. "Never mind about it, mamma," he said, as he jumped down. "*I'll* help you to make it up again. I want that front yard as much as you do, now you've told me about it; I think it will be beautiful."

"Well," said Prudence, "when the flower beds are all fixed up, and the new front path and swing gate, it *will* be kind of nice, I reckon."

"Nice?" said Jo Vanny. "That's not the word. 'Twill be an ecstasy! a smile! a dream!"

"Bless the boy, what nonsense he talks!" said the step-mother. But she loved to hear his romantic phrases all the same.

They went back to the kitchen. The sacrifice had now become a cheerful one. She bent over the heap. "Here's your nine francs, Patro," she shouted. "Come, now, come!"

Pietro felt the money in his hand. He rose quietly. "I'm nearly killed with all your yelling," he said. Then he took his hat and left the house.

"We did yell," said Prudence, picking up the fragments of the broken scaldino. "I don't quite know why we did."

"Never mind why-ing, but get supper," said Granmar. "Then go down on your knees and thank the Virgin for giving us such a merciful, mild old man as Pietro. You brought on his stroke; but what did he do? He just took what you gave him, and went away *so* forgivingly—the soul of a dove, the spice-cake soul!"

In January, the short sharp winter of Italy had possession of Assisi.

One day toward the last of the month a bitter wind was driving through the bleak, stony little street, sending clouds of gritty frozen dust before it. The dark fireless dwellings were colder than the outside air, and the people, swathed in heavy layers of clothing, to which all sorts of old cloaks and shawls and mufflers had been added, were standing about near the open doors of their shops and dwellings, various prominences under apron or coat betraying the hidden scaldino, the earthen dish which Italians tightly hug in winter with the hope that the few coals it contains will keep their benumbed fingers warm. All faces were reddened and frost-bitten. The hands of the children who were too young to hold a scaldino were purple-black.

Prudence Guadagni, with her great basket strapped on her back, came along, receiving but two or three greetings as she passed. Few knew her; fewer still liked her, for was she not a foreigner and a pagan? Besides, what could you do with a woman who drank water, simple water, like a toad, and never touched wine—a woman who did not like oil, good, sweet, wholesome oil! Tonio's children were much commiserated for having fallen into such hands.

Prudence was dressed as she had been in September, save that she now wore woollen stockings and coarse shoes, and tightly pinned round her spare person a large shawl. This shawl (she called it "my Highland shawl") had come with her from America; it was green in hue, plaided; she thought it still very handsome. Her step was not as light as it had been; rheumatism had crippled her sorely.

As she left the town and turned up the hill toward home, some one who had been waiting there joined her. "Is that you, Bepper? Were you coming up to the house?" she said.

"Yes," answered Beppa, showing her white teeth in a smile. "I'm bringing you some news, Denza."

"Well, what is it? I hope you're not going to leave your place?"

"I'm going to leave it, and that's my news: I'm going to be married."

"My! it's sudden, isn't it?" said Prudence, stopping.

"Giuseppe doesn't think it's sudden," said Beppa, laughing and tossing her head; "he thinks I've been ages making

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up my mind. Come on, Denza, do; it's so cold!"

"I don't know Giuseppe, do I?" said Prudence, trudging on again; "I don't remember the name."

"No; I've never brought him up to the house. But the boys know him—Paolo and Pasquale; Augusto too. He's well off, Giuseppe is; he's got beautiful furniture. He's a first-rate mason, and gets good wages, so I sha'n't have to work any more—I mean go out to work as I do now."

"Bepper, do you *like* him?" said Prudence, stopping again. She took hold of the girl's wrist and held it tightly.

"Of course I like him," said Beppa, freeing herself. "How cold your hands are, Denza—ugh!"

"You ain't marrying him for his furniture? You love him for himself—and better than any one else in the whole world?" Prudence went on, solemnly.

"Oh, how comical you do look, standing there talking about love, with your white hair and your great big basket!" said Beppa, breaking into irrepressible laughter. The cold had not made her hideous, as it makes so many Italians hideous; her face was not empurpled, her fine features were not swollen. She looked handsome. What was even more attractive on such a day, she looked warm. As her merriment ceased, a sudden change came over her. "Sainted Maria! she doubts whether I love him! Love him? Why, you poor old woman, I'd die for him to-morrow. I'd cut myself in pieces for him this minute." Her great black eyes gleamed; the color flamed in her oval cheeks; she gave a rich angry laugh.

It was impossible to doubt her, and Prudence did not doubt. "Well, I'm right down glad, Bepper," she said, in a softened tone—"right down glad, my dear." She was thinking of her own love for the girl's father.

"I was coming up," continued Beppa, "because I thought I'd better talk it over with you."

"Of course," said Prudence, cordially. "A girl can't get married all alone; nobody ever heard of that."

"I sha'n't be much alone, for Giuseppe's family's a very big one; too big, I tell him—ten brothers and sisters. But they're all well off, that's one comfort. Of course I don't want to shame 'em."

"Of course not," said Prudence, assenting again. Then, with the awakened memories still stirring in her heart: "It's a pity your father isn't here now," she said, in a moved tone; "he'd have graced a wedding, Bepper, he was so handsome." She seldom spoke of Tonio; the subject was too sacred; but it seemed to her as if she might venture a few words to this his daughter on the eve of her own marriage.

"Yes, it's a pity, I suppose," answered Beppa. "Still, he would have been an old man now. And 'tain't likely he would have had a good coat either; that is, not such a one as I should call good."

"Yes, he would; I'd have made him one," responded Prudence, with a spark of anger. "This whole basket's full of coats now."

"I know you're wonderful clever with your needle," said the girl, glancing carelessly at the basket that weighed down her step-mother's shoulders. "I can't think how you can sew so steadily, year in, year out; I never could."

"Well, I've had to get stronger spectacles," Prudence confessed. "And they wouldn't take my old ones in exchange, neither, though they were perfectly good."

"They're robbers, all of them, at that shop," commented Beppa, agreeingly.

"Now about your clothes, Bepper—when are you going to begin? I suppose you'll come home for a while, so as to have time to do 'em; I can help you some, and Nounce too; Nounce can sew a little."

"No, I don't think I'll come home; 'twouldn't pay me. About the clothes—I'm going to buy 'em."

"They won't be half so good," Prudence began. Then she stopped. "I'm very glad you've got the money laid up, my dear," she said, commendingly.

"Oh, but I haven't," answered Beppa, laughing. "I want to borrow it of you; that is what I came up for to-day—to tell you about it."

Prudence, her heart still softened, looked at the handsome girl with gentle eyes. "Why, of course I'll lend it to you, Bepper," she said. "How much do you want?"

"All you've got won't be any too much, I reckon," answered Beppa, with pride. "I shall have to have things nice, you know; I don't want to shame 'em."

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"I've got twenty-five francs," said Prudence; "I mean I've got that amount saved and put away; 'twas for—for a purpose—something I was going to do; but 'tain't important; you can have it and welcome." Her old face, as she said this, looked almost young again. "You see, I'm so glad to have you happy," she went on. "And I can't help thinking—if your father had only lived—the first wedding in his family! However, *I'll* come—just as though I was your real mother, dear; you sha'n't miss that. I've got my Sunday gown, and five francs will buy me a pair of new shoes; I can earn 'em before the day comes, I guess."

"I'm afraid you can't," said Beppa, laughing.

"Why, when's the wedding? Not for two or three weeks, I suppose?"

"It's day after to-morrow," answered Beppa. "Everything's bought, and all I want is the money to pay for 'em; I knew I could get it of you."

"Dear me! how quick! And these shoes are really too bad; they're clear wore out, and all the cleaning in the world won't make 'em decent."

"Well, Denza, why do you want to come? You don't know any of Giuseppe's family. To tell the truth, I never supposed you'd care about coming, and the table's all planned out for (at Giuseppe's sister's), and there ain't no place for you."

"And you didn't have one saved?"

"I never thought you'd care to come. You see they're different, they're all well off, and you don't like people who are well off—who wear nice clothes. You never wanted *us* to have nice clothes, and you like to go barefoot."

"No, I don't!" said Prudence.

"'Tany rate one would think you did; you always go so in summer. But even if you had new shoes, none of your clothes would be good enough; that bonnet, now—"

"My bonnet? Surely my *bonnet's* good?" said the New England woman; her voice faltered, she was struck on a tender point.

"Well, people laugh at it," answered Beppa, composedly.

They had now reached the house. "You go in," said Prudence; "I'll come presently."

She went round to the wood-shed, unstrapped her basket, and set it down; then she climbed up on the barrel, removed the hay, and took out her work-box. Emptying its contents into her handkerchief, she descended, and standing there, counted the sum—twenty-seven francs, thirty centimes. "'Twon't be any too much; she don't want to shame 'em." She made a package of the money with a piece of brown paper, and entering the kitchen, she slipped it unobserved into Beppa's hand.

"Seems to me," announced Granmar from the bed, "that when a girl comes to tell her own precious Granmar of her *wedding*, she ought in decency to be offered a bite of something to eat. Any one but Denza would think so. Not that it's anything to me."

"Very well, what will you have?" asked Prudence, wearily. Freed from her bonnet and shawl, it could be seen that her once strong figure was much bent; her fingers had grown knotted, enlarged at the joints, and clumsy; years of toil had not aged her so much as these recent nights—such long nights!—of cruel rheumatic pain.

Granmar, in a loud voice, immediately named a succulent dish; Prudence began to prepare it. Before it was ready, Jo Vanny came in.

"You knew I was up here, and you've come mousing up for an invitation," said Beppa, in high good-humor. "I was going to stop and invite you on my way back, Giovanni; there's a nice place saved for you at the supper."

"Yes, I knew you were up here, and I've brought you a wedding present," answered the boy. "I've brought one for mamma too." And he produced two silk handkerchiefs, one of bright colors, the other of darker hue.

"Is the widow going to be married too?" said Beppa. "Who under heaven's the man?"

In spite of the jesting, Prudence's face showed that she was pleased; she passed her toil-worn hand over the handkerchief softly, almost as though its silk was the cheek of a little child. The improvised feast was turned into a festival now, and of her own accord she added a second dish; the party, Granmar at the head, devoured unknown quantities. When at last there was nothing left, Beppa, carrying her money, departed.

"You know, Jo Vanny, you hadn't ought to leave your work so often," said

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Prudence, following the boy into the garden when he took leave; she spoke in an expostulating tone.

"Oh, I've got money," said Jo Vanny, loftily; "*I* needn't crawl." And carelessly he showed her a gold piece.

But this sudden opulence only alarmed the step-mother. "Why, where did you get that?" she said, anxiously.

"How frightened you look! Your doubts offend me," pursued Jo Vanny, still with his grand air. "Haven't I capacities?—hasn't Heaven sent me a swarming genius? Wasn't I the acclaimed, even to laurel crowns, of my entire class?"

This was true: Jo Vanny was the only one of Tonio's children who had profited by the new public schools.

"And now what shall I get for you, mamma?" the boy went on, his tone changing to coaxing; "I want to get you something real nice; what will you have? A new dress to go to Beppa's wedding in?"

For an instant Prudence's eyes were suffused. "I ain't going, Jo Vanny; they don't want me."

"They *shall* want you!" declared Jo Vanny, fiercely.

"I didn't mean that; I don't want to go anyhow; I've got too much rheumatism. You don't know," she went on, drawn out of herself for a moment by the need of sympathy—"you don't know how it does grip me at night sometimes, Jo Vanny! No; you go to the supper, and tell me all about it afterward; I like to hear you tell about things just as well as to go myself."

Jo Vanny passed his hand through his curly locks with an air of desperation. "There it is again—my gift of relating, of narrative; it follows me wherever I go. What will become of me with such talents? I shall never die in my bed; nor have my old age in peace."

"You go 'long!" said Prudence (or its Italian equivalent). She gave him a push, laughing.

Jo Vanny drew down his cap, put his hands deep in his pockets, and thus close-reefed, scudded down the hill in the freezing wind to the shelter of the streets below.

By seven o'clock Nounce and Granmar were both asleep; it was the most comfortable condition in such weather. Prudence adjusted her lamp, put on her strong spectacles, and sat down to sew. The great brick stove gave out no warmth; it was not intended to heat the room; its three yards of length and one yard of breadth had apparently been constructed for the purpose of holding and heating one iron pot. The scaldino at her feet did not keep her warm; she put on her Highland shawl. After a while, as her head (scantily covered with thin white hair) felt the cold also, she went to get her bonnet. As she took it from the box she remembered Beppa's speech, and the pang came back; in her own mind that bonnet had been the one link that still united her with her old Ledham respectability, the one possession that distinguished her from all these "papish" peasants, with their bare heads and frowzy hair. It was not new, of course, as it had come with her from home. But what signified an old-fashioned shape in a community where there were no shapes of any kind, new or old? At least it was always a bonnet. She put it on, even now from habit pulling out the strings carefully, and pinning the loops on each side of her chin. Then she went back and sat down to her work again.

At eleven o'clock Granmar woke. "Yam! how cold my legs are! Denza, are you there? You give me that green shawl of yours directly; precisely, I am dying."

Prudence came out from behind her screen, lamp in hand. "I've got it on, Granmar; it's so cold setting up sewing. I'll get you the blanket from my bed."

"I don't want it; it's as hard as a brick. You give me that shawl; if you've got it on, it 'll be so much the warmer."

"I'll give you my other flannel petticoat," suggested Prudence.

"And I'll tear it into a thousand pieces," responded Granmar, viciously. "You give me that shawl, or the next time you leave Nounce alone here, *she* shall pay for it."

Granmar was capable of frightening poor little Nounce into spasms. Prudence took off the shawl and spread it over the bed, while Granmar grinned silently.

Carrying the lamp, Prudence went into the bedroom to see what else she could find to put on. She first tried the blanket from her bed; but as it was a very poor one, partly cotton, it was stiff (as Granmar had said), and would not stay pinned; the motion of her arms in sewing would

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"STILL HOLDING NOUNCE'S HAND, SHE WENT ROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE."

constantly loosen it. In the way of wraps, except her shawl, she possessed almost nothing; so she put on another gown over the one she wore, pinned her second flannel petticoat round her shoulders, and over that a little cloak that belonged to Nounce; then she tied a woollen stocking round her throat, and crowned with her bonnet, and carrying the blanket to put over her knees, she returned to her work.

"I declare I'm clean tired out," she said to herself; "my feet are like ice. I wouldn't sew any longer such a bitter night if it warn't that that work-box 'ain't got a thing in it. I can't bear to think of it empty. But as soon as I've got a franc or two to begin with again, I'll stop these extry hours."

But they lasted on this occasion until two o'clock.

"It don't seem as if I'd ever known it *quite* so baking as it is to-night." It was Prudence who spoke; she spoke to Nounce; she must speak to some one.

Nounce answered with one of her pa-

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tient smiles. She often smiled patiently, as though it was something which she was expected to do.

Prudence was sitting in the wood-shed resting; she had been down to town to carry home some work. Now the narrow streets there, thrown into shade by the high buildings on each side, were a refuge from the heat; now the dark houses, like burrows, gave relief to eyes blinded by the yellow glare. It was the 30th of August. From the first day of April the broad valley and this brown hill had simmered in the hot light, which filled the heavens and lay over the earth day after day, without a change, without a cloud, relentless, splendid; each month the ground had grown warmer and drier, the roads more white, more deep in dust; insect life, myriad legged and winged, had been everywhere; under the stones lurked the scorpions.

In former summers here this never-ending light, the long days of burning sunshine, the nights with the persistent moon, the importunate nightingales, and the magnificent procession of the stars had sometimes driven the New England woman almost mad; she had felt as if she must bury her head in the earth somewhere to find the blessed darkness again, to feel its cool pressure against her tired eyes. But this year these things had not troubled her; the possibility of realizing her long-cherished hope at last had made the time seem short, had made the heat nothing, the light forgotten; each day, after fifteen hours of toil, she had been sorry that she could not accomplish more.

But she had accomplished much; the hope was now almost a reality. "Nounce," she said, "do you know I'm 'most too happy to live. I shall have to tell you: I've got *all* the money saved up at last, and the men are coming to-morrow to take away the cow-shed. Think of that!"

Nounce thought of it; she nodded appreciatively.

Prudence took the girl's slender hand in hers and went on: "Yes, to-morrow. And it 'll cost forty-eight francs. But with the two francs for wine-money it will come to fifty in all. By this time to-morrow night it will be gone!" She drew in her breath with a satisfied sound. "I've got seventy-five francs in all, Nounce. When Bepper married, of course I knew I couldn't get it done for Fourth of July. And so I thought I'd try for Thanksgiving — that is, Thanksgiving *time;* I never know the exact day now. Well, here it's only the last day of August, and the cow-shed will be gone to-morrow. Then will come the new fence; and then the fun, the real fun, Nounce, of laying out our front yard! It 'll have a nice straight path down to the gate, currant bushes in neat rows along the sides, two big flowerin' shrubs, and little flower beds bordered with box. I tell you you won't know your own house when you come in a decent gate and up a nice path to the front door; all these years we've been slinking in and out of a back door, just as though we didn't have no front one. I don't believe myself in tramping in and out of a front door *every* day; but on Sundays, now, when we have on our best clothes, we shall come in and out respectably. You'll feel like another person, Nounce; and I'm sure *I* shall—I shall feel like Ledham again—my!" And Prudence actually laughed.

Still holding Nounce's hand, she went round to the front of the house.

The cow-shed was shedding forth its usual odors; Prudence took a stone and struck a great resounding blow on its side. She struck with so much force that she hurt her hand. "Never mind—it done me good!" she said, laughing again.

She took little Nounce by the arm and led her down the descent. "I shall have to make the front walk all over," she explained. "And here'll be the gate, down here—a swing one. And the path will go from here straight up to the door. Then the fence will go along here—palings, you know, painted white; a good clean American white, with none of these yellows in it, you may depend. And over there —and there—along the sides, the fence will be just plain boards, notched at the top; the currant bushes will run along there. In the middle, here—and here—will be the big flowerin' shrubs. And then the little flower beds bordered with box. Oh, Nounce, I can't hardly believe it—it will be so beautiful! I really can't!"

Nounce waited a moment. Then she came closer to her step-mother, and after looking quickly all about her, whispered, "You needn't if you don't want to; there's here yet to believe."

"It's just as good as here," answered Prudence, almost indignantly. "I've

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got the money, and the bargain's all made; nothing could be surer than that."

The next morning Nounce was awakened by the touch of a hand on her shoulder. It was her step-mother. "I've got to go down to town," she said, in a low tone. "You must try to get Granmar's breakfast yourself, Nounce; do it as well as you can. And—and I've changed my mind about the front yard; it 'll be done some time, but not now. And we won't talk any more about it for the present, Nounce; that 'll please me most; and you're a good girl, and always want to please me, I know."

She kissed her, and went out softly.

In October three Americans came to Assisi. Two came to sketch the Giotto frescoes in the church of St. Francis; the third came for her own entertainment; she read Symonds, and wandered about exploring the ancient town.

One day her wanderings led her to the little Guadagni house on the height. The back gate was open, and through it she saw an old woman staggering, then falling, under the weight of a sack of potatoes which she was trying to carry on her back.

The American rushed in to help her. "It's much too heavy for you," she said, indignantly, after she had given her assistance. "Oh dear—I mean, *è troppo grave*," she added, elevating her voice.

"Are you English?" said the old woman. "I'm an American myself; but I ain't deef. The sack warn't too heavy; it's only that I ain't so strong as I used to be—it's perfectly redeculous!"

"You're not strong at all," responded the stranger, still indignantly, looking at the wasted old face and trembling hands.

A week later Prudence was in bed, and an American nurse was in charge.

This nurse, whose name was Baily, was a calm woman with long strong arms, monotonous voice, and distinct New England pronunciation; her Italian (which was grammatically correct) was delivered in the vowels of Vermont.

One day, soon after her arrival, she remarked to Granmar, "That yell of yours, now—that yam—is a very unusual thing."

"My sufferings draw it from me," answered Granmar, flattered by the adjective used. "I'm a very pious woman; I don't want to swear."

"I think I have never heard it equalled, except possibly in lunatic asylums," Marilla Baily went on. "I have had a great deal to do with lunatic asylums; I am what is called an expert; that is, I find out people who are troublesome, and send them there; I never say much about it, but just make my observations; then, when I've got the papers out, whiff!—off they go."

Granmar put her hand over her mouth apprehensively, and surveyed her in silence. From that time the atmosphere of the kitchen was remarkably quiet.

Marilla Baily had come from Florence at the bidding of the American who had helped to carry the potatoes. This American was staying at the Albergo del Subasio with her friends who were sketching Giotto; but she spent most of her time with Prudence Wilkin.

"You see, I minded it because it was *him*," Prudence explained to her one day, at the close of a long conversation. "For I'd always been so fond of the boy; I had him first when he warn't but two years old—just a baby—and *so* purty and cunning! He always called me mamma—the only one of the children, 'cept poor Nounce there, that really seemed to care for me. And I cared everything for him. I went straight down to town and hunted all over. But he warn't to be found. I tried it the next day, and the next, not saying what I wanted, of course; but nobody knew where he was, and at last I made up my mind that he'd gone away. For three weeks I waited; I was almost dead; I couldn't do nothing; I felt as if I was broke in two, and only the skin held me together. Every morning I'd say to myself, 'There'll certainly come a letter today, and he'll tell me all about it.' But the letter didn't come, and didn't come. From the beginning, of course, I knew it was him—I couldn't help but know; Jo Vanny was the only person in the whole world that knew where it was. For I'd showed it to him one day—the work-box, I mean—and let him put it back in the hole behind the hay—'twas the time I took the money out for Patro. At last I did get a letter, and he said as how he'd meant to put it back the very next morning, sure. But something had happened, so he couldn't, and so he'd gone away. And now he was working just as hard as he could, he said, so as to be able to pay it back soon; he hardly played on his man-

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dolin at all now, he said, he was working so hard. You see, he wasn't bad himself, poor little fellow, but he was led away by bad men; gambling's an awful thing, once you get started in it, and he was sort of *drove* to take that money, meaning all the while to pay it back. Well, of course I felt ever so much better just as soon as I got that letter. And I began to work again. But I didn't get on as well as I'd oughter; I can't understand why. That day, now, when I first saw you—when you ran in to help me—I hadn't been feeling sick at all; there warn't no sense in my tumbling down that way all of a sudden."

One lovely afternoon in November Prudence's bed was carried out to the front of the dark little house.

The cow-shed was gone. A straight path, freshly paved, led down to a swing gate set in a new paling fence, flower beds bordered the path, and in the centre of the open spaces on each side there was a large rose bush. The fence was painted a glittering white; there had been an attempt at grass; currant bushes in straight rows bordered the two sides.

Prudence lay looking at it all in peaceful silence. "It's mighty purty," she said at last, with grateful emphasis. "It's everything I planned to have, and a great deal nicer than I could have done it myself, though I thought about it goodness knows how many years!"

"I'm not surprised that you thought about it," the American answered. "It was the view you were longing for—fancy its having been cut off so long by that miserable stable! But now you have it in perfection."

"You mean the view of the garden," said Prudence. "There wasn't much to look at before; but now it's real sweet."

"No; I mean the great landscape all about us here," responded the American, surprised. She paused. Then seeing that Prudence did not lift her eyes, she began to enumerate its features, to point them out with her folded parasol. "That broad Umbrian plain, Prudence, with those tall slender trees; the other towns shining on their hills, like Perugia over there; the gleam of the river; the velvety blue of the mountains; the color of it all—I do believe it is the very loveliest view in the whole world!"

"I don't know as I've ever noticed it much—the view," Prudence answered. She turned her eyes toward the horizon for a moment. "You see I was always thinking about my front yard."

"The front yard is very nice now," said the American. "I am so glad you are pleased; we couldn't get snowballs or Missouri currant, so we had to take roses." She paused; but she could not give up the subject without one more attempt. "You have probably noticed the view without being aware of it," she went on; "it is so beautiful that you must have noticed it. If you should leave it you would find yourself missing it very much, I dare say."

"Mebbe," responded Prudence. "Still, I ain't so sure. The truth is, I don't care much for these Eyetalian views; it seems to me a poor sort of country, and always did." Then, wishing to be more responsive to the tastes of this new friend, if she could be so honestly, she added, "But I like views, as a general thing; there was a very purty view from Sage's Hill, I remember."

"Sage's Hill?"

"Yes; the hill near Ledham. You told me you knew Ledham. You could see all the fields and medders of Josiah Strong's farm, and Deacon Mayberry's too; perfectly level, and not a stone in 'em. And the turnpike for miles and miles, with three toll-gates in sight. Then on the other side there were the factories to make it lively. It was a sweet view."

A few days afterward she said: "People tell us that we never get what we want in this world, don't they? But I'm fortunate. I think I've always been purty fortunate. I got my front yard, after all."

A week later, when they told her that death was near, "My! I'd no idea I was so sick as that," she whispered. Then, looking at them anxiously, "What 'll become of Nounce?"

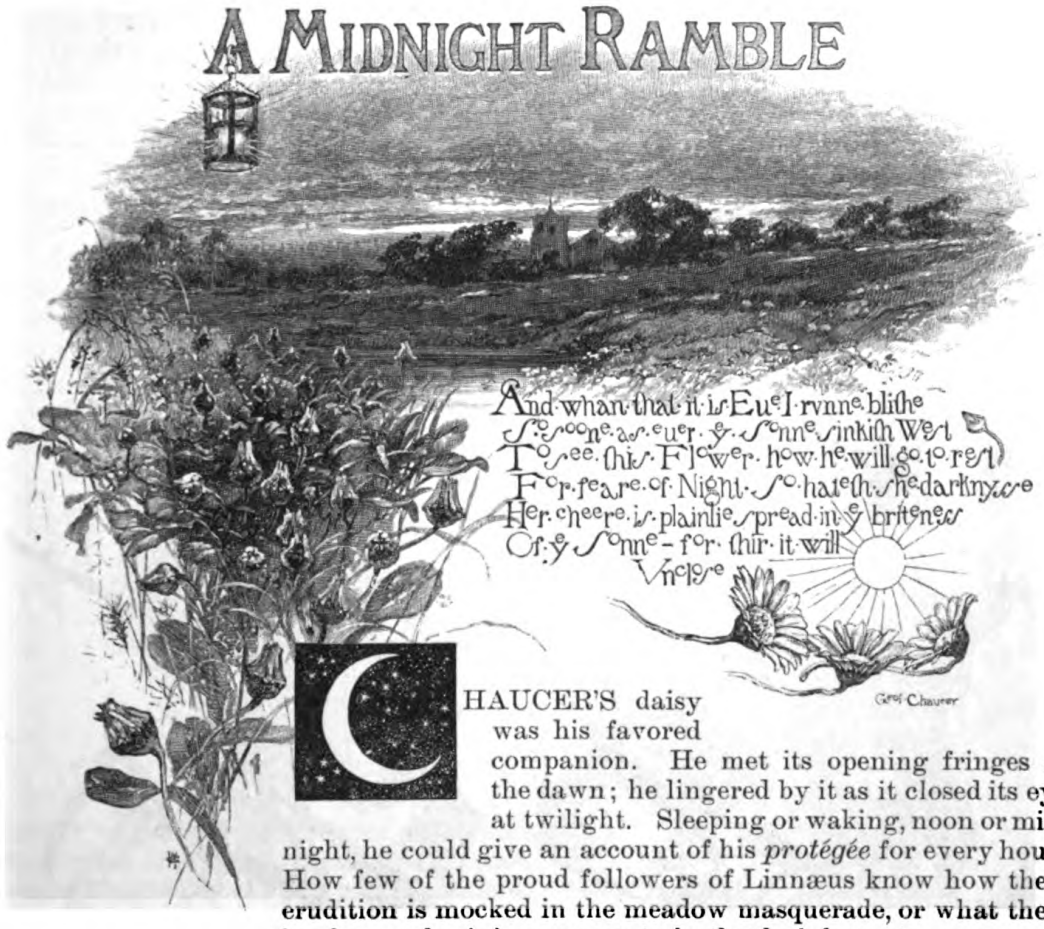
They assured her that Nounce should be provided for. "You know you have to be sorter patient with her," she explained; "but she's growing quicker-witted every day."

Later, "I should like so much to see Jo Vanny," she murmured, longingly; "but of course I can't. You must get Bepper to send him my love, my dearest, dearest love."

Last of all, as her dulled eyes turned from the little window and rested upon her friend: "It seems a pity— But perhaps I shall find—"

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A MIDNIGHT RAMBLE



CHAUCER'S daisy was his favored companion. He met its opening fringes at the dawn; he lingered by it as it closed its eye at twilight. Sleeping or waking, noon or midnight, he could give an account of his *protégée* for every hour. How few of the proud followers of Linnæus know how their erudition is mocked in the meadow masquerade, or what their hard-named minions are up to in the dark hours!

My first midnight walk was a revelation, and a severe shock to my comfortable self-conceit. The woods and meadows had been full of faces that I had known and welcomed familiarly for years in my daily walks. But when I sallied forth with my lantern that night, I stepped from my threshold upon foreign sod. I found no greeting nor open palms, and I lost my way as though in a strange land. I opened a fresh humble page in my botany. In whatever direction I might look over the broad meadow I found the same strange complexion everywhere to the limits of my vision, and what "a pleasing land of drowsy-head it was!"

"We are all a-noddin', nid-nid-noddin',"

seemed the universal lullaby. What a convocation of nightcaps and sleepy-heads!

The clovers are indeed a drowsy family; they keep regular hours, and make a thorough business of their slumber—red clovers with their heads tucked under their wings, as it were, the young blossom clusters completely hooded beneath the overlapping upper pair of leaves, and every individual leaf below bowed with folded palms. The white clovers were similarly well brought up, and continued their vespers through the livelong night, their little praying bands to be seen everywhere along the path. The yellow hop-clover played all sorts of antics with its leaves without seeming rhyme or reason. The tall bush clover, rising here and there among the slumberous beds, presented a complete surprise, being entirely changed from its diurnal aspect, the ordinary generous leafy spread of foliage now assuming the shape of an upright wand, each three-foliate leaf being raised upon its stem, with the leaflets folded inward, clasping the maternal stalk. It had its arms full indeed, and seemed conscious of its heavy responsibility. The trailing ground-nut vine and the delicate wild bean were hardly recognizable in their odd night-dress; and the desmodiums at the

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SLEEPY-HEADS AND NIGHTCAPS.



IN THE LAND OF NOD—DESMODIUM AND PARTRIDGE-PEA.

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NASTURTIUMS.

border of the woods presented a singular contrast of drooping listlessness, with each leaflet hanging as vertically as a plummet. I sought the familiar plumy beds of the little partridge-pea, wondering what sort of a reception I would meet from that quarter, but I found these plants even more fast asleep and transformed than their drowsy neighbors, and had trodden on a number of the plants ere I discerned them, for, like the sensitive mimosa, which they so much resemble, and which

> "opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
> And closed them beneath the kisses of night,"

these tiny leaflets were now folded in a long flat ribbon for each leaf, presenting thin edges to the sky, hardly distinguishable from the thin seed-pods among them.

The nature of the nocturnal movements and attitudes of plants, both in leaves and flowers, has long been a theme of speculation among botanists. In the case of many flowers the night attitudes have been conclusively shown to have relation solely to their fertilization by insects.

The drooping attitude of leaves at night was commonly supposed to indicate an aversion to moisture, many plants assuming the same position during rain as in the dew, thus seeming to verify the conjecture; but when the same pranks were played in a cloudy day or a dewless night, the explanation had to be abandoned. In the clover tribe the nocturnal positions already described seem to be assumed only in the darkness, and this invariably, dew or no dew, while the leaves seem to revel in the rain, remaining freely open.

I doubt not that if our eyes were sharp enough they might discern a certain

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AWAKE—LOCUST, MELILOT, LUPINE, OXALIS.

strangeness in the nocturnal expression of every plant and tree, such as is remarkably emphasized in the locust which is here pictured, and which, by-the-way, is a member of that same leguminous order of plants with the clovers, especially noted for the pronounced irritability of the leaves and odd nocturnal capers, and whose seeming vital consciousness has caused some botanists to class them at the extremity of their system, in contact with the limits of the animal kingdom.

The perennial familiar blooming borders of those "old-fashioned flowers," as well as the more prosaic domain of our gardener's immediate concern, whose paths lead to the kitchen, wear a strange look at night, and seem peopled with foreign shapes. His "Limas" and scarlet-runners now excite his wonder, if not solicitude, with their apparent drooping foliage, all the three leaflets nodding as if broken at their juncture with the stem, the two side leaflets in many instances touching their backs beneath the stem. But he will find them firm and self-willed in their attitude.

His pea blossoms have taken in sail, and nod on their stems. The leaves of his young cabbage plant, usually more or less spreading, now stand quite erect, guarding that promising young head within, for this plebeian cabbage head knows a trick or two above its neighbors, and can get a blessing from the ambrosial ether in a bright glistening sheen and a border of dew-drops, even on a cloudy night when all his neighbors are athirst.

The tobacco field over the wall looks bewitching and all on end, simulating the conical shape they soon shall bear in the dry-

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ing-house. The flowers on the potato plants, saucer-shaped by day, are now perchance nodding with their open rim puckered in gathers around the central stamens—a common caprice of these flowers, but dependent upon some whim which I have not yet solved.

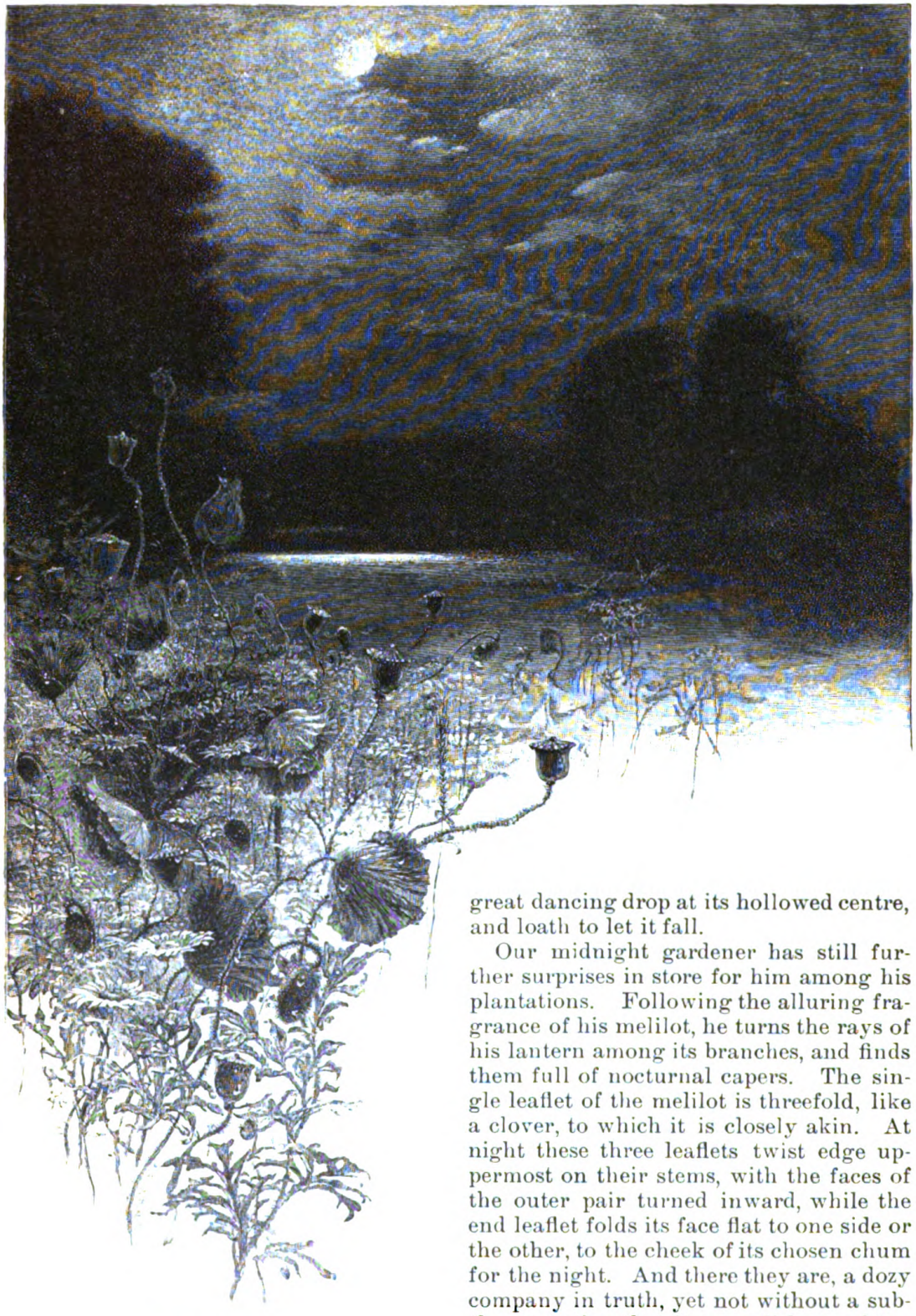
Turning to his "posies," our floriculturist may pick an exotic bouquet from his own familiar borders. His starry "blue-bottles" have raised their horns and assumed the shape of a shuttlecock. His balsams wear a hang-dog look, with every leaf sharply declined. His coreopsis blossoms are turned vertically by a sharp bend at the summit of the stem. Many of his favorites, like the eschscholtzia blossoms, have closed their eyes or perhaps hung their heads, and refuse to look him in the face, while his climbing nasturtiums, especially if they should be of the dwarf English variety, await his coming in hushed expectancy, and their wall of sheeny shields flashes a "boo" at him out of the darkness, which immediately reveals the changed position of their foliage. Every individual shield is now seen to stand perpendicularly, the stem being bent in a sharp curve. In the midst of his surprise the flowers one by one now seem to steal into view, peering out here and there behind the leaves, and he will discern a grimace then that he never noted before. That bright bouquet upon his mantel will henceforth wear a new expression for him and a fresh identity. He will find himself exchanging winks therewith now and then, and hover about the room among his friends in the proud consciousness of a certain preferment not vouchsafed to common mortals.

The effect of such a bank of nasturtium leaves as the writer recently observed is irresistibly queer. So instinct with mischievous consciousness did it seem that he found himself entering into conversation at once, and laughed outright in the darkness. It has been supposed that this vertical position of the leaf was assumed to avoid the collection of dew, but this is obviously an error. There is no disposition in the nasturtium



ASLEEP—LOCUST, MELILOT, LUPINE, OXALIS.

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SLEEPING POPPIES.

to avoid moisture, as would be apparent to any one who has watched the leaves during rain, catching and coddling the great dancing drop at its hollowed centre, and loath to let it fall.

Our midnight gardener has still further surprises in store for him among his plantations. Following the alluring fragrance of his melilot, he turns the rays of his lantern among its branches, and finds them full of nocturnal capers. The single leaflet of the melilot is threefold, like a clover, to which it is closely akin. At night these three leaflets twist edge uppermost on their stems, with the faces of the outer pair turned inward, while the end leaflet folds its face flat to one side or the other, to the cheek of its chosen chum for the night. And there they are, a dozy company in truth, yet not without a subtle suggestion that it may all be a subterfuge for the moment to cover some mischief or other.

And here is another interesting specimen close by, a member of that same somniferous tribe—the blue lupine—the

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"sad lupine" of Virgil (*tristis lupinus*). The plant is certainly bright and cheery enough by day, and whatever its changed aspect by night, it is certainly not one of sadness. The blue flower spikes rise up precisely as at mid-day, but the foliage presents a striking contrast, every wheel-shaped leaf now drooping like a closed parasol against the stem. The various lupines are full of individual whims in their choice of sleeping postures, some species raising their leaflets in the form of a beaker, and others following the bent of the nasturtium already described.

Every corner of our garden offers some similar revelation, and even the plebeian weeds have caught the odd contagion, and "do as the Romans do."

The formidable mats of parsley which our gardener had singled out for extermination on the morrow—with anticipation, perhaps, of a "mess o' greens"—are now supplanted by an unrecognizable net-work of knotty stems, the artful leaves concealed flat against the prostrate red stalks, and with edges upward.

Tall strange columns loom up, white and ghostly, beneath the glare of your lantern, here and there among the potato plants. They prove to be pigweeds, but for strangeness they might have sprung up like mushrooms since your last visit, most of the upper leaves, which during the day had extended wide on their long stems, now inclining upward against the stalk, and enclosing the tops of younger branches. Still other older plants are seen with leaves extended much as at mid-day, but nearly all turned edgewise by a twist in the stem.

The chickweed's eye is closed, and

> "Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel."

The creeping-mallow blossom now ignores proud array of "cheeses," and the oxalis flower has left her shooting pods to keep the vigil, closed and nodding upon its stem, while its foliage masquerades in one of the oddest disguises of all this somnambulistic company, the three heart-shaped leaflets reflexed and adjusting themselves back to back around the stem with many curious contortions.

Whatever the disputed function of this nocturnal movement, it has at least been shown to be essential to the life of the plant, careful experiment having demonstrated, according to one authority, that "if the leaves are prevented from so regulating their surface, they lose their color and die in a few days." Darwin also conclusively demonstrated the same fact with various other plants.

The sleepiest beds in the garden, at least as to the flowers, will be found among the poppies.

> "Not poppy, nor mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou ow'dst yesterday,"

mutters Iago to Othello. The poppy, "lord of the land of dreams," sets a beautiful example of that somnolence for which it is itself the emblem and ministering nepenthe.

In a recent moonlight stroll in Switzerland I visited the poppies in their native haunts, the common wild species whose flaming scarlet sets the foreign summer fields ablaze in the mid-day sun. But I found their fires now smouldering beneath the dew, and giving no token beneath the moon, for the blossoms were closed in luxurious slumber.

In the dim moonlight I beheld thousands of these folded flowers swaying among the familiar daisies and grasses of my own land, and otherwise attended by a host of meadow flowers whose names I had not yet learned. The night ephemeræ fluttered here and there, and a large moth, which seemed almost phosphorescent in its whiteness, hovered spirit-like close above the poppies. The poppy welcomes all the "meadow tribes" during the day, but at night her four damask curtains are closely drawn, the two inner petals being coiled within each other above the tiny head that wears a crown within, and the outer pair enfolding all in their crumpled bivalve clasp.

The wilds are full of companion instances of sleeping beauty, but there are few lovelier than is afforded in our own fringed gentian.

> "Thus doth thy sweet and quiet eye
> Look through its fringes to the sky,"

sings Bryant in his beautiful tribute to this flower—a sentiment which is true of the blossom by day, but this darling closes its "fringed curtains" at night like other blue-eyed folk. So do many of the asters, their drowsy fringes coiling close in various sleepy curls and cuddles. We have already noted, in our head-piece, the daisy's "How he will go to rest."

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DROWSY FRINGES—ASTERS, AND FRINGED GENTIANS.

"Oft have I watched thy closing buds at eve,
Which for the parting sunbeams seem to grieve,"

says a poet who followed the footsteps of Chaucer; as did Wordsworth also:

"And when at dusk, by dews opprest,
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness."

Shakespeare, with his characteristic omniscience and felicity, alludes to the similar habit of the marigold—

"that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping."

And again in the following lines what an inspiring epitome of the dawn!

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes."

Indeed, the daisy and the marigold are not singular in this retiring tendency. It may be said that most flowers manifest a disposition to nod or close at nightfall—the wild rose, mallow, pea blossom, crane's-bill, oxalis, chickweed, mullein, and certain buttercups, for example, and the list might be multiplied indefinitely. To all these dozy tribes is opposed a striking contrast in our beautiful evening primrose, one of the loveliest of night-blooming flowers. In the midst of all this somnolescence what, then, in this particular flower, is that

"golden care
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
To many a wakeful night?"

Not the quality of "care" in the poet's thought, 'tis true, but care certainly in the sense of conscious, hopeful purpose and bright anticipation. For who that has lingered in the twilight and watched the eager bursting buds of the primrose, seen the impulsive greeting in the open welcome of its chalice, and caught the enticing fragrance of its earliest breath—who that has known these can deny the spell of its sweet consciousness? It is a rash hand that will pluck the primrose in the twilight. How well Keats knew its impulsive ways!—

"A tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the wind may hover till it dozes,
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers."

Our evening primrose does not bloom in the dark hours for mere sentiment or

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EVENING PRIMROSES.

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moonshine, but from a motive which lies much nearer her heart. From the first moment of her wooing welcome she listens for murmuring wings, and awaits that supreme fulfilment anticipated from her infant bud. For it will almost invariably be found that those blossoms which open in the twilight have adapted themselves to the crepuscular moths and other nocturnal insects. This finds a striking illustration in the instances of many long tubular-shaped night-blooming flowers, like the honeysuckle and various orchids, whose nectar is beyond the reach of any insect except the night-flying hawk-moth. It is true that in other less deep nocturnal flowers the sweets could be reached by butterflies or bees during the day if the blossoms remained open, but the night murmurers receive the first fresh invitation, which, if met, will leave but a wilted, half-hearted blossom to greet the sipper of the sunshine. This beautiful expectancy of the flower determines the limit of its bloom. Thus, in the event of rain or other causes preventive of insect visits, the evening primrose will remain open for the butterflies during the following day, when otherwise it would have drooped perceptibly, and extended but a listless welcome. I have seen this fact strikingly illustrated in a spray of mountain-laurel, whose blossoms lingered in expectancy nearly a week in my parlor, when the flowers on the parent shrub in the woods had fallen several days before, their mission having been fulfilled. In the house specimens the radiating stamens remained in their pockets in the side of the blossom cup, and seemed to brace the corolla upon its receptacle. These stamens are naturally dependent upon insect agency for their release, and the consequent discharge of pollen, and I noticed that when this operation was artificially consummated the flower cup soon dropped off or withered.

Browning has proven the seer of the twilight flower, and in a tender allegory has truly voiced its perfume. It is the flower that sings, and though "in a gondola," how like the voice of the evening primrose!—

> "The moth's kiss first!
> Kiss me as if you made believe
> You were not sure this eve
> How my face, your flower, had pursed
> Its petals up; so here and there
> You brush it, till I grow aware
> Who wants me, and wide open burst.
>
> "The bee's kiss now!
> Kiss me as if you entered gay
> My heart at some noonday,
> A bud that dared not disallow
> The claim, so all is rendered up,
> And passively its shattered cup
> Over your head to sleep I bow."

"Poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history," says Plato, and in similar vein of thought Hawthorne avers that "creation was not finished until the poet came to interpret and complete it." But after all were not such disciples as Darwin and Müller and Sprengel, the prophets of the flowers, more than mere scientists?

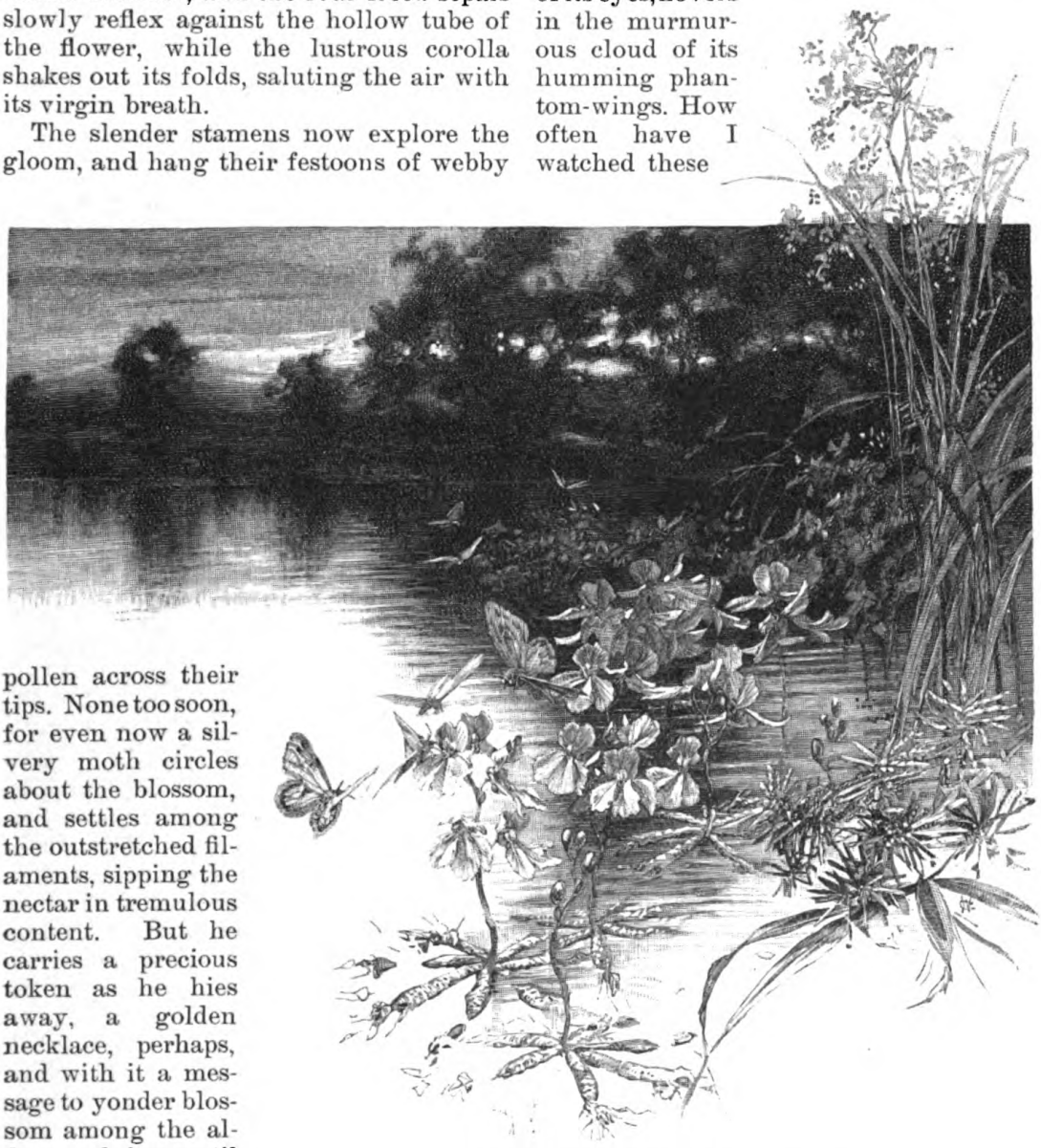
Returning to our primrose glen, how irresistibly do we bring to mind those fragrant lines of Moore's, even though they now sing to my twilight "primrose," when they sang of "jasmine buds" with him!

Look! Our misty dell is fast lighting its pale lamps in the twilight. One by one they flash out in the gloom as if obedient to the hovering touch of some Ariel unseen—or is it the bright response to the fire-fly's flitting torch? The sun has long sunk beneath the hill. And now, when the impenetrable dusk has deepened round about, involving all, where but a moment since all was visible, this shadowy dell has forgotten the sunset, and knows a twilight all its own, independent of the fading glow of the sky. It was a sleepy nook by day, where it is now all life and vigilance; it was dark and still at noon, where it is now bright and murmurous. The "delicious secret" is now whispered abroad, and where in all the mystic alchemy of odors or attars shall you find such a witching fragrance as this which is here borne on the diaphanous tide of the jealous gliding mist, and fills the air with its sweet enchantment—the stilly night's own spirit guised in perfume? Yonder bright cluster, deep within the recess of the alders, how it glows! fanned by numerous feathery wings, it glimmers in the dark like a phosphorescent aureole—verily as though some merry will-o'-the-wisp, tired of his dancing, had perched him there, while other luminous spires rise above the mist, or here and there hover in lambent banks beyond, or, like those throbbing fires beneath the ocean surge, illume the fog with half-smothered halo. This lustrous tuft at our elbow! Let us turn our lantern upon it. Its nightly whorl of lamps is already lit, save one or two that have escaped our fairy in his rounds, but not

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for long, for the green veil of this sunset bud is now rent from base to tip. The confined folded petals are pressing hard for their release. In a moment more, with an audible impulse, the green apex bursts asunder, and the four freed sepals slowly reflex against the hollow tube of the flower, while the lustrous corolla shakes out its folds, saluting the air with its virgin breath.

The slender stamens now explore the gloom, and hang their festoons of webby pollen across their tips. None too soon, for even now a silvery moth circles about the blossom, and settles among the outstretched filaments, sipping the nectar in tremulous content. But he carries a precious token as he hies away, a golden necklace, perhaps, and with it a message to yonder blossom among the alders, and thus until the dawn, his rounds directed with a deep design of which he is an innocent instrument, but which insures a perpetual paradise of primroses for future sippers like himself. Nor is it necessary to visit the haunt of the evening primrose to observe this beautiful episode. The same may be witnessed almost any summer evening much nearer home, even about your porch, and among city walls, heralded by those fresh, dewy whiffs from the night-blooming honeysuckle, where the bright bevies of blushing buds are bursting in anticipation of that "kiss which harms not," as the welcome sphinx-moth, piloted by the two great glowing lanterns of its eyes, hovers in the murmurous cloud of its humming phantom-wings. How often have I watched these mimic humming-birds in the gathering dusk, whirling about the flowers, following the circuit of each fresh-blown cluster, tilting and swaying in their buoyant poise above the blossom's throat, only their long bodies visible in the fuzzy, buzzy halos of wings, the slender capillary tongues uncoiled, nearly six inches in length, and thrust in turn deep into the honeyed tubes.



FLOATING CANDLES OF THE PONDWEED.

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SPHINX-MOTHS.

The honeysuckle bush was a favorite twilight haunt in those memorable early years of my entomological fervor. One single evening I remember bringing to my net over thirty specimens, great and small. What a strange fascination they

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SPHINX-MOTHS.

always had for me, with their great bulging eyes, their grotesque shape, their mysterious flight, and queer exotic look generally—as unlike the creatures of the sunshine as though from the Stygian world. Indeed, my first specimen could not have amazed me more had I bagged a chimera fresh from the moon, for these sphinx-moths are hid from the sharpest eyes by day; protégés of gray rocks and fences, or merged in the fissured bark of trees, eluding the most careful search, their frequent glowing color now smouldering beneath the ashes of their upper wings, from which they rise like a phœnix in the dusk. These are mostly dressed in sombre colors, but some of them bear the aureate hues of the sunset on their wings, others are black as night, or painted with olives

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dark as the midnight trees, and one there is lit with the rosy tints of dawn, as though thus to typify in their motley the sombre interval of their animated being. Who that has witnessed this revelation among the honeysuckles could be any longer insensible to the vital interdependence between this blossom and the moth?

Most of the nocturnal flowers have thus adapted themselves especially to these long-tongued Lepidoptera, hiding their honey in such deep tubes or spurs that it is only accessible to the hawk-moths. To these there is intrusted the perpetuity of many night-flowering plants.

In attributing a phosphorescent quality to the evening primrose I have mainly followed the license of fancy, although, if the scientists are to be believed, I have indeed scarcely wandered from the literal truth. For the singular luminous glow of this and other nocturnal flowers has long attracted the attention of the curious, and positive qualities of inherent light have been accorded in many instances. It is true that "the evening primrose is perfectly visible in the darkest night," from which fact phosphorescent properties have been ascribed to it. "Many perfectly authenticated instances are on record of luminous, electrical, lightning-like phosphorescence playing about flowers. The daughter of Linnæus was the first to note it," observes one writer. Pursh also subsequently observed and chronicled it. Similar flashes or corona have been discerned on nasturtiums, double marigold, red poppy, geraniums, tuberose, sunflower, and evening primrose, according to these authorities.

Goethe also discerned this luminous aureole around the poppy, but explained it as a "spectral image in complementary color"; an instance, it seems to me, of where the poet's vision was more keen and philosophic than that of the scientist. This spectral image can be evoked by any one in a simple philosophic experiment. A moment's steady gaze at the left side of a blossom cluster, the eyes being then instantly turned to the opposite side, will reveal the colored aureole around this portion of the cluster, and always in the complementary hue—a halo which plays incessantly around the petals as the eyes are shifted. Thus the spectre of the poppy is a ghostly green-white; that of the primrose is purple.

Whether or not the primrose is thus endowed may be similarly demonstrated by any one, and I think it will be found, as in the writer's experience, that the brightest cluster, however luminous it may appear in its haunt as a condensing mirror of the midnight sky, will be invisible in a perfectly dark closet—conditions under which true phosphorescence would glow with added brilliancy.

I have observed this same luminous deception prettily illustrated in the instance of the pondweed (Utricularia), with its floating candlestick dancing on the ripples, the faint light from its yellow petals attended by numerous circling moths.

But we are not without numerous examples of true phosphorescence among our vegetation, for the "fox-fire" of the midnight forest is a true plant. How it gleams in the dank nocturnal woods!—most brilliant in the deepest recesses, as though feeding its fire from the very darkness. There is a whole tribe of these phosphorescent fungi—luminous moulds, mushrooms, and toadstools. They shine through crevices in the bark of trees or among the leafy loam. They glare at you with true feline suggestiveness from the deep hole in decayed tree or shadowy den amid the rocks. Following the hint of a peeping speck of fire, I have torn the bark from a decayed prostrate trunk in the woods, and liberated a flood of brilliant light covering several square feet in area.

That was an observant poet, by-the-way, who jotted down the following episode in his night stroll:

"Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glowworm lights her gem, and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles."

The last line is especially felicitous and graphic, and brings vividly to mind this animated spark down deep among the dewy grass.

That is a happy blending of natural and poetic truth in these lines of Coleridge:

"Many a glowworm in the shade
Lights up her love torch";

for, like Hero, who lit her nightly torch to guide her fond Leander, even so the glowworm gives this bright token to her ardent flame hovering above the grass, the glowworm being in truth but the wingless mate of the fire-fly.

But I have said comparatively little of

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the dew, yet in the whimseys of the dew alone there is a sufficient invitation to "let the moon shine on thee in thy solitary walk." The path of the night rambler is paved and illuminated with brilliants, and to the tyro in these fields seems especially decked out for the occasion. A sheen of iridescent silver flashes through the grass on right and left at every swing of the lantern, like a flitting phantom of a rainbow. The mazes of the spider festoon the grass in a drapery of diaphanous silver lace pendent in sparkling spans from clover head to grass tip, and enveloping the entire meadow beneath its glistening meshes. An answering pearly spangle greets your passage hither and yon from the wheel-shaped gossamers everywhere hung among the herbage, for nature crowns this airy marvel with a rare diadem. These innumerable "wheels of lace," such as remain intact, are mostly invisible by day, except to a quiet searching eye, and the greater portion of their number are renewed or freshly brought into being during the twilight, and are quickly baptized with dew, every thread and strand strung with brilliants, suggesting a possible clew to the old-time popular belief that "gossamers were composed of dew burned by the sun."

In the caprice of the various leaves in their attitude toward moisture there is much of interest; the fastidiousness of this leaf, the eager affinity of that, one appearing as dry as at midnoon, and another laved and revelling in the nocturnal bath. Here is the common plantain at our feet as wet as though fresh from immersion, its dripping surface condensing the moisture in rivulets along its parallel veins, and conducting through the grooved stem a long and generous quaff to the parched earth at its root. Other leaves are clothed in a glistening sheen resembling hoar-frost; they flash a fugitive response to your lantern, and upon the slightest touch let fall their bright disguise and leave their surface dry. Another great lush leaf exhibits a strange contradiction of caprice, and seems hardly to know its own mind, its general surface appearing perfectly free from moisture, yet nursing its great crystal globe at every depression upon its uneven surface. Its moveless poise seems almost instinct with avarice. Its cup is brimful, and each silvery restless bead,

"Scarce touching where it lies,"

grows apace until the accumulated weight disturbs the equilibrium, which is the tremorous signal for a general release and a net-work of flashing rills.

Following the sound of the water in the runnel, a rare spectacle awaits you where the *Equisetum*, the vulgar "horsetail" of the daylight, now stands transfigured, a marvel of nature's bijoutry, each whorl of its curved fringes drooping with its weight of gems, a mimic fountain worthy the court of any Faerie Queene, like that in Spenser's "bower of bliss,"

"So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see."

The freaks of dewy decoration seem endless in variety. The feathery tops of blooming herds-grass and other grasses are all a-tangle with flashing spangles, while their drooping blades are often free from moisture, or perhaps upraised hang a border along their edge, or pierce a solitary bead at their tips. Here is a bristling bed of foxtail-grass, an army of those "peaceful spears of the field," each bearing aloft its glittering trophy unto the dawn.

Let us descend beneath the hill to the borders of the pond, for here is a charmed spot. I have reserved it for the last, the bright consummation, for it is the crown-jewel of all this brilliant realm.

Every one knows the "jewel-weed," the bright reveller of the brook-side copse, with its golden "ear-drops" and luxuriant spray, murmurous haunt of the humming-birds and humble-bees, the *Impatiens*, or *noli-me-tangere* of the French, the "touch-me-not" or "snapweed" of the loitering school-boy, with its touchy, jumping pods, popping even at a hard look or breath.

Let us lay our lantern amid the succulent stems here by the brook. What a lavish display of gems! Every leaf among the lush, translucent canopy, though as dry as at high noon, now drooping low, and bordered with its pendent array of pure limpid diamonds, a spectacle such as Aladdin might have awakened beneath his supernal lamp, but which finds few parallels in natural fields.

The analytic eye discovers minute glands along the edge of the leaf at the crenate points, and one or two on the stem, each of which seems possessed of some secret power of distillation denied to other plants. Whole beds of the *Im-*

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THE PENITENT JEWEL-WEED.

patiens will sometimes be seen scintillating with their gems when no drop of dew is discernible elsewhere.

There are many beautiful surprises among these dewy shadows, but none comparable to this tearful dell where the penitent jewel-weed tells her beads.

But though the dial sleeps, the hours have flown. A long gamut this for daylight folk. We may now return to our pillow, conscious that we have explored a new world and doubled our possessions.

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

"AT this a hundred bells began to peal,
That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed
The clear church bells ring in the Christmas morn."

These are the last lines of the charming setting in which Tennyson placed his "Morte d'Arthur" upon its first publication forty-six years ago. In the *Idyls of the King* the poem now appears as the "Passing of Arthur," but the setting is gone. It was called "The Epic," and served to introduce the poem as read by the poet at a country house on Christmas Eve. "The Epic" is a fine illustration of the melodious Tennysonian blank-verse, and of the poet's skill in idealizing the most familiar and homely scenes and incidents.

It begins thus:

"At Francis Allen's on the Christmas Eve—
The game of forfeits done—the girls all kiss'd
Beneath the sacred bush and past away—
The parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,
The host, and I sat round the wassail-bowl,
Then half-way ebb'd: and there we held a talk,
How all the old honor had from Christmas gone,
Or gone or dwindled down to some odd games
In some odd nooks like this."

But presently it appears that Everard Hall, the poet, had written an epic of King Arthur, which he had burnt, as a work rather remodelling models than depicting life.

"And these twelve books of mine (to speak the truth)
Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing worth,
Mere chaff and draff, much better burnt."

But Francis Allen had picked the eleventh book from the hearth, and now

"He brought it; and the poet, little urged,
But with some prelude of disparagement,
Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,
Deep-chested music, and to this result."

Then follows the beautiful poem as we know it, and then a brief epilogue in the tone of the prelude, and very delightful, describing the going to bed in the early winter morning, and in dreams Arthur returning as the modern gentleman, until the day breaks and the Christmas bells begin to ring.

This melodious setting of the familiar poem is one of the most delicate and beautiful tributes in modern English literature to the sentiment of the old English Christmas. When this poem was written, Dickens's *Christmas Carol* and *Chimes* were yet to come, and the Christmas revival which they produced and Thackeray's holiday stories were to follow. But Tennyson's strain in treating the day is as characteristically English as that of the story-tellers, although the good cheer in the poem is more spiritual than in the stories. Emerson says of Macaulay that his good is good to eat, and that is true of the Dickens Christmas. But for hungry folk good to eat is a very good good.

Washington Irving was the earlier Christmas revivalist. His Christmas papers depict not only the kindly feeling of the day, but they suggest good cheer as well as good feeling, and with an imaginative touch which conjures up the ideal and traditional England, of which the foaming tankard and the sirloin are inseparable parts. It is this human aspect, indeed, which endears the traditional English Christmas. The song of the nativity was not only glory to God in the highest, but also on earth peace, good-will to men. Now peace and good-will in a generous and comprehensive sense include beef and pudding. Christmas cheer is not only a spiritual joy, but a satisfaction of the senses. It is spiritual meditation and invigoration, but it is also sitting "around the wassail-bowl."

"The game of forfeits done—the girls all kiss'd
Beneath the sacred bush."

It is the mingling of the two, the satisfaction of the complete man, which is the English tradition of Christmas.

As it appears in literature it is especially the festival of good-will toward men, and that requires a banquet which is not a Barmecide feast. The Christmas-box which contained good wishes and nothing more would be as sore a disappointment as to find in the stocking hung for Santa Claus only a pious tract. When the *Dairyman's Daughter* comes on Christmas morning she must be clad in a custard at least, and offer her greeting in whipped syllabub. The lesson of the day is not to say only, but to do. If we hear in our hearts, as well as with our ears,

"The clear church bells ring in the Christmas morn,"

we hear them saying something, as Whittington heard the bells of London. They are whispering to us to prove our faith by

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our works, and to show that Christianity means not only right thinking, but right living, and in living the greatest of all virtues is charity.

The open house and hall which the Christmas ballads celebrate are symbolical. It is the day on which nobody shall go starving or cold, because it is the nativity of the Teacher who tells us to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked. It is the day of fraternity, and perhaps before it is over, before the wassail-bowl is wholly dry, and while a few forfeits yet remain to be redeemed, it may occur to some of us to ask, if the open house and hall are symbolical, why should not Christmas itself be symbolical, and since it is a day of fraternity, why should not every day be a day of fraternity?

The effervescence of good feeling which sparkles and rustles through Dickens's *Christmas Carol;* the spirit which melts old Scrooge not only into human sympathy, but into a hilarity which makes him whisper something to the old gentleman, his terrified debtor, that causes the old gentleman to say, "Lord bless me!" as if his breath were taken away, and then to add, "I don't know what to say to such munifi—": the spirit which stirs Scrooge to give Bob Cratchit a dig in the waistcoat and to announce that his salary is about to be raised—"I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob" —this is the spirit of Christmas in its largest sense, the spirit not of a day only, but of a life, for it is good-will to man.

It is not probable that the millennium will be brought about by employers raising the salaries of their clerks, but it is certain that there will be no millennium without that spirit. Scrooge's Christmas did not end with sunset; it lasted all the year round. That Christmas, indeed, is an impostor which ceases to be Christmas because the twenty-fifth day of December is gone. Its reality can be tested only by watching closely the twenty-fifth of May and the twenty-fifth of September, and if they are full of the same kindliness, the same good cheer, for everybody and everything, with which the twenty-fifth of December overflows, then that day is not a donkey masquerading as a lion, but a genuine Christmas.

Once there was a Maid Marian who played at forfeits and snap-dragon, and watched the morris-dancers and hobby-horse, and heard the waits singing under the cold moon, and at last, caught beneath the mistletoe, she paid the sweetest forfeit of all. And in the bottom of her heart, despite her rosy cheeks, she felt that she paid it willingly, and secretly sighed to think that Christmas comes but once a year. But long afterward, when for many a year she had been married to the youth who caught her beneath the sacred bush, as she made the plum-pudding every Christmas, and helped to hang the little stockings by the fireside, and hunted the slipper, and gayly buffed the blind-man, she remembered that it was not the snap-dragon nor the waits, nor even that happy forfeit, which made the old Christmas, but something that did not set with the sun nor die with the carol of the waits. She was caught now under the mistletoe, not by that youth only, but by little fellows with pudgy arms, who covered her all over with kisses; and when she was tired of romping, and the little fellows with pudgy arms were fast asleep, holding their dolls and horses and elephants and dogs, she said to that youth of other years, "It was not the games and the pudding and the mistletoe that made the old Christmas—it was love; and love makes Christmas all the year."

WHEN a gentleman who had taken up his residence in a secluded and beautiful rural town was asked about a notably picturesque drive in his neighborhood, he replied that he had never been there, and to the astonished inquiry of his friend answered that he wanted to leave something unseen. Perhaps he held *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, and felt that to "see with eyes" would be to lose an illusion. Perhaps it was a humorous whim to amuse himself with the certain surprise of the inquirer, as if a man should live in Rome and never see St. Peter's, for the pleasure of the shock of saying so. But whatever the reason, he had not seen the picturesque drive.

No such sentiment characterizes our modern society. The determination to know everything about everybody is universal, and a great part of what is published as news is merely gossip. Looking at a newspaper of sixty or seventy years ago, nothing is more striking than the absence of allusions to essentially private matters. That a gentleman had a dinner party or

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that a lady gave a ball was no more supposed to be a subject for public notice than that she had bought a new dress or that he had laid in half a pipe of Madeira. If a stranger had asked at the door who had been bidden to the daughter's wedding, or who led the Virginia reel on Christmas Eve, he would have run great risk of a horsewhipping as an invader of domestic privacy.

The views upon public questions of Mr. Clay, of Mr. Madison, of Mr. John Quincy Adams, were made known in speeches carefully prepared, or spoken responsibly in debate. The printed statements of such views were unquestionably accurate. They were not to be taken upon probation by allowing time for correction, nor were momentary impressions of current incidents recorded as final judgments. They were public men, but they had also private lives, into which it was as impertinent for the public gaze to pry as into the domestic life of their wives and daughters. This is all changed; and to what is the change attributable? The life of persons who are in no sense public is depicted in the utmost detail that can be obtained, although the details are of the most vapid kind, and might be fairly supposed to be as uninteresting to the public as a description of the President's breakfast, except for the fact that the publication shows a public demand and interest in them.

The private lives which are so depicted are generally those of rich people, although in rural newspapers it is duly recorded that Miss Mamie Roe, of Crab-Apple Hollow, is visiting Miss Minnie Doe, of Squash Corner, and that Jehiel Jenkins and wife are visiting friends in Wisconsin. These last chronicles are obviously a good-natured lure of subscriptions by playing upon the harmless vanity of seeing one's name in print. But the general explanation is more complex, and not unflattering. The rage for publicity of things which are essentially private springs originally from a love of personal gossip, which is but the poorer aspect of the instinct which finds nothing so interesting to man as man.

This is the charm of Herodotus and Plutarch. They are treasuries of the sayings and doings of men and women, many of them well worth reading, many of them unimportant. Even a book like Hervey's memoirs is read with avidity as the annals of a base and degraded society. It describes what was nominally the best, but actually the worst, society in England. It is a sordid, sensual, corrupt, and contemptible company, but its story is reprinted constantly, and is still read with interest. The gazettes which were the contemporary chronicles of the exterior aspect of this court circle cultivated the love of pure gossip, the taste for tales about men and women who were merely rich or conspicuous, and of no essential worth. They never said a wise thing nor did a good one, but, like Charles, they were born within a certain society; and from this perverted taste sprang our modern Jenkins, who is its minister.

But his gossiping impertinence was suppressed in the earlier days of the republic, when great fortunes were few and newspaper reporters untrained. As fortunes became enormous, and an uncultivated rich class without traditions was stranded, without resources of taste or education, upon a wearisome leisure, the natural consequence was profuse expenditure, the show of money, and luxury and extravagance which naturally sought notoriety. For this the greatly developed newspaper offered the opportunity, and gratified the taste for personal gossip which, however degraded and perverted, is inherent in human nature.

Jenkins in his absurdest form, the interviewer who describes a man's room and his table, the trained detective of news whose object is to seize any person whose name for any reason is known to the public, and to turn his life inside out to the public gaze, are all developments—some of them mere "freaks" and "sports"—of the natural interest of man in man.

Thus in this generous season, as

"At Francis Allen's on the Christmas Eve,"

we sit conversing into the night, with him resenting the clear note of chanticleer that announces coming dawn, and loath to allow the consecrated eve to end, even the things that we regret and deplore take on a kindlier aspect, and we try to find some reason in the old notion that evil is but inverted good. Uncle Toby would not slay the fly, and on Christmas Eve, when privacy is most sacred, we may regard gently, as a legitimate human interest in humanity turned topsy-turvy, even the impudence of the interviewer.

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Editor's Study.

I.

IN the good old times, which are not so very remote chronologically, the heart oppressed by sympathy for want easily unburdened itself at the Christmas season in the elementary benevolence of gifts and alms; or if it was a literary heart it found the same comfort in prompting others to gifts and alms by kindly poems, by perfervent essays, and by tales, little or long, celebrating the bestowal of turkeys upon the turkeyless and geese upon the gooseless. Such remembrances of the destitute were preferably conveyed in hampers, with orders for coal, and in extreme cases with the accompaniment of nourishing wines. Pale, wistful little girls had much to do with them in giving and receiving, and apple-cheeked, chubby old gentlemen prevailed in the transaction; the reformation of deplorable habits and the amelioration of sordid and avaricious characters often followed; and inferably the wrong old world was set right, and went on its way afterward without wabbling. To be exact, matters happened in real life very much as they still do in comfortable comedies on the stage; or at least this is what was implied in the Christmas literature of that period of *Fifty Years Ago* which Mr. Walter Besant studies so delightfully in his book of the same name. A gentle superstition seems to have arisen to console the race for the formidable phase which the dismal science of political economy was then beginning to assume. It seemed destined at that moment to quit the cells of philosophy, and to descend upon the wings of Miss Martineau's allegories among the hovels of poverty, with the law of demand and supply under its arm, and a hamper full of stones admirably fashioned to resemble loaves, in response to the cry for bread which arose from those hapless homes. Something had to be done; the Muse bestirred herself, and produced the kind of Christmas literature which has appeased well-to-do people-of-heart for half a century. She need not really have been in so great anxiety; political economy exists, like other sciences, to learn from time to time that it is mistaken. It has come to recognize that circumstances alter cases; that conditions affect and annul infallible laws; that the supply often creates the demand; that the fact that two and two make four cannot be the last effect of mathematics. An unknown quantity lies beyond it still, and what if this lay behind it rather than before it?

II.

There seems arising in these times a new Christmas literature which boldly affirms that it lies behind, that science has ignored something, has left something out of the account, and that the forgotten factor is Christ himself. The new Christmas literature is not specifically adapted to the Christmas season; it is not expressed any more in kindly poems, perfervent essays, or tales, little or long, alone, but in books that have meaning for the whole year and for every moment of life, but that may be most profitably read and pondered now, when all the associations of the time ought to remind us of the Man who came to bring peace and good-will to men. The new Christmas literature does not necessarily deck itself with sprigs of holly, and bathe itself in pools of burning brandy on platters borne by the tinsel-crowned, bottle-nosed genius of the feast to the board smoking with bowls of wassail, while the upper servants carouse in their hall, and the scullions carry out the fragments of the second table to the dogs and the poor. But it remembers that the Son of Man came eating and drinking, and it does not frown upon honest revelry and innocent mirth, though it entreats each and every of us first to love his neighbor as himself, and to be mindful of him not only now, but throughout the year. Oddly enough, after a period of scientific exaltation, in which it seemed as if man might really live by the nebular hypothesis alone if he could but have a little help from the missing link, the new Christmas literature denies that there is anything of life everlasting in these things, and it reverts openly to the New Testament as the sole source of hope and comfort.

III.

The New Testament, in fact, is the direct inspiration of the new Christmas literature, as it was of the old, but in a far wider, higher, and more luminous sense, with implications infinitely more significant. This literature does not mock at gifts and alms for the holiday season or any other, but it warns us that they are

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provisional merely, expediential, temporary, and that the practice of charity in this form is not inconsistent with the hardest selfishness. It appeals to no sentimental impulse, but confronts its readers with themselves, and with the problem which it grows less and less easy to shirk. Turkeys to the turkeyless, with celery and cranberries galore, and nourishing wines for the sick—yes, these are well, and very well; but ineffably better it is to take thought somehow in our social, our political, system to prevent some future year, decade, century, the destitution which we now relieve. This is what the new Christmas literature says to us, beginning with Lyof Tolstoï, that voice of one crying in the wilderness. The whole of his testimony is against the system by which a few men win wealth and miserably waste it in idleness and luxury, and the vast mass of men are overworked and underfed. From the volume called *What to Do*, dealing with the poor of Moscow, to the latest utterance from his seclusion—which he calls *Life*, and in which he rises to the question of how a man shall save his soul—he bears perpetual witness against the life that Christendom is now living—the life that seeks the phantom of personal happiness, and ignores the fact that there is and can be no happiness but in the sacrifice of self for others. Whatever we may say of his example, we cannot deny that his influence is increasingly vast, and that multitudes hear him who will never follow him to the work of the fields. His audience is, rather oddly, made up as yet chiefly of cultivated people, who have been surprised into the attitude of listening by the spectacle of a man noble, rich, brilliant, like Tolstoï, renouncing their world as of no worth. They hear him with heartache and trouble of mind, and many think it is a new prophet come to rebuke them; but Tolstoï himself constantly reminds them that it is Christ who has spoken the truth he tells, and bids them hear *Him*.

Christ and the life of Christ is at this moment inspiring the literature of the world as never before, and raising it up a witness against waste and want and war. It may confess Him, as in Tolstoï's work it does, or it may deny Him, but it cannot exclude Him; and in the degree that it ignores His spirit, modern literature is artistically inferior. In other words, all good literature is now Christmas literature. The old heathenish axiom of art for art's sake is as dead as great Pan himself, and the best art now tends to be art for humanity's sake. It does this sometimes unconsciously, and would be defiant of the supposition that it was working with an ethical purpose; but there is nothing so sanative as truth, and the literature that shows human nature as human wilfulness and error have made it is fulfilling a "mission" to men's souls, in spite of all theories and professions to the contrary. Yet the interesting and consoling fact about so many masters of our time is that they *are* conscious of a duty to man in their work, and they do it with a sense that it does not begin and end in themselves; that even art does not compass it all, and that to amuse or thrill their readers is no longer enough.

IV.

Art, indeed, is beginning to find out that if it does not make friends with Need it must perish. It perceives that to take itself from the many and leave them no joy in their work, and to give itself to the few whom it can bring no joy in their idleness, is an error that kills. This has long been the burden of Ruskin's message; and if we can believe William Morris, the common people have heard him gladly, and have felt the truth of what he says. "They see the prophet in him rather than the fantastic rhetorician, as more superfine audiences do;" and the men and women who do the hard work of the world have learned from him and from Morris that they have a right to pleasure in their toil, and that when justice is done them they will have it. In all ages poetry has affirmed something of this sort, but it remained for ours to perceive it and express it somehow in every form of literature. But this is only one phase of the devotion of the best literature of our time to the service of humanity. No book written with a low or cynical motive could succeed now, no matter how brilliantly written; and the work done in the past to the glorification of mere passion and power, to the deification of self, appears monstrous and hideous. The romantic spirit worshipped genius, worshipped heroism, but at its best, in such a man as Victor Hugo, this spirit recognized the supreme claim of the lowest humanity. Its error was to idealize the victims of society, to paint them im-

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possibly virtuous and beautiful; but truth, which has succeeded to the highest mission of romance, paints these victims as they are, and bids the world consider them not because they are beautiful and virtuous, but because they are ugly and vicious, cruel, filthy, and only not altogether loathsome because the divine can never wholly die out of the human. The truth does not find these victims among the poor alone, among the hungry, the houseless, the ragged; but it also finds them among the rich, cursed with the aimlessness, the satiety, the despair of wealth, wasting their lives in a fool's paradise of shows and semblances, with nothing real but the misery that comes of insincerity and selfishness.

V.

We need not remind the reader of the Study how little it cares for literature except as the language of life; and how always it is the Study's aim to include all accents rather than to exclude any. For this reason it does not find its Christmas literature in the master-works of modern thought alone, but in all expressions, the crudest and hastiest, which have tended at any time during the year to make one think less of one's self and more of others. It recalls a series of papers in a New York journal on the treatment of women servants in hotels which would be very good Christmas reading, and another series in a Chicago journal about the hardships of sewing-girls, which were full of matter appropriate to the holiday season. Some letters descriptive of life in the Pennsylvania coal mines which it remembers to have seen were equally calculated to call misery and hopeless poverty to mind at a time sacred to the gentler emotions. These sorrowful stories of wrong were all pregnant with the suggestion that turkeys and cranberries cannot by the utmost stretch of charity be sent to all the famine in the world, and that if they could, still one good dinner would not be enough for a whole year. A little candle on a Christmas tree may send its beams afar, but one good deed cannot penetrate all the darkness of the naughty world. Let us light the pretty tapers, and as many of them as possible, and let us do all the good deeds we can; but let us not forget the lesson of the new Christmas literature; let us realize that they are merely palliatives, and that infinitely deeper than their soothing can reach festers the plague that luxury and poverty, that waste and want, have bred together in the life-blood of society. Let us remember this, and take thought for its healing.

Editor's Drawer.



IT would be the pity of the world to destroy it, because it would be next to impossible to make another holiday as good as Christmas. Perhaps there is no danger, but the American people have developed an unexpected capacity for destroying things; they can destroy anything. They have even invented a phrase for it—running a thing into the ground. They have perfected the art of making so much of a thing as to kill it; they can magnify a man or a recreation or an institution to death. And they do it with such a hearty good-will and enjoyment. Their motto is that you cannot have too much of a good thing. They have almost made funerals unpopular by over-elaboration and display, especially what are called public funerals, in which an effort is made to

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confer great distinction on the dead. So far has it been carried often that there has been a reaction of popular sentiment, and people have wished the man were alive. We prosecute everything so vigorously that we speedily either wear it out or wear ourselves out on it, whether it is a game, or a festival, or a holiday. We can use up any sport or game ever invented quicker than any other people. We can practice anything, like vegetable diet, for instance, to an absurd conclusion with more vim than any other nation. This trait has its advantages; nowhere else will a delusion run so fast, and so soon run up a tree—another of our happy phrases. There is a largeness and exuberance about us which run even into our ordinary phraseology. The sympathetic clergyman, coming from the bedside of a parishioner dying of dropsy, says, with a heavy sigh, "The poor fellow is just swelling away."

Is Christmas swelling away? If it is not, it is scarcely our fault. Since the American nation fairly got hold of the holiday—in some parts of the country, as New England, it has been universal only about fifty years—we have made it hum, as we like to say. We have appropriated the English conviviality, the German simplicity, the Roman pomp, and we have added to it an element of expense in keeping with our own greatness. Is anybody beginning to feel it a burden, this sweet festival of charity and good-will, and to look forward to it with apprehension? Is the time approaching when we shall want to get somebody to play it for us, like base-ball? Anything that interrupts the ordinary flow of life, introduces into it, in short, a social cyclone that upsets everything for a fortnight, may in time be as hard to bear as that festival of housewives called house-cleaning, that riot of cleanliness which men fear as they do a panic in business. Taking into account the present preparations for Christmas, and the time it takes to recover from it, we are beginning—are we not?—to consider it one of the most serious events of modern life.

The Drawer is led into these observations out of its love for Christmas. It is impossible to conceive of any holiday that could take its place, nor indeed would it seem that human wit could invent another so adapted to humanity. The obvious intention of it is to bring together, for a season at least, all men in the exercise of a common charity and a feeling of good-will, the poor and the rich, the successful and the unfortunate, that all the world may feel that in the time called the Truce of God the thing common to all men is the best thing in life. How will it suit this intention, then, if in our way of exaggerated ostentation of charity the distinction between rich and poor is made to appear more marked than on ordinary days? Blessed are those that expect nothing. But are there not an increasing multitude of persons in the United States who have the most exaggerated expectations of personal profit on Christmas Day? Perhaps it is not quite so bad as this, but it is safe to say that what the children alone expect to receive, in money value, would absorb the national surplus, about which so much fuss is made. There is really no objection to this—the terror of the surplus is a sort of nightmare in the country—except that it destroys the simplicity of the festival, and belittles small offerings that have their chief value in affection. And it points inevitably to the creation of a sort of Christmas "Trust"—the modern escape out of ruinous competition. When the expense of our annual charity becomes so great that the poor are discouraged from sharing in it, and the rich even feel it a burden, there would seem to be no way but the establishment of neighborhood "Trusts," in order to equalize both cost and distribution. Each family could buy a share according to its means, and the division on Christmas Day would create a universal satisfaction in profit sharing—that is, the rich would get as much as the poor, and the rivalry of ostentation would be quieted. Perhaps with the money question a little subdued, and the female anxieties of the festival allayed, there would be more room for the development of that sweet spirit of brotherly kindness, or all-embracing charity, which we know underlies this best festival of all the ages. Is this an old sermon? The Drawer trusts that it is, for there can be nothing new in the preaching of simplicity.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

TOEING THE LINE.

THE Christmas carols had been sung;
The guests had turned to go;
Down from the chandelier there hung
A spray of mistletoe.

Beneath, along the polished floor,
A clear-marked line there ran;
No face was peering at the door;
I was alone with Nan.

Her hair in ripples ringed her brow,
An aureole divine;
Then courage came—I know not how—
I dared her toe the line.

She smiled a roguish smile and fleet;
She gave a dainty trip—
And oh the honey, Hybla-sweet,
I tasted from her lip!

A few months more and I opine—
(Perhaps you'd like to know)—
'Twill be the matrimonial line
This charming *miss'll toe*.

BISSELL CLINTON.

A REASONABLE VOTER.

"WHO'D you vote for for Congress, Colonel?" asked one citizen of another.

"Jim."

"Jim? Thought you didn't believe in Jim?"

"Neither I do. That's why I voted for him. Got tired o' seein' him hangin' 'round home."

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SOME YULE-TIDE DON'TS.

DON'T put R. S. V. P. on your present to your rich uncle.

Don't misspell the word "presence" in the invitations to your Christmas party.

Don't hang up more than three pairs of stockings if you are visiting friends in the country.

Don't eat two mince pies, a plum-pudding, lobster salad, and ice-cream, and then complain that the climate does not agree with you.

Don't impersonate Santa Claus in a seal-skin sacque, rubber boots, and auburn side whiskers.

Don't give your guest who has overstaid his welcome a travelling bag.

Don't send the unreceipted bill for her present to your *fiancée* in mistake for a Christmas card.

Don't decline a present simply because the expressage or postage has not been prepaid.

Don't attribute your bonbon headache to the drum your enemy sent your son.

Don't borrow money from your friend to pay for his present.

Don't present your wife with a handsome mahogany cigar-box; and

Don't expect your husband to be pleased if you give him an ivory backed hand-mirror.

THE KING AND THE POPE TOGETHER.

A SONG.

THE King and the Pope together
  Have sent a letter to me;
It is signed with a golden sceptre,
  It is sealed with a golden key.
The King wants me out of his eyesight;
  The Pope wants me out of his see.

The King and the Pope together
  Have a hundred acres of land;
I do not own the foot of ground
  On which my two feet stand;
But the prettiest girl in the kingdom
  Strolls with me on the sand.

The King has a score of soldiers
  Who will fight for him any day;
The Pope has both priests and bishops
  Who for his soul will pray.
I have only one little sweetheart,
  But she'll kiss me when I say.

The King must marry a lady
  Of exceedingly high degree;
The Pope has never a true love,
  So a cardinal pours his tea;
Very few stand round me at table,
  But my sweetheart sits by me.

And the King with his golden sceptre,
  The Pope with St. Peter's key,
Can never unlock the one little heart
  That is open only to me;
For I am the lord of a realm,
  And I am the Pope of a see—
In fact, I'm supreme in the kingdom
  That is sitting just now on my knee.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

ECHOES.

THE PERENNIAL COMPLAINT.

"NOW, my dear," said Mr. Younghusband to the partner of his joys, who was about to start forth on Christmas shopping bent, "get presents for all the family-in-law, and buy a nice lot of things for the boys; but don't spend more than a hundred dollars. We must live within our income."

"Why, George," replied the lady, in an aggrieved tone, "you told me we had two hundred dollars this month—you know you did."

And Mr. Younghusband only sighed.

A PLEASANT REMEMBRANCE.

"Ethel," said the landlady to her daughter, "we must make the Christmas season a pleasant one for the boarders. Suppose we ask them all to hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve so that we may put some little remembrance in each?"

"That is a very good idea, mother. We can give Mr. Mouldy a penknife; to Mr. Palette, the artist, we can give a box of paints; young Scribbler would be delighted to have a patent lead-pencil; and for Mr. Slowboy we could get a—well, let me see—what would you suggest for Mr. Slowboy's stocking, ma?"

"Mr. Slowboy's unreceipted bill will do for Mr. Slowboy," replied the old lady, sternly.

ON 'CHANGE.

"Can you lend me twenty-five dollars this morning, Mr. Williamson?" asked a needy friend, entering the broker's office.

"Sorry, Barrows, but I really can't. Mrs. Williamson went out this morning to buy a little surprise for me, and she took all the money I had."

SOMETHING USEFUL.

"Have you decided on your presents for the boys yet, my dear?" asked Mr. Hendricks, after the lads had left the breakfast-table for school.

"Not quite all. But I have decided, William, that they shall all be given something useful. There is no use of wasting money on useless toys for them to break—and, by-the-way, we need a new rug for the parlor, and a dozen tumblers, William."

"Ah! Well, why not get the rug for George, and give the tumblers to John?"

JUST LIKE BOTH.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Marrin, as she and her husband left the political meeting and were jostled severely by the crowd. "How you can enjoy such pushing and pulling I don't know. You're just like a man."

"Ouch!" ejaculated Mr. Marrin, who had been induced to go present-hunting with his wife, and was struggling to keep by her side in the surging mass of shoppers whom some bright intellect has appropriately termed the "third sex." "What pleasure you can get out of this hustling and hauling I can't see. You're just like a woman."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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ARTFUL COUSIN JAMES.

COUSIN JAMES (*a confirmed old bachelor*). "Well, girls, leap-year's nearly over. Have you made the best of your chances?"
And then the girls observe that Cousin James, by some curious oversight on his part, is standing just beneath the mistletoe.

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SANTA CLAUS' MISTAKE

by Governeur M. Smith

THERE lived in this good city once a man of eighty-seven,
Brimful of gouty aches and pains, just ripe for death and heaven;
And as it was good Christmas eve he thought he'd try his luck
By hanging up his stocking, for he still loved fun and pluck.

Next door to him a maiden lived, a lovely, charming miss;
She had but sixteen summers seen, was full of life and bliss.
Her eyes, her cheeks, her hands, her face—well, they were just perfection!
And she hung up her stocking too, with bright and gay reflection.

On Christmas morn that aged man his stocking full he found,
With plenty more of other things pinned up and nailed around.



He wiped his specs five hundred times, his laughter turned to screaming,
On opening such queer packages; he thought he must be dreaming.

A bustle, hair-pins, bracelets four, gold garters, eighteen veils,
A gross of gloves, nine bonnets gay, a case to shine the nails,
Six dresses, stylish, flowing trains, two muffs, and seal-skin sack,
Two parasols, a dozen fans, and slippers white and black,

Four pairs of corsets—oh, what shape!—long hose of open stitching,
Three diamond rings, two ruby rings, and curls of hair bewitching,
Two sets of bangles, ear-rings eight, perfumes a gross or more,
Ten pounds of candy, poodle-dog, and other things a score.

The old man wiped his specs again. Said he: "'Tis mighty queer
That I should get such funny things, and I so near my bier.
I am afraid—I am afraid—I'm very sure, this year,
That Santa Claus's been getting drunk on whiskey or on beer."

On Christmas morn the lassie gay her stocking full she found,
With plenty more of curious things pinned up and nailed around.



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She wiped her eyes five hundred times; she thought she must be dreaming,
Each package was so very queer; at last she fell to screaming.

One pair of spectacles of gold, two goggles, gray and blue,
A golden box, three pounds of snuff, six pipes all bright and new,
Five pairs of socks of woollen blue, three night-caps, foot-bath too,
Suspenders four, two satin stocks, hair-dye of blackest hue,

Pajamas two, three morning-gowns, six razors sharp and bright,
With brush and cup and shaving cream, one crutch both strong and light,
Six canes, a suit of nice warm clothes just suited for a dandy,
A prayer-book with the largest type, one bottle of old brandy.

The lassie wiped her eyes again. Said she: "'Tis mighty queer
That I should get such funny things, and in my sixteenth year.
I am afraid that Santa Claus has got a wee bit crazy,
To leave for me such useless things, and I a little daisy."

When Santa Claus had left that night, and found out his mistake,
He laughed, he laughed, he laughed so hard, you'd thought his heart would break;



He laughed, he shook, he shook, he laughed—more stockings were to fill—
He laughed so hard, he shook so hard, it almost made him ill.

On Christmas day, at dinner-time, old Santa sought the city,
And changed the things from house to house, laughed, danced, and sang a ditty.
And when, the Christmas dinner o'er, the old man sought his room,
The phantom change perplexed his mind with joy and awe and gloom.



And when, the Christmas dinner o'er, the lassie sought her room,
No pack of fire-crackers e'er created such a boom.
She laughed, she cried, and flew about, jumped high upon a stool,
And said, "It is not Christmas day; it must be April-fool."

Now, when the old man thinks of it, his thoughts are very hazy;
He hardly knows just what to think, while sure he was not crazy.
And when the lassie thinks of it, her thoughts are very mazy;
She hardly knows just what to say—the pretty little daisy.



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NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA.

THE OLD MARQUIS OF CARABAS: "What, Madam! there's your lovely but penniless daughter positively dying to marry me; and here am I willing to settle £20,000 a year on her, and give her one of the oldest titles in England—*and you refuse your consent!!!!* By George, Madam, in *my* young days it wasn't the *mothers* who objected to men of my sort. It was the *daughters themselves!!*" —Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

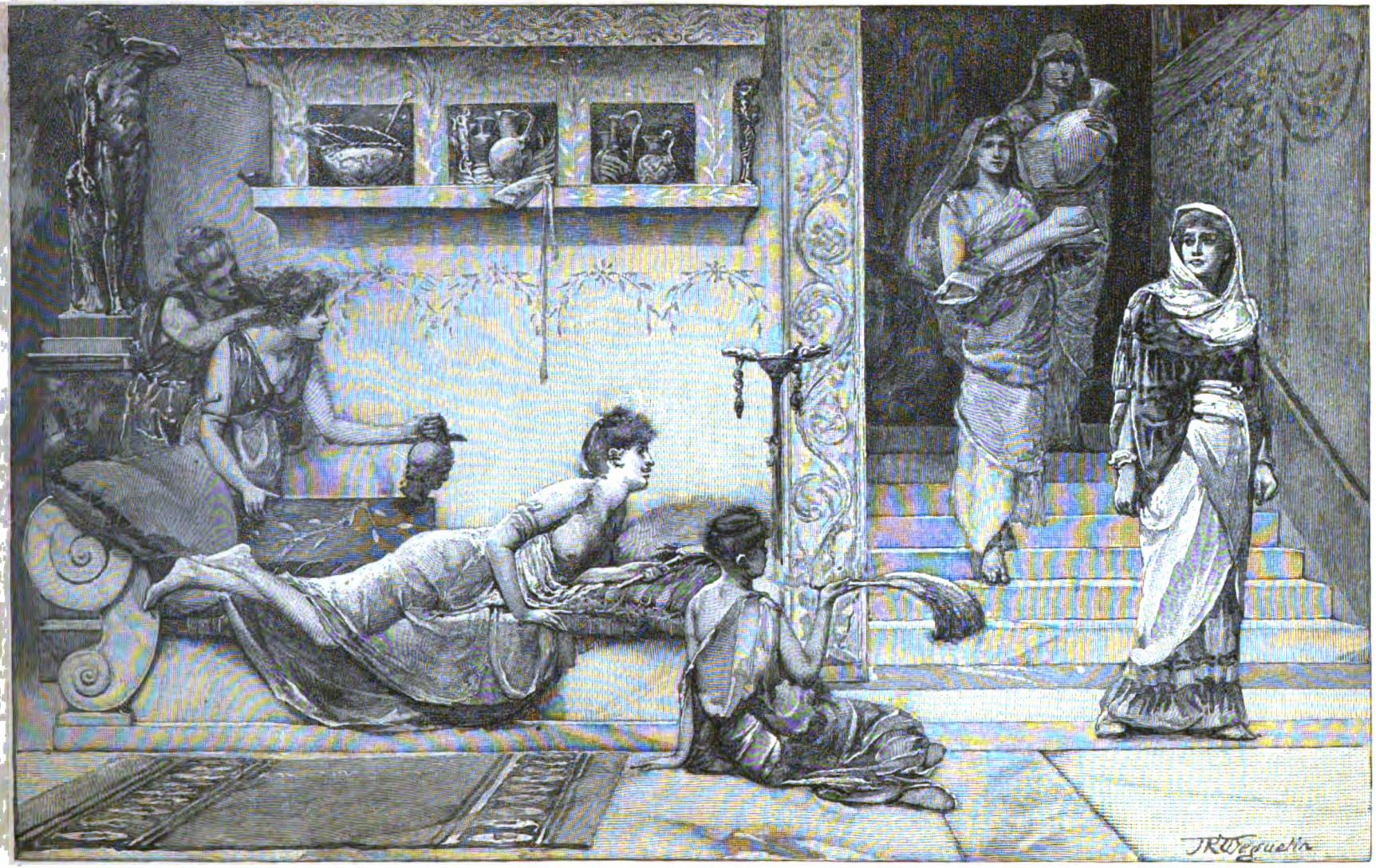
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"THIS BAITING THOU SHALT RUE."—[See page 173.]

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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COMMODUS.

A Play.

BY GENERAL LEW. WALLACE, AUTHOR OF "BEN-HUR."

INTRODUCTION.

THE story of Maternus was told originally by *Herodian*.

DE QUINCEY, GIBBON, and CREVIER have each a version of the story.

DE QUINCEY'S is as follows:

"A slave of noble qualities and of magnificent person, having liberated himself from the degradations of bondage, determined to avenge his own wrongs by inflicting continual terror upon the town and neighborhood which had witnessed his humiliation. For this purpose he resorted to the woody recesses of the province (somewhere in the modern Transylvania), and attracting to his wild encampment as many fugitives as he could, by degrees he succeeded in forming and training a very formidable troop of freebooters. Partly from the energy of his own nature, and partly from the neglect and remissness of the provincial magistrates, the robber captain rose from less to more until he had formed a little army equal to the task of assaulting fortified cities. In this stage of his adventures he encountered and defeated several of the imperial officers commanding large detachments of troops; and at length grew of consequence sufficient to draw upon himself the Emperor's eye, and the honor of his displeasure. In high wrath and disdain at the insult offered to his eagles by this fugitive slave, Commodus fulminated against him such an edict as left him no hope of much longer escaping with impunity.

"Public vengeance was now awakened; the imperial troops were marching from every quarter upon the same centre; and the slave became sensible that in a very short space of time he must be surrounded and destroyed. In this desperate situation he took a desperate resolution; he assembled his troops, laid before them his plan, concerted the various steps for carrying it into effect, and then dismissed them as independent wanderers. So ends the first chapter of the tale.

"The next opens in the passes of the Alps, whither, by various routes of seven or eight hundred miles in extent, these men had threaded their way in manifold disguises through the very midst of the Emperor's camps. According to this man's gigantic enterprise, in which the means were as audacious as the purposes, the conspirators were to rendezvous and first to recognize each other at the gates of Rome. From the Danube to the Tiber did this band of robbers severally pursue their perilous routes through all the difficulties of the road and the jealousies of the military stations, sustained by the mere thirst of vengeance — vengeance against that mighty foe whom they knew only by his proclamation against themselves. Everything continued to prosper; the conspirators met under the walls of Rome; the final details were arranged; and those also would have prospered but for a trifling accident. The season was one of general carnival in Rome, and by the help of those disguises which the license of this festal time allowed the

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murderers were to have penetrated as maskers to the Emperor's retirement, when a casual word or two awoke the suspicions of a sentinel. One of the conspirators was arrested; under the terror and uncertainty of the moment he made much ampler discoveries than was expected of him; the other accomplices were secured; and Commodus was delivered from the uplifted daggers of those who had sought him by months of patient wanderings, pursued through all the depths of the Illyrian forests and the difficulties of the Alpine passes. It is not easy to find words commensurate to the energetic hardships of a slave who, by way of answer and reprisal to an edict which consigned him to persecution and death, determines to cross Europe in quest of its author, though no less a person than the master of the world, to seek him in the inner recesses of his capital city and private palace, and there to lodge a dagger in his heart, as the adequate reply to the imperial sentence of proscription against himself."—DE QUINCEY. *The Cæsars.*

Here is GIBBON'S rendering of the story:

"Maternus, a private soldier, of a daring boldness above his station, collected these bands of robbers into a little army, set open the prisons, invited the slaves to assert their freedom, and plundered with impunity the rich and defenceless cities of Gaul and Spain. The governors of the provinces, who had long been the spectators, and perhaps the partners, of his depredations, were at length roused from their supine indolence by the threatening commands of the Emperor. Maternus found that he was encompassed, and foresaw that he must be overpowered. A great effort of despair was his last resource. He ordered his followers to disperse, to pass the Alps in small parties and various disguises, and to assemble at Rome during the licentious tumult of the festival of Cybele. To murder Commodus and to ascend the vacant throne was the ambition of no vulgar robber. His measures were so ably concerted that his concealed troops already filled the streets of Rome. The envy of an accomplice discovered and ruined this singular enterprise in a moment when it was ripe for execution."—GIBBON. *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chapter iv.

The following is from CREVIER:

"Maternus, a common soldier and deserter, but of a determined disposition to undertake anything, assembled at first some deserters like himself, with whom he carried on in Gaul the trade of a robber; their success brought them new associates; his gang increased gradually, and became at last an army. There was a necessity of making a regular war against them, and Niger, who afterward disputed the empire with Severus, was employed to encounter so despicable an enemy, and he acquitted himself like a brave and able officer. Meanwhile Maternus, in spite of the losses he had suffered, augmented his forces so far as to form a design of killing Commodus, and to make himself Emperor in his room.

"He perceived that he could not succeed in such a design if he showed himself openly, and as his art was equal to his courage, he formed an admirable plan: he divided his troops, and ordered them to go into Italy and to Rome in small parties, and went there himself; his scheme was to avail himself of the Cybeline festival, which was celebrated at Rome with great pomp, and during which every one had the liberty of being disguised; he therefore resolved to take for himself and his followers the dress and armor of the Emperor's guards, to mix with them in a kind of solemn procession where Commodus was present, to come near his person, and to murder him.

"The project contained nothing but what was very practicable; but some of those who first entered into it conceived a jealousy of their leader. They had hitherto considered themselves almost his equals, and could not think of making him their master; they discovered the plot. Maternus was seized, with a great number of his accomplices, and they were all punished with death."—CREVIER'S *History of the Roman Emperors*, Book XXI.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

COMMODUS.
MATERNUS.
CLEANDER, Imperial Favorite.
ANTONINUS, POMPEIANUS, BURRHUS, } Senators.
BURBO, brother to Maternus, and Chief of Gladiators.
MARCUS, Lieutenant to Maternus.
CAPTAINS 1, 2, 3, 4 } with Maternus.
COURTIERS 1, 2, 3 } to Commodus.
CITIZENS 1, 2, 3.
CLERK, to Cleander.
Landlord.
Boy, son of Maternus.
MARCIA, Commodus's mistress.
CRISPINA, wife of Commodus.
FADILLA, sister of Commodus, debauched by him.
WIFE OF MATERNUS.
QUEEN OF BACCHANTES.
Bacchantes, women of Cyprus.
Citizens, Officers, Messenger, Children, Gladiators, Charioteers, Attendants on Crispina and Marcia, Servant, Guards.

First Day.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—GERMANY. *A wood. Wife of* MATERNUS *spinning flax. Her children, a boy and a girl, playing near by.*

Enter MATERNUS.

MATERNUS. My little, little puss [*taking the girl in his arms*]—my kitten all the day at play—come play with me.

Enter a SOLDIER.

MATERNUS. Tidings?

SOLDIER. Niger has won, captain. Our forces fly before him to this our centre.

MATERNUS. Well?

SOLDIER. An army closes upon us from the north, another from the south, another from the east, and from the west one.

MATERNUS. What more?

SOLDIER. More I have not.

MATERNUS. Thanks, good friend, and get you to eat and drink; then, as the captains come in, bid them to council here at midnight. Go now.

SOLDIER. By your grace, captain.

[*Exit* SOLDIER. MATERNUS *puts the child down, and walks absorbed in thought.* WIFE *quits her work and goes to him.*

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WIFE. Last eve at set of sun a crow did come
And perch itself upon yon withered limb,
And croak and croak ; and all the while it held
Me in its evil eye. The chill I felt
Is on me now.

MATERNUS. Take up the wheel, and put
It in the cave. You will not need it more.

[*The boy removes the wheel.*

WIFE. Not need it more?

MATERNUS. Ay; said the soldier right,
Good wife, the legions will be here at dawn.

WIFE. O holy gods!

MATERNUS. And all they find they'll take:
This rugged cave, our home; these little ones,
And me and you, and such as living yield
Them willing slaves. They come four armies strong,
Our best outnumbered by the least of theirs,
And fighting is to die. What we shall do
Must be decided soon; and when 'tis fixed,
The council over, look you then to hear
What Fate does grudging leave as crumbs to Hope.
Go now, good, good wife. I will walk the woods.
Some watchful god may pity take, and show
A way to triumph yet, and better hope.

[*Singing heard in the distance.*

Hark!

WIFE. They come this way.

[SINGERS *approach.*

SONG.

The world goes up, the world comes down ;
Hit or miss, win or lose,
Blow good or ill, sail ship or sink,
Great Rome must have her ducs.
Of land or river, sun or air,
Or ocean's fleeting foams,
Or mould of earth, or brawn of men,
Naught is that is not Rome's.
Up with sail, cast away ;
Farewell home ;
With us dance, with us sing,
On to Rome!
On to Rome!

[*The* SINGERS *come up clashing castanets, tambourines, and cymbals.*

QUEEN OF BACCHANTES (*to* MATERNUS). We are poor, very poor—give us something.

MATERNUS. Who are you?

QUEEN (*singing*).

Up with sail, cast away ;
Farewell home ;
With us dance, with us sing,
On to Rome!
On to Rome!

MATERNUS. *On to Rome!* Is not this from the gods to me?

[*He turns away, but comes back and drops some coin in the tambourine.*

Woman, a thousand thanks, and good go with you!

QUEEN. And best with you!

[*Exeunt* BACCHANTES, *singing, On to Rome! After them* MATERNUS *and* WIFE.

SCENE 2.—ROME. *Reception-room in the Commodian Baths.* MARCIA *reclining upon a couch.* ATTENDANTS.

MARCIA.[1] The baths are ours! Out now with all the fans,
And pour the perfume on them—on the tips—
So, so! Now sweep them here and back again;
And I will doze, and dream of rustling airs,
And flocks of birds in leafy groves of nard
And cinnamon. [ATTENDANTS *fan her.*

Enter CRISPINA, *with* ATTENDANTS. *She regards* MARCIA *haughtily.*

CRISPINA. I thought to have the baths
Alone.

MARCIA. What pause is this? Quick, bring the jar—
The jar of oils! A wind some kitchen 'scaped
Has stolen in.

[*An* ATTENDANT *brings her a jar of perfume, which she uncorks and applies to her nose.*

O most sweet precious gift
For saving life! [*She kisses the jar passionately.*
And by it hangs a tale.

ATTENDANT. A tale? Dear mistress, will it make a laugh,
Be good, and tell it us.

MARCIA. To-day for oil
Of roses I did ask my august love,
My Cæsar, who did smile and pretty say,
That to the herd! To sweet thy sweetnesses
I have the oil ambrosial, even that
Great Juno brews for selfish use in baths
Olympian. Crispina did she touch
It once would die. Thereat, with pity moved,
And wonder-struck, and yet as one does ask
A question rather by the tone and look,
O, O! I said. Then he, with ready wit,
And shake of head, which, from its many curls,
Showered me thick with odors delicate
And nameless, said, *Perpol, hath one a taint*
Of body anywhere, she shall not touch
This unguent of the gods.—What, good my lord,
Crispina? so I cried, in quick alarm.
And to his ruddy lips he made me bend
My ear, so all my blood awake did run
To hear him say, *Ay, ay, she has a wart*
Upon her neck—

ATTENDANTS. O, O! ye gods of Rome!

MARCIA. *And one upon her breast of quickening growth.*

[*Her* ATTENDANTS *laugh immoderately.*

[1] MARCIA maintained herself in favor until the death of Commodus.

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CRISPINA. Let us go. I will build a Bath and keep
The keys myself.
MARCIA. Ye gods! *Crispina's Baths!*
The name above the door would make the house
Abhorred; but did she use it only once,
Then though the meltings of the last night's snow
Were there received in limpid rivulets,
And all sweet oils and barks and richest things
Consumable were fed the fires to load
The air about it with their luxury
Of fragrance, still the very dogs would pass
It mutinous, with quick imaginings
Of sickness in the moon. No, no, rest us!
The world has plagues enough.
CRISPINA. Begone—and take
Thy vermin pack—and haste—or I will make
Report of this.
MARCIA. Now would the world were mine!
ATTENDANT. And then, sweet mistress?
MARCIA. Then to Cæsar went
This woman as she says, indeed 'twould be
A service so enriched by what I most
Do wish that I would coin the universe
And give it her, and shame to think how poor
The payment was.—Crispina, Cæsar's here;
And 'neath the litter's purple blinds we were
In coming lip to lip and cheek to cheek,
With sighs so even drawn the two were one—
Nor will he hence without me.
CRISPINA. Do but hear!
They are not words that she assails me with,
But drippings of an udder so with lies
Distent it milks itself.
MARCIA (*to her* ATTENDANTS). There—ring the bell! [ATTENDANT *rings.*

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Your will, most noble ladies.
MARCIA. Does the august Cæsar tarry yet?
SERVANT. Cæsar dines, and takes his bath, the eighth to-day.
MARCIA. When will he depart?
SERVANT. When Marcia pleases—so he said.
MARCIA. 'Tis excellent well. Look now that my bath
Be ready made—the basin inside smeared
With paste of jasmine—and the water warmed
Like noon in summer—then the trick I had
From Cæsar when in playful mood we swam
Together—thou know'st it—rain half and half
With amber wine. He says it gives the skin
The hue of ruddy pearls—
[SERVANT *turns to go.*
But stay—I thought
The earth did sudden stir.
SERVANT. The earth, said you?
MARCIA. I thought the sky did thunder too.
SERVANT. The sky?
MARCIA. There, there—begone!
[*Exit* SERVANT.
Were I my Cæsar's wife,
And angry, as Crispina is, the deaf
And dumb in Rome should swear the ground did quake,
And thunder filled the sky.
CRISPINA (*to her women*). Come, we will go.
[*To* MARCIA.] This baiting thou shalt rue.
[*Exit* CRISPINA *and her following.*
MARCIA. Ha, ha, my sweets!
The baths are ours. Let's thither while we can.
An angry woman never won a man.
[*Exeunt, with laughter.*

SCENE 3.—GERMANY. *The woods again.*

Enter MARCUS, *with* CAPTAINS.

1 CAPTAIN. I think it best to fly.
2 CAPTAIN. We've held this grove until 'tis home.
1 CAPTAIN. I would live for that we yet may do 'gainst Rome.
3 CAPTAIN. The job is up for us.
MARCUS. My friends, let's rest debate. We run to cross of words; and after all Maternus will tell us what to do.
4 CAPTAIN. And here he comes.
1 CAPTAIN. See how slowly. The weight upon his mind does stoop his shoulders.

Enter MATERNUS.

MATERNUS. How stands opinion, brethren?
MARCUS. One set votes
To stay and fight; another thinks it best
To fly while time allows.
MATERNUS. But neither thinks
To give us tamely up?
MARCUS. Neither.
MATERNUS. 'Tis well.
Staying is but a wanton waste of lives.
Give them to me instead.
1 CAPTAIN. They're yours as 'tis.
CAPTAINS. Ay, ay!
MATERNUS. And next to such as plead for flight.
Between the lines unnamed, because unknown,
And this old wood, so long our resting-place
And shelter, is there where to plant our hearths
And be at home again?
1 CAPTAIN. I had not thought
Of that.
MATERNUS. Do not the Roman eagles feed
On hapless men like us in every land
Both far and near?
1 CAPTAIN. Enough—I stand convinced.
MATERNUS. Well, we will neither wait nor run away.
Go call your men, and bid them that they set
Out for Rome.

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CAPTAINS. Rome! Rome! Surely not for Rome!

MATERNUS. I said for Rome. In twos and singly bid
Them start to-night, observing to the end
That every speaking thing they chance to meet
Will be an enemy; so shall they come
To Rome the day before Cybele's day,[2]
By law the *Nones of April*, when, alike
In privilege, the people gladsome roar
The archèd streets with splendid revelry.

1 CAPTAIN. We know the day.

MATERNUS. Such then the time and place;
And you may look for me in wait for you
Impatient at the old Flaminian gate.
Remember it. My treasurer will give
You for the road; then, preparation done,
Adieux to mothers, wives, and little ones.
And be ye tender with their tenderness.
It is but small for us to leave behind
The sweet hopes sure in woman's trustful heart
To wait on promises of quick return—
Which here they must abide.

CAPTAINS. O say not here!

MATERNUS. Where else have they?

MARCUS. Then keep them, loving gods!

MATERNUS. And us, good Marcus, keep they us as well!
Now hands in pledge. Let each one come to me.
[*They give him their hands.*
My Marcus, you will stay. To all the rest
A happy meeting 'neath the walls of Rome.

[*Exeunt all but* MATERNUS *and* MARCUS. MATERNUS *draws a ring from his finger.*

MATERNUS. Marcus.

MARCUS. Captain.

MATERNUS. You are my lieutenant now.
[*He puts the ring on* MARCUS'S *finger.*

MARCUS. Most duteous.

MATERNUS. Observe—When comes the *Nones Of April*, I may be in heaven or hell;
Then were there none to take and carry on
In void of me, O 'twere pity to melt
The ribbèd hills to tears! Wherefore of what
Awaits in Rome a word. You—I—and ours,
Assembled there, in arms and uniforms
Pretorian,[3] as guards from duty freed
And jubilant, shall help the thousands pulse
The pious riot on, till comes an hour—
O joyous throb of time for us reserved!—
When to the palace we will turn aside,
And finding Cæsar, kill him on his throne.

MARCUS. Kill him—kill Cæsar!

MATERNUS. O, you are so dazed,
My Marcus, I could laugh did humor serve
The hour in place of grief. So I will wait
Upon your wits. [*He walks.*

MARCUS. Now, captain, have you more? I am myself.

MATERNUS. Then tell me, Commodus,
The monster, dead and heirless, who shall have
His crown and capital?

MARCUS. Why, he who bids
The highest, I should say.

MATERNUS. No—who but he
With strongest hand first ready? Doubt not more—
'Tis settled—fixed; wherefore to look again
Upon the nestlings of our wedded love,
And those who brooded them, and long ere this,
While blazed the night star o'er the western wall
Of eve, did cluck them chirping under wing.

Re-enter CAPTAINS.

1 CAPTAIN. By your leave, Maternus. You gave us trust but now in pledgeless sort, and that we will amend. [*To his comrades.*] Out swords! [*They draw their swords and lift them high.*] Swear—swear we all to keep the appointment true!

CAPTAINS. We swear!

1 CAPTAIN. So good speed, good chief! We now are yours to order bound.

CAPTAINS. Life or death—Maternus, Maternus! [*Curtain falls.*

Second Day.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—ROME. *Chamber in the Imperial Palace.* POMPEIANUS, BURRHUS, *and* ANTONINUS[1] *in waiting.*

ANTONINUS. My spirit burns! Gods, how the minutes stretch
Themselves to lingering hours in plague of such
As wait at great men's doors, and on their moods
Expectant hang!

POMPEIANUS. Remember we have come
To serve our country.

BURRHUS. Ay, and by the smart
Of insult learn what 'tis to have a hope
Of this our Cæsar.

ANTONINUS. 'Tis to call and call
And not be heard—to wait till comes the noon,
And then the night, and not a mouse to look

[2] The *Hilaria of Cybele*, better known as the *Megalesia*, began on the Nones of April; that is to say, on the fifth day of that month.

There is reason to believe that the modern *Carnival* had its origin in the celebration of the rites accorded to Cybele, who was the personification of the Earth, or, in mythological style, its goddess.—DWIGHT'S *Classical Dictionary.*

[3] *Arms Pretorian.* The imperial body-guard was habitually detailed from the pretorian cohorts encamped near the city of Rome. Their equipments were superlatively splendid.

[1] POMPEIANUS, a noble Roman Senator, who, with Pertinax, had been an especial friend to Aurelius, the father of Commodus.

ANTISTHEUS BURRHUS and ARRIUS ANTONINUS, Senators and relations of Commodus, the former a brother-in-law. They were men of excellent character —CREVIER. *Hist. Rom. Emp.*

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At us askant, and running, flatter us—
Three men are here.

BURRHUS. Three Senators!

ANTONINUS. Enough
That we are men!

POMPEIANUS. Our Cæsar is so young.

ANTONINUS. To stand and see the empire of the great
Of Rome, a plaything in a madman's hand!

BURRHUS. I hear them—they come!

POMPEIANUS. Let us stand aside.

[*The three draw aside. An interior door is opened. Flourish. Armed* GUARDS *enter. Next* CHARIOTEERS *and* GLADIATORS. *Lastly* COMMODUS, *in costume of a charioteer, crimson reins over his shoulder and around his body, and in his hand a whip with gilded stock and long lash.*

COMMODUS.[1] The very snails to top of wall have climbed,
And cast their shells since work on it began—
Thy shoulder—lower stoop—up now—now hold
You there at that.

[*He rests his hand familiarly on the man.*

You saw it, said you not?

CHARIOTEER. As I see you, my Cæsar, quite as plain
I saw it past me borne, and set upon
Your stadium floor tenderly, as it were
Most fragile crystal which the lightest breath
Might stain incurably.

COMMODUS. O beautiful!

CHARIOTEER. Yes, Cæsar, that thou art to common men,
It is to all the other chariots,
Sole incomparable.

COMMODUS. Ah, had you seen
The workman's face the time I bade him build
It so and so! His eyes did grow and stare
At me unwinking, round as moons at full.

[*He laughs loudly.*

[1] COMMODUS. It is difficult to believe this man sane. The incidents following are collated from John Mill's translation of Crevier's *History of the Roman Emperors*. If we can suppose the question of Commodus's sanity referred to a jury, and such circumstances submitted as evidence, with all the light of modern intelligence upon the subject, there would not be much room for disagreement. Thus:

He immersed himself in most shocking debaucheries. His sister (Fadilla) did not escape his unnatural passions.

His appetite for blood showed itself early. He had a pleasure in killing victims with his own hands. He dressed himself for the purpose like an executioner. He fought with gladiators. In such combats he used a sharpened sword, while they had nothing but foils, with leaden points.

During the administration of Perennis, his first favorite, he shut himself up in his palace, dividing his time between debaucheries and combats with gladiators and beasts. He killed four sea-horses at once, two elephants in two days, and a rhinoceros and a giraffe. By such exploits he fancied himself the rival of Hercules and Cæsar.

Actors of farces and obscene pantomimes governed him, while his hatred of the virtuous friends of his own father carried him to the point of murder several times repeated.

He buried the children of Avidius Cassius alive.

In his murders, when he wanted to prevent too great noise, he employed poisons.

He condemned to the beasts those who were witty against him. To this punishment he sent a party for reading Suetonius's *Life of Caligula*.

If he knew any one who declared he was weary of life, he took him at his word, and threw him down a precipice.

He diverted himself cutting off with a razor the noses and ears of his household, whom he obliged to sit down as if he intended to shave them.

He affected the surgeon, and pretending to let blood, slashed the arms, and bled his victims to death.

He assumed to be a rival of Hercules, and, like that hero and demigod, he fought with giants and monsters. For this, on one occasion, he assembled all those in Rome who had lost the use of their legs, and caused them to be wrapt up with cloths and linens below the knees, and of such length as to make them resemble the tails of dragons. He gave them sponges, instead of stones, for arms; then rushing upon them, he killed them all with a club.

He had a passion for making a show of himself, driving chariots as well as fighting gladiators and beasts.

He passed much time in schools with gladiators, appeared with them in the arena as a professional; fought, and required the applause of the people and Senate. The gravest Senators had no choice but to applaud. He exacted his salary as a gladiator, charging a higher price.

Every time he did anything mean or cruel, or acted as a gladiator or master of a debauch, he had it registered in the journals of the city.

He fought three hundred and sixty-five times while his father was alive, and six hundred and thirty-five times afterward: and so he gained one thousand victories—such as they were.

Nero raised a colossus for himself, which Vespasian afterward consecrated to the sun. This Commodus appropriated by taking off its head and putting his own in its place. On the base he ordered the inscription, *Conqueror of a Thousand Gladiators.*

He devoted himself to Isis, and celebrated rites with the priests. Like them, he shaved his head. He helped to carry the image of Anubis. In the ceremony he struck the litter which supported the statue, so that the mouth and teeth of the god-dog knocked the ministers on their shaven heads.

He taxed the wives and children of Roman Senators two pieces of gold per head.

Once, wanting money, he feigned to go to Africa; obtained large sums for the purpose, and spent them in a debauch, pretending the people of Rome could not spare him.

Before the door of the Senate he set up a statue in a threatening attitude, holding a bow bent and pointed at the Senate.

He frequently showed himself in the dress of a woman.

He took his meals in the bath, and frequently took the bath often as eight times a day.

He was the most consummate archer of his time, and withal the most beautiful man.

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CHARIOTEER (*to a* GLADIATOR). The world ne'er saw a Cæsar like to this.

GLADIATOR. A Cæsar? He's a god!

COMMODUS. *My Chariot*
Must pay the sun in kind, and burn the eyes
Of them that look at it—so I began;
And when I saw I had him mind intent,
I further said: *Make you the yoke of steel,*
And all the rings of steel; the pole of oak
Without a crook or gnarl; and arm you well
The axle's ends with tigers' heads in brass,
The jaws gaped wide to snatch a living prey,
The eyes of yellow amber, all so wrought
That smith and sculptor may not carry art
Beyond them. Have you that? I stopped to ask,
And at his yes went on: *I want the spokes*
Of silver set as furbished radiates
In silver naves; the fellies ivory,
Tinted like cream from last night's milk of mares,
And tired in doubly tempered hoops of bronze;
The bed of willow leafed with lustrous gold,
A twin of that the proud Germanicus
Did drive along the lusty triumph's way—
But hold! The ancients there?—

CHARIOTEER. We found them here.

COMMODUS. They used to help my father kill his hours,
Mumbling of morals, and philosophies,
And other sickly mists of moon-struck minds;
And often, 'mid delivery, o'ercome
And spent, they sitting slept, and slept again,
And nodded in their sleep, as if the speech
Would of itself from wise to wisest run
Forever on.

POMPEIANUS (*advancing*). O Cæsar, at thy feet
I lay an old man's love.

[*He kneels to* COMMODUS.

COMMODUS. An old man's love!
There let it lie—or better, do thou take
And put it in some deep and grewsome vault
Where worms have had their mastery, and been
In turn resolved to dust. I'll none of such
Companionship: for see you [*laughing*], did I want
A simple from the spiceries by all
The gods prescribed for dulness—dice, sword-play,
Or music, dance, or women—then to keep
My conscience in a prickly heat, 'twould dose
Me with philosophy and apothegm—
And when a laugh were good, 'twould put me off
With husky groans. Go bring some lighter curse!
There's naught so damned as *No* when I would *Yes.*
Only the gods shall say me, *Well done this!*
Or *O alack for that!*

[*He strikes* POMPEIANUS *with his whip.* POMPEIANUS *covers his head, and* BURRHUS *and* ANTONINUS *rush to them.*

ANTONINUS. Hold, hold, **my lord**!
His every hair a silver trumpet is
To help the shrinking heavens plead for him!

COMMODUS. Make way—room—room, I say!

[*He casts the whip-lash loose.*

ANTONINUS. These war-worn hands
I lift protesting, not for self—a thing
Henceforth incapable except to stir
Of some, their sneers, of others, tears, as are
The men I meet—no, Cæsar, not for self,
But country! Send and take account of those
Who last night died of famine in our Rome.
And in your following—these ready thieves,
Whose presence here makes all earth else rejoice
Because they are not there—if one there be
To feel a stranger's woes, the plague[3] invites
Him to the western gates to see how fat
It feeds on Latin folk. But pity them,
And I—O Cæsar, I will kiss the hand
With which you aim to lash my honor out.
To mountains turned, the times do fall upon
And bury us.

COMMODUS. How often have you seen
Me sting an elephant until he brought
His bulk to dust, and tearful roared *Enough!*

[*He draws to strike* ANTONINUS.

Enter MARCIA. *She catches* COMMODUS's *hand.*

COMMODUS. Give up the hand!

MARCIA. Not even Jove could mend
The act it then would do.

COMMODUS. Let go, I say!—
Or am I that which I did think myself?

MARCIA. I do not fear my lord when not himself.

COMMODUS (*to the* SENATORS). It were a little thing in you to thank
This woman for your lives.

[*He recovers the lash.* POMPEIANUS *rises.*

Now be there one
Who fears me not, then is the world not mine;
And I will not a part of it, though 'twere
The bigger part; nor more will I forego
The very least, for then there could not be
A whole to own.

[*He has the lash all in hand.*

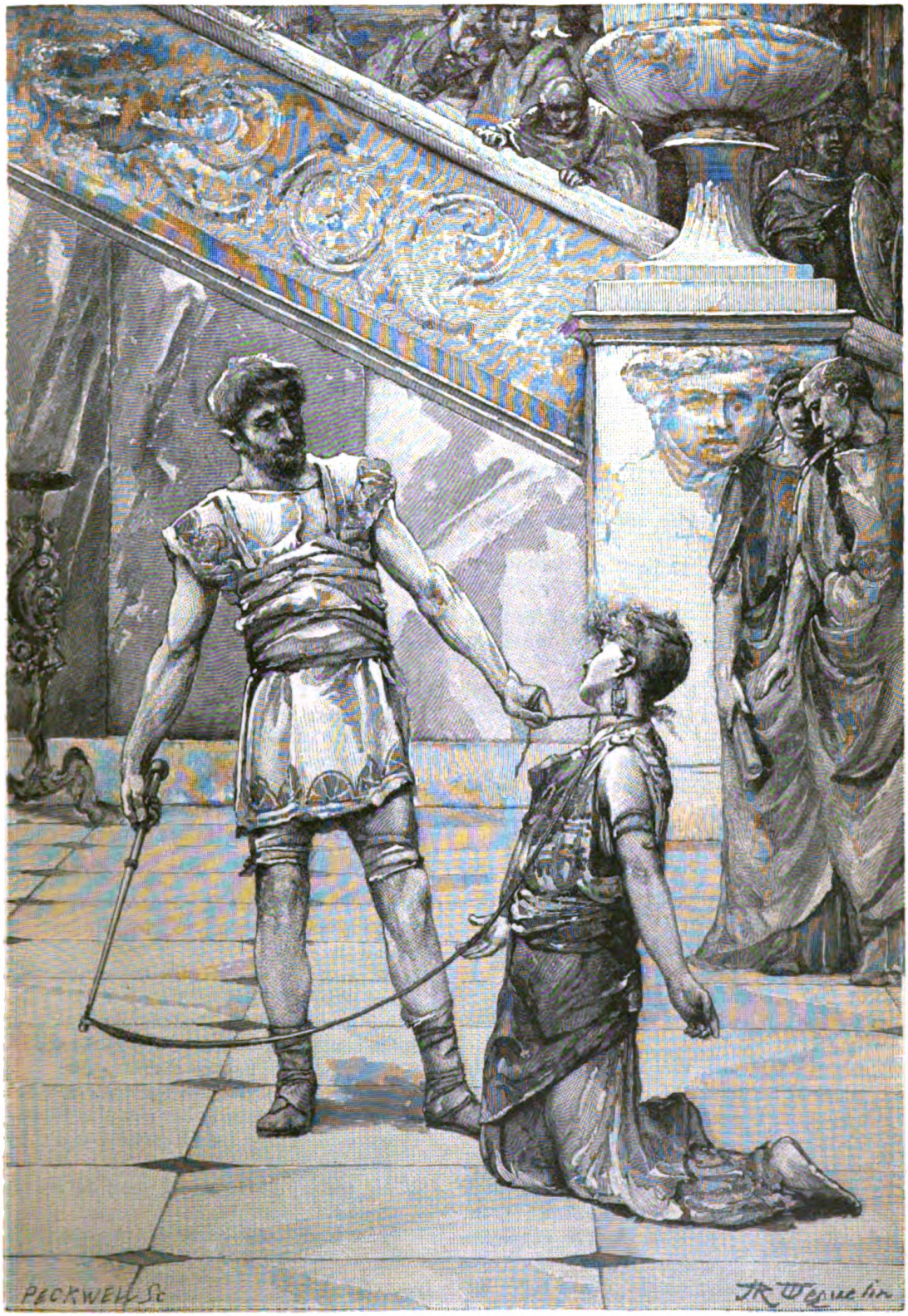
Now, woman, say again
You do not fear me.

MARCIA. When at last I came
To see my lord in changing moods, now kind,
Now terrible, he made me know his breast
Was not a fitting place for Fear to lay
Its ashy cheek.

[*She takes the lash, drops the coils around her neck, and carries his hand to them at her throat.*

[3] Under Commodus, Rome was dreadfully ravaged by famine, plague, and extensive fires. The famine did not result from barrenness of the earth, but the wickedness of men. The plague was most violent in the city. The daily mortality averaged two thousand cases. Even beasts suffered from the contagion.

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"WHAT, GOOD MY LORD, UPON MY KNEES?"—[SEE PAGE 178.]

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Good my lord, was not this
The purpose which I saw behind your eyes?

COMMODUS. Now, by the gods, a fair, white, slender neck!

MARCIA. My lord is slow.

COMMODUS. A shepherd's pipe of straw
Were not more frail.

MARCIA. And yet my lord does wait?

COMMODUS. The life hides shallow here—a bird of swift
Elusive flight, so often vainly watched—
Perhaps more slow in woman than in man.
Against this waxen cage's veinèd bars
It beats its scarlet wings—I feel them strain
For liberty. A bodkin's point would do
To set it off—a turn of hand would do—
It tempts me—gods!

[*He pulls her upon her knees.*

BURRHUS (*aside to* ANTONINUS). I ne'er saw murder writ
So plain on any face. Let us retire.

ANTONINUS (*aside*). No, no! For if her courage does but hold,
She'll make the end, not he; and should she win,
There's hope for Rome.

BURRHUS. Hope?

ANTONINUS. Ay.

COMMODUS. I wait for tears
To prove a common soul but briefly dressed
In bravery!

ANTONINUS (*aside*). He changes countenance!

COMMODUS (*to* MARCIA). Have you forgot the day I set my chief
Of guard and old Trebonius in chairs
To shave them? Ah, their necks were under hand;
Against my fingers beat the lives I craved
To know about—Ha, ha! A pretty jest!—
I cut their throats! And as the gaping wounds
Did vent their bloody jets, the wary ghosts
Slipped noiseless by, and joined the kindred air—
A jest to move the Sphinx!—But thou—thou dost
Not laugh!

MARCIA. What, good my lord, upon my knees?

ANTONINUS (*aside*). Would she were wife in place of her he has!

COMMODUS. O pretty fool! I'll take the lash away—
Damned jewelry unfit for such a throat!—

[*He removes the lash.*

Take thou my hand. [*He assists her to rise.*
There, now! The vulgar see
Thee statured as thou wert. Their eyes are eyes
Of worms and mining moles. They know not what
It is to have a Cæsar lend a hand
To help them.

[MARCIA *throws herself upon his breast.*

MARCIA. Dear my lord! The other gods
In benefaction keep afar in space!

COMMODUS. Thou cunning, cunning witch!

MARCIA. O, were I that,
I then could tell my Cæsar of my love,
And have him measure it, and laugh at him;
For oft as found, its limits I would lift,
And set them out of reach of thought again.

COMMODUS. There is a subtlety which here in Rome
Men look for in blind wastage of their lives,
Not knowing where to seek it. Mastery
Of king and state, they call it, under breath,
As if the mention out would reach the gods,
And shame them for their lesser sanctity.
Will they to me, the dolts, and ask of it,
I'll fillip them with, Blow your candles out,
And quit your courtier arts before the throne.
'Tis true the prince is there, and there the state
In him enfleshed, but not the rule of them—
The thing you seek. Beneath a woman's tongue—
Under the rose-leaf lining of her tongue,
To dripping steeped in honey-sweet of words,
The subtlety its luresome lodging hath—
As I but now have found. Ha, ha! For wounds
To feeling, Marcia, give me good results,
And doctors unto doctors for their dues.

[*He kisses her.*

A salve upon thy throat!—and on thy cheek!—
Nor blood except upon thy pursed lips,
To mark where Cæsar left his taste of love!
Go now—and I must go.

[*Trumpets heard outside playing a march. A* CHARIOTEER *runs out and returns.*

CHARIOTEER. Her Majesty
Is passing by.

COMMODUS. Crispina! Ill the time
For her to come, and with her music bray
My recollection. Marcia— [*He leads her aside.*
Have a care
Of her. That thou art fair and wise and brave,
And she is neither, therefore watchful be
Thou all the more.

MARCIA. The qualities wherewith
My lord possesses me were basely used
In other part than his. For him, in my
Offence conjoint, I will not cease to care.
From Argus I will borrow sleepless eyes,
And plant them open where she daily walks,
And open groove them in her chamber doors.

COMMODUS. There, there—go now—good-by, until again!
[*To his train.*] Move on—I long to see the chariot.

[*Exit train. He follows, but stops and holds his arms to her. She runs to him, receives his kiss, then stands gazing after him.*

BURRHUS. We have failed.

POMPEIANUS. Ay, again, and Rome is lost.

ANTONINUS. Not so. This Marcia is a Roman born,
And come what may, I'll dare a speech with her.

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MARCIA. What others seek the bosom of the night
To meditate, he dares the sun to look
And see him do; and where he goes or comes
The greatnesses by Time avouchèd best
Inconstant fall away to sullen flames,
Knowing comparison will snuff them out—
The Senators!

ANTONINUS. Fair mistress—

MARCIA. Good my lords.

ANTONINUS. We said when now in Cæsar's face we saw
You stand, *She is a Roman.*

MARCIA. So I am.

ANTONINUS. There is a sick one here whom you should know.

MARCIA. His name, my lords?

ANTONINUS. Our Rome.

MARCIA. I knew not such
A body could be sick.

ANTONINUS. Indeed so sick
We cannot walk abroad but horrors come
And chase us home.

MARCIA. Be plain.

ANTONINUS. We cannot find
A street that is not overrun by herds
Of children clamorous as cast-off dogs;
And wives and daughters, whom we knew as bred
In honor, make public cry, and to gain
The crusts they moan for, shake their patchèd rags,
And of their persons offer show so pale
And meagre, 'tis not strange if Death refuse
To waste himself upon them. And of men,
The stays of state, there are no rich and poor—
The poor have sunk to poorest, while the rich
Have run away.

MARCIA. Does Cæsar know of this?

BURRHUS. It was to tell it him we came to-day.

ANTONINUS. Nor more, I swear, for Rome than Cæsar's self.
There is a man who sits in highest place,
A conjurer of mischiefs for the state—

MARCIA. Cleander?[4]

ANTONINUS. O, I see he's not unknown!

MARCIA. A wicked man, and base, and studious
In husbandry of profits foully got.

POMPEIANUS. Our cause is won!

ANTONINUS. Without the harbor stands
A fleet of ships from Egypt. Could they land,
The city would be gorged with bounteous store.

MARCIA. Why come they not?

ANTONINUS. Cleander knows, not we.

MARCIA. 'Tis past belief.

ANTONINUS. Sweet mistress, these are men
Unused to play; like me, they stooping lean
Against the winter winds of life.

POMPEIANUS. 'Tis true—
For hungry eyes have in the distance seen
The tacking sails.

MARCIA. The purpose—give me that—
It hides behind the horror.

ANTONINUS. A most just
Demand. You know, fair friend, that nothing could
So fair become him as humility;
But so has Fortune been a serving-girl
To his conceit, and by her favors swelled
It out of bounds, that now his eyes are blind
With rage for purple; nor will any robe
But Cæsar's fit him.

MARCIA. O, I see, I see!
The cockle gapes his hingèd shell with wish
To be leviathan!

ANTONINUS. And see the tool
The traitor holds in hand. By that it does,
A sullen mob betrays its bloody dreams:
It whittles knotted clubs; renews the points
Of rusted swords; brings forth old shields and tries
Them on its shrunken arms; draws bands to head,
And chooses chiefs, and into moulds of new
Design recasts the metal of its hate.
And dare you now to Cæsar say these things
Which we to you have said?

MARCIA. 'Tis mighty stuff,
My lords, and will not much endure mistake.
Give me to think of it.

ANTONINUS. Ay, give it thought,
But cap the thinking with the instant deed.
Our duty done, good-day.

[4] CLEANDER—a Phrygian by birth. He was sold as a slave in his own country, and brought to Rome to do the meanest offices.

In the palace he became the Emperor's slave, and was agreeable to Commodus, when a child, by a likeness in their dispositions. This beginning he cherished. After his father's death Commodus gave him his freedom, and appointed him first chamberlain. He also gave him for wife his concubine *Demostratia*.

Cleander was of mean soul, and abused his power. He put everything to sale—places of Senators, command of armies, government of provinces and intendancies—for all which he was well paid. Merit and birth were of no account with him. To increase his gains he multiplied offices, and named twenty-five Consuls in one year. He had no regard for laws or precedents. Money bought absolution for crimes and release from judgments, sometimes with additional dignities. No citizen was secure of life or fortune if he had a rich enemy. Condemnation to banishment, death, punishments of all kinds, confiscations, deprivation of burial, were subjects of barter, and nothing thought of but the price.

By his cruel and abominable traffic Cleander amassed immense wealth; and to secure his gains he shared them with the Emperor's concubines, and even with the Emperor himself.

He was magnificent in the use of his riches. He built hot baths in Rome, which he called *Commodian Baths*.

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MARCIA. Most excellent
And noble men, good-day.
POMPEIANUS (*aside*). Would Cæsar were
As gracious! [*Exeunt* SENATORS.
MARCIA. If a mob there be in stew,
The blinds of night thrice dipped in Pluto's shades
Were not enough to hide it. To the streets!—
Then to Cleander!—Ah, he comes this way!
Ye wilful gods! That in such swinish flesh
Ambition could enthrone itself! Behold!
[*Exit.*

Enter CLEANDER.

CLEANDER. I am not longer minister of state,
But of my Cæsar's whims, which, day and night
More wantful, do but grow with surfeiting.—
Clerk, clerk!

Enter CLERK.

CLERK. Your will, my lord?
CLEANDER. Give me the list.
CLERK. My lord.
[CLERK *gives him a paper and retires a little.*
CLEANDER. This—'tis not the list—a lawyer's bond: yesterday he besought me to make him Prefect of Britain, and this his bond of payment for the office—needless now that I have his money. A goodly sum, by Crœsus! My carps in pool, my calves and peacocks in their pens, will keep their excellence on it until they're dished—and Commodus is always hungry.—Clerk!
CLERK (*approaching*). My lord.
CLEANDER. Not this, but the list I made last night of the remaining rich in Rome.
CLERK. Pardon, my lord.
[CLERK *gives him another paper and retires again.*
CLEANDER. Grow I not old of body, if not mind,
Before I should in nature? Puffed of eyes?—
To wrinkles adding flesh?—My youth by aches
Of sixty filched? The fatted ox in stall
Has not a girth like mine, nor eats or drinks
He so to deadly fill; and in these hands
Unsteady palsy lurks with shortening term
To set them shaking at my doted will.
'Tis time to be a-doing.—Clerk, I say!
[CLERK *approaches and bows humbly.*
Yes, let us on—you first—but keep in call.
[*Exit* CLERK.
A little time to think—I've picked the bones
Of Labor white, and Trade, which had the art
Before my time of sending men in search
Of profit boldly to the world's sharp edge,
And over it into the general
Undermost, whispers now, and fearful holds
Them empty-handed in their silent marts—
And here in list and table are the names
Of all the rich in Rome, with what they're worth.
[*He runs over the list.*
Ships, houses, lands—Greek, Roman, African,
Egyptian, Jew—patrician, priest, and pleb—
To auction this one, exile that, and Death
To have a lion's share! And then the end
In bloody brief of Master Commodus!
Already in the bearded husk I hear
The ripening rattle of the golden grain.
I'll push his follies on in madder gait,
And speed my fortune.—Clerk, clerk!

Re-enter CLERK.

CLERK. Here, my lord.
CLEANDER. Go not too far. [*Exit* CLERK.
If rheums and baldness haste,
And odious fat and age in youth attack
My bones untimely—let them! By the gods,
Though come the worst—I'll be a Cæsar yet!
[*Exit.*

SCENE 2.—*Road through a mountain pass.* MATERNUS *discovered sitting upon a stone.*

MATERNUS. Are these the hands to free the yokèd world?
These aching feet, coarse clad, and ploughing slow
And wearily so many leagues of dust,
Are they at last to climb great Cæsar's throne?
The thought does father impulse strong as hands
To push me on, and I must yield to it, [*Rises.*
Nor think of rest until the deed is done;
And then the weak and wronged shall sit with me,
And eat and drink, and merrymake and go,
Singing a holiday for every one,
And plenty. Such the Cæsar I shall be! [*Exit.*

Enter MATERNUS'S WIFE. BOY *drawing a hand-cart, with baby in it.* WIFE *pushing the cart.* WIFE *seats herself on the stone just vacated by* MATERNUS.

BOY. We are near him now.
WIFE. What will he say at seeing us? You know he bade us stay at home.
BOY. The baby here—let her hold her hands to him, the little fingers all alive with asking, you'll see him laugh and give us joy for joy.
WIFE. Ah me, ah me! I love him so! 'Tis love that drives me on.
[*Singing heard.* WIFE *rises.*
BOY. The dancing girls!—I know their song.
[WIFE *resumes her seat.*

Enter BACCHANTES, *singing, On to Rome.*

QUEEN. Softly!—children—and a woman!
[BACCHANTES *surround the family.*
Good woman, are you tired?
WIFE. Yes.
QUEEN. And hungry?
WIFE. My little ones may be.
[*The* BACCHANTES *uncover packs, and give the children bread.* QUEEN *kisses the baby.*
QUEEN. Eyes so heaven-blue we never see in Cyprus. [*To* WIFE.] Where away?
WIFE. To Rome.
QUEEN. What have you to do in Rome?—a woman without device or gift—your youth

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CLEANDER READS THE LETTER.—[SEE PAGE 183.]

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given o'er to babes—and all incapable of riot or debauch.

WIFE. I'll find my husband there.

QUEEN. O, 'tis far to follow!

WIFE. Far indeed. But what of that when once I've found him?

QUEEN. Then there is such thing as love?

A BACCHANTE. No, no! True love, as you will find, has gone to blue the sky and salt the sea.

QUEEN. 'Tis this woman's life.—Good mother, we too are bound to Rome. Make your journeys with us, and we will share with you, and give you help—all for love of your love.

WIFE. I must travel slow.

QUEEN. Well, we will wait at times to see how you get on.

WIFE. I have but thanks to give, and a tongue to pray the gods for you.

QUEEN. Then you would pay us rich in unaccustomed coin. For the time, mother, good-by—and to the little one another kiss.

[*She kisses the baby.*

Come—up, my island born!
Sing for cheer, and let's away!

[*Exeunt* BACCHANTES, *singing their song.*

WIFE. O, my heart beats fast, and I am faint!
If once the city swallows him, we may never, never see him more.—Come, my darlings, let us go.

[*As she goes out pushing the cart, the curtain drops.*

Third Day.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—ROME. *Corridor of the Imperial Palace.*

Enter COMMODUS *and* BURBO *from the stadium, both in full gladiatorial armor of the class swordsmen.* COMMODUS'S *helmet and shield carried each by a page.*

COMMODUS. I think the total of my victories,
When last we cast it up, did stand at odds.
But now—how stands it now?

BURBO. This makes the score
A thousand.

COMMODUS. Even, Burbo—speak it fair—
An even thousand, of their schools the best,
And equal armed.

BURBO. O, Cæsar—equal armed?

COMMODUS. By Hercules! so does the theme enlarge
With happy thought that you, unroughing, shall
To gentle turn, and write.

BURBO. What, Burbo turn
A clerk, a girl-faced, cherry-painted clerk,
And hang him lazy, lean, and limp above
A table, there to meekly scribble one
Day out in order that the next may be
As meekly scribbled in?—exchange his shield
For tablets?—put a button on his sword,
And hide it in a closet, lest it fright
His fellow-clerks?—have no manlier trick
Than filing blunted pens to point again?—
Forego the triumph, and the sweet rewards
Of crown, and cheer of hands and voices dropped
Like thunderous music from the peopled sky?
Why that would be a cheat on her who 'layed
Her mother's pain at sight of me to cry,
Exulting, *Ha, ha, ha! The child's a man!*

COMMODUS. But what a tale is here—

BURBO. A tale—what tale?

COMMODUS. Why, how in equal combat I have slain
A thousand men. Great Hector did not half
As much.

BURBO. O! Once I heard it said, does one
Begin a lie, his tongue the truckling used,
The doors of hell with knockings ring for him;
But does he worse—takes he a pen to write
A lie that it may live, why then of choice
He sits already on a devil's bench,
And plies a trade to suit his company.
The saying, Cæsar, had a power on me.
I heard it in my youth, and scornful left
The cunning of the scribe to holy men,
And weaklings some way shorn or cursed at birth.
The sword did please me best. I cannot write.

COMMODUS. Then is my skill a precious essence spilled
And wasted.

BURBO. What, Cæsar, tears?

COMMODUS. O, the charm
And sweetness which I found in mastery
Are not more!

BURBO. Why, there are in Rome who trade
In writing.

COMMODUS. Dull and damned insensates they!
Or, if they wrote of me, 'twould be to dash
The ink with gall, or whisper in the palm,
Some other did it.

BURBO (*aside*). O, a Cæsar this!
[*To* COMMODUS.] Let's end, and go our ways—
I want my wine.

COMMODUS. Hold, Burbo!

BURBO. O, then, I will write 'tis true
He killed a thousand men; he armored full,
While they had make-believes for fence of head,
And shields to give at touch, and swords mere laths
To likeness tinselled.

COMMODUS. By the gods, you try
Me overmuch!

BURBO. And then to sum the whole—
Of those thus slain, I'll say all died with grace
Except the Romans.

COMMODUS. O—now—that of us,
Whose holdings all are spoils of war on war!—
Look here—my private seal.

[*He takes a ring from his finger*

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It signifies
The world, and yet I'll stand it simply 'gainst
The sword you wear.

BURBO. In wager?

COMMODUS. Thou the judge,
And all conditions equal, if I fail
To prove a Roman dies with less of fear
Than other men from wheresoever drawn,
The seal is thine, to order what thou wilt.

BURBO. The burthen's on you.

COMMODUS. O, an easy thing
To one who rides the world with whip and spur,
And minds its clamors less than soughing winds!

BURBO. Now art thou Commodus again!

COMMODUS. No more—
But get thee to thy wine, and till to-night
Disport thyself, and find some seasoning
Against surprise and terror. Thou'rt a prince
Of mighty men, my Burbo, yet a man.

BURBO. And thou art Hercules come back to us! [*Exit* COMMODUS.
When in my closing palm I have his seal,
And asking's up—O, well!—'Tis very bad
When out of folly good cannot be had.
[*Exit* BURBO.

Enter CLEANDER.

CLEANDER. The Senate's mine [*laughing*].
Where Tully sat and piped,
A butcher yawns and wipes his greasy brows.
The chair in which great Caius thrust aside
The crown thrice offered him, a hostler holds,
And with his boisterous *By the gods* decides
Debates, and settles policies to put
The world in harness. Goodly samples they
Of all the rest! Now will my Commodus
But make me Chief of his Pretorians,
The legions mine, and mine his guards at gate
And door, and mine to make him proof 'gainst points
And poisons, I will cast the riot loose—
But who is this comes tripping after me?

Enter a CHILD, *as Cupid.*

CHILD. A letter, good my lord.
[CLEANDER *takes the letter.*

CLEANDER. A woman's hand.—
Chick, chick, a kiss!

CHILD. Thou good, thou best of men!
[CHILD *kisses him.*

CLEANDER. Whom serve you?

CHILD. The mistress Marcia.

CLEANDER. O, when Marcia speaks,
The talking gods must bite their tongues and hear!—
Now what? [*He reads the letter.*
The Fates are good—another kiss!
Now back to her who sent you. Tell her come
To-day—to-morrow—when it pleases her.
No matter of the state, nor anything
Of gods or men, but it shall be postponed,
To her a secondary. [*Exit* CHILD.
Marcia sends
To ask if she may come and see me soon.
Perhaps—perhaps she's tired of Commodus—
Perhaps her sharper eyes have seen a sign
Portending change—perhaps Crispina hunts
Her to a last resort—perhaps—perhaps—
Enough! Let change what will, but this is true—
There ne'er was throne that had not room for two. [*Exit.*

SCENE 2.—*A village street. Porch of an Inn projecting into street.*

Enter MATERNUS. *He stops at a door under the porch.*

MATERNUS. 'Lo, here!

Enter LANDLORD.

LANDLORD. Your servant, please.

MATERNUS. I am tired, hungry, thirsty—what have you?

LANDLORD. Only the poorest, your goodness. I had plenty—to-day three weeks ago—I think it was three weeks—my poor head, I lost it then, and it has hardly come back yet—a band of robbers—they said they belonged to the great Maternus, your graciousness—

MATERNUS. I'm a plain mechanic, friend, bound to Rome in hopes of finding work.

LANDLORD. No harm meant—O no! As I was saying—my poor head, it goes and comes so—to-day three weeks ago—I think it was three weeks—a band of robbers cleaned our village. They carried the inside of every house into the street. You should have seen what all they did!

MATERNUS. But I am hungry.

LANDLORD. Gracious excellency, I was about to say the thieves left me nothing but oatmeal and milk.

MATERNUS. Bring them—and haste.

LANDLORD. Yes, yes— [*Exit* LANDLORD.

Enter BACCHANTES. *They stop before the porch and sing. Villagers pour in from all sides.* MATERNUS *seats himself upon a bench, and the food is brought him. At close of the song,* QUEEN OF BACCHANTES *comes to the porch.*

QUEEN (*to* LANDLORD). O sleek and fat! Of your plenty, help us on our way.

LANDLORD. Your fairness, I have nothing. To-day three weeks ago—I think it was three weeks—

QUEEN. Nothing? You lie as only a landlord can. [*To* MATERNUS.] Your fare is humble. Are you of the road, like us?

MATERNUS. Yes.

QUEEN. Then of you, nothing.
[*She turns away, but comes back.*
Mercy! I forgot.
A mother, poor but good, and weary worn
With travel all afoot, is coming on,
With two fair children, bound to Rome to find
Her husband, there a soldier. If of store
You have to spare, a little give for her
And them; or if, like us, you have but small,
A very, very little then will do—

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O, bare enough to buy a crust to feed
Three sparrows.—No? Ah, friend, had you a wife
To follow all your marching round the world—
A babe to toss its tiny arms about,
And cry your name—sweet, blue-eyed, cheek in blush
Of roses dipped—a boy to lift your spear,
And swear there ne'er was soldier like to you,
Nor any man so brave!—For such I beg.

MATERNUS (*affected*). Wilt thou indeed remember them?

QUEEN. I swear it by the holy gods.

MATERNUS. The Northman's hand is hard; not so his heart.
Take this to them. [*He gives her silver.*

QUEEN. A man to make a hero, although there was a tear upon his cheek. [*To* BACCHANTES.] And now, my children, to the tambourines, for the honor of Cyprus. Care, begone!

[*Each unslings her tambourine, and they dance. At the conclusion* QUEEN *solicits gifts, in the midst of which curtain falls.*

Fourth Day.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—ROME. *A gallery in the Imperial Palace.*

Enter CLEANDER *and* MARCIA.

MARCIA. I pray you use me plainly.

CLEANDER. Then I say
Crispina goes to Capri.[1] Cæsar gave
The order.

MARCIA. Well?

CLEANDER. They say the utmost wish
Of souls at Capri is—[*laughing*] an obolus.

MARCIA. My hate disarms itself. I cannot laugh.
She was his lawful wife; and something says
In ear to me, a wife, if only she
Be good and loving, bides near heaven's gate
To let her husband in.

CLEANDER. But say that he
Be bad?

MARCIA. Then she is worse of being good.
My lord, a better wife had made the world
A better Cæsar.—Good my lord—
[*She draws nearer him.*

CLEANDER. I hear—
I hold my breath to hear.

MARCIA. There is a tale
I long have wished to tell thee; but the days
Seemed envious, and often as I asked
Them if 'twere time to tell it, offered doubts
That chilled the anxious wish, and left me still
Afraid, and to the morrow coldly bound.

[*She rests her hand upon his shoulder.*
'Tis of a Phrygian boy. Wilt hear me now?

[*He smiles, and bends his face nearer hers.*
In kindly humor once the Fates did chance
To see him where he followed after flocks
Of browsing sheep across a plain so wide
It filled its own horizon; then they had
Him brought to Rome, and in the palace yoked,
The Prince Imperial's mate; and thence the two,
In brotherhood, did grow so like and like
The shrew'est might not tell the first in wit,
Or any of the properties of men
In beardless youth. At last the lad a need
Of life became; so much that, wanting him,
Young Cæsar wanted eyes and ears and hands,
Nor was his perfect self. A teacher thus,
He too was equal taught; acquiring how
To govern men, which once attained does stir
The gods to jealousy, such knowledge 'tis.

CLEANDER. Hush, hush!

[*He puts his arm about her.*
Go to, go to, I say! The plea
Of pretty maudler might not win you free
Of treason. Hush!

MARCIA. Thou seest of whom I speak!
It is enough! O good my lord—my prince—
My Cæsar! Look you how the Roman world
Comes trundling to your hand. Reach, and take it.
And then—

CLEANDER. And then—what?

MARCIA. O, then thou shalt be
The flower of men, and I a butterfly
To live upon thy sweets! I'll watch thy face
For signs of thought astir, and be its slave
Before the word receives it. To thy hand
I'll be as facile fingers ready taught
To answer every pulse of heart thou hast.
And thou shalt say when I can help thee best,
And prompt the mode, by labor, life or death
Indifferent.

CLEANDER. The doors of sense all seem
To close upon me!—O, thou wert a star
With five clear rays; but now a sixth begins
To shine; and grow thou thus, the sky must be
Enlarged anew to hold thy flood of light.

[*He kisses her passionately.*
Tell me but this—Is't perfect treaty now,
That we to end move on, the two as one?

MARCIA. As ship and shadow go, and thou the ship. [*He takes her hand.*

CLEANDER. A dainty hand, and small, to have such power
Of help to dizzy height; and qualities
Divinely, that, by speechless tenderness,
And signs not more than writing on the air,
The ruffled feathers of suspicion it
Can instant lay, and even cast a man
In sleep of health profound to deeper sleep,
Which needs not health or any vanity,
Not even empire. Wouldst thou kill for me?

[1] CRISPINA—wife of Commodus. Being taken in adultery, she was transported to the island of Capri, and there put to death by order of Commodus.

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MARCIA. Dost ask an oath?
CLEANDER. No, no—the love that needs
An oath to keep it true but taints the oath
In taking.—Look! [*He shows her a tablet.*
Whose name is this here writ?
MARCIA. Commodus!
CLEANDER. Ay—at last—this warrant makes
Me his Pretorian Prefect. He is mine—
And Rome is mine! Dost hear? The mob let loose
On him to-day will make me first of kings,
And thou of women first. 'Tis said and sealed.
And now, my fair, a kiss—and then a kiss—
Then off to think what we must do to bring
Our wedded hopes to harbor.
MARCIA. Good, good-by!
CLEANDER. My queen!
MARCIA. Cæsar!—My gracious lord of lords!
[*They embrace. Exit* CLEANDER.
An hour ago, with dread intent, and means
To put it into everlasting deed,
And he was terrible; but now is he
Self-given mine. The meed of a fool's tongue
Is a fool's death.—Away—to Cæsar next! [*Exit.*

SCENE 2.—*Road through a rocky pass.*

Enter BACCHANTES. *They cross from right to left. After them* MATERNUS, *his* WIFE *and* CHILDREN, *who stop.* MATERNUS *comes forward.*

MATERNUS. No more of bleak inhospitable winds;
No more of dizzy passes under cliffs
Of threatening snow; for this is where the gods
Still keep their gardens fresh as in the hour
The sun first looked upon them—Italy,
The end of wandering! And hither speed
My comrades. In the valleys, by the shores
Of southward running streams, I hear them come,
Not needing beat of drum or bugle's blast
To tell me where they are. O Cybele!
As thou art mother of the poor and wronged,
Stay with us now!
[*His wife comes to him, and lays her hand upon his arm.*
Ah, love, had you your will,
What would you?
WIFE. I would have you home again,
My arms around you thus.
[*She clasps his neck.*
MATERNUS. Not if you knew
We went to better fortune?
WIFE. So it is
With men. They will not learn that love is most
A woman wants, and give her that, and change
Is what she prays against.
MATERNUS. But you forget—
The cave was cold, and colder still the clime,
And to a land of roses now we come,
Where Summer year-long bides in purple tents,
Or on the vine-clad slopes keeps watch the while
The berries blushing turn to amber wine.
Give me your eyes—this way—there—call you that
A changeling's kiss? O, in the city's heart,
Fixed centre of the world, there is a house
Of marble out and marble in, where none
But master kings have dwelt and merry made;
And all its pillared gates and sculptured doors
Ajar do waiting stand for you and me,
And these our weary, weary little ones;
And we will enter in, and be at rest,
And call it ours, and with the great be great,
Yet happy each in other. Let us on.—
Hear you there?—Forward, boy, and sing, for cheer.
[*Exeunt, boy singing, On to Rome.*

SCENE 3.—*Street in Rome. Noise of a riot in the distance.*

Enter CITIZEN *in haste.*

1 CITIZEN. Somebody's going to the mills for grinding. Should it be Cleander, good—for then the devil will have a chance to look at his other self. If Commodus—I'm not so certain as to him—a worse might come, and it asks not a doctor to say a simple fever's better than a compound one. [*Noise approaching.*] Ha, ha, ha! Let it be grinding for a mill or boiling for a pot, I'll not wait to see. [*Exit.*

Enter two other CITIZENS.

2 CITIZEN. They're on the other street.
3 CITIZEN. From the noise, I should say so. What's it all about?
2 CITIZEN. O, it's the worst yet!
3 CITIZEN. It must be very bad.
2 CITIZEN. I'll tell you. Burbo and our Cæsar had a quarrel. This one bragged how he had killed a thousand men in combat; that one, he said yes—
3 CITIZEN. How? Was it Cæsar said yes?
2 CITIZEN. No; Burbo—Burbo said Cæsar had killed a thousand men; he knew, for he had kept the score; but, he said, when it came to dying, the Romans who were of the lot had always been the most cowardly. Then Cæsar he laid him a wager, half his empire 'gainst the bully's sword, that he'd prove him false. [*Outbreak of noise.*]—Just hear that!
3 CITIZEN. Well, how did Cæsar set about it?
2 CITIZEN. O, that was easy enough for Cæsar! He gave a feast—with all the empty bellies on the street, there's been a plenty in the palace—he gave a feast, I say, and had the hostages and ambassadors from all the nations to Rome go eat and drink with him; and then—
3 CITIZEN. And then?
2 CITIZEN. Well, he poisoned them—
3 CITIZEN. O holy gods!
2 CITIZEN. And told them of it—and while they were dying, he and Burbo looked on to see how they behaved.

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3 CITIZEN. Was there a Roman amongst them?

2 CITIZEN. The Master of the Feast served comparison for us.

3 CITIZEN. And he died?

2 CITIZEN. He too died.

3 CITIZEN. Which won?

2 CITIZEN. Neither. Burbo he swore by his Gauls—

3 CITIZEN. Yes, he's a Gaul himself.

2 CITIZEN. Commodus he swore by his Roman; and between them they've tickled the common throat with a feather, and now these go making tubs of themselves to carry the gorge to Jove.

3 CITIZEN. Let's join them.

2 CITIZEN. And share the plunder.

3 CITIZEN. Here—this way, this way!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MARCIA *hurriedly.*

MARCIA (*pausing to listen*). O, a most hideous, loud-mouthed, roaring beast
They make of it! I did not think to be
So much afraid of them. Were it but bread
They want—

[*She unclasps her bracelets and throws them away.*

I here give ovensful to such
As find the trinketry, which, saying sooth,
Endangers me. [*She moves on, but stops again.*
I heard my Cæsar's name—
And there, Cleander's! O, a blasphemous
Conjunction, yet of excellent effect,
Reminding me the monsters are abroad
For blood as well as bread, and I must haste—
But footsteps! Holy gods defend me now!—
My friends the Senators—I breathe again!

[*She covers her head.*

Enter POMPEIANUS, BURRHUS, *and* ANTONINUS.

BURRHUS. What woman's this?

POMPEIANUS. Her air ill suits the hour.

ANTONINUS. Hast thou a husband in yon discontent?

MARCIA. I have no husband.

ANTONINUS. Well, thou hast a home?

MARCIA. And if I have?

ANTONINUS. Then haste, and get thee there.
Or if thou think'st to test the pack we hear
For favors, hie thee to a tannery,
And in its foulness curry till thou'rt green.
Thy gown is all too fresh.

MARCIA. Most excellent,
Good gentlemen, am I not known to you?

[*She uncovers her face.*

BURRHUS. Aha! The mistress Marcia!

POMPEIANUS. So it is!

ANTONINUS. A day to daunt whoever walks in it.
What dost thou here?

MARCIA. I go to serve the cause
You most affect.

ANTONINUS. Too late! The cause is dead—
Stamped out by Cæsar. Think of that he did
Last night! The hostages whom we have kept
In pledge for treaties, eldest sons of kings
And friendly princes—poor, homesick, forlorn,
And helpless, therefore sacred public guests—
He slew them! And the heads of embassies—
Where are they? Vile enough had they been claimed
By cold inexorable policy,
And shuffled off in fact for country's sake;
To kill them drinking to our Roman gods,
And of their dying make a butcher's jest,
Must leave us damned and godless!

MARCIA. Good my lords,
I see there is a difference between
The loves of men and women. Comes a cloud,
A little cloud, to drop a passing shade
Upon it, yours turns sick and given up;
But ours would live although the sun at noon
Were stricken out—would live, and in the night,
The unrelieved darkness worse than night,
Pilot its object home.

[*Shouting again, but fainter.*

Does not the noise
Recede from us?

POMPEIANUS. I think so.

BURRHUS. They have turned
Toward the palace.

MARCIA. Haste—run after them—

ANTONINUS. Nay, even youth is laggard till it knows
What waits it at the goal.

MARCIA. You are most kind
To deal so gently with my hasty speech
And manner. I will mend them, so you bear
With me, and render you a simple tale
Of that now going to such dismal end.
My lords did one day stop to speak with me
Of Roman griefs—

POMPEIANUS. We well remember it.

MARCIA. The charges which my lords then left in trust
With me to Cæsar's self I truly gave;
But he did laugh, and put them lightly off,
And shower Cleander all the more with gifts
And honors rich with power; until at last
He made him general of all his guards,
Both those in camp, and those who keep his gates
And inner doors—and now conclusions come.
Within the hour I heard the traitor swear
The risen sun should see him first of kings;
And sending out, he straightway set the mob
To trumpeting. And then were Cæsar lost,
But that I ran and warned him, and with tears
And prayers to re-enforce my argument,
Had Burbo and his swordsmen man the gates
In place of doubtful guards; and doing so,
By happy chance, they shut the traitor in,
And there he is.

BURRHUS. O, excellent, and most
Duteous!

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MARCIA. Ay, my lords, 'twas Cæsar saved!—
And now, will you but help me, I will do
The other half of duty—that to Rome.

POMPEIANUS. There is contagion in her confidence!

MARCIA. You know Fadilla?

BURRHUS. Yes, we know her well.

MARCIA. See how the bad does often mix itself
In our affairs to give them happy turn.
Commodus did but now refuse the prayer
I made him on my knees, that Burbo take
Cleander's head, and serve it to the mob;
So should the mutiny be quickest closed.
One hope remains—Fadilla's voice with mine
May win what mine alone could not.

ANTONINUS. She must
Forgive him first.

MARCIA. Ah, good my lords, she is
A Christian now, and dying.

ANTONINUS. How then canst
Thou have a hope? Her beauty gone, she may
Not move him more.

MARCIA. My lord, I know him best.
The other self, in him not less than us,
Sets racking devils on him in his sleep.
So, not infrequent, I have seen him from
His dreams come rushing back to wakeful life,
And cower behind his outstretched quivering hands,
The while he cried to her by proper name,
As children cry release from punishment—
Is't not enough, my lords? Or shall I say
I too have known the sickness called remorse,
Which by its stings and stabs in oddest times,
And modes immedicable, does but prove
The conscience in us yet. I know its signs
And gestures, look and voice, its turns and tricks,
And when its spasms strike, like arrows sped,
The sore and tender places of the soul.
And more, my lords, to make confession dumb,
I know that pardon is its only cure.

ANTONINUS (*aside*). She may be right. [*Aloud.*] Fair mistress, count us friends
To your intent; and what we can we will
To help you.

MARCIA. O, it is a simple part,
But honorable. Only gain me time
To see Fadilla, and with her repass
The palace gate before the war arrives
And shuts us out.

BURRHUS. That has an easy look.
I know a lane to take us to the front,
And there we'll speak until the mob refuse
To hear us.

POMPEIANUS. Let us go—I never thought
To run again.

BURRHUS. Nor I.

POMPEIANUS. Is that the way?

BURRHUS. Follow me—here!

[*Exeunt* BURRHUS *and* POMPEIANUS. ANTONINUS *takes* MARCIA'S *hand.*

ANTONINUS. Have I been rude, then much I crave your grace.
Rome by a woman saved would still be Rome.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 4.—*Chamber in the Palace.* COMMODUS *upon a couch playing with a lute.* COURTIERS *in attendance. Noise of a battle heard at intervals outside.*

1 COURTIER. Hark, how the tumult deepens at the gate!

2 COURTIER. 'Tis bloody war.[2]

3 COURTIER. But see! There lies he calm
As in the universe such dreadful thing
As danger were not. [*Uproar without.* O great Jupiter!

COMMODUS. Here, one of you.

1 COURTIER. He calls—stay, I'll attend. [*He goes to* COMMODUS.

COMMODUS. You spoke of some Bacchantes come to Rome. [*Quick swell of the fight.*

2 COURTIER. Hear him! Ye gods!

3 COURTIER. The battle holds my ear.

2 COURTIER. Is't courage?

3 COURTIER. No; 'tis madness.

COMMODUS. You did speak,
I think, of dancing girls from Cyprus come,
And noising all the town.

1 COURTIER. Yes, good my lord.

COMMODUS. Have them engaged for me.

1 COURTIER. It shall be done. [*Exit* COURTIER.

2 COURTIER. O, if 'tis madness, he will die in it!

3 COURTIER. He has us all to keep him company. [*Uproar continues.*

Enter MARCIA *and* FADILLA.

MARCIA. O Cæsar—dear my Cæsar! [*She kneels by him.*

[2] A famine was the cause of the riot which resulted in Cleander's fall.—CREVIER. *Hist. Rom. Emp.* To the same effect GIBBON says:

"Pestilence and famine contributed to fill up the measure of the calamities of Rome. The first could only be imputed to the just indignation of the gods; but a monopoly of corn, supported by the riches and power of the minister (*Cleander*), was considered as the immediate cause of the second. The popular discontent, after it had long circulated in whispers, broke out in the assembled circus. The people quitted their favorite amusements for the more delicious pleasure of revenge, rushed in crowds toward a palace in the suburbs—one of the imperial retirements—and demanded with clamors the head of the public enemy....The tumult became a regular engagement, and threatened a general massacre. The pretorians at length gave way, oppressed with numbers, and the tide of popular fury returned with redoubled violence against the gates of the palace where Commodus lay, dissolved in luxury, and alone unconscious of the civil war."
—GIBBON. Chapter iv.

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COMMODUS. Why so pale?

Enter 1 COURTIER *in alarm.*

2 COURTIER. How goes the fight?

1 COURTIER. The guards retreat within
The gates, which hardly to their hinges cling.

MARCIA. Dear, dear my lord, he says the gates give way.

COMMODUS. Thou foolish! [*To* COURTIER.] Hence, and bid Cleander come.

MARCIA.[3] O Cæsar, 'tis of him I wish to speak;
Nor I alone. [*She takes* FADILLA *to him.*
This other has a word
I pray you, Cæsar, hear.

COMMODUS (*sitting up*). Death ne'er himself
So perfect looked!—And with my father's eyes,
So crying piteous I would turn from them,
But cannot.—Ah! to upbraid me, com'st thou?

FADILLA. O Cæsar—brother! I have come from calm
Of cloister life, a Christian, prayerful
For all the sinful world. To serve and save
You I am here.

COMMODUS. Thou!

FADILLA. Well indeed the last
Of life were this wise spent!

[*She staggers. He rises and catches her.*

COMMODUS. Nay, lean on me.

FADILLA. My brother, all Rome armed is at thy gates,
And thou art lost unless Cleander die.
Hear what he has done.

[*Increase of noise without.*
Hear the people cry
For justice on the traitor.

COMMODUS. Jupiter!
And this from her?—And with her dying breath?

FADILLA. I charge him so, and bid the battle bear
Me witness. Know thou now—God grant it soon
Enough!—this madness of revolt hath come
Of wrongs by him devised to break the heart
Of Roman patience.

Enter BURBO *in full armor.*

BURBO. Hail, Cæsar! I bring
A call for you.

[COMMODUS *gives* FADILLA *to* MARCIA.

COMMODUS. What, beaten? Thou and they
Whom yesterday I would have put afield
Against the Julian larks? But now in flight
Before a mob?

BURBO. The mob? [*Laughing.*] Tush! Bare of face
And throat and body they, and fighting them
Is merely taking step, with shield advanced,
And thrusting thus—and thus—an ancient trick!
To us the mob! But, Cæsar, I do bid
You wake to treachery.

COMMODUS. To treachery?

BURBO. The Prefect of thy guard[4] against the need
Withholds his legions.

COMMODUS. Ye immortal gods,
Let loose and blast the ingrate with thy quick
Consuming fires! O, I remember now
With what ado of love, and plausible
Fair-seeming show of duty, he did win
The prefecture! Of mobs he'd make an end—
This one outside my gates he'd tread in mire
Of blood so deep 'twould ne'er take root again—
And I did sign!—Fadilla, have thy will—
His fate is overdue. [*To* BURBO.] Where keeps he now?

BURBO. Upon the roof, my Cæsar, triply fenced
With guards which should be thine.

COMMODUS. A thing for swift
And certain deed!—Go bring his head to me!
Hearest thou? Speed!—Ay—but—would I were by
To see his dying!—Burbo, do thou watch,
And note his changes—hear what last he says—
Observe if light or hard his parting be,
Or brave or fearful. Get thee wings. Away!

MARCIA. With all its dripping, I do kiss thy hand. [*She kisses* BURBO'S *hand.*

COMMODUS. Not cowering quails, but royal game, Death hunts
With baying hounds to-day. [*To* COURTIERS.] Bring sword and shield!
I'll meet him armed, and die, if die I must,
In sort to live a braggart's boast upon
His grinning lips.—Be off—nor loiter so!

[*A* COURTIER *runs out.* COMMODUS *turns to* FADILLA.

Her gaze does turn my mood to tearful grief,
And teach a love which I have lived to this
Unknowing.—Good friends, bear her to yon couch.

[ATTENDANTS *obey him. He follows them, and stands by her.*

This is not dying—or was never death

[3] "He (*Commodus*) would have perished in this supine security had not two women, his eldest sister (*Fadilla*) and Marcia, the most favored of his concubines, ventured to break into his presence. Bathed in tears, and with dishevelled hair, they threw themselves at his feet, and with all the passing eloquence of fear, discovered to the affrighted Emperor the crimes of the minister, the rage of the people, and the impending ruin, which in a few minutes would have burst over his palace and person. Commodus started from his dream of pleasure, and commanded that the head of Cleander should be thrown out to the people. The desired spectacle instantly appeased the tumult."—GIBBON. Chapter iv.

[4] *Prefect of the Guard*—literally, General of the Pretorian Legions.

Cleander degraded the office to pave the way to it himself. He made and unmade such Prefects at his pleasure; he had one for five days, and another for six hours. At last he obtained the place himself.—CREVIER. *Hist. Rom. Emp.*

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"YES OR NO—SPEAK!—IS THERE ANOTHER LIFE?"

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So gentle—or 'tis meant to show me what
It should be. Stay—a moment ere thou go—
And tell me I am pardoned.

FADILLA. As would Christ—
Forgiven! [FADILLA *dies.*

Enter BURBO, *with* CLEANDER'S *head.*

BURBO. Lo, Cæsar! I bring you peace!

[COMMODUS *takes the head and holds it up before him.*

MARCIA. My lord, a wondrous specious tongue it had.
Thy workmen coin not silver pieces half
As artfully as it when pleased did coin
The basest lies.

[*Tumult without.* COMMODUS *takes the head to a table, and setting it on the neck, draws a chair before it.*

COMMODUS. For this together grew
We statured men. Open, eyes! Answer, tongue!
Tell me of that which was so lately life.
Where is it now? and what, if 'tis at all?
Can it be down, some serving quality,
In lawless current blowing with the air,
A breath's sweet virtue here, or there a blight
Of poison? Dost thou hear me? Or did Death,
With grim compassion touched, open a gate
On noiseless hinges swung, and let it hence
To live a better being or a worse?
I do bid thee—I, Cæsar—break the law
Which 'gainst me speechless locks thy purple lips—
Yes or no—speak!—Is there another life?

[*Tumult without.*

MARCIA. O dear my lord! [*clasping his knees*] —my Cæsar—save thyself
This favoring time.

COMMODUS (*to the head*). I lifted thee above
Thy station. Nay, I bent the stubborn world,
And set thy foot upon it. At thy word,
In whisper said, the millions crouching quaked.
Now not a sign?—Go to, thou thrice damned clod!
Enrich some lentil patch of teeming earth,
Or feed a weed, or paint a lily's cup,
Of uses last.—My Burbo, thine it is—
Take now, and throw it to the swine without.
'Twill stay their grunting for the time at least.—
[*To* COURTIER.] My sword.—Stay, Burbo! Died he like a man?

BURBO. Ay, like a man, my Cæsar.

COMMODUS. This one died
Forgiving me. What man would do as much?

[*Exit* BURBO *with the head.* COMMODUS *remains by the couch, playing with the point of his sword, and looking at* FADILLA.

Enter COURTIER.

COURTIER. The mob is gone.

COMMODUS. I thought so.—This poor dead
One shall to lovers of her sect, that they
May bury her. Thou, Marcia, shalt attend
The rites.

MARCIA. I will, my lord.[5]

COMMODUS. Put up, good sword;
For yet I have a time to ripen in.
[*To* COURTIER.] The Fates relent. Return it whence it came. [*Curtain falls.*

Fifth Day.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—*Under the walls of Rome.* MARCUS *and other* CAPTAINS *seated.*

Enter MATERNUS.

MATERNUS. Hail, comrades! Hail, and hearty cheer to each
And all of you!

[*They rise and press him with their greetings.*

The morn before the *Nones*
Of April this; and there, the trysting gate
Of old Flaminius. Thanks each to each,
And thanks to Cybele, and solemn vows.—
And now, my brothers—such you are in faith
As well as fortune—unto other time,
The day of golden leisure, let us pass
All mention of the road, nor think of else
Than that which waits us urgent to be done.
And of our soldiers first.

MARCUS. They swarm the streets.

MATERNUS. Have they the meeting-place?

MARCUS. They have.

MATERNUS. And arms and uniforms?

MARCUS. They'll come for them to-night.

MATERNUS. Have they the word?

MARCUS. Ay, captain.

MATERNUS. You know, my Marcus, I do rest on you
As on myself.—They smiled, I think you said?
Was that their spirit? Did their faces flush?
Spake they quick, sharp? And when they took your hand,
Thought you if closed their fingers thus—and thus—
As itching for the sword? You know there are
Who dash you with their doubts, and crawling go
To tasks heroic. I do stamp them vile.
For look you all, my brethren, they have want
Of minds resolved; and in the heated seethe
Of action, when the winging chances all
The fiercer fan their pinched and fear-washed cheeks,
And comes the crisis with its thunder-clap,
They stop to think, and with themselves debate;
And then the gods do hiss, and slip their dooms,
And shoot them swift into the weakling's hell.

MARCUS. I judged them good of spirit.

MATERNUS. Stay they so,
My captains, then will we a deed to sound
All Wonder's brassy pipes.—But part we now.

1 CAPTAIN. Hold, comrades—a word. There

[5] The Christians are said to have enjoyed great peace under Commodus, credit for which is given to Marcia.—CREVIER. *Hist. Rom. Emp.*

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must always be a Cæsar. Will not Maternus do for us?

2 CAPTAIN. Why not?

1 CAPTAIN. If that's your mind, let's say so, and give him hands on it.

CAPTAINS. Ay, every hand! Live Maternus!

[*All give him their hands, and with such speeches as, We are with you!—Count on us!*

MATERNUS. Again, good rest, my brethren.

[*Exeunt all but* MARCUS.

MARCUS. When with my hand he played, I thought I saw
Suspicion in his eyes. A little while,
And he and I were one; but now to brush
Great Cæsar from his throne! I'll watch a time
To loose the feathers in his soaring wing.
Truly as men get up in dreams of state,
The loves they once did cherish turn to hate.

[*Exit.*

SCENE 2.—*A royal chamber.* COMMODUS *seated upon a couch. Children upon the couch asleep.*

COMMODUS. How soft the air! A feather dropt would plunge
It like a stone; and all my senses swim
In it immerged, uncertain where to find
Their qualities, whether here on this shore
Of life awake, or there on that of life
Asleep. I'll call the truants back.—But soft!

[*He looks at the children.*

They are so still! All sleep should be like theirs,
A going to some dusky land to have
Ourselves made o'er again.

[*He moves quietly to one side.*

Ho, there—without!

Enter COURTIER.

COURTIER. I thought my lord did call.

COMMODUS. What is the hour?

[*He resumes seat upon the couch.*

COURTIER. The sun is up, my lord.

COMMODUS. Have I so stretched
The night? A peaceful night it must have been.
I did not even dream. From such a sleep
To pleasure—then from pleasure back to sleep—
I want no more of being.—What is set
For me to-day?

COURTIER. The Masque of Cybele.

COMMODUS. 'Tis on ere this.

COURTIER. They say 'twas ne'er so fine.
The city joins the sport with loyal will.

COMMODUS. The wounds a public takes heal wondrous fast.
A holiday will cure them.—Pass we that.

COURTIER. The dancing girls from Cyprus wait your will.

COMMODUS. Have they been seen?

COURTIER. Ay.

COMMODUS. Tell me how they look.

COURTIER. My lord has seen young leopards at their play,
And in their grace of action quite forgot
Their fiercer moods of nature. So these girls.
At sight of them in frolic of the dance,
I only asked to see again and soon.

COMMODUS. Well, have them ready.

COURTIER. When?

COMMODUS. By the third hour.

COURTIER. Where, my lord?

COMMODUS. In our hall of state—and bring
Me word when time is up.

COURTIER. I will, my lord.

COMMODUS. And hark! I want the lazy meanwhile filled.

COURTIER. Music, my lord?

COMMODUS. Not music; for 'tis sleep's
Best minister, and I have come from sleep
But now.

COURTIER. My lord must name what most he wants.

COMMODUS. Then bring me wine, and in a crystal cup—
Red wine alive with Ætna's lava-glow.

[COURTIER *looks at the children.*

COURTIER. Is it your pleasure that they be removed?

COMMODUS. Come nearer, friend—I would not waken them.
In your ear. You may some day do a deed
To strike you from the list which Slumber keeps
Of those it loves.
Go not to doctors then;
Nor send witch-women to the fields for herbs;
But find where children haunt, and there unman,
And with them laugh and play, and when at last
They lay them down to rest, do you the same.
Then Innocence, which keeps the golden key
Of sleep, and waits on them, will wait on you.
A happy, happy time it is for them,
And it were pitiful were we to rob
Them of it. Come, then—gently—[*he turns to children at the moment of exit*]—so.—Adieu!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 3.—*Street. People passing in holiday garb.*

Enter MATERNUS *and* MARCUS *in pretorian uniforms, and armed, helms, swords, and shields.*

MATERNUS. My Marcus, where we sat awhile ago,
Our people, passing by, gave us salute,
Until it seemed to me the very air
Did pall and hang o'erweighted with the word—
Death! Death! I think we could have something had
Less loud with warning. Marked you e'er a bee
Go humming by but of its sting you thought?—
Howbeit, 'tis an error too far gone
For mending, if we would.—What is the hour?

MARCUS. I think it is the third.

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MATERNUS. Thou'rt slow—or it
May chance to be my patience wears a spur.

[*He shades his eyes and looks upward.*

I saw the heralds of the sun at dawn,
When first they shook their lances in the sky;
Then came the sun himself; and as he rose,
A single cloud of more than fleecy white,
Asleep above me, like a ship becalmed,
Did sudden start, and, ship-like, softly sail
Away to him. Some god then did suggest
My fortune in the cloud. I stood to see
What came of it; and as they nearer drew,
The cloud did slowly change from white to pink,
And then to rosy red; a veil of flame,
At last it hid the glorious burning disk,
And in a vermeil shade I wondering stood.
An instant—then the brightness broke again,
And upward rose the sun, and onward sailed
The cloud—on—on—until, in perfect peace,
It passed from view adown the morning sky—
And I did cry for joy.

[*A* SOLDIER *in pretorian garb goes by.*

SOLDIER. Death!

MATERNUS. Did you hear,
My Marcus?

MARCUS. He is for the rendezvous.

MATERNUS. Doubtless—and so, by this, are all of ours.
I fancy them on every pave in Rome
Toward the palace faced. Let us the same.

[*They face about.*

MARCUS. Some masquers come!

MATERNUS. They make the street alive.

[*They draw aside while a procession passes, shouting, singing, and with trumpets and banners, and in grotesque disguises.*

MARCUS. Say you we fall in as a part of them?

MATERNUS. Yes, I am ready.—O ye holy gods,
Who truly love the brave, go with us now!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 4.—*Hall of state in Imperial Palace. Throne in centre, curtained right and left.*

Enter OFFICERS, *with lion's skin and club of Hercules.*

OFFICERS. Make way for Cæsar! Cæsar comes—make way!

Enter other OFFICERS, *and after them* COURTIERS, GLADIATORS, *and* CHARIOTEERS. BURBO *conspicuous. After them,* COMMODUS *in pretorian uniform,* MARCIA *on his arm. With her he ascends the throne.*

COMMODUS (*to* MARCIA). Shall they begin?

MARCIA. If 'tis your pleasure, good my lord.

COMMODUS (*to* OFFICERS). Bid them come.

Enter QUEEN OF BACCHANTES, *and kneels before* COMMODUS.

QUEEN. O mighty Cæsar! Cyprus sends her love
To you, and there was never love like hers.

[*She rises and claps her hands. Music. Enter* BACCHANTES, *as priestesses of Aphrodite, and dance.*

Enter MATERNUS *and* MARCUS.

MATERNUS (*aside*). Accursed tyrant! Art thou met at last?
And as I prayed? Upon thy curtained throne?—
Amidst thy guards?—In lap degenerate?—
Set round with trinketry forbid to kings
And common gods? O happy, happy chance!
My Marcus, calm thy joy, as I will mine,
And let us to the dais with air of ease
To vouch us of the guard, and here of right.—
Thy sword—be jealous of the scabbard's clasp.

MARCUS. 'Tis ready—free.

MATERNUS (*aside*). Remember, mine the hand
To strike the blow; and then, the freeze of fear
Upon them—sovereign moment when the gods
Do give the many to the cherished few!—
Back to the gates run thou, and call on ours,
And show them where their oft-dreamt joyance lies.
Let's done with words—let's on!

MARCUS (*aside*). I do believe
Him fortune-favored? It is time for me
To make a choice. Yon fellow looks as he
Were Cæsar born. He has the throne and odds—
I'll take to him.

[*As they advance,* MARCUS *speaks to a courtier.*
My friend, love you your king?

COURTIER. Who questions?

MARCUS. Death!

COURTIER. Death! Death!—A stranger thou!—
Ho, Burbo!—Cæsar!—Here is mystery—
Treachery.—Guard, guard!

[*Confusion. Women scream—guards rush from behind the curtains, and post themselves around the throne.* COMMODUS *rises.* MATERNUS *draws his sword.*

MATERNUS. O thou traitor, less
To me than universal human kind,
As thou didst call on death, death shalt thou have—
Ay, with godsend quick to hell!

[*He stabs* MARCUS.

MARCUS. Cæsar saved—
Maternus lost! [*Dies.*

MATERNUS. Lost! O, the world is lost!
And hope's sweet promises! and martial dreams
Of helmèd war, and conquests empire-crowned!—
And O, poor, poor wife! This the meed of all
Thy toil and faithfulness?—But boots it naught
So Cæsar keeps me instant company.

[*He clears a space.*

Gladiators—guards—Cæsar! Look—behold
Maternus!

BURBO. Thou Maternus?—'Tis—'tis so!
My Cæsar—Cæsar, 'ware, and out with sword,

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Or take you hence on wings. I know the man—
One mother bore us both.

COMMODUS. The insolent!
Set on him all! Dost hear? His life or yours!

[GUARDS *hang back.* BURBO *snatches a sword, advances toward* MATERNUS, *but falters.*

BURBO. His eyes are gleaming godlike, terrible!

MATERNUS. I know you, Burbo—mother's youngest born—
And by her blood in us the very same,
And by my senior's right, I bid you turn,
As she would have you—turn, and that way strike
With me! [*He advances.* BURBO *retreats.*
A cruel Roman hand did tear
Us from her arms, in dying vainly stretched
To hold us fast; and 'neath a Roman foot
Our free-born fighting father death-struck died.
There she is—Rome the Vast—the Each and All—
Imbruted into one; and here are we,
With ready swords, and oft-tried practised hands,
And fire-eyed frenzied hate to trumpet us.—
End of him is end of her.—Forward both!

[BURBO *gives back.*

BURBO. Back, back, I say, and I will be your fence
Against the world—or Rome—or Cæsar's self.

MATERNUS. A base-grown, sodden tongue to speak me so!
That way a barren death; and this way death,
But death with glory as a stop to pain.
Choose, I say, and quick—Commodus or me!

[*He kills* BURBO, *and throws himself upon the* GUARD.

MARCIA. The guards give way! O Cæsar, let us fly!
For see, his look is deadly as his sword.

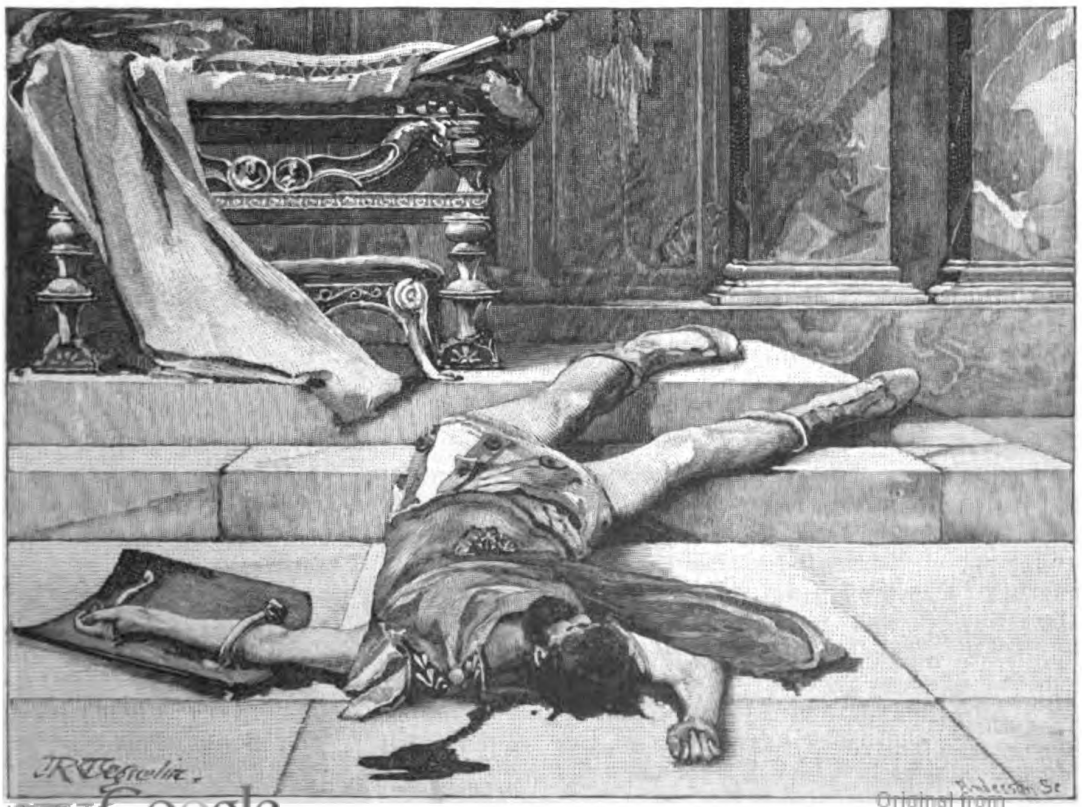
[*She throws her arms about him.*

COMMODUS. Never! A Cæsar cannot fly from clash
Of reddening blades. Woman, loose thy arms!—
Bring sword for me! A thousand such I've slain;
Now this one comes at noon of fighting time
To swell the measure of my rugged boast.
Give me a sword!—Or strike—quick—well done there!
Habet—hoc habet! Up thumbs merciless!

MATERNUS. O, O! I stop at heart! Night comes apace!
And life good fortune joins in farewell flight.
Done for am I! But he—O doomful gods!
Shall he escape?—of all this breathing world
The topmost curse!

[*With last effort, he gains the throne.*
Late—too late—at my feet—
[*He falls blindly on the step.*
Darkness! O damned Cæsar! Take thou—this!
[*He dashes the sword into the throne and dies.*

CURTAIN FALLS.



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MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY IN IRELAND.

BY MR. COMMISSIONER MAC CARTHY, DUBLIN.

EVERY prosperous community has "three strings to its bow"—agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. Whatever or whoever is to blame for it, all three have gone wrong in Ireland.

The rectification of the system under which agricultural industry was pursued naturally and properly claimed first attention. But it may fairly be assumed that this rectification is in process of accomplishment. Most people are agreed that its final settlement must be on the simple and natural basis of ownership of the soil by the men who till it. This is in progress. In every county in Ireland new proprietors are at work with new hopes, new energy, and the sturdy, thrifty, inventive industry which only independent ownership can give.



THE TARA BROOCH—BRONZE, SILVER, AND GOLD, JEWELLED AND ENAMELLED.

Having been honored by successive governments with the great trust of assisting in the rectification of the system under which agricultural industry was pursued in Ireland, I am precluded from discussing it, and my judicial position renders it impossible for me to touch any question of party politics. But quite distinct from the sphere of my duties, and far outside the region of party politics, lies a great subject to which I wish to invite the reader's attention—that of the manufacturing industry of Ireland, without the successful prosecution of which agriculture under any system must fail, and politics of all parties must be impotent, the true supplement of agriculture, the true concomitant of peasant proprietorship.

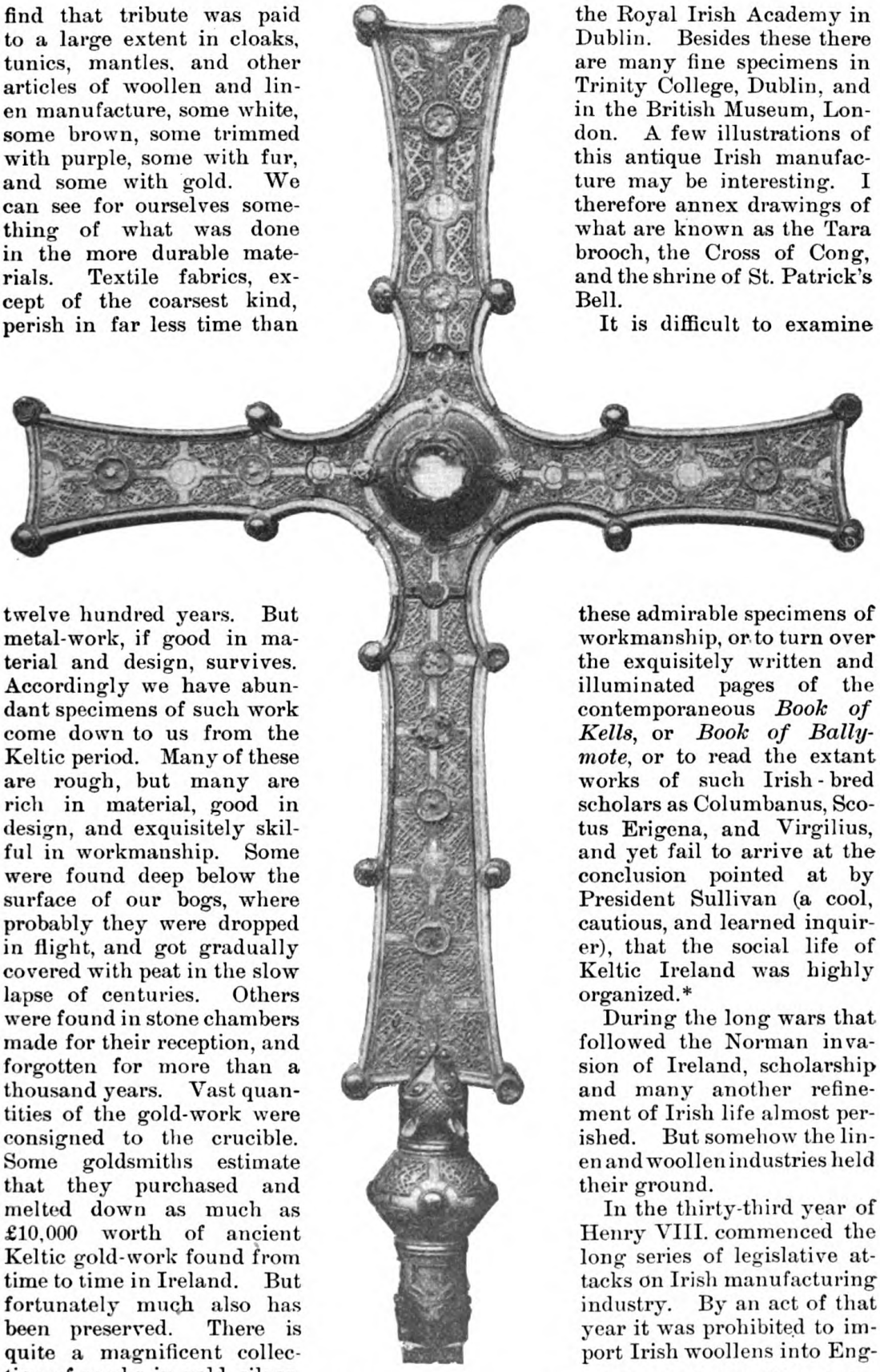
Without in the least deprecating the attention devoted to the agricultural industry of Ireland, the conditions under which it was pursued, and the legislative reforms needed for its revival, I am of opinion that permanent prosperity can be achieved only by that diversification of industries which has led to prosperity elsewhere.

Poets and rhetoricians have in their usual free and easy way exaggerated the material prosperity of ancient Ireland. Much of the splendor attributed to Keltic kings and bishops and bards fades under the cold light of historical research. But this very research has put beyond all doubt that beneath the exaggerations of rhetoric and song there lay a solid substratum of truth. Thus the publication by a Parliamentary commission of the immense and previously almost unexplored mass of legal institutes known as the "Brehon Laws" has verified the fact that at a time when Britons were almost naked savages the Irish Kelts were clad in woollens and linens of their own manufacture. The Brehon laws abound with references not only to woollen and linen goods, but to carding, weaving, dyeing, and the other processes of their manufacture.* Again, in the remarkable metrical account of the rights of the monarchs of Ireland and of the provincial kings, attributed to a contemporary of St. Patrick, and known as the *Book of Rights*, we

* Vol. i., pp. 151–3; vol. ii., p. 395, etc.

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find that tribute was paid to a large extent in cloaks, tunics, mantles, and other articles of woollen and linen manufacture, some white, some brown, some trimmed with purple, some with fur, and some with gold. We can see for ourselves something of what was done in the more durable materials. Textile fabrics, except of the coarsest kind, perish in far less time than twelve hundred years. But metal-work, if good in material and design, survives. Accordingly we have abundant specimens of such work come down to us from the Keltic period. Many of these are rough, but many are rich in material, good in design, and exquisitely skilful in workmanship. Some were found deep below the surface of our bogs, where probably they were dropped in flight, and got gradually covered with peat in the slow lapse of centuries. Others were found in stone chambers made for their reception, and forgotten for more than a thousand years. Vast quantities of the gold-work were consigned to the crucible. Some goldsmiths estimate that they purchased and melted down as much as £10,000 worth of ancient Keltic gold-work found from time to time in Ireland. But fortunately much also has been preserved. There is quite a magnificent collection of works in gold, silver, and bronze in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. Besides these there are many fine specimens in Trinity College, Dublin, and in the British Museum, London. A few illustrations of this antique Irish manufacture may be interesting. I therefore annex drawings of what are known as the Tara brooch, the Cross of Cong, and the shrine of St. Patrick's Bell.



THE CROSS OF CONG—BRONZE, SILVER, AND GOLD, JEWELLED.

It is difficult to examine these admirable specimens of workmanship, or to turn over the exquisitely written and illuminated pages of the contemporaneous *Book of Kells*, or *Book of Ballymote*, or to read the extant works of such Irish-bred scholars as Columbanus, Scotus Erigena, and Virgilius, and yet fail to arrive at the conclusion pointed at by President Sullivan (a cool, cautious, and learned inquirer), that the social life of Keltic Ireland was highly organized.*

During the long wars that followed the Norman invasion of Ireland, scholarship and many another refinement of Irish life almost perished. But somehow the linen and woollen industries held their ground.

In the thirty-third year of Henry VIII. commenced the long series of legislative attacks on Irish manufacturing industry. By an act of that year it was prohibited to import Irish woollens into Eng-

* Introduction to O'Curry's lectures, p. 17.

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land. The thirteenth of Queen Elizabeth followed in the same direction, after a recital that it had been the practice of Irish merchants to export such goods to England for more than a hundred years. Thus severed from the English markets, Irish woollen manufacturers applied themselves to develop their foreign trade. This was done with great success, especially in Spain and Portugal, and the great American colonies of these kingdoms. But with



THE SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S BELL—SILVER, JEWELLED.

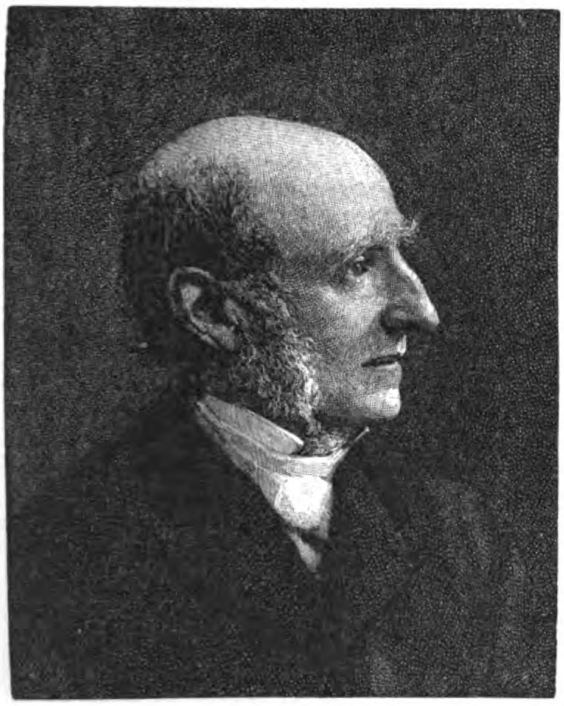
Charles I. came the iron rule of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. "I am of opinion," wrote Lord Strafford, "that all wisdom advises us....to hold them [the Irish] from the manufacture of wool, and thus enforce them to fetch their clothing from hence" (England).* Accordingly Irish woollen manufacturers were prohibited export to foreign countries. Strafford's successor, the Duke of Ormond, mitigated these enactments by successful development of a home trade. But in the closing years of the seventeenth century came the final measures of destruction.

In reply to addresses from both English Houses of Parliament complaining to King William III. that the growing manufacture of cloth in Ireland interfered with the trade of the English woollen manufacturers, that monarch formally pledged himself "to do all that in him lay to discourage the woollen manufactures of Ireland."* Accordingly, by the Irish statute known as 10 William III., c. 5, prohibitive duties were put on Irish woollens. By the English statute known as 10 and 11 William III., c. 10, the export of Irish woollens was prohibited. Armed cruisers were stationed in Irish ports and seas to enforce this enactment. The Irish woollen trade was put under such disabilities that it was not worth while to manufacture even for home consumption, while export to England and abroad was absolutely prohibited.† "Thus," said Edmund Burke, "the whole woollen trade of Ireland, the natural staple of that kingdom, was deliberately destroyed."‡ The result of these measures was ruinous. Dean Swift described, in passages of great power and pathos, the sufferings of his neighbors in the manufacturing quarters of Dublin known as "The Coombe."§ There was an exodus of skilled Irish artisans. A great number went to Germany, and founded the celebrated manufacture known as "Saxony." Another large section settled in northern France, and founded the still flourishing woollen

* Cooper's *Strafford*, vol. i., p. 185.

* English Commons Journal, ii., p. 241.
† Froude's *English in Ireland*, vol. i., p. 265.
‡ *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. xv., p. 181.
§ Swift's works, Scott's edition, vol. vii., p. 195.

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JOHN GRUBB RICHARDSON.

manufactures of Abbeville, Amiens, and Rouen.* More than twenty thousand emigrated to America, where they helped to build up the great republic of the West.†

Other Irish industries followed the fate of the Irish woollen trade, the only notable exception being the linen trade of Ulster and the butter trade of the South.

In 1779 and 1780 these shamefully unjust restrictions were removed. Shrewd observers feared, and distinguished politicians prophesied, that after the lapse of so long a time the traditions of manufacturing industry would have been lost. But it was not so. The deserted "Coombe" soon became populous and busy again. Woollen manufactures sprung up in Cork, Bandon, and Clonakilty. Cotton manufacture sprung up in Drogheda. Poplin manufacture sprung up in Dublin. Irish tabinets were worn in every court in Europe. Paper-making, glass-making, and pottery, ship-building and carriage-building—these and a score of other manufactures were either revived or created. Palatial residences arose in Dublin. Canals opened up much of the country. Handlooms supplemented agricultural earnings. The spinning-wheel sped in thousands of cottages. A prospect of manufacturing prosperity seemed to open. But this revival was of short duration. Retrogression began at the commencement of the nineteenth century in most Irish industries, and was accelerated in 1815 by the fall in prices and other financial disasters which in Ireland followed the cessation of European war. It was further accelerated by the competition of foreign countries, which resulted from increased facilities of transit, and by the introduction into England, Scotland, and Europe of improved machinery and processes. Whatever or whoever is to blame, the fact is that manufacturing industry, with two or three exceptions, almost died out. The woollen manufactures became almost extinct. Workshops and mills closed. There was another exodus of artisans. The "Coombe" was once more deserted. When the great famine was over, almost the only manufactures that survived were those of linen, of butter, and of whiskey.

The first place amongst the existing Irish manufacturing industries belongs to the linen manufacture.

The disruption of the cotton manufacture consequent on the American civil war brought a vast accession of business to Ulster. With the cessation of the war

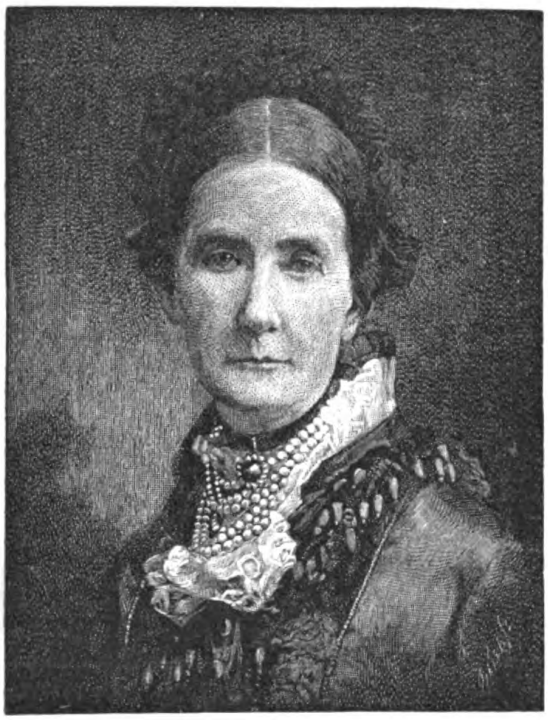


NICHOLAS MAHONY.

* *Wools and Woollens*, by S. A. Gill and Son, Dublin, p. 74.

† *English in Ireland*, vol. ii., p. 245.

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BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

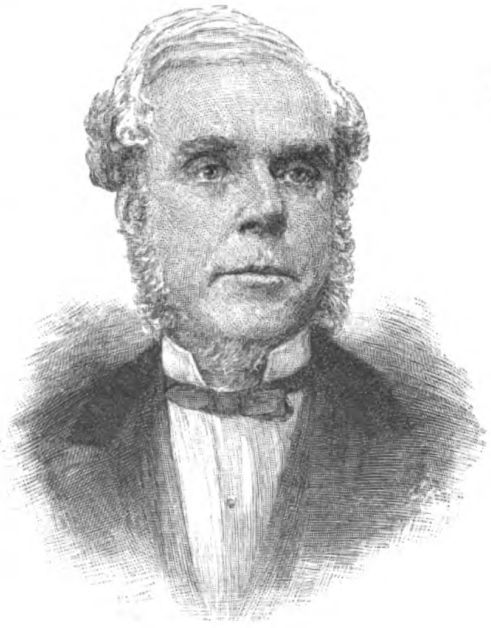
and the renewal of the cotton trade a reaction set in. The Ulster linen manufacturers, both spinners and weavers, have since had many troubles, and they have them still. But they have still the energy, the industry, and the adaptive power which have placed their country at the head of the linen trade of the world. They have over 800,000 spindles at work, while England has only 117,000, and Scotland 220,000. They have 22,000 power-looms, while England has only about 4000. The volume of their trade is estimated at no less than twelve million pounds sterling. It is a drawback to their success that they have to pay more than three millions a year for flax grown abroad, and this in a country especially adapted by soil and climate for the successful growth of flax.*

Mr. John Grubb Richardson, of Besbrook, is a type of the highest class of those "captains of industry" who have made the Ulster linen trade what it is. The Besbrook manufactory in Armagh was commenced in 1846 by the father of Mr. John Grubb Richardson. Its site and accessories were developed in 1867 by the purchase of Lord Charlemont's adjoining estate. It has grown ever since under the able management of Mr. John Grubb Richardson, Mr. James N. Richardson, formerly M.P. for Armagh, Mr. Wakefield Richardson, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Barcroft. It has at work 22,000 spindles, 400 power-looms, and 960 hand-looms. Its linens, and especially its damasks, enjoy a world-wide reputation. The sale is chiefly to the trade, who export Besbrook goods to all parts of the world. The concern employs 4000 people, and disburses in wages £80,000 a year. A town of 450 houses has grown up around it. In this town there is no police station, and not even a policeman. There is no workhouse, and not even a pauper. There is no public-house, and no sale of intoxicating drink. But there are churches for the three denominations, excellent schools, a town-hall, a library, a hotel, a club, a dispensary, a resident physician, a savings-bank, a post-office, and several shops. It is, in fact, a kind of Irish "Pullman City."

Turning now to the Irish woollen trade, such of my readers as have followed me hitherto in noting the changeful fortunes of what President Sullivan calls "this indigenous and ineradicable woollen industry,"* will have observed that it

* *Ireland, Industrial*, etc., by J. N. Murphy, p. 34; also Dennis's *Industrial Ireland*, p. 97.

* Introduction to the Catalogue of the Cork Exhibition, p. 15.



JOHN O'SULLIVAN.

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appeared to have finally perished in the new "great famine" of 1847. But it had a birth at Blarney, in the county of Cork, in 1856. In the last century the then proprietor, Mr. St. James St. John Jeffrey, started a flax factory; and it was at Blarney (not, as is usually supposed, at Belfast) that the first machinery was set up in Ireland for spinning flax yarns. Large quantities of these machine-spun yarns were woven into cloth and sent to Portugal to clothe the British army in the lines of Torres Vedras. Out of this historical flax-mill has arisen the present great woollen factory of Martin Mahony Brothers, in which power-looms for weaving flannels and tweed looms with boxes were first employed in Ireland.* In 1862 further improvements were acutely observed in the London Exhibition, and were promptly adopted. The Irish broadcloth trade was practically commenced.† The famous "Blarney tweeds" were produced, which now compete successfully in the markets of the world with the choicest fabrics of Scotland, and are fashionable wear in New York and in Melbourne, in London, in Paris, and in Vienna. They are of the finest wool and perfect finish. The factory covers four acres, employs 700 hands, keeps going 12,000 spindles, and disburses £20,000 a year in wages. A village of nearly a hundred well-built houses surrounds the factory, and comprises a population of more than 1500. A co-operative store, a dining-hall, a reading-room, and a school supply the various wants of the inhabitants. The whole owes its prosperity to three able and energetic men. Martin Mahony, the head of the firm, was said to be the best judge of wool in the United Kingdom. Nicholas Mahony superintended the manufacture. Timothy Mahony developed the trade. All were men of rare intelligence, of sterling integrity, of indomitable energy. Martin has passed away. Nicholas and Timothy are rich in wealth, in honors, and in achievements. No nobler captain of industry was ever bred on Irish soil.

But this great Blarney factory was only the pioneer of the revival of woollen manufacture in Ireland. Messrs. Hill,



THE REV. CHARLES DAVIS.

of Lucan, near Dublin, commencing with only eight looms, have now a fine factory and well-deserved prosperity. Other factories sprang into existence at Navan and Athlone. An interesting little factory was created at Kilmacthomas, in the County Waterford, by Lady (now Dowager Marchioness of) Waterford, for the purpose of giving employment on her husband's estate. The present marquis munificently expended £10,000 in buildings and machinery. Its tweeds sell well, and its hands earn good wages by good work. Messrs. O'Brien Brothers have recently erected a factory at Douglas, near Cork, which already employs 300 hands, and can scarcely keep abreast of its orders. The Irish Woollen Manufacturing and Export Company, of Dublin, is doing excellent work by providing markets abroad, and especially in America, for Irish woollen goods.* On the whole, one may reasonably anticipate a prosperous future for the woollen trade of Ireland.

Let us now turn to another great indigenous industry, that of butter manufacture. The soil and climate of Ireland have serious deficiencies, but they are simply perfect for the production of good

* Dr. Sullivan's Introduction, etc., p. 15.

† Hand-book to the Irish Section of the Manchester Exhibition, p. 14.

* The Irish Woollen Manufacturing and Export Company, 2 Ussher's Quay, Dublin.

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SIR HOWARD GRUBB, F.R.S.

butter. The very excess of moisture produces herbage which yields the soundest and sweetest butter in the world. To this natural advantage it adds the commercial facilities afforded by close proximity to the wealthiest of all butter-consuming countries, easy access to the greatest shipping ports, and the benefit of low freights and rapid communication with all countries.* For nearly two hundred years the city of Cork has been the headquarters of this industry. More than a hundred years ago its butter merchants established a market of which Ireland may be justly proud. The merchants being for the most part Catholics, their Continental connections proved serviceable for mercantile purposes; and even the penal laws were advantageous in giving them cousins and friendly correspondents in France, in Spain, in Portugal, and in Brazil. They had the far greater advantage of commercial honesty. The "brand" of the Cork butter market was accepted as a guarantee of excellence in London and in Lisbon, in the Mauritius and in Rio Janeiro. The annual output rose to more than four hundred thousand firkins, or fourteen thousand tons.

But in butter, as in greater things, "the old order changeth." While, for various reasons, for which all concerned are more or less to be blamed, and are also more or less to be pitied, Irish agriculture declined, the agriculture, and especially the dairy farming, of other countries improved. In other countries the state intelligently fostered such improvement. In Ireland the state did nothing effectual in this direction. The increased facilities of transit made Normandy more accessible to London than Munster, and made Denmark as accessible as Ireland. The taste of the consumers changed with the times, but the Cork merchants were slow to adapt themselves to such changes. For these and other reasons it came to pass that the good and honest, but dirty and clumsy, Cork firkin could not hold its ground against the dainty rolls of Normandy and the hermetically sealed tins of Denmark. The well-salted butter that delighted King George IV. was set aside for the fresh or lightly salted butters of modern taste. The Cork merchants were losing their hold on the vast and rich butter-consuming population of Great Britain. They were being driven one by one from the foreign markets in which they had almost a monopoly. The outlook was serious, not only for the butter merchants of Cork, but for the dairy farmers of Ireland. The pioneer of reform was Mr. John O'Sullivan, of the firm of C. and J. O'Sullivan, of Cork. He saw the necessity for adapting the quality and form of the supply to the changed requirements of the demand, and his clear commercial insight was backed by sturdy personal pluck. He developed a vast trade, which he still conducts, with the assistance of his sons, one of whom (Sir Daniel O'Sullivan) was for several years Mayor and Sheriff of Cork. The reform thus commenced was followed up with energy and sagacity by Mr. Timothy Joseph Clanchy, of the "Munster Dairies," Cork, whose neat packages of exquisite fresh butter compete on London breakfast-tables with the choicest produce of Normandy, and whose tinned butter, for exporting purposes, has reconquered the colonial market from foreign competition. Alderman Dale, of the firm of Richard Clear and Sons, has also been energetic and successful in this new departure. By the efforts of these and other Cork butter merchants, and under the learned and sagacious guidance of Lord Fitzgerald, the

* See these advantages well elucidated in I. I. Clanchip's *Irish Butter Trade*. Guy and Company, Cork.

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"Cork Butter Market Act" of 1884 was passed.

This act freed the Cork butter trade from restrictions which, however reasonable and salutary a hundred years ago, had become obsolete and mischievous. Since then a revival in the Cork butter trade has taken place. Much, however, remains to be done, not only in the way of commercial enterprise, but in the way of dairy-farming improvement. The methods of the last century will not do now. Sound practical technical instruction is wanting in this manufacture, as in every other manufacture. The Munster Dairy School has done much good in this way for Cork. Canon Bagot, of Kildare, has done still greater service by his pamphlets, his creameries, and his educational dairies. The experience of Continental countries shows that systematic instruction under the auspices of the state in all matters connected with the production of butter has been productive of the best results.

I now ask my readers to turn their attention to yet another great indigenous Irish industry—that of fishing. It can scarcely be said to be a manufacturing industry, but it is so important and so cognate that I may be permitted to include it. For it also Ireland has exceptional suitabilities and advantages. Ireland has a coast line of two thousand miles. Its waters teem with fish. Its harbors are best where fish is most abundant. Its bays are the best spawning-grounds in the world. Every year the Irish coasts are thronged by enterprising fishermen from England, Scotland, France, Spain, Holland, Denmark, and Norway. Mr. Dennis estimates the number of such annual visitors to Irish shores as not less than one hundred thousand.* Ireland gathers comparatively little of this "harvest of the sea." The Irish fish which reaches English and foreign markets is rarely the capture of Irish hands. In other countries fishermen grow rich, found noble families, as in Cornwall, help to build up great cities and great states, as in Amsterdam; but in Ireland fishermen are amongst the poorest inhabitants of a poverty-stricken country. During the three best months of last year there was little more than £100,000 worth of fish landed in Ireland, while during the same period the neighboring island secured fish to the value of more than a million and a quarter sterling.* In a country whose shores teem with fish it is difficult to get fresh fish as an article of diet. This want is partially supplied by cured fish; but our fish-curing establishments are mostly in ruins, and we pay more than a quarter of a million annually to other countries for cured fish, much of which was caught on our own shores. This is a sad state of things; but (unlike some other Irish troubles) its causes are ascertainable and remediable. One cause is that while the fisheries of other countries, and notably those of Scotland, were liberally and continuously fostered with bounties, Irisn fisheries enjoyed that advantage only in scanty measure for a brief period, and not at all since 1830. Indeed for some years a bounty was paid for cured fish imported *into* Ireland, in order to encourage Newfoundland and other fisheries at the expense of Irish fishermen.† Bounties are now out of political fashion, but it may be worth considering whether, in the exceptional position of Ireland, the hardy, industrious, and peaceful class that practise this ancient industry might not receive the same help as their brethren in other countries. During the brief period in which they received such assistance the number of boats increased from 27 to 4889, and the number of men employed from 158 to 11,442.‡

Another and more serious difficulty is the distance of the best Irish fisheries from the great markets, and the absence of means of railway and other transit. It is melancholy to see poor fishermen on the western coast using for manure choice fish that would command high prices in London. The remedy, of course, is cheap railway extension. This is effected by the state in India with great advantage; why not in Ireland?§ Another difficulty is the want of technical knowledge in the fisherman's craft and in the various handiworks connected with it. Brave hearts and strong hands can achieve much, but if those who possess them are not versed in the elements of their craft, the result is disheartening.‖ It ought not to be impossible to supply this technical knowledge in Ireland, as it is liberally sup-

* *Industrial Ireland*, p. 47.

* Board of Trade Reports, 1887.
† Rev. W. S. Green's Report to Royal Dublin Society, p. 26.
‡ *Davis's Deep-Sea Fisheries*, p. 17.
§ *Dennis's Industrial Ireland*, p. 50.
‖ *Times*, 18th August, 1887.

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plied in other countries. But the greatest difficulty remains to be stated. It is that the best fishing waters on the Irish coast lie thirty or forty miles off shore, and that Irish fishermen are not provided with boats suitable for this deep-sea fishing. Their frail craft must hug the shore, and dare not venture into the tumult of these distant waters. Hence the best Irish fisheries are abandoned to the English, Scotch, Manx, Dutch, and Norwegian fishermen, with their fine fleets of thirty-ton boats, equipped with every appliance that skill can suggest and money purchase. At Baltimore, in the County of Cork, this difficulty has been overcome by the energy of a good priest (the Rev. Charles Davis, P.P.), and the munificence of a noble lady (the Baroness Burdett-Coutts), whose portraits I present to my readers. The priest planned, and the baroness supplied funds for, a system by which the fishermen of Cape Clear and the neighboring islands have been enabled to supply themselves with a noble fleet of vessels, of as fine a model, as well equipped for their purpose, and as well manned, as any fishing-boats on the ocean. The results have been thoroughly satisfactory. The fishermen have proved worthy of the munificent assistance which they received. Their courage is so well known that Manx men describe a bad gale as one in which even a "Caper" (*i. e.*, an inhabitant of Cape Clear) would not venture out. Their honesty is evidenced by the unfailing punctuality with which the baroness's loans are being repaid. Their thrift is shown by the creation of substantial dwelling-houses and the putting up of bank deposits. A piscatorial industrial school is now being established at Baltimore under the same admirable auspices.

I now turn to another remarkable industry—that of ship-building. Its chief seat is in Belfast. It is said to have had a strange origin in 1636, when a Presbyterian clergyman, of all men in the world, built, manned, and commanded a successful privateer. Other Belfast men imitated his Reverence's unclerical but profitable enterprise. A legitimate trade in wooden ship-building sprang up, and continued to exist for more than two hundred years. When the days of "wooden walls" had passed, and iron ships took their place, Belfast ship-building seemed to be doomed. Belfast had neither iron nor coal. But Belfast had the indomitable pluck and the inventive spirit, which are stronger than iron, and generate more energy than coal. In 1853 Messrs. Robert Hickson and Company commenced iron ship-building on the Queen's Island. In 1859 Mr. (now Sir Edward) Harland took up the work. In 1861 Mr. Wolf became a partner. The firm is since known as "Harland and Wolf," and has grown to be one of the greatest ship-building concerns in the world. It occupies forty-five acres; it employs upward of 5000 hands; it builds steamers for the Mediterranean and "East-Indiamen" for Southern seas, gun-boats and torpedo-boats, superb fleets of ocean steamers for a score of great services, including the fleet of White Star steamers, whose *Britannic* and *Germanic* are such favorites with transatlantic voyagers. Messrs. McIlwain and Lewis and Messrs. Workman and Clerk were vigorous offshoots, and are now prosperous rivals, of this great house. In Cork a similar effort was made. For many years it prospered under the energetic care of Ebenezer Pike and others. But somehow it has failed to hold its ground in Cork; and not even the rare ability, pluck, and resources of Sir John Arnott have been able to retrieve its fortunes. A royal dock has been for many years in slow progress of erection nearly opposite Queenstown. It owed its origin to the exertions of the late Mr. John Francis Maguire and Mr. (now Sir John) Pope Hennessy, then able and influential Irish members. It surely is time to complete a work of admitted importance not only to the interests of the locality and the defences of the empire, but to the seafaring population of the Western world.

Brewing is an old trade in Ireland. At the beginning of the present century there were fifty ale breweries in Dublin. The discovery of roasted malt as a coloring and flavoring material created the Irish porter trade. The great breweries of Dublin and Cork have few equals in the world. In 1886 Irish breweries produced more than two million barrels of porter and beer.*

The Irish whiskey trade is of even greater dimensions. One great Dublin distillery firm, founded a hundred years ago, employs 300 men, and has an annual output of a million of gallons. The buildings

* Hand-Book to Irish Section of the Manchester Exhibition, p. 32.

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of another cover fourteen acres, and their annual output is about 900,000 gallons. The Cork Distilleries Company has absorbed several distilleries, and is conducted with energy and success. The importance of the distilling trade to the agriculture of Ireland is shown by the fact that the output of Irish whiskey during one season (that of 1885–6) was nearly eleven million gallons, representing a consumption of grain exceeding a quarter of a million pounds sterling.

Count Dandolo, the great authority on sericulture, states that the soil and climate of Ireland are peculiarly favorable to the cultivation of silk.* It was not, however, until the commencement of the last century that anything was done in this way here. We owe its introduction, as we owe a great improvement in linen manufacture, to the skilful and industrious French Huguenot artisans who left France in great numbers on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The silk-workers settled in Dublin, and shrewdly combining native and foreign materials, invented a stuff, part silk and part wool, which soon became famous as tabinet, or Irish poplin.

Toward the end of the last century the Irish silk trade engaged 2500 workmen in Dublin, besides perhaps as many more in Limerick, Cork, and other provincial towns. But the trade declined sadly after 1800. The Royal Dublin Society made praiseworthy but unsuccessful efforts to sustain it. The late Lord Kingstown planted 30,000 mulberry-trees on his estates, and sent to market raw silk of the best quality; but somehow the enterprise did not pay. In latter years Irish silk manufacture, like Irish woollen manufacture, though not to nearly the same extent, has had a revival. Irish poplins, brocaded silks, and other fabrics now manufactured are worthy of the best days of Irish silk manufacture. The Countess of Bandon and other ladies have formed an association for the promotion of silk cultivation in the south of Ireland. It is said that an acre of suitable land, judiciously planted with mulberry-trees, might be made to produce £100 worth of silk. The reeling of cocoons would afford remunerative employment to many a gentle and blameless sufferer from the reverses incidental to these times of transition.

* Vol. i., p. 85.

In the year 1866 the late Mr. Thomas Grubb, engineer to the Bank of Ireland, established at Rathmines, near Dublin, a manufactory of astronomical instruments. The work has in latter years been carried on by his son, Mr. (now Sir) Howard Grubb. By an extraordinary combination of scientific knowledge, mechanical skill, and commercial enterprise, Sir Howard Grubb has developed his establishment into one of the first of its kind in the world. It is remarkable to find the governments of Austria and Germany, of Spain and Italy, of Russia, Mexico, and China, sending to Ireland for the great equatorials of their state observatories. Hither also come orders from the universities of Oxford and of Göttingen, from the observatories of Greenwich, of Melbourne, and of Constantinople, from Yale College and Franklin College, from San Francisco, Texas, and Havana. Every branch of the work, scientific, optical, and mechanical, is done by Irish hands on Irish ground.

Of the twenty millions of acres which comprise the agricultural area of Ireland nearly one-fourth is almost unproductive mountain and swamp. When I was in Parliament I called the attention of the House to this terrible waste of resources, and especially to the subject of arterial drainage. At a later period Dr. Lyons, M.P., suggested the reafforesting of much of this vast waste. Mr. O'Connor Donelan, of Tuam, has very intelligently taken up the latter branch of the subject, and testifies from personal knowledge of both districts to the similarity in soil and natural features of the mountains of Connemara, now lying in bare and melancholy desolation, to the mountains of the Schwartzwald, covered, by the well-directed expenditure of the state, with forests of pine and fir, and thus not only supplying vast quantities of timber, but creating the varied industries connected with it, and thus supporting a large, industrious, and thriving population. In the former district you see only a few miserable hovels; in the latter district, a thousand factories for every description of wood-work, its rivers bearing to the Rhine on their way to Holland and England many million tons of timber, its streams turning mills, its bog converted into market gardens, its people hard at work as foresters, charcoal burners, wood-carvers, basket-makers, chip-hat plaiters, clock-makers, mu-

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sical-box makers, and manufacturers of the cellulose out of which are now made paper, gun-cotton, collodion, knife handles, dental plates, and even chairs, tables, and boats.* Mr. Donelan may well ask why the mighty empire of Great Britain does not even attempt that which the little Duchy of Baden so admirably accomplished? Failing aid for greater enterprises, Mr. Donelan has made a small but practical effort at osier-planting near Galway. The fringes of bogs and the low-lying land along river-courses are the true fields for the osier. All the varieties of willow and alder grow rapidly in bogs. Osier-weaving and basket-making might become important industries.

It is often assumed that manufactures can only be successfully conducted in factories, and that modern machinery has quite superseded the old-fashioned, but ever new, and, when trained, ever deft, machinery of the human hand and fingers. This is happily an error. Some of the most exquisite manufactures of the world are carried on by the hands of peasants in remote valleys and mountain solitudes. Most of the so-called "Geneva watches" are made by Alpine mountaineers. Some of the most delicate textures of Parisian fashion are woven in Pyrenean valleys. The unrivalled Bohemian glass is made by the peasants of the Erz-Gebirge. It is thus in a hundred instances, and in every instance that I know of the peasant industry has been promoted by state teaching and state support. In this matter, as in so many other matters, the Irish peasant has been denied the aid which the governments of other countries habitually give to their humbler subjects. Nevertheless, a good deal has been effected by individual enterprise and individual benevolence. Thus at Besbrook it has been found that power-looms, urged by steam or turbine, are too rough for the finer qualities of linen, and that these are best made by hand-looms. Hence there are nearly one thousand cottage weavers in connection with the Besbrook mill. Several great English firms have made a similar discovery as regards the finer kinds of muslin and cambric embroidery. They consider that for this work the fingers of Irish peasant girls are the best of all machines. In fourteen large shirt-making factories at Londonderry the work is divided between the factories, where the raw material is cut up and advanced a certain stage, and the cottagers of the neighboring district, who earn more than £50,000 a year by finishing it. The convent schools of Kenmare, Youghal, Kinsale, and other places have taught the fingers of peasant children to produce exquisite lace. Mrs. Ernest Hart, of London, has taught Donegal peasants to produce homespun hosiery, homespun tweeds, hand-made linens, lace, and embroidery fit for the first establishments of London. Mrs. Ponsonby has taught the cottagers on Lord Besborough's Carlow estate to make embroidery and open-work on Irish and German damask from old Italian and Greek designs. Mrs. Power Lalor has energetically and skilfully promoted the lace industry. Miss Augusta Jane Gould has been indefatigable in the promotion of similar industries. The Countess of Aberdeen founded an association for the systematic development of such industries in all parts of Ireland.

But it must be admitted that what has been done bears no adequate proportion to what remains to be done by the state and by individuals. It is estimated that nearly a million of the Irish agricultural population, consisting chiefly of the small farmers and their families, are almost idle for six months in the year.

Glove-making has a sad little history. It first sprang into prosperity in the seventeenth century, when the expelled Irish nobles and gentry made Irish gloves fashionable in European courts. This prosperity was of brief duration. It was renewed, like so many other Irish industries, by the revival which took place in 1782. For several years subsequently it gave employment to many thousands. More than a million of kid-skins were used per annum. A special mode of dressing them was adopted, which made Irish gloves so much prized in France that French workmen came over here to learn the art, and returned to France with a select body of Irish glove-makers. They founded the kid-glove manufacture of France. Meantime the trade died out in Ireland, and we all wear the "French kids" which we taught French *ouvriers* to make.* A revival of the industry is being attempted in Cork by the nuns of the Good Shepherd Convent, with the sagacious help of Sir John Arnott. Messrs.

* See for further details Mr. Donelan's suggestive pamphlet entitled "Young Forests." Gill: Dublin.

* Hull's *History of the Glove Trade*, p. 91.

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Supple, of Dublin, are also endeavoring to utilize their large glove trade toward the revival of this Irish industry.

The manufacture of cotton fabrics used to employ 40,000 hands in Ireland. It declined before Lancashire competition. It still exists in Drogheda and other places, and is capable of revival.

Bacon-curing is largely practised in Limerick, in Cork, and in Waterford. This surely is an industry capable of development in the "land of pigs." The provision trade made great fortunes in Cork in the early part of this century.

Engine-making is in large operation at Inchicore, near Dublin, and in Belfast.

Mineral-water manufacture has been profitably conducted in Cork for fifty years, and latterly in Dublin and Belfast.

Pottery was formerly a great trade in Ireland, and has recently been revived with great spirit and artistic skill at Belleek, in the County of Fermanagh. Irish clays are said to be peculiarly suited for ceramic purposes; and Irish mountain lads learn so rapidly that workmen from Belleek were sought in Belgium and New York.*

Paper-making, which was formerly a great trade near Cork, has latterly almost died out in face of foreign competition. But it must be capable of revival. Rags ought not to be difficult to procure in Ireland; esparto-grass has been successfully grown on bogs. The application of wood to paper-making, which has assumed such vast proportions in Germany, Norway, and Sweden, ought not to be unpracticable in Ireland.

Much attention has lately been paid to technical education in several of our cities. The Crawford Institute in Cork is a splendid instance of private munificence admirably directed, while in Dublin the same most practically useful work has been forwarded with signal ability, intelligence, and public spirit by Lord Powerscourt, Mr. Arnold Graves, and Mr. Charles Dawson.

May we not hope for a speedy fulfilment of the promise recently made by the Prime-Minister in the following statesman-like words:

"Ireland has been unhappy partly for this reason—*that she is a country of one industry*, and that industry the most precarious of all..... We must try, by opening up such facilities as it is in the power of governments to create, to encourage the growth of other industries in Ireland."*

But why, it may be asked, always look for government aid? Why not do something for ourselves? I think I have shown that we do much for ourselves, and that we ask only for such facilities and co-operation as European governments habitually give to the industries of their subjects.

Again, it is often objected that we lack the local supplies of coal and iron which are so important for manufacturing purposes. The objection is exaggerated. The Geological Survey shows that seven vast coal fields exist in Ireland. Some of these are partially worked; others are wholly neglected. Professor Hull, in his standard work on *The Coal Fields of Great Britain*, estimates the observable and workable contents of Irish coal fields at upward of two hundred millions of tons.† This is exclusive of what may be concealed in the lower strata, now worked so extensively in England. As to iron, it used to be largely found and smelted in Ireland. It was even an article of export. We still possess considerable resources of iron and other metals. The County Antrim is, so to speak, founded on iron. It contains 167 square miles of pisolitic ore, yielding forty per cent. of iron. In many other districts iron crops up almost under the spade. Pyrites and copper also exist in many districts, and were once extensively worked at Knockmahon, County Waterford, at Berehaven, County Cork, and at Ovoca, in the County of Wicklow.‡ But whatever be our deficiencies in those respects, and assuming, but not by any means admitting, that we must depend for coal and iron on supplies obtained from England, it must be remembered that, even on this hypothesis, we are no further from coal and iron than London is, and that London is the greatest manufacturing city of the world.

Ireland, as the kindly words of the Prime-Minister remind us, has seen much sorrow for many a weary century. Whoever has been to blame, the suffering certainly fell on us. Now that our chief industry—that of agriculture—is being set

* Dennis's *Industrial Ireland*, p. 111.

* Lord Salisbury at Carnarvon. *The Times*, April 11, 1888.

† Hull's *Coal Fields of Great Britain*, p. 343.

‡ See Dr. Sullivan's Report for Cork Exhibition, p. 59.

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right, on the true and natural basis of ownership of the soil by the man, be he peer or peasant, who farms it, other industries may reasonably be expected to share the revivifying effect which peasant proprietorship has exercised on the manufacturing industries of other countries. I have had much experience of Irish life in many phases, commercial, professional, Parliamentary, and official. Such experience unhappily does not conduce to over-sanguine expectations of the future. Nevertheless, I believe that we approach a brighter and happier day for Ireland when, the fierce animosities of the past being forgotten, and the fiery controversies of the present being settled, Irishmen of all ranks, of all races, and of all creeds may enjoy a fair share of the prosperity which comes, and which can come only, from industry, order, and peace.

THE CLERGY AND THE TIMES.

BY ARCHDEACON MACKAY-SMITH.

A SPIRIT of unrest, and a process of readjustment to meet altered conditions of life and thought, are clearly visible in the Protestant Churches of America to-day. Many observers think that they discover a like aspect of affairs in the Roman Catholic Church. But about the Protestant Churches there can be no possible doubt. Their fundamental principle of free discussion, so splendid in its courage, but often so inconvenient in practice, compels the mending of all machinery in public, as a driver ties up his broken shaft on Broadway surrounded by a curious crowd, and renders it impossible to avoid criticism, and frequently the jest or the sneer. On every side among our religious bodies is heard the clamor of contending voices eagerly discussing fresh ways of presenting old truths, new methods of work, the possibilities of bringing the gospel to bear upon men's hearts with renewing and transforming power. Whatever their critics may say, the Churches to-day most certainly are not dead, or even drowsy. They resound with debate, and are upheaved and tossed about with experiments and suggestions to a degree often disquieting to their graver, more sedate members. As an amusing illustration of this, the remark of a clerical speaker at a recent religious gathering may be quoted. He prefaced his address by saying that the older clergy of his neighborhood would welcome almost any subject of discussion, but were obliged to draw the line somewhere. They therefore declined to hear even one more essay on "The Evangelization of Large Cities."

Several subjects noteworthy for their importance stand forth from the multitude of those which to-day engross the religious press and platform. As they have no unremote bearing on the interests of what is still the great majority of the American people, it is supposable that some discussion of them, free from technicalities, may have an attraction for the intelligent lay mind.

The first of these is that of ministerial supply. There is at present a somewhat alarming lack of candidates throughout the country. Both quantity and quality are said to justify anxiety. As it is known, or at least believed, that no such *quæstio vexata* is harassing the Churches of Great Britain to anything like the same extent, inferences unfavorable both to depth of spiritual life and fervor of religious faith among men in America have been drawn. But it is questionable whether such reasoning is based on substantial fact. The truth seems to be that, owing to the era of national development which has followed our late civil war—a development by which opportunities for adventure and enterprise, the gaining of wealth and the attainment of high social and political advancement, have been a thousandfold multiplied—the spiritual nature of our American youth inclining toward the ministry has been exposed to a tremendous strain. The varied occupations of what is called "business" offer to a young man here greater chances and more dazzling prizes than elsewhere in the world. Knowing what human nature is, we cannot severely blame the youth who, with the same faith and moral fibre which would carry his English brother into the pulpit, comes to the conclusion that he can remain a layman and serve God equal-

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ly well. And to do him justice, he frequently can and does. When we consider the difficulties under which the moral life staggers among us, we catch a glimpse of the reasons which have (temporarily, as we believe) reduced the supply of candidates in proportion to population. But we also see reason to express gratitude in the same breath as regret, when we remember the countless multitude of honest, God-fearing, unswerving Christian lives on which, as on bed-rock, our Churches are based.

It is worth while, in this connection, to look at the question of our national temptation to materialism and irreligion a little more broadly than is commonly done, that we may avoid "despairing of the republic." Within the last twenty years the building of transcontinental railroads and the opening up of the great West have thrown open America to the world in a sense unknown to our fathers. Unfortunately the gamblers' splendid chance has gone even-paced with the industrious man's opportunity. Almost every civilized race is building ships and crowding them with frantic eagerness to accept our open-handed invitation. The wild scramble in the West to get possession of everything worth having has reacted upon and disturbed the East. No such demoralizing test has ever been put in force against any people. In Europe, business life, commerce, the development of land, are governed by laws almost as exact as those of the army. Social and political Europe is illustrated in the German "state forests," where the trees are all aligned, and none is ever cut down without another being at once planted. A clever English or German boy when he enters a counting-room can tell with almost mathematical exactness what his income and standing will be in twenty years. All other pursuits are equally exact. Life runs in well-settled grooves. Few alter their place of residence; public opinion is feared; there is leisure to apply the laws. Each life revolves along its expected orbit, and is exposed to indignant criticism if it interferes by erratic movements with the delicately balanced and complicated whole. All this tends to moral order, the restraint of temptation, the repression of furious ambition or excess. But with us at present it is all "moving-day." We have been temporarily thrown into confusion by Nature unbosoming her bounty on the West, and Europe unlading her ignorance and vice, as well as her intelligence and virtue, on the East. Medea is seen dismembering her victims and casting them into the caldron. What will emerge? We are expected to clarify a turbid stream of brute labor, very much as a "cellarer" shoots the sediment from each bottle into space, and injects the rock-candy which turns it later into sparkling champagne. But in the process the whole economy of American home life is disturbed. A million lotteries of railroad-building, wheat-growing, silver-mining, cattle-raising, land-settling, with all their attendant industries and vices, and the countless minor speculations which each encourages, are calling men from settled paths to take their chances. Almost every one thinks he could easily do better than he is doing, were he only in the right place. Even in our oldest cities half the population is on the move. Thus public opinion loses its restraining touch. Men who have offended it leave their native towns, and do not dread it elsewhere. The law has to assert itself among, and often against, the prejudices, hostility, and ignorance brought from a thousand different localities. There is danger lest there be no strong, homogeneous, patriotic, or religious condemnation of anything. Chance and movement reign supreme, because any good fortune is possible if one is only alert and on the way to meet it.

It seems, then, a matter for surprise and gratitude that in this era of tremendous material development and unexampled migration there should be such a vast amount of public and private virtue, and even of exalted religious faith and life, as one sees in this country. Nor is it strange that the railroads, the manufactures, and the mines, offering such munificent rewards as they do to intelligent and gifted young men, should absorb talents which under other circumstances would adorn the Church. Another generation will witness a great change in the influences and habits which mould America. The land will all have been taken up, the chances for sudden fortunes lessened, the emigration shrunken to a "thread-like stream," the population become tolerably homogeneous, the channels of trade marked and bounded, the ways of men touched by the chastening and calming hand of a holy ancestral faith unfelt in the wild impatience of hot youth. It will undoubt-

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edly still be true in that future that most men will continue to worship the "mighty dollar," as they do to-day. Foreign nations perhaps do well to gently remind us of our weakness at times, for they are confessedly guiltless in this respect. No one in England, it is said, ever worships the "mighty dollar." He substitutes the "sovereign" or the "guinea," which, as we easily see, is much less ignoble and vulgar. So in France the object of reverence is called a "franc," and in Germany a "mark." Were it not for this very important distinction all nations might well be silent on the money question. The love of gain may be a conspicuous American vice, but if this be true, it is simply because there are directer roads to wealth here than elsewhere. If the water of the river Thames or the Seine be analyzed, it is found to be very similar in its nature to that of the Niagara. It is not unjust to suppose, therefore, that either of these rivers would boil and foam and race quite as rapidly as its American sister if it met with as much encouragement from nature. It is the environment which differentiates. And if we are obliged to confess with regret that an American is apt to grasp too quickly at a coin, we are nevertheless consoled as we see that he seldom feels that thrill of sad reluctance with which his European neighbor lets it go.

The tendency, then, of young American manhood (to return to our more immediate subject), although in some degree away from the Christian ministry, is not away from morality, or even from spirituality. Nay, it is not away from organized Christianity. The colleges never had so many professing Church-members in them as at present. A few examples will show this. Yale College in 1795 had but four or five students who were Church-members; to-day nearly one-half hold such membership. Princeton in 1813 had but two or three openly professing the Christian faith; to-day about one-half, and among them the best scholars. In Williams College 147 out of 248, and in Amherst 233 out of 352, are members of Churches. In many other colleges, as proved by Dr. Hodge, from whose carefully prepared tables these figures are taken, the proportions are still more favorable to the prospects of religion. It seems, therefore, not unfair to conclude that there is no real cause for anxiety as to either the quantity or quality of the future supply of candidates.

But this brings us to the second object of our discussion—the seminaries. There has been a great increase in the number and in the outfit of these within a few years. Some of them have no superiors in the world for either buildings or professors. And yet there is an interrogation mark opposite every one in the mind of the Churches. The evidence is conflicting, first of all, as to the absolute necessity of seminaries. The great Church of England, with her 20,000 clergy, has but twenty-five, and most of them are very small, and some hardly worthy the name. The Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches of Scotland, it is true, insist on a thorough seminary course. But there is not, it is said, a single Congregational seminary in England, and the Methodists have but few. Churches that do not believe in seminaries train their candidates either by private study, preparation under some experienced clergyman, or by taking promising lads from the farm or the counter and setting them to learn by actual work. They believe that men who are to influence other men must live among men. They argue that a seminary is apt to impress indelibly a professional mark upon a man, and to send out students all cast more or less in the same mould, with whatever is fresh, original, and racy in each repressed and trained away. Now, as a clergyman depends for his entire usefulness (unlike men in any other profession) on his power of gaining the affections and acting through persuasion, and the impression left by character and the whole man, there is much force in this objection. President Garfield's idea of the best university was "Mark Hopkins at the other end of a log." It was a thought that transfixed the central truth of all proper education. But the inevitable reply is that a Mark Hopkins, like an Arnold, comes but once in a generation, and that the trees of a forest would fail to supply logs enough for the students he should teach.

But granting that seminaries are a necessity with us, as the best opinion holds, is their work thoroughly well done in fitting men for the ministry? That it often is not is evident to all. And a man mangled by a seminary is worse than one with no preparation, just as the weeds in a neglected garden are ranker than

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those in the wilderness. There is no barrier to improvement like a bad "twist" given in a place founded ostensibly to give right "twists," including, as it does, that fatal familiarity with sacred things which prevents the chance of any future appeal striking home. The ruin of the possible best is not seldom the actual worst. The clergy of to-day in all Protestant communions, who are battling in the thick of fight against infidelity and materialism, as they look back on their seminary years, must keenly realize how much time was, and still is, wasted in teaching useless studies, how many subjects were left unnoticed of supreme importance in the ministry, and with what a rude shock of disillusion the actual work followed the dream of it.

What ought a seminary, then, to be, looked at from a perfectly practicable stand-point? The writer is not expressing his own opinion simply, which has little value, but is stating what he believes to be an increasing demand of enlightened Christian opinion. All seminaries should be, like all medical schools, either in or near large cities. They ought to be set thus in the very midst of every variety of human life, human nature, human experience. The scholastic air of repose seen in the college is undesirable, even hurtful. The seminary differs distinctly from a college. It is not merely a place to acquire knowledge of a certain sort and to ponder it: it is also measurably to teach men how to use it, and to fill them with enthusiasm, the Christian *gaudium certaminis*. Every student ought to have mission-work of a practical kind. Many students now engage as readers, or teach during their leisure hours to pay their way. But this gives them absolutely nothing of any real value. There should be insistence by the authorities on religious labor, which brings young men in actual contact with other men, who ask questions, who have to be managed, and who require good temper, intelligent treatment, and the grace of God to manage them. They should be taught, as one of them puts it, less about mankind and more about men. The greatest care should be exercised lest students be trained *away* from sympathy with plain people, and led into tastes which make common things unpleasant. The reposeful, leisurely surroundings objected to should be driven away by all subjects ceasing to have an abstract, theoretic interest, and taking in the intense air which comes from actual application to human needs. The long vacations should also be shortened. A lesson might well be learned from the earnestness and absorption shown by beginners in less sacred callings. Go into the studio of some master teaching art in Paris. Note the enthusiasm, the ceaseless discussion, the long hours of labor, the way in which the pupils eat, drink, and bathe in art, absorbed in it, caring for little else, putting less eager men to shame. Go into a foundery and talk with the young men who manage it; see how they give their whole thought to it, how they love its every suggestion, and how continually they are trying experiments, and working out fresh problems in casting and forging. Some such air, modified after its own fashion, should be that of a seminary. But how seldom we see any attempt to cultivate such a spirit in them!

Two of the professors at least—those of pastoral theology and preaching—should be men who have made in the outside world a marked success in their departments. This will sound like a truism to the layman, but the clerical reader will appreciate its novelty. If such men cannot be procured, it would be well to abolish the chairs, and have continual talks and lectures and chats by successful pastors. Let the students be encouraged to bring into the class-room for solution difficulties encountered last week in their work, asking questions, and getting practical answers. And there should be a debating school in which each student should be obliged to take part, and in which every week, face to face, men should stand the test of putting into words their convictions, and be compelled to "read up" on questions of the time, and give in public a reason for the faith which is in them. The special drawback of seminaries is that they seem to hedge in the beliefs they teach with a sanctifying and protecting wall, and bid the students regard every sod they walk on as holy ground.

Another want insufficiently provided for in many such institutions is that of a true pastor for the students. It seems often to be taken for granted by the professors in seminaries that every candidate for the ministry is, *ipso facto*, a ripe and finished Christian. The spiritual life of

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these young men, their need of sympathy, instruction, encouragement, and advice, is apt to be neglected by the faculty. Each of these professors is in danger of becoming absorbed in the special studies of his own department. The students pass before him like the figures in a panorama, and into each as it passes in the endless procession year after year he is bound to instil a portion of his own peculiar knowledge. But meanwhile who is caring for their souls? Amid all this talk about religions in the plural, religion in the singular, in its thorough, penetrating, and transforming aspects, does not dwell in them unthreatened. These young men are generally in no high sense mature Christians. They have convictions, aspirations, principles of Christian living, it is true. It was because of these that they became candidates for the ministry. But they are also as yet ignorant of a thousand spiritual truths and experiences, sorely tempted by the passions of youth, often lonely and discouraged, conscious of

> "those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized."

It is just at this period, when they need to be drawn on by kindly inquiry to disclose their personal difficulties and dangers, the dark or doubtful places in their soul life, that theological students not infrequently find themselves without an elder Christian friend in whose matured judgment and spiritual elevation of character they are invited to confide. What Dr. Holmes calls "that frightful *mauvaise honte* peculiar to Protestantism alone among all religions" is not unknown even in our seminaries. Beyond all other professors, the young inmates need a manly, loving, sympathetic clergyman among the faculty, to whom, as to an elder brother, they can tell their wants, and get strength and wisdom in return. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The *spiritual* life of the seminary, not its Greek or Hebrew, gives the vital answer to that question. And yet it is of this essential part of the student's history that many theological professors are hopelessly ignorant when the pupils for whom they are responsible go forth to preach the kingdom not "of *man*," but "of *God*."

Two other suggestions may be made. The first will win general assent. It is that the old "Evidences," still so commonly in use, be supplanted by the latest works, like those of Fisher, Rowe, Iverach, Argyle, and others, which recognize fully the entire shifting of position, different stand-point, and change of base which infidelity has made in our generation. This should be supplemented by lectures on natural science; not so much in its details, for which there is not sufficient time, but in its philosophy, its principles, its lessons, and its inferences. The second suggestion will provoke wide dissent and possibly deep feeling. It is that, in order to get opportunity for these studies, Hebrew should be made an elective, and left to those who have a special gift for it. The question has been often debated. But when all is said, these stern facts remain incontrovertible, that Hebrew takes an enormous share of the preparation time, and steals twenty to thirty per cent. of hours all too few and literally priceless in their opportunities; that not one student in twenty carries it with him after ten years in the ministry; that the commentaries on his shelves will give him in a moment the results of the ripest Hebrew scholarship; and that the pastor who keeps up his Hebrew must give to it time which almost invariably revenges itself by fixing its imprint upon dull sermons and hasty parish ministrations.*

If two golden rules could be added to these suggestions, and made a law by appropriate legislation, the efficiency of our Protestant clergy would be enormously increased. Let every young clergyman after ordination be obliged to labor for three years either in mission-work or under the pastor of a parish; and let him be forbidden, as practically men of other professions are, to marry for five years.

We are now brought naturally face to face in our discussion with another subject, noteworthy among those debated in our Churches to-day, that of preaching. How far is the current criticism of the clergy in this regard just, and what are some of the remediable defects of the

* In what has here been said no sweeping condemnation of American seminaries is intended. Were there cause for it, the writer realizes that such a condemnation should proceed from a more authoritative source than his pen. But, in point of fact, our seminaries contain much of the Churches' learning, and their full share of intellectual power and spiritual life. The intention simply is to indicate points in which many professors as well as graduates believe improvement possible.

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American pulpit, looked at broadly, in our time? Preaching, or, as Dr. Phillips Brooks defines it in his *Yale Lectures*, the "communication of truth through personality," is still the "*articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ.*" The very definition we have quoted refutes the assertion of those who claim that its day is past. Truth may come through various channels, as it is itself various, and each class of truths may have its own channel. Personality, as distinguished from study, is just as well defined a channel as is a pipe when contrasted with a bucket in the conveyance of water. As long as human beings have consciences, the shortest road to getting at them and arousing them will generally lie through the channel of personal contact and appeal. In the moral life, as in the physical, there is the controlling law of *omne vivum ex vivo*. We need not philosophize about it; it is simply a world-wide fact to be accepted as a matter of common experience. What is worth emphasizing, however, is that on the result of this personal appeal to conscience rests all that is really worthy in the superstructure of organized religion. Preaching, therefore, is positively essential to any living Church. To talk of abolishing it because other educational means have been multiplied is unspeakably absurd. It would be like abolishing the railroad to California directly across the continent because there were several steam-ship lines around Cape Horn. The world responds to earnest and intelligent preaching to-day just as willingly as ever. Indeed, the very critics themselves do so. When they declare that they do not care to hear sermons, they only mean dull sermons, or sermons that do not touch them; the moment God sends them the right preacher, their critical and unresponsive attitude vanishes in the breaking up of their spiritual indifference.

But, notwithstanding this, the criticism directed against the American pulpit of to-day has great force. It is said, in the first place, to lack courage, and consequently to be deficient in straightforwardness, definiteness, and plain-speaking. Strange, if true, for "courage is always in fashion." And if true, then true perhaps for this reason, because the preacher, unlike his brother in the English Church, has no fixed abiding-place in the land, and is generally dependent for all he possesses on his Church members. We are apt to criticise this English system of Church patronage and life tenure and settled endowments. But, like many other English ways of doing things which cannot be defended theoretically, it works, for the most part, admirably in practice. Probably the English pulpit is a more courageous one than ours: it is more concrete in its denunciation of sin; it does not merely denounce "worldliness," but defines it, and calling vices by good old Scripture names, declares when and where and how they flourish "in this parish." The American preacher, on the other hand, without in the least being conscious of cowardice, is too apt to generalize. He would sacrifice his life, we hope and believe, rather than "sell the truth to serve the hour," but the social ties which bind him to his people, his intimacy with the men who called him and sustain him, his desire to justify the hopes of a successful pastorate, all operate insensibly to dull that realization of being "a prophet of God" which the pastor needs at times keenly to feel, if he would do his noblest work. It is indeed true that if one were to walk down Broadway to Wall Street, and call everything he saw by its direct and plain name, he would, notwithstanding all that raw enthusiasm or hot-headed zeal may say, work more harm than good. But it is also true that we sorely need in this country and age more of that martyr spirit which brought our ancestors hither, that "iron in the blood" which compels and drives a man to stand up, regardless of consequences, and cry, "The Lord God before whom I stand will surely visit this thing." Signs are not wanting that such a spirit is gathering force among the clergy.

Another general fault of our pulpit is that the preaching is apt to be too "topical." Our preachers are given to selecting *subjects* rather than texts. Now a "text" or "expository" sermon differs from a "subject" sermon as a rifle-ball differs from a slung-shot. In the former case the preacher simply unfolds, explains, illustrates, and impresses, with all the power he can, the inspired word of God. The listeners may not like the way he does it, or disagree with some opinions he expresses. But, after all, there is the written word behind him, supplementing his weakness, giving his argument a dignity and force from without, and driving home

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many a bullet that would otherwise fall "spent." With a topical sermon, however, the preacher's danger lies in forgetting his Bible, in neglecting "the oracles of God," and in relying for the impression produced simply upon the way in which his arguments appeal to the intelligence of his hearers. He may be trying to enforce truth, but it is his own arm alone that wields the sling, and he is for the time ignoring that outside force of a supernatural revelation without which most life problems become too dark and dreary and hopeless to make it worth while either to dispute or even differ about them. He "fights for his own hand," like Harry of the Wynd. The dangers of the expository sermon are evident enough. It easily degenerates into wearisome repetition and empty exhortation. But even this seems preferable to the other extreme, so often seen in our American pulpits, where the preacher's personal opinions (frequently of no more value than those of any other educated man) take the place of his Master's sayings, where what should have been a glowing, healthful sermon degenerates into a cleverish essay, and the truths about trouble and sorrow and temptation which the weary and burdened soul needs to build it up are replaced by eulogies on Victor Hugo or George Eliot.

Here again we may, with profit to ourselves, contrast our preachers with those of Great Britain. Comparing the pulpit of the two nations intellectually, we need not fear the verdict, although England has a multitude of grand preachers, while the Scotch and Irish pulpits enjoy a world-wide renown. A well-known English clergyman has lately asserted that "there can be no doubt that the pulpit of the United States is more ably filled, taking it all in all, than is the pulpit of the United Kingdom." We may well doubt so generous an assertion, for many of the British clergy who visit here easily convince us how much we may gain by studying their methods. Their familiarity with the *ipsissima verba* of the Bible is amazing; and the chief charm and strength of their preaching is that, basing it so entirely upon Holy Writ, they yet adorn the exposition of the text with such a wealth of illustration and with so much earnestness and sound judgment as to lead captive both heart and head in the listener. This seems to be the explanation of the fact that so many pulpits in New York and in other seaboard cities are occupied by British clergymen. We must find in them something which we miss in most of our own clergy. The fact is not so discreditable to us as it appears upon the surface. It certainly bears witness to the absence here of a certain provincial narrowness which refuses to welcome truth or power unless dressed in a native garb. And we must not forget that these clergy referred to are picked men, who would be successful anywhere and in almost any profession, for there are hundreds of British clergy in America filling obscure pulpits and utterly unknown. And again, such able men come to us from a land where, as already shown, the temptations for clever young men to enter business life are not as great as here, and where (at least in the Church of England) many gifted clergymen who do not happen to command influence or patronage are free to look elsewhere for appreciation and usefulness. Our parishes welcome such men, and they are wise to do so. They come also, as a refreshing and stimulating influence to our American clergy. Nor have we any reason to doubt, from their own confession, that they are conscious of receiving as well as giving in their intercourse with our pastors. And we have reason to feel satisfaction at hearing the testimony lately offered by one of the most eminent among them, who said on a public platform: "I honestly declare that I never met with a company of ministers like the clergy of all denominations in New York, especially for this, that they have no jealousies and no rivalries among them. They stand shoulder to shoulder for the truth on all occasions, have confidence in each other, rejoice in a brother's prosperity, and are ever ready to stand round each other in trouble."

One other general defect in our American pulpit may be briefly noticed. The clergy, if they do not fall into the habit of preaching over the heads of their hearers, are at least given to rating their intellectual interest too high. The press accuses them of preaching dogma too frequently. But this is without doubt an error. There is so little dogmatic preaching to-day that a conservative hearer might have just reason for complaint. But there is, nevertheless, truth behind the complaints of those who feel that *some-*

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thing is wrong, and who in their restless groping after the cause lay their hands on dogma. The reason why they are not reached or interested or satisfied lies in the preacher's failure to remember his hearers' tastes, wishes, and surroundings. His sermon is apt to illustrate several, if not all, of the six following sins. *First*, he is generally five minutes too long. We may be glad to sail with an agreeable friend up to the very head waters of the Hudson, but it does not necessarily follow that we care to prolong our voyage through the Erie Canal. *Secondly*, he is too fond of argument, and undervalues the appeal to the affections, the deep indwelling sense of God and right, the "*ewig weibliche*" which Goethe tells us lies in every heart. Our preachers should remember that to touch a man's better nature is often nobler than to convince his reason, and that to the pulpit pre-eminently applies that old fable of the Wind and Sun contending for the traveller's cloak. *Thirdly*, his style is apt to be faulty, deficient in words of one or two syllables, full of expressions familiar enough to him, but dry as summer dust to his listeners. *Fourthly*, he is not sufficiently direct or careful enough to avoid making little excursions away from the main road, chasing theological butterflies, while the children of Israel have to sit down and wait for their prophet to come back. *Fifthly*, his text generally bears him careering pleasantly along the roof-tops, bounding from chimney to chimney, and rarely enough descending right on to the hearthstone, and there treating of familiar things, dealing with every-day realities, twining the leaves of the tree of life about homely household matters, and handling, like the gospels, without loss of dignity, cups and pots and tables. Such sermons are like the frigate-birds, all wings, and no legs to speak of. *Sixthly*, he does not take sufficient care to illustrate, briefly, aptly, and brightly. A good illustration is the most powerful "motor" ever invented; it will drag a whole congregation which has drifted into infinite space back again to earth in a twinkling. It comes like a sweet sea-breeze blowing in through the church windows on a hot Sunday, and relaxing the feverish tension of crowded worship.

Such are some of the defects, as it appears to the writer, in our preaching. In a word, it is apt to be too ambitious. It fails in helpfulness to helpworthy people. It addresses too often the mind and too seldom the heart. It makes the mistake of giving us common thoughts about deep things, when what we need are deep thoughts about common things. It should be chastised with a lively sense, on the preacher's part, of two vital truths, the one a tremendous need in his people of aid in their common field of temptation and experience; the other, of the limited nature of that field in most souls. The sermon should go oftener into the shop with the man, into the nursery with the wife, on to the streets with the children, and have with all a word

> "For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

One striking illustration of these statements may be mentioned. A certain religious weekly paper, one of the very best in the country, and with an enormous circulation, publishes in each issue what is presumably a model sermon. The writer has been in the habit of reading these sermons for some years, yet he fails to recall one in which a plain business man, or mother vexed with household cares, could be interested. A congregation of students or literary men might find many of them admirable. They deal very largely with the subjective side of religion, and are so full of analysis and subtle thought that the reader is often doubtful as to whether he ought to admire more the speaker's skill or his own cleverness in following him. Yet most of these sermons were preached before ordinary congregations. One of the latest, quite a marvel of skill in dissecting emotions, and drawing fine distinctions between feelings which most people are probably in horrible danger of confusing, was preached in an obscure village in Massachusetts! It may be that this fact throws some light on that puzzling problem, "the decay of church life in New England."

But we have preached too long ourselves, and must stop, after making, in true orthodox fashion, "a few closing remarks." The outlook for growth among the Christian Churches of America is, in spite of their manifest and confessed defects, a bright one. The vain dream of infidelity that a time is approaching when men will live entirely in the brain and despise the heart, need not be feared. But the clergy must realize,

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as indeed they are doing, the changes which separate them from their fathers' time. Preaching is a more difficult matter to-day than even twenty years ago. It demands more preparation of a certain kind, more observation of life, and more concentrated strength. For the Sunday newspaper has arisen within a generation, one of the greatest dangers to the Churches which has ever threatened them. Every Sunday morning it takes the multitude of our towns up into a mountain, and displaying the treasures of the world, gathered with incredible pain from every land during the preceding week, says, "All these will I give thee, if thou wilt forsake the house of God to-day." Pastors know the result only too well. It is but one of those "modern improvements" which render it so difficult for them to teach their people "to keep the body under," or, as the little girl correctly misquoted it, "to keep the soul on top." Similar dangers to the moral and spiritual life of the Churches lie spread thickly in their path. But we firmly believe in the conquest of these. We believe that gospel religion is more and more coming to be viewed by men as the indispensable factor in all true civilization. But alongside this conviction moves an equal realization that theology must be simplified and the faith defined in terms which will, we think, increasingly tend to express themselves in that ancient symbol called the Apostles' Creed. The fatal defect of unbelief is that it is logically hopeless in an age which is pre-eminently an age of hope. Theology may dwell between narrow walls, but its uplook is on heaven; unbelief lives in a wide cellar with a low roof. Religion occupies the higher ground, and that is half the battle, as the British found at Waterloo. We are often discontented with the progress and weaknesses of Christianity, and it is both right and indeed necessary that we should be. But we must remember, after all, that in every generation the religious ideal is like a pilot-engine, which must, by its very nature and definition, keep just so far ahead of the long train laboring after it. We shall never catch it in this life, but the very effort sends the world slowly forward, and it may well be that where we stand to-day was the far-off goal for which many a saint in distant ages longed, and died without the sight.

ISABEL'S STORY.

BY ANNIE PORTER.

GERALD and I had only been man and wife for eight months. He had not expected to be able to marry as early as he did, but when he got the situation as cashier of the bank in X—— there was no longer any reason for waiting; we had been engaged two years, and mother was quite reconciled to the idea at last. So we were married, and went to live in X——, and it was, as I say, after eight months' trial of the climate that we decided on moving to the country. Gerald had always had a delicate throat, and the doctor thought his nights at least ought to be passed a few miles inland, so as to counteract the damp air of the lake, upon which X—— lay directly, as far as possible. It was some time before we found just what we wanted, and even then, though the cottage was both pretty and very substantially built for the West, where houses grow like gourds, it was wanting in one good quality, for the nearest railway station was three miles off. However, there was a little stable with a shed for a "carry-all" attached to the cottage, and my uncle had lately given me a check, which was by common consent devoted to the purchase of a strong, fast pony, so that the distance proved rather an advantage in giving Gerald the exercise he required. Luckily by breakfasting at half past seven, he could easily catch the 8.50 train, and be at his post in the bank by half past nine. So we took the place, and as it stood on the outer edge of one of the great dairy farms, where dwellings for man and beast are always placed as near the centre of the run as possible, we found ourselves some miles apart from any neighbor. We prepared for our isolated position by taking with us two maid-servants, active, lively girls, who had come West to be near their mother, the wife of an engineer employed on one of the great central roads, and now stationed at a construction depot ten miles from X——. The daughters were glad to

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find service together within a reasonable distance from her, and being bright, pleasant-faced young creatures, used to country life, they suited me very well. He intended to have also a boy to live over the stable, but in the end hired one of the farm-laborer's sons to come every morning with our milk from the "great house," groom and saddle the pony, cut wood, and do any other small chores, leaving again by nine o'clock. This gave him almost a whole day's work on the farm, and saved me the trouble of having him to live with us. We had finished moving by the end of November, and were entirely settled and at home by Christmas. The house was the work of an eccentric Norwegian, who had baked the brick, and even the tiles for the roof, himself, and after expending over a year of hard work in making it as substantial and complete as possible, died from heart-disease the very day he declared it finished.

When I first heard this it seemed to cast a gloom over the place, but that feeling soon wore off, and now, as the cold weather came on, I felt very grateful for our predecessor's good workmanship. It was an irregular dark red cottage, with two gables in front and a stack of tall red chimneys rising in the very centre of the peaked roof, and it stood in a small enclosure made by a low stone wall, in one corner of which was the stable, as air-tight, well built, and quaint-looking as the house itself, while a poultry yard of tall osiers, wattled firmly together, occupied a space opposite, and a small brick pigeon-house was near by, full of glossy, fluttering inmates. One or two old apple-trees and three cherry-trees completed the landscape; not another thing was in sight, except the short, dry prairie-grass, here and there running up into clumps of weeds, but on every side the same monotonous level, fading off into long wastes of yellow against the sky. At some points the horizon was broken by the dark outline of the distant forest, but nothing else was in sight, unless you went up to the second story. From there you could see the farm buildings, some three miles off to the north, a dark patch of woodland toward the east, and due south were plainly visible the tops of the white houses forming the railway station, with sometimes a stray engine waiting on the side track. But if the views outside of my new home could not boast of beauty or interest, no matter from what level you looked at them, inside the walls it was all a home should be. I lined my only sitting-room with red wall-paper, a deeper red carpet, red and white woollen curtains; filled it with mirrors, pretty water-colors, comfortable arm-chairs, and soft lounges; fitted small book-cases stuffed with readable books into every available corner; put low tables about here and there—and the result was the perfection of homely comfort. Wood was cheap, and so was coal; one fireplace was very wide, and I had left the old German tiles with their quaint blue figures and Bible stories as the builder placed them. The only other room we furnished down-stairs was fitted up as a kitchen; but I had a pretty earthen-ware cooking-stove; the floor was of dark red tiles, on which I spread a large rug; my precious glass and china were prettily arranged in two large cupboards with glass doors on each side of the chimney; and when I gave Gerald his first cup of tea at the breakfast-table I was quite justified in feeling proud of the bright, delightful room. Just behind this kitchen, which was rather larger than the parlor, and jutted out beyond it on both sides, were two smaller rooms. One of these was the actual kitchen, in which all the dirty work and heavy cooking were done; the other was a rough laundry. There was no other room on that floor, not even a *lean-to* against the wall. The wood and coal were in a sort of cellar with a shed over it, some yards from the house, and the little stable loft, which might have held a bed for a man-servant, was now full of hay. You will see later on why I am so minute in telling you all these things. Upstairs, the house had only two rooms. The front one was very large, with closet and dressing-room attached, so that Gerald and I were far more comfortable than in our narrow city lodgings. The other room, which, of course, was occupied by the two girls, was smaller, but still of a good size, and the entrance to the large light garret just under the roof was through here, and not from the hall. This large opening closed with a very heavy trap-door, and was only reached by a steep, narrow ladder, which was hung there when required, and always taken away afterward, as it blocked up one of the windows. This garret was a valuable possession to me; I used it as a store-room

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for old boxes, trunks, and carpet-bags, hung my dried herbs and sides of bacon from the rafters, and put my uncle's precious gift of California sherry in the corner whose temperature most resembled the atmosphere prescribed for it by him. When we began to feel settled, and Christmas was only a short fortnight off, there could not have been in all the world a happier, more contented wife than I. Mother had written to say that if nothing happened to prevent her, she would certainly run on from Washington to make me a little visit; and though it was a journey of a good deal nearer two than one thousand miles, and in the cold season too, I felt sure she would come. Then Gerald's twin brother, whom he had not seen for three years, was to be married at Norfolk early in January, and bring his little Southern wife to spend her honeymoon in our quiet home.

Of course, to receive such guests, a vast amount of preparation was necessary. I must have everything ready to turn the girls' bedroom into a pretty bower for a bride at a moment's notice, while the ironing-room must be put in order for the two girls' themselves. Mince-pies, fruit cake, lemon cheese-cake, all must be abundant and good, and as I was extremely fond of house-keeping, I enjoyed the prospect of all the work before me. You will think I linger perhaps too long over these details. I cannot bear to turn from all that bright, joyous, eager time to what came afterward, but I am foolish and cowardly to hesitate. It was Tuesday, the 7th of December, and had been snowing quietly all night, so that when I drew back my curtains in the morning and looked out, the whole country as far as eye could reach was covered with a smooth white carpet, spotless and softly swelling over the level prairie. From my bedroom window I could see the wooded ground called Shryer's Forest, which now made a motionless dark cloud on the white horizon, while half a mile further to the north I saw, curling heavily over as it partly rose, the smoke of Farmer Congreve's kitchen, though I could not distinguish any of the buildings. It was a dark, still, gray-looking day, the sky a dull cold tint, and the air growing every minute more keenly and frostily raw. I turned away from the wide white waste around us, and tried even harder than usual to have a bright fire and a good breakfast for Gerald. And I succeeded so well that when he came with slippered feet and warm morning coat into the house-room, as I insisted on calling the kitchen, the great ruddy blaze was dancing on the tiles, the table was smoking with crisp curling bacon, delicious fresh eggs, waffles as light as air, and such coffee as I had learned to make among my kinsfolk in Louisiana. My two handmaidens, Elsie and Magda, were as bright and cheery as crickets, and in a morning like this their smiling good-natured faces, girlish voices, and helpful ways were a positive pleasure. I can see them now as they were that morning, the last time I ever did see them. Well, we finished breakfast, and Pete, the boy, brought round Quince, the pony, in the phaeton, or whatever the queer little vehicle was called. I stood by the window to watch Gerald drive off, for we had lingered over the fire till it was a chance if he could catch the train, and then went briskly to work helping the two girls. We had washed and put away all the dishes, swept, dusted, and made up the fire, and were just rolling out the sewing-machine, on which I was making curtains, when we saw Pete coming back with the trap, and I called to him for the morning mail, which he always brought, and Elsie ran out to get it. In a minute she came back, carrying in one hand a large package of magazines, newspapers, and letters, while in the other she held a large yellow envelope. She handed me the letters and papers, and then held out the other to Magda, exclaiming: "Magda, it is a telegram for us. You open it; I *cannot*."

With a cry of alarm Magda ran to her and snatched the paper from her hand, while I stood looking on, not half understanding why they were so alarmed. I knew, however, how dearly they loved their mother, and felt keenly for them when, in another moment, they were both sobbing on the floor, and I found the message was from their step-father, to say that his wife had been knocked down and run over by a heavy wagon the evening before, and was not expected to live more than a couple of days. He had been unable to telegraph the night before, as the wires were down at the time, but had done so the moment they were up. If the girls wished to see their mother alive, they must go at once. I stopped their pitiful sobs by telling them that they had

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time, but merely time, with great haste, to catch the up train to X——, which passed our station at 10.10, and would land them at the X—— station in time to make the connection with a fast train running to the little town where Mrs. Boysen was lying. I called to Pete to bring the phaeton out again, and it was not till the two poor young things were getting into it at the door that we either of us remembered that I should be left entirely alone all day. They both thought of it then, and looked at me with consternation. I also remembered that I should be in a very solitary position until Gerald's return, but then he was almost absolutely sure to come home by the five-o'clock train at latest, and if anything should keep him later, which was most improbable, he would telegraph, and I could walk to the station, and get some one there to return with me as a companion.

So I smiled now with no effort, reassured the girls, and started them off at Quince's fastest trot. Pete went with them, and I gave him a basket in which to bring me back a bushel of apples I had ordered from the station-master, who added to his official employment that of universal store-keeper. As soon as they were off, to prevent myself from feeling melancholy, I went on with my curtain-making as fast as possible, and was soon so absorbed in my task that I was much surprised when I heard the clock strike twelve. "Dear me," I said to myself, "Pete is staying a long time at the station; what can be keeping him?" I jumped up and went to the window, and there was the phaeton just coming up to the gate through the snow, which left no sign of a road visible. But who was in it? Two figures instead of one. Could it be—yes, it really was Gerald. Another minute and I had opened the door to him, and was helping him off with his coat, while he beat the snow from his heavy boots.

"Well, little woman," he said, gayly, as he threw himself into his own arm-chair, "are you surprised to see me?"

"Dear Gerald, as I have never known you to come home at this hour before, or at any time earlier than half past three, even on a half-holiday, you need not ask."

"I have something to tell you," he went on, in a low voice, and drawing his chair nearer to mine. Then, laughing, he added, in his usual tone: "I forgot. Pete has been telling me about Elsie and Magda, and I have been thinking how well it happens that I am able to come home early just this day of all others. But I need not whisper, as we are all alone."

"It is a great inconvenience about the girls, of course," I answered, "but there was no help for it. They must have gone to their mother, even if they had not loved her, but as they are devoted to her, they would have flown if they could."

"You do not ask for my news," he said, "but I will not wait to be questioned. Look here!" As he spoke he drew from his pocket a large old-fashioned pocket-book, fastened with heavy steel clasps, and stuffed as full as it could hold. He opened it carefully, and showed me that it was full of bank-notes of one thousand and five thousand dollars in value. I looked so utterly amazed that he laughed (he had such a merry boyish laugh), and said: "What, do you think I have robbed the bank, darling? Don't be flattering your little heart with any such hopes. I am not a rich defaulter."

"Oh, Gerald, don't say such things, even in jest. I would not like to think that even the kitten had overheard that speech. Remember, sir, you have *me*, and therefore you do not want other luxuries and comforts. If you had a million, or ten millions, to-morrow, you could not have another wife, and I defy you to find a prettier little home."

"You goose!" he replied, drawing me to him as I delivered my little oration from the middle of the hearth-rug, "do you want to beguile me into telling you again what I think of you, and the house too? Never mind! I appreciate you both;" and he kissed me. "But now you must listen to my story, for it is very interesting."

As he spoke he spread the pocket-book, which he still held in his hand, upon the table in front of us, and was proceeding to show me all its contents, when I suddenly remembered that the boy Pete was still in the stable. "Wait!" I exclaimed; "there is Pete still out there; he may come in while we are talking. Let me give him his orders, and— But have you really come to stay all day, Gerald? Shall you not go back?" He had jumped up when I spoke of Pete, and now put me back from the door without answering,

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while he thrust his head out, and called loudly to the boy, telling him, when he had answered, to hurry home as soon as he had done all he had to do about the pony, because it was coming on to snow again more heavily. As he closed and fastened the door, a few minutes later, we saw the boy from the window, all buttoned and shawled, making his way through the paddock toward the road.

Gerald turned to the fire again, and this time with a look of serious anxiety. "Bella," he said, "I have something to tell you which would perhaps annoy some women, but you are such a brave little thing—"

He was going on, but I could not stand the suspense. "Tell me," I interrupted, "no matter what it is, only tell me."

"Well, it is simply this. You know that we are only a branch house here of the bank in New York; that is, we are in fact a portion of the New York house, and all our large specie balances are kept in New York. If we have more than a certain amount here, we send it off at once, because we can use it to greater advantage there, and we do actually deal so largely in metal currency that they all call us the Bullion Bank. As it happens, however, we had a very unusual call upon us this morning. The contractors for this railroad and its connections have back payments to make to nearly two thousand men, all along the line, in fact, and on the docks at the head of the lake and canal waterway. This money, for reasons I need not specify, must be gold and silver. They had sent for it in time, had their arrangements all made, and the money comes through by express this morning, when it turns out to be every dollar in greenbacks. Now if the payments are not made next week, there will be ruinous riots; the specie must be had; so they came to us to change it. We had not enough, but telegraphed in cipher to New York for the sum needed. Then the question was, what to do with this money? We dare not return it to New York until the other comes, as it would be the company's only chance in case the specie should by any accident fail to be up to time. Of course the burden of care is on us, as when their agents deposited it we guaranteed them their change on Tuesday, and gave our receipt, and they would have left it with us for safe-keeping anyway, even if they had not wanted change."

"Then why not lock it up, as you do other things? Don't you keep all your securities and plenty of other people's stocks and things in the bank?" I asked.

"Ah, that's where the trouble comes in," he answered, "as I will explain. You know that our bank is an inconvenient old rat-trap, and that we are building a new one with all modern improvements, but you do *not* know what is only known in fact to our president, vice-president, secretary, and myself, the cashier, and that is that some time ago we found it necessary to have a special vault prepared for our specie, bonds, etc., the other being unsafe, and of course to this new vault we had the most improved combination lock. Now for some time it has answered very well, but lately we have had a great shock in the discovery that *some one* has either found out or been told the word, for there is strong evidence to show that the vault is sometimes entered secretly. So far nothing has been abstracted that we know of, though we are still searching through the papers. But of course we have been straining every nerve, not only to detect the thief, but to protect what valuables we keep there. Our first action was to make an excuse for sending off to New York most of these, but we cannot excite suspicion, of course. To-day there were only three of the officers there, including myself—the president and most of the directors are out of town—but of course we could neither leave this large sum there nor proclaim our own weakness by putting it openly in other keeping; indeed, the latter would be ruinous in every way. Then, too, we want to mislead the thief, whoever it is; so we publicly locked this all up in the vault, then privately took it out, and finally I was compelled to bring it home with me, as it appeared that the others were both so situated that it would have been a greater risk for either to take it; and as no one knows anything of it, but it is believed by eye-witnesses to be in the bank, the danger really is nonexistent."

"But, Gerald, is it possible that you now have over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars about you? How *can* we sleep? I am sure—"

"Come, Bella, you surely are not going to be foolish about it. Not a creature knows of our plan, and who could ever suspect, who *could* ever imagine that I would bring such a sum home?"

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His reasoning soon convinced me, and then I found leisure to rejoice over his unexpected return. It was by this time one o'clock, and snowing heavily, so, after making preparations for a good late dinner, which was a comfort we always permitted ourselves, I made Gerald bring in a great back-log, and build up a royal fire in our "drawing-room." We then sat down to a long afternoon of quiet enjoyment, I sewing and Gerald reading aloud to me. We had just had a complete edition of Browning given to us, and were reading the "Dramatic Idyls." As we fell more and more under the spell, and after suffering with Martin Relph, were flying breathless over the snow toward Ivan Ivanovitch, the afternoon passed like a dream, and it was not until the fading light compelled Gerald to draw toward the window that I noticed how late it was. I put my work together, and stood a moment by the hearth to warm my feet. Gerald came to my side and drew his arm around me, and leaning my head on his shoulder, we both gazed silently into the fire. Facing us over the chimney was a long wide mirror, so placed opposite the window as to reflect all you could see from the window itself, and of course at this moment showing nothing but a broad expanse of snow. The flakes were still falling in a perfect frenzy of eddies and whirls, here so thick that you could not distinguish one from the other, and there in a light dainty dance where every crystal could be seen clearly. There was no wind at all, so the ground was evenly covered, without drifts. The strange white snow-light was almost all that was left, for the sun had set at a few minutes before four, and the short twilight was almost gone. How dreamy everything looked, the cold white glare without, the red quivering fire-light within! We had stood for some minutes, soothed by the quiet, when suddenly something dark, moving rapidly, passed across the surface of the glass, and Gerald exclaimed, going quickly to the window, "There is Martin, the telegraph boy from the station, on his pony. What *can* he want?" We both went to the kitchen door to meet him.

"Well, Martin," asked Gerald, "what has brought you over in all this snow?"

"A despatch for you, sir," said the boy, holding it out. "It has just come, and is marked important."

"Suppose you give Martin a glass of ginger-ale after his cold ride, Bella?" Gerald whispered as he opened the envelope. I turned away to do as he suggested, for he frequently received telegrams on business of various kinds, and I had given up expecting them to prove at all interesting. Now, however, after I had given the boy his glass, I glanced at my husband. He was standing still by the hearth with his eyes fixed on the open despatch, but absorbed in such breathless, intense, concentrated thought as completely changed the expression, the character, I might almost say the outlines, of his face. I thought I knew every change possible to his frank, handsome Saxon features, and kind, fearless blue eyes; but I was mistaken; I had never seen this determined, thoughtful man before, who, for the short minute in which he stood thus while I gazed at him, looked ten years older than my every-day Gerald. He must have felt my eyes upon him, for he roused himself, and as our looks met, he gave himself a sort of shake, as if to throw off all oppression, and smiled gayly back with his own bright, boyish smile.

"Oh, Bella darling," he said, drawing me to him again, and speaking so that the boy in the next room could not hear him, "this is going to be a terrible blow to you, I am afraid; but read this."

He put the message in my hand, and I read:

"I must see you to-night without fail. Come at once to Stearn's office on Lafayette Square, Wattsburg. Shall expect you by train due at half past seven.

JAMES MEADOWS."

Now James Meadows was the president of the bank of which Gerald was cashier. He had been in Wattsburg, ten miles from X——, for some days on business connected with the bank, and was, of course, ignorant of the position in which Gerald was placed. No telegram had been sent from X——, because the authority of the officers present there was quite sufficient, and it was thought safer in such a case not even to use the usual cipher, as it was one risk the less not to do so. At the same time the fact that he had sent for Gerald was proof sufficient that there was an imperative necessity for the latter's presence, Mr. Meadows, or Judge Meadows, as he was always called, being the last man to do anything of the kind from

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caprice or for unimportant reasons. What was to be done? We looked at each other in silent dismay. After a moment Gerald expressed in words just what I had been thinking.

"Even if you could get either of those women from the station to come up for the night in such a storm, you would feel safer without her, wouldn't you, wifie?"

"I should indeed," I answered, emphatically, thinking of the vulgar, sharp German Jewess who kept the "store," and of the tall stiff Scotch woman, who with her equally stiff husband occupied the only other house, he being the engineer in charge of that section of the road. I should certainly be worse off with either of them in the house; they were not only strangers, but keen and suspicious ones. They might suspect something, and no one could say in that case what might happen. Besides, it was almost certain that neither of these women would venture out so far in such a storm for any light cause. "If I could get into X——," I thought, "I should find plenty of girls willing, and indeed delighted, to brave with me both storm and lonely house. But of course that was out of the question."

"What can we do?" asked Gerald, kicking the fire, in his desperation, till it blazed again. "Who could ever have imagined such a *contretemps* as this? Well" —after another pause—"what shall be done? It is growing late, and I must go."

"There is only one thing to be done, dear," I said, "and that is for you to go, and leave me here to keep house. No one has the most remote idea that the money is here, there is nothing to tempt the poorest or boldest thief, and it is not likely that any one would attack a woman without the least provocation. Besides, I can lock and bar the doors in such a way that I am sure nothing could open them short of a dynamite explosion."

There is no object in going over again all the arguments by which I succeeded finally in convincing Gerald that he must go, whether he would or no, and that the only thing possible was to leave me on guard with the money. After nearly an hour of discussion and preparation he started off with the boy, who had waited for him, being timid about the journey back alone.

With what feelings I bade my husband "good-by" would be as impossible for me to describe as for any one else to realize, nor did he seem less grieved and unhappy, and it was with many compunctions, doubts, and fears, with tenderest kisses, and a lingering embrace, that he went out into the night, and I stood at the door gazing after him, and wishing—oh, how I did wish!—that it was morning again, and the night safely over. Let me explain, however, that I deserve less credit for courage than seems due, because I was fully convinced that no one suspected the money to be in our keeping, or anywhere except in the bank itself, and it seemed very unlikely that any one would choose that especial night for attempting our lonely house, which presented so few inducements of any kind. Gerald had told the boy, too, impressing it on him in a careless way, that he should certainly be back by half past ten o'clock, as it was safer to let no one know of his intended absence for the whole night. I will not deny, however, that, in spite of all my brave resolutions, in spite of all the encouragement I had so gayly offered Gerald, as the last gleam of their flying lantern disappeared I felt as thoroughly nervous, low-spirited, and depressed as my worst enemy could have desired. I remember that I stood a few minutes on the doorstep listening for some sound to break the intense, awful stillness, but not the faintest murmur could I hear. It was no longer snowing, the wind had dropped, and it was growing colder very fast. As I went in and closed the front door the old clock in the kitchen struck half past five. How differently it sounded now that I was alone; but there was no use in thinking about it; I must keep cheerful and busy, not let myself think at all. I took my lamp, and after locking and carefully securing every door and window downstairs, I went up and did the same above. As I had no idea of undressing and going to bed, I then took a couple of blankets, an eider-down quilt, and a pillow into the parlor, and made up a bed on the sofa, in case I should wish to sleep, though nothing seemed so unlikely then. A roaring fire was already burning, and the delicious stew I had been cooking for our dinner was sending forth most tempting odors, so, although my appetite had vanished, I felt that too much depended on my health for me to neglect it, and I made some tea and ate my supper in solitary grandeur, after which I pulled a rocking-chair up to the fire and opened a book.

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It was five hours later, and the gloomy evening had settled into a brilliant starlight night of piercing cold, the mercury having fallen some twenty degrees, with the wonderful rapidity common to that climate. The stars were dazzling when I pushed open the shutter to look out, and the vault of the heaven looked like polished ebony, as it does in one of these sudden freezes. I had kept my fire going at a great rate, for in spite of the blaze and the heavy curtains the room was chilly, and when I went now and then to look out at the night, I felt the keen air coming through the double frames like a knife. Between working and reading, time had passed very quickly, and when the clock struck eleven, I was deep in the last volume of *Daniel Deronda*. My pet cat, the only living thing about the place, had climbed up on the back of my easy-chair, and in the stillness her purring sounded pleasantly, but I could not help sighing over my dear old dog, Bianco, a white bull-terrier of the purest breed, who had been my constant companion for the past five years, and who had died very mysteriously only three months before. Over and over again that day I had thought to myself, "Oh, if Bianco were alive, how differently I should feel about staying here alone!" But Gerald had never liked the dog, who in return hated him, having for him one of those unreasonable fierce hatreds to which that breed is subject; so his death really was very opportune. But this night how welcome the dear little warm-hearted creature would have been, so intelligent that he seemed actually to read my thoughts, and so entirely devoted to me. He was an exceptionally fine dog too, and I think would have given any one molesting me trouble. The interview between Deronda and his mother in Genoa was setting itself gradually to a sleepy accompaniment of soft purring and the tinkling of dropping ashes, when I was aroused by a feeble knocking at the kitchen door. I got up and went into the room, taking no light. For a time the sound was not repeated, and without speaking I waited. In a few seconds there was a feeble movement of the lock, as of some one trying to open the door, and then the knocking was renewed. At first I thought I would not answer, but after a short parley with myself I went to the door and spoke, loudly and clearly, as though not frightened.

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

A feeble, tremulous old man's voice came slowly back: "I'm perishin' in the cowld, lady. For God's sake let me in as quick as you can."

"Who are you?" I asked again.

"Me name is Michael Hood, ma'am. I'm an old man, an' have lost me way to the Lime-kiln House. For the sake o' mercy let me in out o' this cowld; it's a-tearin' me loife out o' me. I'll be dead in a minute."

"I cannot possibly let you in," I said, feeling sure that he was one of a gang who had come to murder and then rob me. "I could not open my door so late as this to a stranger. Why don't you go on to the station, where there is a tavern?"

"An' is it to walk from here to the station ye mane, wid me legs froze, an' me back broke, widout bite nor sup in me? 'Dade, ma'am, it's dead I'll be sure an' sartain long before I git there, an' so I tells ye. Och, ma'am, for the love o' Heaven, for the blessin' o' the Mother o' God, would ye let an ould man lie dyin' or dead on your door-step for want o' a little Christian charity?"

What was I to do? Here I had my husband's home and good name, his whole future, in my hands. The loss of this money would be to him the loss of everything worth living for. Yet it was such a night that to keep a wild beast from under shelter seemed too cruel, and to let this old man lie out there for half an hour even would be to kill him. If I let him in, and he proved to be a thief, I should have betrayed my husband's trust. Yet if this man's tale were true, as it might very well be, if he had set out to reach the little place he mentioned, and found himself lost and belated, how frightful it was to treat him in this way, and what would my feelings be if I found him dead on my steps in the morning! At last, after asking him several other questions, and listening to his heart-rending cries for help, I could not stand it any longer, but told him that I would open the door if he would swear by the sign of the cross to do exactly as I told him in every way. To this he readily agreed, and having made up my mind at last, I slowly unfastened one side of the heavy door, and there crept in out of the cold an old white-bearded man of medium height, of spare but sinewy build, and though now feeble

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and spent with cold, looking like one who had seen better days decidedly. Just now he was shivering to such a degree that he shook even the chair I placed him in. I got a heavy rug and rolled him in it, made him drink a tumbler of warm ale, and gave him a good supper of hot fried eggs and bread, the only thing I could warm quickly. After eating and drinking he seemed to recover from his terrible ague fit, and told me the story of his journey; how he had a son working in the brick factories some distance beyond the Lime-kiln House, who was about to marry the daughter of his head overseer, and had written to his father to come to the wedding, enclosing him a ticket as far as the Lime-kiln station, and telling him to get out there and walk across the country the two miles and a half remaining. The snow-storm had come up after he was on his way, he had entirely lost his bearings, and after wandering about a long distance had fallen and hurt his leg on a stone. This was just when the weather was changing, and since then he had been struggling to keep life in his body, and to find some kind of shelter before it was too late. By the time he had finished his tale I was entirely convinced of his truth, and ashamed of my former suspicions. Still it was my bounden duty to do what was right about the money, and take every precaution possible, having now admitted a stranger, against his in any way endangering the safety of my precious charge. I therefore waited until my involuntary guest was well warmed and rested, and then, after frankly telling him that I was alone in the house, I also explained that it would add to my comfort if he would not object to sleeping in the attic. He laughed the chuckling laugh of a good-natured, garrulous old Irishman, and I holding the candle, while he carried the blankets and pillow with which I intended to make him comfortable, we started on our way upstairs. As I have mentioned, the entrance to the attic was through the girls' room, and a movable ladder formed the only staircase.

We climbed up, and I gave him a couple of buffalo-robes, with which to fence out the cold, but he exclaimed, after a few moments of looking about him, that he should not find it cold up there that night, for the kitchen chimney, whose broad shaft filled one corner, was very hot, and would be better than an open fire to sleep by. I was glad to hear this, and stood on the round of the ladder peeping in while he made himself a comfortable bed in the nook between the wall and the chimney. A small window in the roof gave a faint glimmering light on one side, and when I offered to leave the candle with him he refused it, saying that there was light enough to sleep by, which was all he needed. When I had closed the attic door I softly slipped the bolt, so that he could not get out without breaking the heavy wooden panel to pieces, and to make assurance doubly sure I moved away the ladder, though laughing at my own absurdity. All these arrangements being made, I now returned to the parlor, and feeling chilly as the night wore on, I first replenished the fire, and then rolling myself in a long fur cloak, I lay down on the broad couch to rest a little, and in a very few minutes, between the lateness of the hour, the pleasant warmth, and my unusual fatigue, dropped off into a sleep, light at first, and full of dreams, but gradually deepening into a sound, peaceful slumber.

It seemed to me that I had been sleeping thus for about ten minutes, when a loud, determined, steady knocking or beating at the front door made me spring to my feet. I glanced at the fire; it was almost out; at the lamp; it was burning dimly; and at the clock, which was on the stroke of three. The knocking went on, and staggering with the dizziness and cramped action of one just awake, I made my way to the door, the thought flashing through my mind, "This is the rest of the gang; the old man has signalled to them that I am all alone, and they are here to murder me." As I suddenly remembered everything, I stopped, though my hand was almost touching the front door, and with an unreasoning instinct, which seemed to control me without any effort of my will, I flew upstairs to my own room and lighted a candle like one who was just out of bed. I knew they could not have seen the light in the parlor, for the heavy wooden shutters were closed and barred. But my bedroom light they could see easily. The heavy blows, which had never ceased, were growing louder, when, still acting mechanically, but with perfect clearness of purpose, I went to the window looking down directly on the front door, opened it softly, and peeped out. It was a perfectly clear starlight night still, and the snow alone made everything almost as plainly

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visible as the fullest moon could have done. Just in front of the house, black against the wide-spread whiteness, were three men, not only dressed in complete black, but entirely masked with the same, the face and beard being covered with a sort of helmet which disguised the whole outline. They were all apparently looking intently up, and the instant my window was raised the one who was knocking against the door with a crow-bar stopped, and speaking not very loud, but so clearly that I could hear every word, distinctly said:

"Mrs. Madison, we know that you are alone in this house, that you are entirely unarmed, and that you have a large sum of money in your possession for the time. We have no desire to hurt you, but the money we are absolutely determined to have, nor can any one blame you for not resisting us. In your husband's absence no blame can attach to either of you. If you will throw the package of money from the window you will have no more trouble. If you do not, we shall break open the door and help ourselves."

All this was said slowly, distinctly, and with occasional pauses, to enable me to answer if I chose. From the very first word he spoke, not only did all my worst dull feeling of passive horror disappear, my senses seem clearer and sharper, my judgment cooler, and my heart braver than ever before, but for the first time since my marriage I remembered the revolver which I had brought from home, and which lay at that moment, with six bullets in it, at the bottom of an unpacked box. I answered now, in a voice as steady as his own: "I have been left in charge here by my husband; I am not afraid of you; you will never get any money from me." I was going to shut the window, when he called to me most earnestly:

"Mrs. Madison, I beg you—I do beg of you—not to force us to break open the door. You cannot prevent us in the end, and you will only make yourself uncomfortable, without doing any real good."

"We shall see," I answered; "and you can try the door."

As I turned from the window I thought I heard a noise in the attic, and felt sure that the old villain locked up there was trying to get out. I went, therefore, into the room, and as soon as I opened the door I heard him calling me through the cracks.

"Ma'am," he said, "is it robbers they are?"

"Yes," I said, severely, "it is robbers, and they are going to break the door in."

"Holy Mother!" he answered, with great energy. "Then I'll come down and help ye. I'm not so ould yet but I kin foight."

He spoke with such fervent sincerity that my doubts again melted away. Perhaps he really could help me to defend this money, which I was absolutely determined to keep at any cost. I would let him use the pistol, if he knew how. At any rate, this old man could bear witness to the truth if they should kill me and carry off the money. On this impulse I drew back the bolt, and he came down, apparently as eager to fight as a young man, and in a few words I told him the state of the case, only suppressing the fact of having the money. He peeped down through the pane without opening the window. They had stopped beating on the door, and were now working with tools on the part about the lock. After looking at them for a minute, he said,

"Is that the loikeliest spot to get in?"

I nodded. There were such heavy shutters in every window down-stairs that the door was much the weakest place. I wondered (my mind working, as it does in such moments, half aimlessly) how they had known this to be so. The old man continued,

"Have you such a thing as a gun?"

I motioned to him to help me upset the box, which I had already opened, and as the pistol in its leather case appeared among a pile of various things, I snatched it up, drew off the cover, and gave it to him. His face brightened, and handling it like a man well used to fire-arms, he examined it carefully, and said:

"Now, ma'am, be aisy. There's enough here to send thim all to glory six over. I'll just stand down there by the turning, and whin they get the door down I'll give the fust man a taste av the powdher will make thim all stip back a bit."

"Do not kill him," I said, earnestly; "only disable him; it will be enough to protect us, I am sure."

"Niver fear," he said. "But hark! They'll be in, one more blow loike that."

He hurriedly went down the stairs to the landing, and I followed. The next moment the whole house shook under

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one tremendous blow; the door yielded, cracked, and almost opened; another stroke, it flew wide, shattered and broken, and a confused group of tall black figures burst in, the foremost holding an iron bar in his hand. Almost in the same breath I saw the old Irishman raise his hand where he stood below me on the stairs; a loud report rang in my ears, a flash of fire and mist of smoke came together, and the foremost figure fell.

There was a moment's breathless pause, and then one of the black, awful-looking creatures, who stood as if struck by lightning below us, gave a low groan of horror, such as I had never heard before. The next instant they had both turned, and were gone. But I had no thought, no memory, no sight, for them; my eyes, my thoughts, were riveted upon that motionless form lying so quietly there. Whose did it resemble? Was I going mad to let such a horrible idea enter my mind? The agony of doubt was too great to bear, and yet I could not move to end it, while every second's gaze seemed to make the attitude, the proportions, the outline, more familiar. Familiar? Doubt? The words were mockeries. Calmly as one for whom life is over I put aside the old man and went down to my husband's side, knowing before I took off that lying mask whose were the dear features I should see in death beneath. Yes, it was my Gerald. He looked as peaceful as he always did when sleeping, *but he was dead.* My Gerald was *dead!* I shall be with him so soon now that I have ceased to long, as I did in the first days of bitterness, for some solution of the dreadful mystery. Whatever Gerald did I *know* was right, so there must have been some reason for his being there which I am too dazed to understand. I gave the money back to the bank, and now I am waiting. My friends are very kind to me, but no one can tell me why Gerald came back that night, or what it was he wanted me to do. But I shall know very soon.

Note by the Mother of Isabel Madison.

My daughter wrote the foregoing narrative shortly before her death. Every word is correct; it is just the same account she gave from the beginning. She retained her absolute faith in her husband up to the last; indeed her mind seemed wholly unable to grasp the idea of guilt as connected with him, and she looked upon the whole matter as a profound mystery. It was a delusion which made her last days peaceful, though she actually died of grief at losing him. Now that she is at rest, poor child, I will add that there never was any doubt as to the facts of the case, even before the conviction and confession of one of the accomplices. Gerald Madison had done what many a man as good as he had been unable to resist doing before him: he had fallen before a sudden and singular temptation. All the circumstances, occurring as his wife relates, seemed to offer such a chance of *safe* fortune that the fact of having to employ hired confederates was the only obstacle which at first presented itself to his mind. When he had overcome this, and arranged the terms of division with the two men whom he selected, it was settled between them that they should divert the attention of the young wife while Gerald secured the money. That a girl of twenty, alone in a country house at midnight, might refuse to comply with the demands of burglars had never occurred to them. Gerald had expected her at once to yield to the demand made by the voice of a stranger, and fully believed that in her confusion and fear he could escape without the least chance of detection. As to other discovery, his interview with the bank president at Wattsburg, the telegram summoning him thither, the account his wife would give of his absence and of the burglary, everything seemed to conspire to shield him, and except for the utterly accidental presence of the old Irishman and his use of Isabel's pistol, he would undoubtedly have escaped detection, though I have always doubted whether in case of Isabel's having been entirely alone and equally resolute, Gerald would have had the harshness to use force.

It was a fearful proof of what the love of money can do, for I believe Gerald Madison to have been an upright, honest man until the very day of his death, and if this fatal chance had never come in his way, probably he would have lived a long life in honor, and have died a peaceful, honored death.

BALLAD OF THE BIRD-BRIDE.

(ESKIMO.)

BY GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

THEY never come back, though I loved them well.
I watch the south in vain;
The snow-bound skies are blear and gray,
Wild and wide is the wan gull's way,
And she comes never again.

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"I FELT THE WIND OF THEIR WHIRLING FLIGHT."

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Years agone, on the flat white strand,
I won my wild sea-girl:
Wrapped in my coat of the snow-white fur,
I watched the wild birds settle and stir,
The gray gulls gather and whirl.

One, the greatest of all the flock,
Perched on an ice-floe bare,
Called and cried as her heart were broke,
And straight they were changed, that strange bird-folk,
To women young and fair.

Swift I sprang from my hiding-place
And held the fairest fast;
I held her fast, the sweet, strange thing.
Her comrades skirled, but they all took wing,
And smote me as they passed.

I bore her safe to my warm snow house;
Full sweetly there she smiled;
And yet, whenever the shrill winds blew,
She would beat her long white arms anew,
And her eyes glanced quick and wild.

But I took her to wife, and clothed her warm
With skins of the gleaming seal;
Her wandering glances sank to rest
When she held a babe to her fair, warm breast,
And she loved me dear and leal.

Together we tracked the fox and the seal,
And at her behest I swore
That bird and beast my bow might slay
For meat and our raiment, day by day,
But never a gray gull more.

A weariful watch I keep for aye
'Mid the snow and the changeless frost:
Woe is me for my broken word!
Woe, woe's me for my bonny bird,
My bird and the love-time lost!

Have ye forgotten the old keen life?
The hut with the skin-strewn floor?
O wild white wife, and bairnies three,
Is there no room in your hearts for me,
Or our home on the low sea-shore?

Once the quarry was scarce and shy,
Sharp hunger gnawed us sore,
My spoken oath was clean forgot,
My bow twanged thrice with a swift, straight shot,
And slew me sea-gulls four.

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The sun hung red on the sky's dull breast,
  The snow was wet and red;
Her voice shrilled out in a woful cry,
She beat her long white arms on high,
  "The hour is here," she said.

She beat her arms, and she cried full fain
  As she swayed and wavered there.
"Fetch me the feathers, my bairnies three,
Feathers and plumes for ye and me,
  Bonny gray wings to wear!"

They ran to her side, our bairnies three,
  With the plumage black and gray,
Then she bent her down and drew them near,
She laid the plumes on our bairnies dear,
  And some on her own arms lay.

"Babes of mine, of the wild wind's kin,
  Feather ye quick, nor stay.
Oh, oho! but the wild winds blow!
Babes of mine, it is time to go:
  Up, dear hearts, and away!"

And lo! the gray plumes covered them all,
  Shoulder and breast and brow.
I felt the wind of their whirling flight:
Was it sea or sky? was it day or night?
  It is always night-time now.

Dear, will you never relent, come back?
  I loved you long and true.
O winged white wife, and our bairnies three,
Of the wild wind's kin though ye surely be,
  Are ye not my kin too?

Ay, ye once were mine, and till I forget,
  Ye are mine forever and aye,
Mine, wherever your wild wings go,
While shrill winds whistle across the snow
  And the skies are blear and gray.



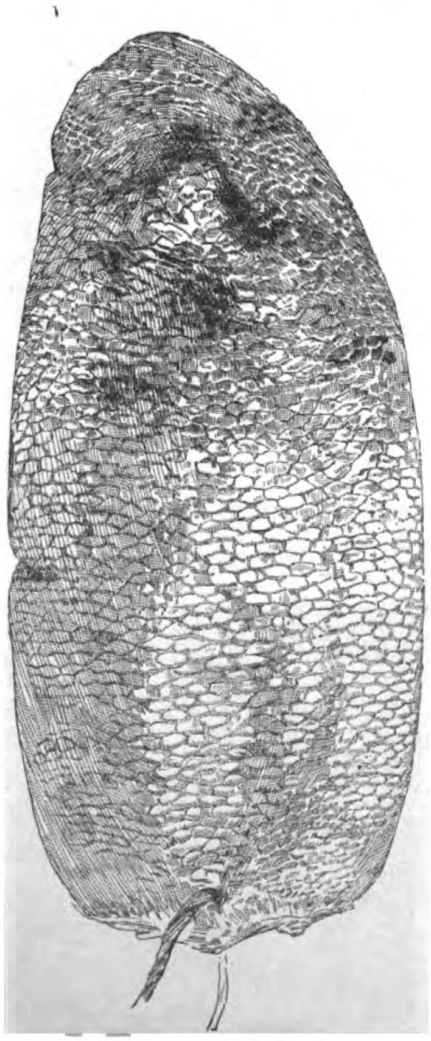
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THE BEAVER.

BY H. P. WELLS.

PERHAPS no animal whose fame is so widespread is so little generally known as the beaver. Fashion has indeed made the color and texture of its fur sufficiently familiar, while innumerable picture-books have portrayed its short thick-set body and flat scale-covered tail. But in many of the popular accounts of its habits and mode of life there is a leaven of fiction and exaggeration.

It has been the good fortune of the writer for many years to have spent a portion of each year, under the guidance and tutelage of one who may be justly called a scientific trapper, among the haunts of the beaver in that wilderness of which the boundary line between Maine and Canada forms the backbone. It is proposed to give here a portion of the information so obtained.



BEAVER'S TAIL.

The body of a full-grown beaver may be some thirty inches long, over one-third as wide, something less in depth, and may weigh as much as sixty pounds. The fore paws are disproportionately small. The hind feet are much larger and more powerful, are webbed to the nails like a duck's foot, and are the principal, if not the only, motive power in swimming. The feature of the animal which most attracts attention is, however, its unique tail. The specimen figured, which is of the largest, is a foot long, five inches extreme width, and half an inch thick in the middle. Jet-black in color and free from hair, it appears to be covered on both sides with scales a third of an inch and less in size. It is a muscular appendage, and is evidently for a purpose. What purpose? In the first place it may be confidently asserted that it does not, as is frequently stated, serve either as a dray-cart or mud-scow upon which to transport building material. The convexity of its upper surface unfits it for such a purpose. No more is it employed as a bricklayer employs the trowel which it so much resembles. It does serve as a rudder, and aids the animal in diving. Some think it is used in swimming as an oar is used in sculling a boat, and its articulations are such as to render this possible. But if so, it is only when the animal is altogether under water, for when swimming on the surface the tail is carried straight out behind. It is also—and this is perhaps its most important function—used as a prop to aid in sustaining its owner when erect on its hind legs, a position in which much of its labor is performed.

One use, however, the beaver does make of its tail which will make the person under whose notice it comes for the first time almost jump out of his own skin. Until the fall snows carpet the ground and render "still-hunting" practicable it is not uncommon for hunters to patrol the watercourses at night in the hope of surprising some one of the deer tribe in or near the water. He who is to do the shooting sits in the bow, while the stern is occupied by the paddler, who impels the canoe in a manner that is absolutely

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AN UNFORESEEN ENCOUNTER.

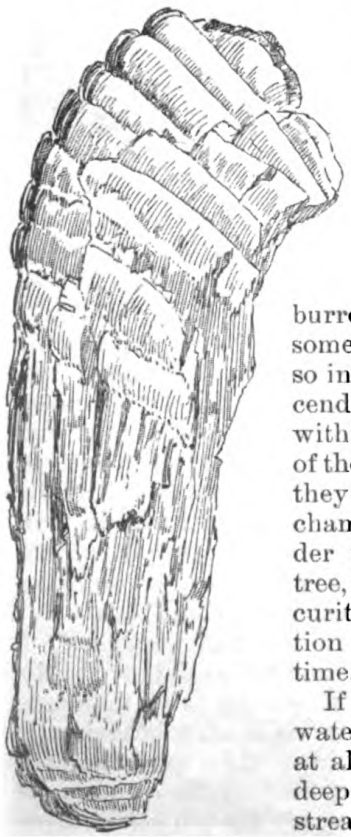
noiseless. The many sounds which at night characterize the woods on the confines of civilization are wanting in the forests of the wilderness. In the absence of wind the silence is that of death itself —like the Egyptian darkness, it seems as though it could actually be felt. And so the canoe steals slowly on, as silent as the shadow of a cloud, its occupants, their nerves at the highest tension, straining their ears to detect at the earliest possible moment the presence of the game they seek. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the death-like silence is broken by a sound, as though the guardian angel of the deer tribe had hurled a stone about two feet in diameter into the water in the immediate vicinity of the canoe. It is the protest of the beaver against the invasion of its domain. I had heard this sound many times, and its cause had been explained to me as often. Still, though long experience had taught me implicit confidence in my companion and mentor, I could yield him in this but a half-hearted faith. It seemed incredible that an animal less than three feet long could make a noise the size of a two-story house. But one moonlight night we stole on a beaver swimming in a narrow stream. Not till the stem of the canoe was within five feet of it did it detect our presence. Then down went its head, and rounding up its back, it struck a violent blow upon the water with its tail, and vanished. I was liberally showered and thoroughly convinced at one and the same moment. When excited or alarmed, a beaver will sometimes continue this performance, easily audible for half a mile or more, at half-minute intervals, for ten consecutive minutes.

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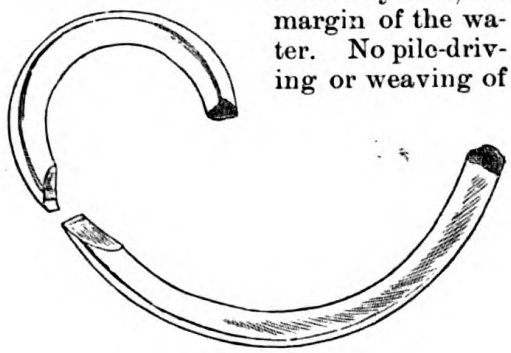
BEAVER'S SKULL.

During the summer the beavers take life rather easily. They in a measure abandon the ancestral mansion, and take up their abode in burrows in the bank. These burrows, of which there are several in every "beaver-works," as the trappers call the range of land and water occupied by a colony of beavers, open into the water at a considerable depth below the surface. Under the roots of a large tree, where the bank is nearly perpendicular, is a favorite place. If the bank is not sufficiently steep, or the water is not deep enough, so that the entrance would be below the ice in winter, they proceed to improve on nature by excavating a canal of satisfactory depth from deep water to the burrow. These burrows are usually some twelve feet or so in length, and ascend gradually to within a few inches of the surface, where they terminate in a chamber, often under the roots of a tree, so as to give security and ventilation at the same time.



CHIP CUT BY BEAVER.

If the depth of water is satisfactory at all seasons, as in deep and sluggish streams or natural ponds or lakes, beavers build no dams at all, but live in such burrows in the banks and in such houses as they construct near the water's edge. But if the stream is shallow or liable to great fluctuation, they meet the emergency by the construction of one or more dams. In the choice of the site for a dam they select a place where the water is shallow and the bottom hard. A rapid below a deep pool is usually chosen, if such is to be found. The deepest water in which I have known them to build a dam was two feet; but this was, as beaver dams go, really a colossal affair. Usually water from three or four up to six or eight inches deep is chosen. Alder brush seems to be the favorite building material, perhaps because it is so conveniently at hand, fringing, as it usually does, the margin of the water. No pile-driving or weaving of



BEAVER TEETH.

basket-work is to be found about their dams, as is currently reported. Unless they have been maintained in repair for many successive years, beaver dams resemble a narrow pile of brushwood thrown together "higgledy-piggledy," to borrow a phrase from Mother Goose. The largest poles are perhaps as thick as a man's wrist, the butt ends sticking up in the air, and the brush ends inclined toward the bottom and up-stream. On the up-stream side these branches and poles are weighted down with mud mixed with grass and small stones so as to form a solid and water-tight bank. Over this bank the surplus water escapes, sifting through the interstices of the brushwood which projects above the mud. On the down-stream side of the dam, unless it be one maintained for many generations, the brush-work is clearly exposed to view.

I have stood by the side of many intelligent and well-read men when they saw a "live" beaver dam for the first time, and have never failed to hear from them in any instance an expression of surprise and

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disappointment at the crude character of the work before them. Not only is the construction and finish of these dams usually grossly exaggerated, but the engineering judgment often shown in the choice of a location as well.

The Little Magalloway River at one place flows over a flat sheet of rock polished by the attrition of the freshets of centuries, and drops perpendicularly some three feet into a deep dark pool below. The water flows over this smooth rock at the average height of the river in a sheet about three inches deep. Now no dam beavers could possibly make above this fall could begin to compare in depth and extent with the natural pool below, while the accessibility and quantity of food-wood on the banks would be the same in either case. Yet some eight or nine years ago they built a dam forty feet long and two feet high upon this smooth flat sheet of rock, about thirty feet above the crest of the fall. How they ever made it stand where a man could hardly maintain a footing is almost as surprising as their stupidity in building it at all; but they did. Its strong curvature of some ten feet up-stream partly accounts for this, but not for the fact that they succeeded in making the adhesion of the dam to the polished rock water-tight.

Where beavers inhabit an alder swamp, as they frequently do, they may build half a dozen or more short dams from knoll to knoll to make a pond of satisfactory size. Though these knolls may be riddled with holes by the decay of roots and other causes, though fallen trees and snags may intersect the lines of the dams at any and every angle, they plug the one and build around the other till all leakage is stopped.

Nor do they always seem to foresee the result of their labor. The great dam heretofore alluded to is a case in point. It was located on a branch of Arnold's River, in Canada, where the stream was about twenty feet wide and two feet deep, and was the most extensive, the best built, and erected in deeper water than any other beaver dam I have ever seen. This dam was seven feet high, rising five feet above the pool below. It seemed to be built principally of alder poles well limbed off, and placed, roughly speaking, side by side, their length coinciding with the direction of the current. The down-stream ends of the poles were laid moderately even with one another. This made the lower face of the dam approximately perpendicular, and gave it a finished appearance almost unique. A dam which would raise the water about three feet could have been put in here without difficulty, and would have given the beavers a much better pond than usually contents them. But this colony was ambitious, and paid the penalty of ambition. As they raised their dam the water overflowed the banks and escaped around the ends of the dam into the stream below. They then extended their dam laterally to meet the emergency, and this went on till the dam reached a length of nearly or quite a quarter of a mile. It should be stated that these extensions seldom exceeded two feet, and in many places were hardly six inches, in height.



BIRCH LOG CUT BY BEAVER.

The average beaver dam (at least through that section of the country) is from twenty to thirty feet long, raises the water about two feet, and has the crude and slatternly appearance, so to speak, indicated above. Particularly is this the case when, as is their habit, one family erects a number of dams one above the other on some narrow stream, each dam flowing the water back to the foot of that above it.

How these dams are built — whether one plans and "bosses the job," allotting the work and directing by whom and how it is to be done; or whether each works under its own direction and impulse, a common instinct giving a com-

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mon result; whether they co-operate or work independently; how they begin and how they finish—is believed to be unknown. The investigation of this interesting question is hedged about with difficulties. Beavers work only at night, accomplishing three times more during a dark rainy night than under the light of a full moon. It seems as though with darkness came a sense of personal security which enabled them to devote every energy to the work in hand.

Though, as is the case with many animals, the eyesight of the beaver is by no means acute, yet nature has endowed it with a keenness of nose and ear which more than makes good the deficiency. It is a simple matter, in the gray of the evening, on some moonlight night, to tear a hole in a beaver dam, and await the result in concealment. It has been done many times, and it is believed with one uniform result. The beavers, apprised by the falling water that something is wrong, approach the dam intent on investigation and repair. But the fact that something unusual has happened makes them suspicious to the last degree, and they detect the watcher, and retreat before a step is taken to satisfy his curiosity.

The great geological age of the beaver and the absence from its brain of those convolutions the complexity of which is generally supposed to measure mental development, together with its conduct in those cases in which it has been raised from early infancy in captivity, would seem to indicate that its apparent engineering skill and enterprise are rather instinctive than a manifestation of reasoning power.

During the summer the beavers live in a rather hand-to-mouth way, almost their only systematic work being the construction and repair of their dams. The bark of the willow, poplar, and birch forms their principal food, though this is varied to some extent by roots and grass. Not unfrequently on some gravel bar in a river may be seen a hundred or more little sticks, about the size and length of an ordinary lead-pencil, all freshly peeled—the remains of some beaver's nocturnal feast. In the locality in which my observations have been principally made, white birch is the most abundant and therefore the most common of their bark foods. It is the inner, not the outer paper-like bark, upon which they feed. To obtain this, no tree is too large for them to fell.

The most skilled tool-maker, he who devises and constructs special tools by which an entire sewing-machine may be produced at an expense which would hardly have covered the cost of its screws forty years ago, cannot devise a tool better adapted to its purpose than the tooth of the beaver. The outer surface consists of a thin scale of hard enamel, while the body of the tooth is composed of softer dentine. Use, of course, wears the softer material much more than the hard enamel. The end of the tooth takes, in consequence, a chisel-like bevel, leaving a thin slightly projecting cutting edge of hard enamel, as sharp as any carpenter's chisel when fresh from the oil-stone. The thin scale of enamel gives keenness, the softer dentine strength, and the combination results in that anomaly—a tool which sharpens itself by use. Like the tusk of the elephant, the cutting teeth of the beaver are hollow at the base, and the nutritive pulp which fills this hollow keeps them in constant growth. A glance at the illustration shows their extraordinary length. When in the jaw, the upper teeth, curved almost into a semicircle, project seven-eighths of an inch beyond the bone, and have three and a half inches imbedded within the socket, while the lower teeth would show one and a quarter inches without the jaw, and five and a half inches therein—all measured on the convex side.

From the size and structure of the teeth, and from the massive character of the bones from which they project, we should anticipate results of a rather more substantial character than those produced by the gnawing of the common house rat, and such is the case. The stump of a white-birch tree fifteen inches in diameter was measured by me during the September of 1887, which had been felled by beavers late in 1886. The chips they had cut during the process still lay upon the ground. The smallest were about one inch square and about one-sixteenth of an inch thick, while many were two and a half inches long, an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch thick. The illustration given on page 230 shows one of these chips of the natural size. Upon the ground lay the prostrate trunk. The bark had been eaten from the upper surface and the sides, but was left underneath where not conveniently accessible. The limbs, to the size of a man's upper

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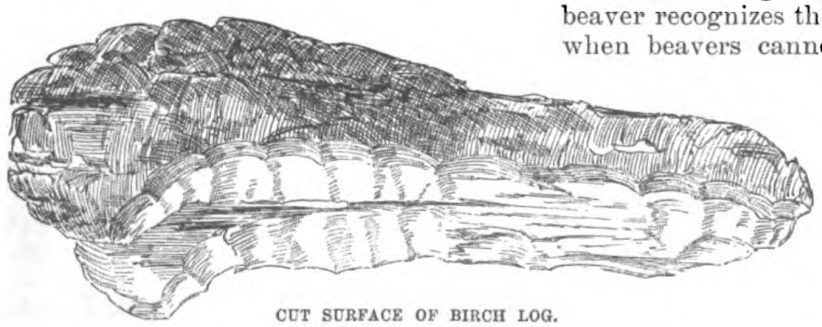
BEAVER DAM.

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arm, had been lopped off, conveyed to the water, some thirty feet distant, and floated down to their habitation. This is their practice when a tree is felled so as to fall on land, and is too large to cut into billets which they can remove. But if felled into the water they usually take the whole tree, unless very large. No professional lumberman better understands the cardinal principles of conveying crude lumber to market, that water transportation alone is available, and that it never pays to move logs uphill.

The billet figured came from the same beaver-works. It is but a portion sawn from the original log, is of white birch, and is six inches in diameter and twenty-four inches long. In our illustration on page 231 we have presented it in an upright position, in which, if broken off at the narrow neck, it correctly represents the appearance of the stump of the fifteen-inch birch-tree alluded to above, or of any other tree felled by beavers, for that matter. But branches and bushes, up to, say, one and a quarter inches in diameter, are usually cut entirely from one side, so that the cut end is diagonal to the length of the branch. Not unfrequently they will cut a five or six inch log almost through at intervals of a foot or less, so that it looks like a number of oblong beads strung on a pole, and then abandon the work without completely detaching any portion. The trappers think they do this to wear down their teeth and keep them at a convenient length. But, however that may be, they certainly seem to revel in this kind of labor, oftentimes with a very improvident eye to the future. On a different branch of Arnold's River from that heretofore alluded to a colony of beavers established themselves in 1884. Enough white birch grew in their immediate neighborhood to last them for ten years. They cut every stick of it during the first season of their residence, so that next year they were forced to move elsewhere to find food.

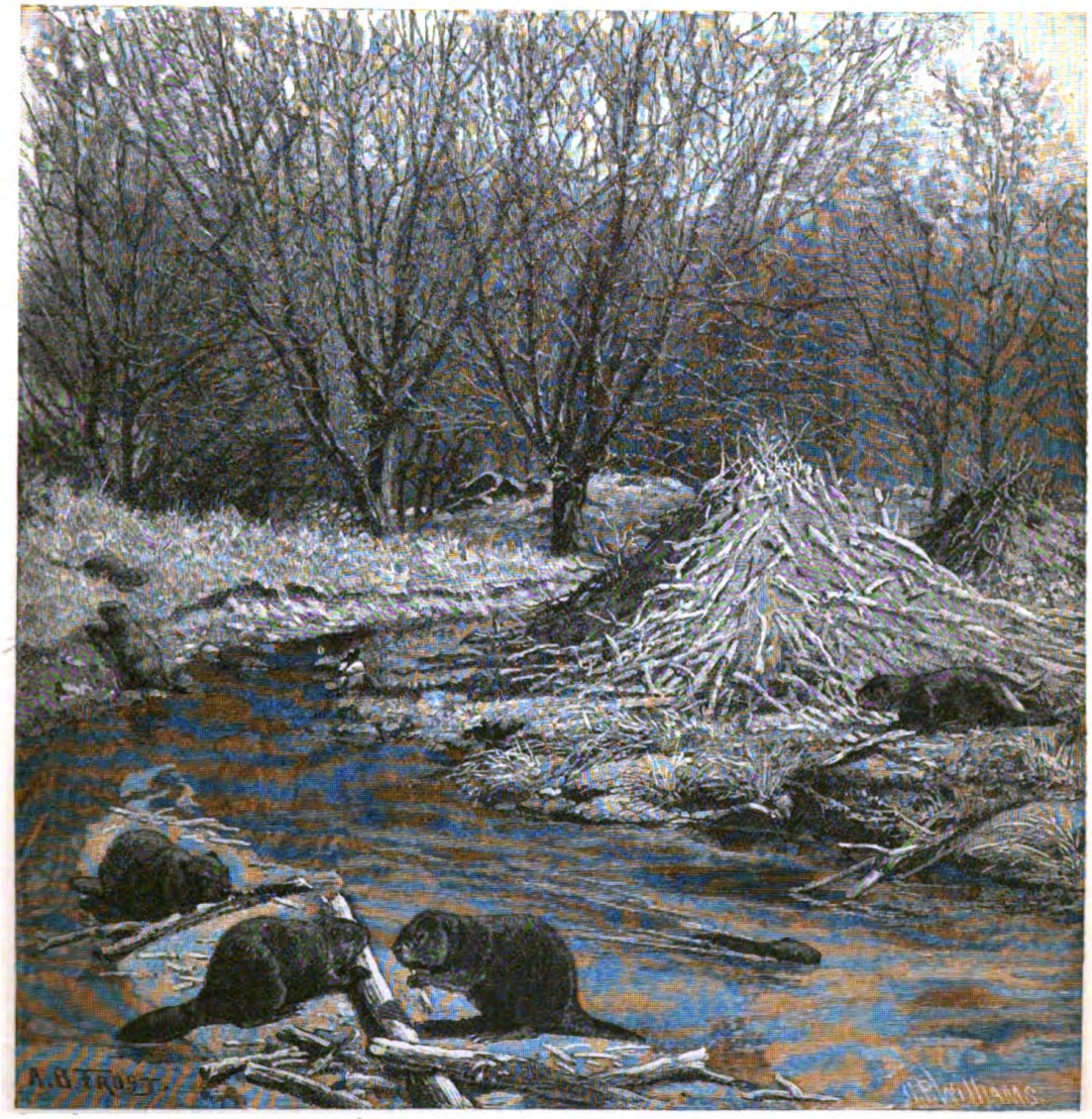
The operations of tame beavers have shown that they move smaller limbs by seizing them with the teeth, throwing the free end over their shoulder, and thus dragging them to the water. Billets too large for this they push and roll before them. In the water they convey them in substantially the same manner. They rely, however, mainly on water transportation. To facilitate this they enter upon another phase of engineering labor not less astonishing than their tree-cutting and dam-building. This is canal-digging. From one pond to another, across narrow necks of land bounded on either side by the bend of a river, and from their ponds to a high land where their food timber is obtained, they not unfrequently excavate canals, usually three feet or so in width, having a water depth of eighteen inches to two feet, and sometimes two hundred feet or more in length. As every particle of earth must be carried during removal between their fore paws and chin, the amount of labor involved must be enormous, and "to work like a beaver" must be admitted to be an expression of force. It is not so easy to determine what is and what is not a beaver canal. Straightness in direction and perpendicularity of bank are grounds for suspicion. But not unless severed roots and other marks of beaver-cutting are found is this conclusive; for beaver-cutting, once seen, can never be mistaken. Owing to the convex outer surface of their cutting teeth, they leave the surface operated on as though it had been scored in many directions by two slightly convex gouges held side by side, each about a quarter of an inch wide. A glance at the accompanying illustration, which is a small portion of the cut surface of the log shown on page 231, natural size, will make this plain.



CUT SURFACE OF BIRCH LOG.

When ice begins to form at night the beaver recognizes that winter is at hand, when beavers cannot work. Then, redoubling their exertions, they devote themselves to laying in their winter stock of food-wood. This they deposit in some deep hole near their house. Some, fond of mar

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BEAVER HOUSES.

vels, think by some mysterious process they water-log the wood so that it sinks of itself. But the real explanation is probably much more simple. They float down the wood, well limbed off and in pieces as large as they can manage, to the chosen locality, and leave it. Additions are made by pushing them in from below or piling them on top until the summit of the pile is high enough above the surface of the water to weigh that part below to the bottom. As that portion of the pile above the surface, as well as what is frozen in by the ice, is lost to them, and as the arrangement entailing this loss is an invariable characteristic of these wood-piles, it seems reasonable to conclude that the seemingly waste part of their labor is really necessary, and has for its object to sink the available portion of the pile to the bottom, so that it will remain below the ice level. A family of four beavers will put in a store of food-wood irregularly circular in contour, ten to twelve feet in diameter, four or five feet high, with substantially perpendicular sides, and sufficiently compact to bear a man's weight.

At the same time they repair their houses, in which they fondly hope to pass the winter in blissful idleness and repose, their only labor to bring food-wood into their dining-room, eat the bark, and carry away the waste portion.

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On some bank or island but five or six inches above the water they place together a number of poles in such a manner as to form a wigwam. Upon these they pile shorter sticks, largely the relics of past feasts, and mingle with them mud and grass, until they have covered the original poles to a thickness of two or more feet. Over the whole they pile more poles, until the general aspect of the finished house is that of a low dome-shaped pile of old brushwood.

One built by a family of four in 1886, and opened by me in September, 1887, was irregularly circular, eight or nine feet in diameter, and four feet high. The living-chamber was four and a half feet long, three feet wide, and eighteen inches high. The grass beds of the family were easily distinguishable, the father at one end, the mother at one side, and the two young opposite. In the middle was the dining-room. Two holes led into the water, which was but a few inches below the floor of the chamber, opening far below the surface, one on one side, the other on the opposite side, of the island upon which the house was built. The exit toward the wood-pile was straighter and of easier grade than the other, obviously to facilitate the transportation of their food-wood. A small space at the apex of the dome consisted merely of interlaced poles and sticks without admixture of mud, clearly for the purpose of ventilation. Such is the winter home of the beaver, and to it they confine themselves as long as the weather is severe. But should a thaw come, they will burrow to the surface through four or five feet of snow, and work as only beavers can work while it lasts, laying in fresh food-wood.

Some account of how beavers are trapped may not be amiss in this connection. To describe those ruthless methods in vogue in some fur-producing countries, such as first imprisoning the luckless animals within their lodges or burrows, and then digging them out, is not my purpose. Nor is it worth while to more than touch on the methods of the unskilful, such as placing a trap on the up-stream side of the well-marked path by which the beavers cross their dam, or such as excluding all entrance to their lodges except between rows of stakes, and placing traps in the passageways so formed. But the higher phases of the art, where man pits his cunning fairly against that of the beaver—and to the victor in the contest go the spoils—cruel though they be, are at least of interest.

There are many who trap, but the number of trappers, proficient trappers, is few. It is a life of unremitting toil, hardship, and bitter disappointment, the kicks in which outnumber the halfpence five to one. Were the money to be earned the sole inducement, few indeed would give so much for so inadequate a return. But there is a fascination about the pursuit, the same fascination that binds the gambler to the gaming-table, and this, in the one case as in the other, overrides every prudential consideration.

During the summer and early fall, while roving through the woods and paddling over the watercourses within his trapping range, the trapper has located every family of beaver it contains. Until well into November he leaves them in undisturbed peace, for not till then will their fur be strictly "prime." He then opens the campaign. He first studies the field of their operations with the keenest scrutiny. The teeth of no two beavers leave exactly the same marks: some cut wider, some cut narrower, while others may be slightly nicked on some part of the cutting edge. Reasoning from these and other seemingly unimportant effects back to their causes, the real trapper soon informs himself just how many beavers make up the family, and their respective sizes. Not until this investigation is complete does he think of putting in a trap. To take all the old ones, yet let the undergrown go free until another year, is his object, and his success will depend altogether upon the correctness of the conclusions he has drawn from the facts he has observed. The father of the family is to be the first victim. He is the brains of the colony. Remove him, and the rest fall a comparatively easy prey. Fail to get him first, and the whole family vanish under his leadership. As he is larger and stronger, so he is more enterprising, and his range is apt to be farther afield than that of any other of the family.

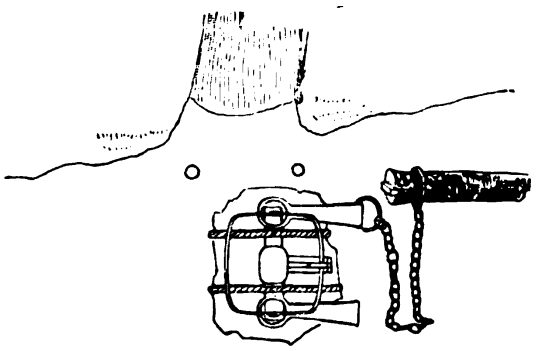
Having discovered where the beaver he is after is in the habit of working at the time—and it may be half a mile from the house and dam—he turns his attention to it. Now beavers, like other timid animals, when leaving a place of safety, which is to them the water, for a place of peril, which is to them the land, always prefer

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BEAVERS AT WORK.

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GROUND-PLAN OF BEAVER TRAP.

a tried path. They may return to the water by several different ways, as convenience may dictate, but to their work on land they continue to follow the path that first led them into that locality. This consequently becomes well worn and readily distinguishable. Having learned from his examination that the beaver he wishes to take has worked there the night before, and will probably return, at all events in a night or two, he next determines by which leg he will take it, and on which side. He is influenced in his decision by several considerations. If taken by the hind leg, the beaver seldom escapes. But, until death from exhaustion or the club of the trapper overtakes it, it will spend the most of its time on the bank, a prey to any roving carnivorous animal which may scent it out. Should this happen, the fur is of course lost. On the other hand, if the trap is set for the foreleg, unless the beaver is promptly drowned, it will wrench and twist upon the trap until the bone is first broken, and then the leg is actually pulled out by the roots, leaving strings of sinew and small muscles, sometimes six inches long, projecting above the jaws of the trap.

If the bank breaks off quite suddenly into deep water, the trapper sets his trap for the forefoot. His engine of destruction is a steel-trap operated by two powerful springs, the jaws of which are about seven inches long. They are a most efficient device. Some three feet of stout chain, terminating in an iron ring, is attached to the trap.

The trapper first provides himself with a dry pole about eight feet long, preferably of spruce, called a "tally-pole." It must be of dry wood, or the beaver will cut it if it can, and carry off the trap. He splits the end of this, inserts it through the trap ring, and drives in a wedge or two, so that the ring is a fixture on the pole. He next binds his trap to a flat stone "about the size of a teakettle," opens the jaws, and arranges the "trencher," as the pan is called, pressure on which springs the trap.

He next excavates a depression below the water to receive the stone and trap, of such depth that the trap, when the jaws are open, will lie about four inches below the surface. The jaws of the trap are so placed that their length coincides with the direction of the beaver path, for if set transversely they may merely throw the animal upward when the trap springs, and fail to secure any hold beyond a savage but temporary pinch. The depth of water over the trap determines whether the animal is to be taken by the fore or hind leg. Whether the right or left of these is to be the sufferer depends upon which side of the beaver path the trap is located. It should be so placed that one or the other side of the path is in line with the middle of the trap; or, in other words, so that one half of the trap lies within and the other half lies without the prolongation of the path under the water. The trapper then fishes up two old water-logged sticks from the bed of the pond or stream, and thrusts them into the bottom between the trap and the bank so that they will stand upright. One stick stands on a line with the middle of the trap, the other on a line with the farther side of the beaver path. The direct route to the beginning of the beaver path lies between these upright sticks.

Trap and sticks being in place, the tally-pole is moved in parallel with the bank and lightly anchored below the surface of the water; the trap is then ready for business.

Now, like inanimate matter, man and other animals move in the line of least resistance, unless some special object induces them at the moment to vary from that course. This is the cardinal principle of trapping, and the little upright sticks are its application. The beaver approaches its familiar landing-place, swimming, its forefeet doubled back against its breast. Either it must pass between the two little sticks, or make a detour and squirm around them to reach its customary exit from the water. But the sticks are old water-logged stuff such as it encounters nightly projecting above the bottom in every ten feet of its watery domain.

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SETTING A BEAVER TRAP.

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It passes between them without hesitation till its breast touches the bank. Then down goes its forelegs, that one on the trap side of the path directly between the jaws. The trap manifests itself at once. Instantly the beaver darts for its usual refuge—deep water—carrying trap, stone, and tally-pole with it. There the stone sinks and drowns it, while the free end of the tally-pole, floating upward, buoys the spot where rest its mortal remains.

To take a beaver by the hind leg the arrangement is substantially the same, except that the trap is placed fourteen inches below the surface, and about eighteen inches from where the water is two inches deep; also the stone is omitted, and the tally-pole is made fast by a flexible connection, such as a thong or rope, to a stake so driven that its top is well below the surface of the water. These methods of trapping of course end when the streams and ponds become frozen.

The trapper then proceeds as follows: He cuts in the neighboring forest the nicest stick of food-wood he can find, of a length to considerably exceed the depth of the pool in which the beavers have stored their winter's wood, and as large in diameter as he can conveniently shoulder and carry. He then proceeds to that pool, cuts a hole through the ice near the food pile, and thrusts the fresh stick he has brought through the hole in such a manner that it stands upright, one end somewhat imbedded in the bottom, the other end projecting above the ice. He then sets his trap and lowers it through the water by the tally-pole, until it rests on the bottom about eighteen inches from the fresh stick. He then covers the hole with sticks and fir boughs so as to exclude wind and snow, in order that the ice, which at once begins to form on the exposed water, may freeze perfectly clear. For upon it he relies not only to firmly hold the fresh stick and the tally-pole in place, but also to serve as a window through which he can at any time inspect the condition of his trap. When the hole is well frozen over, as it soon is, he banks snow over the fir boughs, so that it may be as dark there as elsewhere. Now beaver wood is not improved by age and water soaking. They speedily notice the so much better flavored contribution of the trapper, and endeavor to cut it off as high above the bottom as they can reach. In so doing they rise upon their hind legs, and work around the stick in a circle. Before the job is complete they are sure to step upon the trap, which closes on the intruding member at once. As the trap holds the beaver, the chain holds the trap, the tally-pole holds the chain, and the ice holds the tally-pole, the beaver is speedily drowned. The trapper, on his next round, removes the snow and fir boughs, looks through the clear ice, sees what has taken place, recuts the hole and draws out the dead beaver, and resets his trap in the same way for another.

JUPITER LIGHTS.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

I.

"IT'S extraordinary navigation, certainly," said Miss Bruce.

"Oh, mem; if you please, isn't it better than the hother?" answered Meadows, respectfully.

Meadows was Miss Bruce's maid; one could have told that she was English (even if one had not heard her speak) from her fresh rosy complexion, her smooth hair put plainly and primly back from her forehead, her stiff-backed figure with its elbows out, and her large, thick-soled boots.

"I don't mind being 'umped up hon the bank, miss, if you please," she went on in her sweet voice, dropping her h's (and adding them too) in unexpected places. "It's those great waves we 'ad last week, mem, if you please, that seemed so horful."

"I am sorry you will have to encounter them again so soon," Miss Bruce answered, kindly.

For Meadows was to return to England immediately; she was accompanying the American lady for the journey only. Miss Bruce was not rich; in her own land she did not intend to give herself the luxury of a lady's-maid—an indulgence more unusual in the great Republic (at least the northern half of it) than fine clothes, finer houses, or the finest diamonds.

The little steam-boat which carried these

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travellers was aground in a green plain, a grassy, reedy prairie, which extended unbroken as far as the eye could reach on all sides save one; here there was, at some distance, a bank or shore of dark land, dark in comparison with the green. Beyond this shore—and one could easily see over it—stretched the sea, "the real sea," as Miss Bruce had called it; "and not all this grass!" It was this remark of hers which had drawn out the protest of poor Meadows.

Miss Bruce had crossed from England to New York; she had then journeyed southward, also by sea, to Savannah, and from that leafy town, as fair as is its name, she had continued her voyage on this little boat, the *Altamaha*, by what was called the Inland Route, a queer, amusing passage, winding in and out among the sounds and bays, the lagoons and marsh channels, of the coast, the ocean almost always in sight on the left side, visible over the low islands which constantly succeeded each other, and which formed the barrier that kept out the "real sea," that ravaging, ramping, rolling, disturbing surface upon whose terrific inequalities the Inland Route relied for its own patronage. There were no inequalities here, certainly, unless one counted as such the sensation which Meadows had described as "being humped up." The channel was very narrow, and as it wound with apparent aimlessness hither and thither in the salt-marsh, it made every now and then such a short turn, doubling upon itself, that the steamer, small as she was, could only pass it by running ashore, and then allowing her bows to be hauled round ignominiously by the crew in a row-boat; while thus ashore, one side half out of water, her passengers, sitting on that side on wooden stools, had the sensation which the English girl had pictured. At present the *Altamaha* had not run herself aground purposely, but by accident; the crew did not descend to the row-boat this time, but coming up on deck, armed with long poles, whose ends they inserted in the near bank with an air of being accustomed to it, they shoved the little craft into deep water with a series of pushes which kept time to their chorus of

"Rinktum, Rinktum, Rinktum Jo! Rinktum *Moses*!"

"I don't see how we are to get on here at all at night," said Miss Bruce.

But before night the marsh ended as suddenly as it had begun, and the *Altamaha* was gliding onward again between banks equally low and near, but made of solid earth, and not reeds. The sun sank in the west, and the gorgeous colors of the American sunset flamed high in the sky. The returning American welcomed them. She was not happy; she was as far as possible from being what is called amiable; but for the moment she admired heartily, forgetting her own griefs. Then the after-glow faded. Meadows brought a shawl from their tiny cabin and folded it round her mistress: it was the 23d of December, and the evening air was cool, but not at all cold. By-and-by in the dusky twilight a gleam shone out ahead, like an immense star.

"What is that, captain?" Miss Bruce asked, as this official happened to pass near her chair.

"That? Jupiter Light."

"Then we must be near Warwick?" She gave to the name its English pronunciation, the only one she knew.

The captain declined to say whether they were near it or not, as it was a place he had never heard of. "The next landing is War-wick," he announced, impersonally, pronouncing the name according to its spelling.

"So near? We get off there," said Miss Bruce, rising.

"No hurry. Ain't there yet."

And so it proved. A moon rose, and with it a mist. The *Altamaha*, ceasing her nosing progress through the little channels, turned sharply eastward, and seemed suddenly to have entered the ocean, for great waves began to toss her and knock her about with more and more violence, until at last the only steady thing in sight was the blazing star of Jupiter Light, which still shone calmly ahead. After half an hour of this rough progress a low white beach presented itself through the mist, and the blazing star disappeared, its place being taken by a spectral tower, very tall and white, which stood alone at the end of a long curving tongue of sand. The steamer, with due caution, drew near a lonely little pier.

"It isn't much of a place, then?" said Miss Bruce, as the captain, in the exigencies of making a safe landing with his cockle-shell of a craft, again paused for a moment near her chair.

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"Place? Post-office and Romney; that's all. Slacken off that line there—you hear? Slacken, I tell you!"

A moment later the traveller, having made her way with difficulty through the little boat's dark, wet, hissing lower regions, emerged, and crossed a plank to the somewhat safer footing beyond.

"Is this Cicely?" she asked, as a small figure came to meet her.

"Yes, I am Cicely."

Eve Bruce extended her hand. But Cicely put up her face for a warmer greeting.

"Are those your trunks? Oh, you have brought some one with you?"

"It's only Meadows, my maid; she goes back to-morrow when the boat returns."

"There's room for her, if you mean that; the house is large enough for anything—for an army, if you like. I was only wondering what our people would make of her; they have never seen a white servant in their lives."

"You didn't bring—the baby?" asked Eve Bruce.

"Jack? Oh no; Jack's asleep."

Eve quivered at the name.

"Are you cold?" said Cicely. "We'll start as soon as that hissing boat gets off. I hope you don't mind riding behind a mule? Oh, do look!" and she seized her companion's arm. "Uncle Abram is shocked that your maid—what did you call her—Fields?—should be carrying anything—a white lady, as he supposes; and he is trying to take that bag away from her. She's evidently frightened. Pomp and Plato haven't as many clothes on as they might have, I acknowledge. Oh, do look! it's too funny."

Eve, still quivering, glanced mechanically in the direction indicated.

A short negro, an old man with abnormally long arms, was endeavoring to take from Meadows's grasp a small hand-bag which she was carrying. Again and again he tried, and the girl repulsed him. Two more negroes, old men scantily apparelled, now approached, and lifted one of the trunks which she was guarding. She followed the trunk; and now Uncle Abram, coming round on the other side, tried to get possession of a larger bag which she had in her left hand. She wrenched it from him several times desperately, and then, as he still persisted, she used it as a missile over the side of his head, and began to shriek and run.

The noise of the hissing steam prevented Miss Bruce from calling to her distracted handmaid.

Cicely laughed and laughed. "I didn't expect anything half so funny when I came out," she said.

The little *Altamaha* now backed out from the pier into rough water again, and at last the hissing ceased. Besides the heaving waves, the tall light-house, and the white beach, there was now nothing to be seen but a row of white sand-hills, which blocked the view toward the north.

"This is the sea-shore, isn't it?" said Eve. As she asked her question her voice had in her own ears a horribly false sound. She was speaking merely for the sake of saying something, no matter what: Cicely's "I didn't expect anything half so funny" had hurt her like the edge of a knife.

"Oh no; this isn't the sea; this is only the sound," Cicely answered. "The sea is round on the other side, not far away. You will hear it often enough at Romney; it booms dreadfully after a storm."

Plato and Pomp now emerged from the mist, each leading a mule; one of these animals was attached to a wagon which had two seats, and the other to a rough cart.

"Will you get in, please?" said Cicely, going toward the wagon. "I reckon your maid had better come with us."

"Meadows! Meadows!" called Miss Bruce. "Never mind the luggage; it is quite safe. You are to come with us in this wagon."

"Yes, mem," responded the English voice. The girl had ceased running. But she still stood guard over the trunks. "And shall I bring the dressing-bags with me, mem?" she added.

"She is bringing them whether or no," said her mistress; "I knew she would. She likes to pretend that one contains a gold-mounted dressing-case and the other a jewel casket; she is accustomed to such things, and considers them the proper appendages of a lady." Her voice still had to herself a forced sound. But Cicely noticed nothing.

The two ladies climbed into the wagon and placed themselves on the back seat; Meadows, still hugging the supposed treasures, mounted gingerly to her place beside Uncle Abram, disarmed a little by his low bows; and then, after some persuasion, the mule was induced to start, the

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cart with the luggage following behind, Plato and Pomp beside it. The road was deeply covered with sand; both mules could do no more than walk. At last, after passing the barrier of ghostly sand-hills, they came to firmer ground; bushes began to appear, and then low trees. The trees all slanted westward.

"The wind," Cicely explained.

The drive lasted half an hour. "Meadows, put down one of those bags," said Eve; "they are too heavy for you. But not too near Mrs. Bruce—to trouble her."

The wagon was passing between two high gate posts (there was no gate); it entered an avenue bordered with trees whose boughs met overhead, shutting out the moonlight, so that it was very dark. But Uncle Abram knew the way; and so did the mule, who conducted his wagon over the remaining space, and up to the porch of a large low house, in a sudden wild gallop. "Hi-yi!" said Uncle Abram. "All ri', den, ef yer wanter," he added, rattling the reins. "Lippity-clip!"

The visitor's eyes perceived lights, an open door, and two figures waiting within. The wagon stopped, and Meadows dismounted from her perch. But Cicely, before following her, put her face close to Eve's, and whispered: "I'd better tell you now, so that you won't call me that again—before the others: I'm not Mrs. Bruce any longer; my name is Morrison. I married Ferdinand Morrison six months ago." After this stupefying declaration she pressed Eve's hand, and jumping lightly to the ground, called out, "Bring the steps, some of you."

There was a sudden dispersion of the group of negroes near the porch; a horse-block with a flight of steps attached was brought, and placed in position for the visitor's descent. It appeared that she needed this assistance, for she had remained motionless in the wagon, making no effort to follow Cicely's example. Now she descended, jealously aided by Meadows, who had retained but one clear idea amid all these bewilderments of night drives with half-dressed blacks and mad mules through a desert of sand, and that was to do all in her power for the unfortunate lady whom for the moment she was serving; for what must her inner sufferings be, to come from Hayling Hall to this!

"Here is Eve," Cicely said, leading the visitor up the steps.

The white-haired man and the tall woman who had been waiting within came forward.

"Grandpa," said Cicely, by way of introduction. "And Aunt Sabrina."

"My father, Judge Abercrombie," said the tall lady, correctingly. Then she put her arms round Eve and kissed her. "You are very welcome, my dear. But how cold your hands are, even through your gloves! Dilsey, make a fire immediately."

"I am not cold," Eve answered.

But she looked so white that the Judge hastily offered her his arm.

She did not accept it. "It is nothing," she said. Anger now came to her aid: Cicely's announcement had stunned her. "I am perfectly well," she went on, in a clear cold voice. "It has been a long voyage, and that, you know, is tiresome; but now that it is over, I shall soon be myself again. And able to continue my journey."

"Continue! Are you going any further, then?" inquired Miss Abercrombie, mildly. "I had hoped—we have all hoped—that you would spend a long time with us." Miss Abercrombie had a soft voice with melancholy cadences; her tones had no rising inflections; all her sentences died away.

"You are very kind. It will be impossible," Miss Bruce responded, briefly.

While speaking these words they had passed down the hall and entered a large room on the right. A negro woman on her knees was hastily lighting a fire on the broad hearth with fat lightwood, and in another moment there was a strong aromatic odor, and the brilliant blaze, leaping up, made a great cheer. Cicely had disappeared. Judge Abercrombie, discomfited by the visitor's manner, rolled forward an arm-chair vaguely, and then stood rubbing his hands by the fire, while his daughter began to untie Miss Bruce's bonnet strings.

"Thanks; I will not take it off now. Later, when I go to my room." And the visitor moved away from the friendly fingers. Miss Sabrina was very near-sighted. She drew her eye-glasses furtively from her pocket, and turning her back for an instant, put them on; she wished to have a clearer view of John Bruce's sister. She saw before her a woman of thirty (as she judged her to be; in reality Eve was twenty-eight); tall, broad-shouldered, slender, with golden hair and a very

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white face. The eyes were long and rather narrow; they were dark blue in color, and they were not pleasant eyes—so Miss Sabrina thought; their expression was both angry and cold. The cheeks were thin, the outline of the features bold. The mouth was distinctly ugly, the full lips prominent, the expression sullen. At this moment Cicely entered, carrying a little child, a boy of two years, attired only in his little white night-gown; his blue eyes were brilliant with excitement, his curls, rumpled by sleep, were flattened down on one side of his head and much fluffed up on the other. The young mother came running across the slippery floor, and put him into Miss Bruce's arms. "There he is," she said—"there's your little Jack. He knows you; I have talked to him about you scores of times."

The child, half afraid, put up a dimpled hand and stroked Eve's cheek. "Auntie?" he lisped, inquiringly. Then, after inspecting her carefully, still keeping up the gentle little stroke, he announced with decision, "Ess; Aunty Eve!"

Eve drew him close, and hid her face on his bright hair. Then she rose hurriedly, holding him in her arms, and with an involuntary motion moved away from Cicely, looking about the room as if in search of another place, and finally taking refuge beside Miss Sabrina, drawing a low chair toward her with the same unseeing action, and sinking into it, the baby held to her breast.

Tall Miss Sabrina seemed to understand; she put one arm round their guest. Cicely, thus deserted, laughed. Then she went to her grandfather, whispered something to him, and they left the room together. When the door had closed after them, Eve raised her eyes. "He is the image of Jack," she said. Her voice was a wail.

"Yes, I know it," answered Miss Sabrina. "And I knew how it would affect you, my dear. But I think it is a comfort that he does look like him; don't you? And now you must not talk any more about going away, but stay here with us, and love him."

"Stay!" said Eve. She rose, and made a motion as if she were going to give the child to her companion. But little Jack put up his hand again, and stroked her cheek; he was crooning meanwhile to himself composedly a little song of his own invention. It was evident that he would never be afraid of her again. Eve kissed him. "Do you think she would give him to me?" she asked, hungrily. "She cannot care for him—not as I do."

Miss Sabrina drew herself up (in the excess of her sympathy, as well as near-sightedness, she had been leaning so far forward that her flat breast had rested almost on her knees). "Give up her child—her own child? My niece? I think not; I certainly think not." She took off her glasses and put them in her pocket decisively.

"Then I shall take him from her. And you must help me. What will she care in a month from now—a year? She has already forgotten his father."

Miss Sabrina was still angry. But she herself had not liked her niece's second marriage. "The simplest way would be to stay here for the present," she said, temporizing.

"Stay here? Now? How can you ask it?"

Tears rose in the elder lady's eyes; she began to wipe them away clandestinely one by one with her long taper finger. "It's a desolate place now, I know; but it's very peaceful. The gyarden is pretty. And we hoped that you wouldn't mind. We even hoped that you would like it a little—the child being here. We would do all we could. Of course I know it isn't much."

These murmured words in the melancholy voice seemed to rouse in Eve Bruce an even more stormy passion than before. She went to Miss Sabrina and took hold of her shoulder. "Do you think I can stand seeing *him*," she demanded—"here—in Jack's place? If I could, I would go to-night." Turning away, she broke into tearless sobs. "Oh, Jack—Jack—"

Light dawned at last in Sabrina Abercrombie's mind. "You mean Mr. Morrison?" she said, hurriedly rising. "You didn't know, then? Cicely didn't tell you?"

"She told me that she had married again; nothing more. Six months ago. She let me come here—you let me come here—without knowing it."

"Oh, I thought you knew it," said Miss Sabrina, in distress. "I did not like the marriage myself, Miss Bruce; I assure you I did not. I was very fond of John, and it seemed too sudden. If she had only waited the year—and two years would have seemed to me so much more

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appropriate, and—and mournful. I go there very often—to John's grave—indeed I do; it is as dear to me as the graves of my own family, and I keep the grass cut very carefully. I will show you. You remember when I wrote you that second time? I feared it then, though I was not sure, and I tried to prepare you a little by saying that the baby was now your chief interest naturally. And *he* wasn't going to be married," she added, becoming suddenly incoherent, and taking hold of her throat with little rubs of her thumb and forefinger as Eve's angry eyes met hers; "at least, not that we knew. I did not say more, because I was not sure, Miss Bruce. But after it had really happened I supposed, of course, that Cicely wrote to you."

"She!"

"But Mr. Morrison is not here; he is not here, and never has been. She met him in Savannah, and married him there; it was at a cousin's. But she only staid with him for a few months, and we fear that it is not a very happy marriage. He is in South America at present, and you know how far away that is; and I haven't the least idea when he is coming back."

The door at the end of the room opened; Cicely's little figure appeared on the threshold. Miss Sabrina, who seemed to know who it was by intuition, as she could see nothing at that distance, immediately began to whisper. "Of course we don't *know* that it is an unhappy marriage; but as she came back to us so soon, it struck us so—it made that impression; wouldn't it have made the same upon you? She must have suffered, and so we ought to be kind to her." And she laid her hand with a warning pressure on Eve's arm.

"I am not likely to be unkind as long as there is the slightest hope of getting this child away from her," answered Eve. "For she is the mother, isn't she? She couldn't very well have palmed off some other baby on you, for Jack himself was here then, I know. Oh, you needn't be afraid, I shall defer to her, yield to her, grovel to her!" She bent her head and kissed the baby's curls. But her low tone was so bitter that poor Miss Sabrina shrank away.

Cicely had called, "Supper is ready." She remained where she was at the end of the long room, holding the door open with her hand.

II.

The father of John and Eve Bruce was an officer in the United States army. His wife had died when Eve was born. Captain Bruce brought up his children as well as he could; he would not separate himself from them, and so he carried them about with him to the various military stations to which he was ordered. When his boy was sixteen, an opportunity was offered to him: an old friend, Thomas Ashley, who was established, and well established, in London, offered to take the lad, finish his education, and then put him into the house, as he called it, the house being the place of business of the wealthy English-American shipping firm to which he had the good fortune to belong.

Captain Bruce did not hesitate. Jack was sent across the seas. Eve, who was then ten years old, wept desperately over the parting. Six years later she too went to England. Her father had died; and young as she was, her determination to go to her brother was so strong that nothing could stand against it. During the six years of separation Jack had returned to America twice to see his father and sister; the tie between the three had not been broken by absence, but only made stronger. The girl had lived a concentrated life, therefore a somewhat isolated one. She had had her own way on almost all occasions. It was said of her, "Any one can see that she has been brought up by a man!" In reality there were two men; for Jack had seemed to her a man when he was only twelve years old. Her father gone, her resolve to go to Jack was, as has been said, so strong that nothing could stand against it. But in truth there was little to oppose to it, and few to oppose her; no one, indeed, who could set up anything like the force of will which she was exhibiting on the other side. She had no near relatives. As for her father's old friends, she rode over them.

"You'll have to let her go; she puts out her mouth so!" said Mrs. Mason, the colonel's wife, at last. The remark, as to its form, was incoherent; but everybody at the post understood her. At sixteen, then, Eve Bruce was sent to England. As soon as she was able she took a portion of the small property which came to her from her mother, to make a comfortable home for Jack. For Jack had only

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his salary, and it was not a large one. He had made himself acceptable in the house, and in due time he was to have a small share of the profits; but the due time was not yet, and would not be for some years. His father's old friend, who had been his friend also, as well as his sponsor in the firm, had died. But his widow, who liked the young American—she was an American herself, though long expatriated—continued to extend to him much kindness; and when his sister came over she included her in the invitations. Eve did not care much for these opportunities, nor for the other opportunities that followed in their train. Occasionally she went to a dinner; but she found her best pleasure in being with her brother alone. They remained in London all the year round, save for six weeks in August and September. Eve could have paid many a visit in the country during the autumn and winter, but their small house near Hans Place was more beautiful in her eyes, Jack being there, than the most picturesque cottage with a lawn and rose garden, or even than an ivy-grown mansion in a deer-haunted park.

Thus brother and sister lived on for eight years. Then one morning, early in 1864, Jack, who had chafed against his counting-house chains ever since the April of Sumter, broke them short off; he too had a determined mouth. "I can't stand it any longer, Eve; I am going home. Fortunately you are provided for, or I couldn't. I shall lose my place here, of course; but I don't care. Go I must." A week later he sailed for New York. And he was soon in the Union army. "Blood will tell," said his father's regimental companions—the few who were left.

Eve, in London, now began to lead that life of watching the telegraphic despatches and counting the days for letters which was the lot of American women during those dark times of war. She remained in London, because it was understood between them that Jack was to return. But she rented their house, and lived in lodgings near by, so as to have all the more money ready for him when he should come back.

But Jack did not come back. When the war reached its end, he wrote that he was going to be married. She was a Southern girl—he was even particular as to her name and position: Cicely Abercrombie, the granddaughter of Judge Abercrombie of Abercrombie's Island. Eve scarcely read these names; she had stopped at "marry."

He did marry Cicely Abercrombie in October of that year, 1865.

He wrote long letters to his sister; he wished her to come out and join them. He had leased some of the abandoned cotton plantations—great things could be done in cotton now—and he was sure he should make his fortune. Eve, overwhelmed with her disappointment and her grief, wrote and rewrote her brief replies before she could succeed in filling one small sheet without too much bitterness; for Jack was still Jack, and she loved him. He had never comprehended the exclusiveness and jealousy of her affection; he had accepted her devotion and enjoyed it, but he had believed, without thinking much about it at any time, that all sisters were like that. In urging her, therefore, to join them, he did not in the least suspect that the chief obstacle lay in that very word "them," of which he was so proud. To join "them," to see some one else preferred where she had been first, to take humbly a second place! And who could tell, too, whether this girl was worthy of him? Perhaps part of the suffering would be to see Jack befooled, belittled. The sister, wretchedly unhappy, allowed it to be supposed, without saying so—it was Jack who suggested it—that she would come later; after she had disposed of the lease of their house, and sold their furniture to advantage. In time the furniture was sold, but not to advantage. The money which she had taken from her small capital to make a comfortable home for her brother was virtually lost.

Presently it was only a third place that could be offered to her, for during the next winter Jack wrote joyfully to announce the birth of a son. He had not made his fortune yet; but he was sure to do so next year. The next year he died.

Then Eve wrote, for the first time, to Cicely.

In reply she received a long letter from Cicely's aunt, Sabrina Abercrombie, giving with real grief the particulars of Jack's last hours. He had died of the horrible yellow-fever. Eve was ill when the letter reached her; her illness lasted many months, and kind-hearted Mrs. Ashley took her, almost by force, to her

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place in the country, beautiful Hayling Hall, in Warwickshire. When at last she was able to hold a pen, she wrote again to Cicely; only a few lines (her first epistle had not been much longer); still, a letter. The reply was again from Miss Abercrombie, and compared with her first communication it was short and vague. She wrote principally about the child; "for *he* is the one in whom you are the most interested, *naturally*," she repeated more than once, underscoring the "he" and the "naturally" with a pale line; the whole letter, as regards ink, was very pale.

And now Eve Bruce had this child. And she determined, with all the intensity of her strong will and her burning, jealous sorrow, that he should be her own, and hers alone. With such a mother as Cicely there was everything to hope.

III.

While the meal, which Cicely had announced as supper, was going on in the dining-room, Meadows was occupying herself in her accustomed evening effort to bring her mistress's abiding-place for the night, wherever it might happen to be, into as close a resemblance to an English bedroom as was, under the circumstances, possible. The resemblance had not been striking, so far, with all her toil, there having been something fundamentally un-English both in the state-rooms of the *Ville de Havre* and in the glittering salons which served as bedrooms in the Hotel of the Universe in New York. The Savannah boat had been no better, nor the shelf with a roof over it of the little *Altamaha*. On the steamer of the Inland Route her struggle had been with an apartment seven feet long; here at Romney it was with one which had six times that amount of perspective.

A fire, freshly lighted, flared on the hearth, the spicy odor of its lightwood still filling the air. And there was air enough to fill, for not one of the doors, nor of the row of long windows which opened to the floor, fitted tightly in its casing. There were wide cracks everywhere, and Meadows furthermore discovered, to her horror, that the windows had sashes which came only part of the way down, the lower half being closed by wooden shutters only. She barred these apertures as well as she could (some of the bars were gone), and then tried to draw the curtains; but these muslin protections, when they reached the strong current of air which came through the central crack of the shutters, were blown out toward the middle of the room like so many long white ghosts. Meadows surveyed them with a sigh. With a sigh she arranged the contents of Miss Bruce's dressing-bag on the outlandish bare toilet-table. She placed the slippers by the fire and drew forward the easiest chair. But when all was done the room still remained uncomfortably large and empty. Outside, the wind whistled, the near sea gave out a booming sound; within, the flame of the candle flared now here, now there, in the counter-draughts that swept the room.

"It certainly is the farawayest place," murmured the English girl to herself. "And it's hall the fearfuler, the 'ole 'ouse being hon the ground-floor; *hany one* can get in."

There came a sound at the door; not a knock, but a rub across the panels. This too was alarming. Meadows kept the door well bolted, and called, "Who's there?"

"It's me—Powlyne," answered a shrill voice. "I's come wid de wines; Miss S'breeny she tuck en sont me."

The tones were unmistakably feminine. Meadows drew back the bolt and peeped out. A negro girl of twelve stood there, bearing a salver which held a decanter and wineglass; her wool was braided in little tails, which stood out like short quills; her one garment was a calico dress, whose abbreviated skirt left her bare legs visible from the knees downward.

"Do you want to come in?" said Meadows. "I can take it." And she stretched out her hand for the salver.

"Miss S'breeny she done tole me to put 'em myse'f on de little table close ter der bed," answered Powlyne, craning her neck to look into the room.

Meadows opened the door a little wider, and Powlyne performed her office. Seeing that she was very small and slight, the English girl recovered courage.

"I suppose you live here?" she suggested.

"Yass, 'm."

"And when there isn't hany one else 'andy, they send you?"

"Dey sonds me when dey wanster; I's Miss S'breeny's maid," answered Pow-

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lyne, digging her bare heel into the matting.

"Her maid?—for gracious sake! What can *you* do?"

"Tuckenoffener shoes. *En* stockin's."

"Tuckenoffener?"

"Haul 'em off. Yass, 'm."

"Well, if I hever!" murmured Meadows, surveying this strange coadjutor from the erect tails of wool to the bare black toes.

There was a groan in the hall at some distance. Meadows started.

"Unc' Abram, I spec, totin' up de wood," said Powlyne.

"Is he ill?"

"Ill!" said the child, contemptuously. "He's dat dere sassy ter-night!"

"Is he coming in here? Oh, don't go away!" said Meadows. She had a vision of another incursion of black men in bathing costumes.

But Uncle Abram was alone, and he was very polite; he bowed even before he put the wood down, and several times afterward. "Dey's cookin' suppah fer yer, miss," he announced, hospitably. "Dey'll be fried chickens en fixin's, en hot biscuits, en jell, en coffee."

"I should rather have tea, if it is equally convenient," said Meadows, after a moment's hesitation.

"Dere, now, doan yer like coffee?" inquired Uncle Abram, looking at her admiringly. For it was such an extraordinary dislike that only very distinguished people could afford to have it. "Fer my part," he went on, gazing meditatively at the fire which he had just replenished, "I 'ain't nebber had 'nuff in all my borned days—no, not et one time. Pints wouldn't do me. Ner yet korts. I 'ain't nebber had a gallion."

They all moved back from the fire now, as voices were heard in the hall. Cicely entered, followed by Eve Bruce.

"All the darkies on the island will be coming to have a look at her to-morrow," said Cicely, after Meadows had gone to her supper; "they'll be greatly stirred up about her. She's still afraid—did you see?—she kept as far away from poor old Uncle Abram as she could going down the hall. The field hands will be too much for her, I reckon; some of the little nigs have no clothes at all."

"She won't see them; she goes to-morrow."

"That's as you please; if I were you, I would keep her. They will bring a mattress for her presently; perhaps she has never slept on the floor?"

"I dare say not. But it's no matter; she can for once."

Cicely went to one of the windows; passing between the fluttering curtains, she opened the upper half of the shutter and looked out. "How the wind blows! Do you feel the house shake? Jupiter Light shines right into your room."

"Yes; I can see it from here," said Eve. "It's the best kind of a companion—one always awake." She was speaking conventionally; she had spoken conventionally all through the long supper, and the effort had tired her: she was not in the least accustomed to concealing her thoughts.

"Always awake—yes. Are you always awake?" said Cicely, returning to the fire.

"I? What an idea!"

"I don't know; you look like it."

"I must look very tired, then?"

"You do."

"Fortunately you do not," replied Eve, coldly. For there was something singularly fresh about Cicely; though she had no color, she always looked fair and perfectly rested, as though she had just risen from a refreshing sleep. "I suppose you have never been tired, really tired, in all your life?" Eve went on.

"N—no; I don't know that I have ever felt *tired*, exactly," Cicely answered, emphasizing slightly the word "tired."

"You have always had so many servants to do everything for you," Eve responded, explaining herself a little.

"We haven't many now; we've only four, and they all work in the fields whenever they can—all except Dilsey, who stays with Jack."

Again the name. Eve felt that she must overcome her dread of it, that she must learn to use it herself. "Jack is very like his father," she said, loudly and decidedly.

"Yes," answered Cicely. Then, after a pause, "Your brother was much older than I."

"Oh, Jack was *young!*"

"I don't mean that he was really old; he hadn't gray hair. But he was thirty-one when we were married, and I was not seventeen."

"I suppose no one forced you to marry him?" said the sister, the flash returning to her eyes.

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"Oh yes."

"Nonsense!"

"I mean he did—Jack himself did. I thought that perhaps you would feel so."

"Feel how?"

"Why, that we made him—that we tried, or that I tried. And so I have brought some of his letters to show you." She took a package from her pocket and laid it on the mantel-piece. "You needn't return them; you can burn them after reading."

"Oh, probably," answered Eve, incoherently. She felt choked with anger and grief.

There was a murmuring sound at the door, and then Miss Sabrina, pushing it open with her foot apologetically, entered, carrying a jar of dark blue porcelain, ornamented with vague white dragons swallowing their tails; the jar was large, it extended from her knees to her chin, which rested upon its edge, with a singular effect. "My dear," she said, "I've brought you some po-purry; your room hasn't been slept in for some time, though I hope it isn't musty?"

The jar had no handles, and she had difficulty in placing it upon the high chest of drawers. Eve went to her assistance. And then Miss Sabrina perceived that their guest was crying. Eve changed the jar's position two or three times. Miss Sabrina said, each time, "Yes, yes; it is much better so." And, furtively, she pressed Eve's hand.

Jack Bruce's wife, meanwhile—forgotten Jack—stood by the hearth, gazing at the fire. She was a little creature, slight and erect, with a small head, small ears, small hands and feet. Yet somehow she did not strike one as short; one thought of her as having the full height of her kind, and even as being tall for so small a person. This effect was due, no doubt, to her slender litheness and to her long step; there was something in her gait which conveyed the idea—to a person with an eye for such resemblances—of the step of one of Diana's young huntresses, a creature light, fleet, and cool as the wind of dawn, untrammelled by too much womanhood. Her features were delicate; the oval of her face was perfect, her complexion a clear white without color. Her lustreless black hair, very fine and soft, was closely braided, the plaits arranged at the back of the head as flatly as possible, like a tightly fitting cap. Her great dark eyes with long curling lashes were very beautiful; they had often an absent-minded look. Under them were bluish rings. Slight and smooth as she was—the flesh of her whole body was extraordinarily smooth, as though it had been rubbed with pumice-stone—she yet seemed in one way strong and unyielding. But the principal impression she conveyed was that of being a quiet little creature, quiet in her looks, in her actions, in her tones.

Eve had now swallowed down her tears.

"I sent Powlyne with some cherry-bounce," said Miss Sabrina as they came back to the hearth; she looked round the room vaguely. "But your maid will find it: such a nice, worthy person as she seems to be, too; so generally desirable all round. If she is really to leave you to-morrow, you must have some one else. Let me see—"

"I don't want any one, thanks," Eve replied. Two spots of color rose in her cheeks. "That is, I don't want any one unless I can have Jack." She turned to Cicely, who still stood gazing at the fire. "May Jack sleep here?"

"With Dilsey?" said Cicely, lifting her eyes with a surprised glance.

"Yes, with Dilsey. The room is large."

"I am sure I don't care; yes, if you like. He cries at night sometimes."

"I hope he will," said Eve, and her tone was almost fierce. "For then I can comfort him," she added.

"Dilsey does that better than any one; he is devoted to her, and when he cries, I never interfere," said Cicely, laughing.

Eve bit her lips to keep back her retort, "But *I* shall interfere."

"I am sure it is very nice," said Miss Sabrina, in her chanting voice. "It is very nice of Miss Bruce to wish to have him, and very nice of you, Cicely, to let him go. We will arrange a nice little nursery at the other end of this room to-morrow; there's a chamber beyond, where no one sleeps, and the door could be opened through if you like. I am sure it will be very nice all round."

Eve turned and kissed her. Cicely pushed back a burning log with her foot, and laughed again, this time merrily. "It seems so funny, your having the baby in here at night, just like a mother, when you haven't been married at all. Now I have been married twice. To be sure, I never meant to be." Her voice

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was soft, and her laugh was always soft and low; it was a queer little laugh.

"Oh, my precious child!" Miss Sabrina remonstrated.

"No, auntie, I never did; it came about," Cicely answered, her eyes growing absent again, and returning to the fire.

Meadows now came in with deferential step, and presently she was followed by her own couch, which Uncle Abram spread out in the shape of a mattress on the floor. The English girl looked on, amazed. But this was a house of amazements; it was like a Christmas pantomime.

Later, when the girl was asleep, Eve rose, and taking the package of letters, which she had put under her pillow, she felt for a candle and matches, thrust her feet into her slippers, and with her dressing-gown over her arm, stole to the second door; it opened probably into the unoccupied chamber of which Miss Sabrina had spoken. The door was not locked; she passed through, closing it behind her. Lighting her candle, she looked about her. The room was empty, and the floor bare. She put her candle on the floor, and kneeling down beside it, opened the letters. There were but four: apparently Cicely had thought that four would be enough to confirm what she had said. They were enough. More passionate, more determined letters man never wrote to woman. They did not plead so much as insist; they compelled by sheer force of persistent, unconquerable love, which accepts anything, bears anything, to gain even tolerance.

And this was Jack, her brother Jack, who had thus prostrated himself at the feet of that indifferent little creature, that cold, small, dark girl who already bore another name! She was angry with him. Then the anger faded away into infinite pity. "Oh, Jack, dear old Jack, to have loved her so, she caring nothing for you! And I am to burn your poor letters that you thought so much about—your poor, poor letters." Sinking down upon the floor, she placed the open pages upon her knees, laying her cheek upon them as though they had been something human. "Some one cares for you," she murmured.

There was now a wild gale outside. One of the shutters was open, and she could see Jupiter Light; she sat there, with her cheek on the letters, looking at it.

Suddenly everything seemed changed; she no longer wept; she felt dull and cold. "Why don't I care any more?" she thought, surprised. She rose and went back to her bed, glad to creep into its warmth, and leaving the letters on a chair by her bedside. Then dully she put them under her pillow again.

IV.

On Christmas Day, Eve was out with little Jack and Dilsey. Dilsey was a negro woman of sixty, small and thin, with a wise, experienced face; she increased her dignity as much as she could by a high stiff white turban, but the rest of her attire was poor and old, though she was not bare-legged like Powlyne; she wore stockings and shoes. Little Jack's wagon was a rude cart with solid wooden wheels; but the hoops of its little hood had been twined with holly by the negroes, so that the child's rosy face was enshrined in a bower of green.

"We will go over to the sea," said Eve. "Unless it is too far for you and the wagon?"

"No, 'm; push 'em easy 'nuff."

The narrow road, passing between unbroken thickets of glittering evergreen bushes, breast-high, went straight toward the east, like an unroofed tunnel; in twenty minutes it brought them to the shore. The beach, broad, firm, and silver white, stretched toward the north and the south, dotted here and there with drift-wood; a breeze from the water touched their cheeks coolly; the ocean was calm, little foam-crested wavelets coming gurgling up to curl over and flatten themselves out on the wet sand. "Do you see it, Jack?" said Eve, kneeling down by the wagon. "It's the sea, the great big sea."

But Jack preferred to blow his little whistle, and that done, he proceeded to examine it carefully, putting his little fat forefinger into all the holes. Eve sat down on the sand beside him; if he scorned the sea, for the moment she did too.

"I's des come over ter sorter say, Dilsey, dey ain't no hurry 'bout comin' back," said a voice. "En I 'low'd miss might be tired, so I fotched a cheer. It's sut'ny pleasant here to res' awhile; it sut'ny is." It was old Temp'rance, the cook.

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"Did you bring that chair all the way for me?" asked Eve, surprised.

"Yass, 'm."

"I am much obliged, but it was not necessary; I shall be going back soon."

The two old women looked at each other. "Dat dere ole Singleton place moughty cu'us—ef yer like ter walk dat way en see 'em?" suggested Dilsey, after a pause.

"Too far," said Eve.

Both of the old women declared that it was very near. The wind freshened; Eve, who had little Jack in her arms, feared lest he might take cold, thinly clad as he was—far too thinly for her Northern ideas—with only one fold of linen and his little white frock over his breast. She drew the skirt of her dress over his bare knees. Then after a while she rose and put him in his wagon. "We will go back," she said.

Again the two old women looked at each other. But they were afraid of the Northern lady; the munificent presents which she had given them that morning did not bring them any nearer to her. Old Temp'rance therefore shouldered her chair again, Dilsey turned the wagon, and they entered the bush-bordered tunnel on their way home. In only one place was there an opening through the serried green; here a track turned off to the right. When they passed its entrance the first time there was nothing to be seen but another perspective of white sand and glittering foliage; but on their return, Eve's eyes, happening to glance that way, perceived a group of figures at the end. "Who are those people—what are they doing?" she said, pausing. She knew that the whole island belonged to Judge Abercrombie.

"Oh, nutt'n," answered Temp'rance. "Des lounjun roun'."

But Eve still stood looking, and presently Uncle Abram emerged from the bushes. "Shall I kyar your palasol fer yer, miss?" he asked, officiously. "'Pears like yer mus' be tired, miss; ben so fur."

Eve now comprehended that the three were trying to keep something from her. "What has happened?" she said. "Tell me immediately."

"Dey ain't nutt'n happen," answered Uncle Abram, desperately; "dey's des stoopid, dem two! Miss S'breeny she 'low'd yer moutn't like ter see her trim de graves, miss; en so she tole us not ter let yer come dishyer way ef we could he'p it. But dem two—dey's boun' ter do some fool ting. It's a cohesion of malice 'mong women—'tis dat!"

"Does that road lead to the burying-ground too?" said Eve. "I went by another way. Take baby home, Dilsey"—she stooped and kissed him; "I will join Miss Abercrombie." She walked rapidly down the side track. The three blacks stood watching her, old Temp'rance with the chair poised on her turban.

The little burying-ground was surrounded by an old brick wall; its high gate posts were square, each surmounted by a clumsy funeral urn. The rusty iron gate was open, and a little procession was passing in. First came Miss Sabrina in her bonnet, an ancient structure of large size, trimmed with a black ribbon; the gentle lady, when out-of-doors, was generally seen in what she called her "flat"; the presence of the bonnet, therefore, marked a solemn occasion. She likewise wore a long scarf, which was pinned with two pins low down on her sloping shoulders, its broché ends falling over her gown in front; her hands were encased in black kid gloves much too large for her, each fastened with one white button. Behind her came Powlyne, Pomp, and Plato, carrying wreaths of holly. Eve drew near noiselessly, and paused outside. Miss Sabrina first knelt down, bowing her head upon her hands for a moment; then, rising, she took the wreaths one by one, and arranged them upon the graves, the three blacks following her. When she had taken the last, she signed to them to withdraw; they went out quietly, turning at the gate to make a reverential bow, partly to her, partly to the circle of the dead. Eve now entered the enclosure, and Miss Sabrina saw her.

"Oh, my dear! I didn't intend that *you* should come," she said, distressed.

"And why not? I have been here before; and my brother is here."

"Yes; but to-day—to-day it is different."

Eve looked at the graves; she perceived that three of them were decked with small Confederate flags.

"Our cousins," said Miss Sabrina. "On Christmas and Easter and Memorial Day I like to pay them such small honor as I can. I—I am in the habit of singing a hymn before I go," she went on, apologetically.

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"Oh, don't treat me in that way!" said Eve. She had seated herself on the grass beside her brother's grave, with her arm over the wreaths that covered it.

Miss Sabrina turned her back and put on her glasses. Then resuming her original position, she took a small prayer-book from her pocket, opened it, and after a little cough began:

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace."

Eve, sitting there, looked at her. Miss Sabrina was tall and slender; she had once been pretty, but now her cheeks were wan, her eyes faded, her soft brown hair was very thin. She had but a thread of a voice.

"There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven,"

she sang in her faint sweet tones. And when she came to the words, "There will sorrows ever cease," she raised her poor faded eyes toward the sky with such a beautiful expression of hope in them that the younger woman began to realize that there might be acute griefs even when people were so mild and acquiescent, so dimly hued and submissive, as was this meek Southern gentlewoman.

The hymn finished, Miss Sabrina put her prayer-book in her pocket, and came forward. "My mother," she said, touching one of the tombs. "My grandfather and grandmother. My brother Marmaduke, Cicely's father. Cicely's mother; she was a Northerner; and we have sometimes thought Cicely rather Northern?"

"Oh no!"

"Well, her grandmother was from Guadeloupe. So perhaps that balances it."

The older tombs were built of brick, each one covered with a heavy marble slab, upon which were inscribed at great length, in stately old-fashioned language, and with old-fashioned arrangement of lines and capitals, the names, the virtues, and the talents of the one who lay beneath. The later graves were grassy mounds.

"My brother Augustus, my great-uncle William Drayton, my aunt Pamela," Miss Sabrina continued, touching each tomb as she named its occupant, much as though she were introducing them. "My own place is already selected; it is here," she went on, tapping a spot with her slender foot. "It seems to me a good place. And I keep an envelope, with directions for everything, on top of my collars, where any one can find it; for I do so dislike an ill-arranged funeral; don't you? For instance, I particularly desire that there should be fresh water and glasses on the hall table, where every one can get them without asking; so much better than in some back room, with whispering and hunting about. I trust you don't mind my saying," she concluded, looking at Eve kindly, "that I hope you may be here."

"I suppose it was a shock to you that your niece should marry a Union officer?" Eve said, as they took the shorter path toward the house.

"Ye-es, I cannot deny it. And to my father also. But we liked John for himself very much. And Cicely felt—"

But John's sister did not care to hear what Cicely felt. "And was it on this island that he expected to make his fortune—in cotton?"

"No; these are rice lands, though they are worthless now that the dikes are down."

"And the slaves gone."

"Yes. But we never had many slaves; we were never rich. Now we are very poor, my dear; I don't know that any one has mentioned it to you?"

"And yet you keep on all these infirm old negroes—those who would be unable to get employment anywhere else."

"Oh, we should never turn away our old servants," replied Miss Sabrina, with confidence.

That evening, at the Judge's suggestion, Cicely took her guitar. "What do you want me to sing, grandpa?"

"'Sweet Afton.'"

So Cicely sang it. Then the Judge himself sang, to Cicely's accompaniment, "They may rail at this life." He had made a modest bowl of punch: it was Christmas night, and every one should be merry. So he sang, in his rich old voice:

"'They may rail at this life; from the hour I began it
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can show me some happier planet,
More social, more gay, I'll content me with this."

He was contented with it, this life full of kindness and bliss, on his lonely sea-island, with its broken dikes and desolated fields, in his vast half-ruined old house,

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with its wooden walls vibrating, with more than one pane of glass gone, more than one floor whose planks were loosened so that they must walk carefully? At any rate, he trolled out his song as though he were: it was Christmas night, and every one should be merry.

There was one person who really was merry, and that was Master Jack, who sat on the lap of his Northern aunt, laughing and crowing, and demanding recognition of his important presence from each in turn by the despotic power of his eye. In truth it was this little child who held together the somewhat strangely assorted group, Miss Sabrina in an ancient white lace cape, with flowers in her hair, the old Judge in a dress-coat and ruffled shirt, Cicely in a gay little gown of light blue tint (taken probably, so Eve thought, from her second trousseau), and Eve herself in her heavy black crape; she alone had made no concessions to Christmas; her mourning attire was unlightened by any color, or even by white.

"'Macgregor's Gathering,'" said the Judge.

Cicely sang it. After finishing the song, she began the lament a second time, changing the words:

> "We're niggerless, niggerless, niggerless Gregorlach!
> Niggerless, niggerless, nig-ig-ig-gerless!"

she sang. "For we're not 'landless' at all; we've got miles and miles of land—much more than we know what to do with; we're choked with it."

The Judge laughed, patting her little dark head as she sat on a stool beside him.

"Let us go out to the quarters, grandpa; they will be dancing by now. And Jack must go too."

The Judge lifted his great-grandson to his shoulder. Eve had already noticed that Cicely never took the child from her with her own hands; she let some one else do it. When the door was opened, distant sounds of the thrumming of banjoes could be heard. Seeing a possible intention on Eve's face, Cicely remarked, in her impersonal way: "Are you coming? They won't enjoy it; they are afraid of you."

"I don't see why they should be," said Eve, when she and Miss Sabrina were left alone.

"You are a stranger, my dear; it is only that. And they are all so fond of Cicely that it wouldn't be Christmas to them if she did not pay them a visit; they worship the ground she walks on."

"And after she has sung that song!"

"That song?"

"'Niggerless,'" quoted Eve, indignantly.

"Well, we are niggerless, or nearly so," said Miss Sabrina, mystified.

"It's the word, the term."

"Oh, you mean nigger? It is very natural to us to say so. I suppose you prefer negroes? If you like, I will try to call them so hereafter. Negroes; yes, negroes." She pronounced it "nig-roes." "I don't know whether I have told you," she went on, "how much Cicely dislikes dreams?"

"Well she may!" was the thought of Jack Bruce's sister. What she said, with a short laugh, was, "You had better tell her to be careful about the composition of her supper, then."

"Oh!" murmured Miss Sabrina, with a slightly shocked look. Putting her hand over her lips, as if to make her communication still more private, she whispered from behind it, "I can assure you that from her earliest childhood her—saving your presence—her *digestion*, has been singularly and elegantly correct." Then resuming her usual tone, she went on: "I meant that she dislikes the telling of dreams—a habit so common at breakfast, you know. I thought I would just mention it."

Eve gave another abrupt laugh. "Do you fear I am going to tell her mine? She would not find them all of sugar."

"I did not mean yours especially. She has such a curious way of shutting her teeth when people begin—such pretty little white teeth as they are, too, dear child! And she doesn't like reading aloud either."

"That must be a deprivation to you," said Eve, her tone more kindly.

"It is. I have always been extremely fond of it. Are you familiar with Milton? His 'Comus'?"

"'Sabrina fair, listen where thou art sitting?'" quoted Eve, smiling.

"Yes.

> "'Sabrina fair, listen where thou art sitting,
> Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
> In twisted braids of lilies knitting—'"

said the Southern lady in her murmurous voice. "You don't know what a pleasure it has always been to me that I am named

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Sabrina. The English originated 'Comus'; and I like the English, they are so cultivated."

"Do you see many of them here?"

"Not many. And I am sorry to say my father does not like them. He thinks them affected."

"That is the last thing I should call them."

"Well, those who come here really do say 'serpents' and 'crocodiles.'"

"Do you mean as an oath?" said Eve, thinking vaguely of "Donner und blitzen."

"As an oath? I have never heard it used in that way," answered Miss Sabrina, astonished. "I mean that they call the snakes serpents, and the alligators crocodiles; my father thinks that so very affected."

Thus the wan-cheeked mistress of Romney endeavored to entertain their guest.

That night Eve was sitting by her fire. The mattress of Meadows was no longer on the floor: the English girl had started on her return journey the day before, escorted to the pier by all the blacks of the island, large and small, respectful and wondering. The presence of little Jack asleep in his crib behind a screen, with Dilsey on her pallet beside him, made the bare wind-swept chamber less lonely; still its occupant felt overwhelmed with gloom. There was a light tap at the door, and Cicely entered. She had taken off her gay blue frock, and wore a white dressing-gown. "I thought I'd see if you were up." She went across and looked at little Jack for a moment. Then she came back to the fire. "You haven't touched your hair nor unbuttoned a button. Are you always like that?"

"Like what?"

"Trim and taut, like a person going out on horseback. I should love to see you with your hair down; I should love to see you run, and shriek."

"I fear you are not likely to see either."

Cicely brought her little teeth together with a click. "I've got to get something over in the north wing; will you go too? The wind blows so, it's splendid!"

"I will go if you wish," said Eve.

They went down the hall and turned into another, both of them faintly lighted by the streaks of moonlight which came through the half-closed or broken shutters: the moon was nearly at its full, and very brilliant; a high wind was careering by outside; it cried at the corner of the house like a banshee. At the end of the second hall Cicely led the way through a labyrinth of small dark chambers, now up a step, now down a step, hither and thither; finally opening a door, she guided Eve toward an immensely long high room, lighted on both sides by a double row of windows, one above the other. Here there were no shutters, and the moonlight poured in, making the empty space, with its white walls and white floor, as light as day. "It's the old ball-room," said Cicely. "Wait here; I will be back in a moment." She was off like a flash, disappearing through a far door.

Eve waited, perforce. If she had felt sure that she could find her way back to her room, she would have gone; but she did not feel sure. As to leaving Cicely alone in that remote and disused part of the house, at that late hour of the night, she cared nothing for that; for Eve was hard with people she did not like; she did not realize herself how hard she was. She went to one of the windows and looked out.

These lower windows opened on a long veranda. The veranda was only a foot above the ground; any one, Eve reflected, could cross its uneven surface and look in; she almost expected to see some one cross and peer in at her, his face opposite hers on the other side of the pane. The moonlight shone on the swaying evergreens; within sight were the dark waters of the sound. Presently she became conscious of a current of wind blowing through the room; she turned to see what caused it. There had been no sound of an open door, or any other sound, but a figure was approaching, coming down the moonlit space rapidly with a waving motion. It was covered with something transparent, that glittered and shone; its outlines were vague. It came nearer and nearer, without a sound. Then a mass of silvery gauze was thrown back, revealing Cicely attired in an old-fashioned ball dress made of lace interwoven with silver threads and decked with little silvery stars; there was a silver belt high up under her arms, and a wreath of the silvery stars shone in her hair. She stood a moment; then snatching up the gauze which had fallen at her feet, she held one end of it, and let the other blow out on the strong cold wind which now filled the

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room. With this cloudy streamer in her hand, she began lightly and noiselessly to dance, moving over the moonlit floor, now with the gauze blowing in front of her, now waving behind her as she flew along. Suddenly she let it drop, and coming to Eve, put her arms round her waist and forced her forward. Eve resisted. But Cicely's hands were strong, her hold tenacious; she drew her sister-in-law down the room in a wild gallopade. In the midst of it, giving a little jump, she seized Eve's comb. Eve's hair, already loosened, fell down on her shoulders. Cicely clapped her hands, and began to take little dancing steps to the tune of "Niggerless, niggerless, nig-ig-ig-gerless!" chanted in a far-away voice. When she came to "less," she held out her silvery skirt, and dipped down in a wild little courtesy.

Eve picked up her comb and turned toward the door. But the space to cross was long. She could not help the quaking thought, "Suppose a dark figure should appear on the veranda and peer in at us through one of the windows!"

Cicely danced on ahead, humming her song, and at last they reached the labyrinth of dark little rooms, whose very obscurity, after all those open light windows, seemed to Eve a relief. The glimmering dress acted as guide through the dimness. Cicely went as far as the second hall; here she stopped.

"It's the wind, you know," she said, in her usual voice. "When it blows like this, I always have to do something. Sometimes I call out and shout. But I don't care about it, really; I don't care about anything!" And her little face, as she spoke, looked set, and even melancholy. She opened a door and disappeared.

The next day there was nothing in her expression to indicate that there had been another dance at Romney the night before, besides the one at the negro quarters.

Eve was puzzled. She had thought her so unimaginative and quiet; "a passionless, practical little creature, with only an ordinary mind, cool and unimpulsive, whose miniature beauty led poor Jack astray, and made him believe that she had a soul!" This had been her estimate. She was alone with the baby; she took him to the window and looked at him earnestly. The little man smiled back at her, playing with the crape of her dress. No, there was nothing of Cicely here; the blue eyes, golden hair, and frank smile—all were his father over again.

"We'll get that Mr. Morrison to come back, baby; and then you and I will go away together," she whispered, stroking his curls.

"Kiss'm," said Jack. "Meh Kiss'm." It was as near as he could come to "Merry Christmas."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMENTS ON KENTUCKY.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

ALL Kentucky, like Gaul, is divided into three parts. This division, which may not be sustained by the geologists or the geographers, perhaps not even by the ethnologists, is, in my mind, one of character: the east and southeast mountainous part, the central blue-grass region, and the great western portion, thrifty in both agriculture and manufactures. It is a great self-sustaining empire, lying midway in the Union, and between the North and the South (never having yet exactly made up its mind whether it is North or South), extending over more than seven degrees of longitude. Its greatest length east and west is 410 miles; its greatest breadth, 178 miles. Its area by latest surveys, and larger than formerly estimated, is 42,283 square miles. Within this area prodigal nature has brought together nearly everything that a highly civilized society needs: the most fertile soil, capable of producing almost every variety of product for food or for textile fabrics; mountains of coals and iron ores and limestone; streams and springs everywhere; almost all sorts of hard-wood timber in abundance. Nearly half the State is still virgin forest of the noblest trees, oaks, sugar-maple, ash, poplar, black walnut, linn, elm, hickory, beech, chestnut, red cedar. The climate may honestly be called temperate: its inhabitants do not need to live in cellars in the summer, nor burn up their fences and furniture in the winter.

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Kentucky is loved of its rivers. It can be seen by their excessively zigzag courses how reluctant they are to leave the State, and if they do leave it they are certain to return. The Kentucky and the Green wander about in the most uncertain way before they go to the Ohio, and the Licking and Big Sandy exhibit only a little less reluctance. The Cumberland, after a wide detour in Tennessee, returns; and Powell's River, joining the Clinch and entering the Tennessee, finally persuades that river, after it has looked about the State of Tennessee and gladdened northern Alabama, to return to Kentucky.

Kentucky is an old State, with an old civilization. It was the pioneer in the great western movement of population after the Revolution. Although it was first explored in 1770, and the Boone trail through the wilderness of Cumberland Gap was not marked till 1775, a settlement had been made in Frankfort in 1774, and in 1790 the territory had a population of 73,677. This was a marvellous growth, considering the isolation by hundreds of miles of wilderness from Eastern communities, and the savage opposition of the Indians, who slew fifteen hundred white settlers from 1783 to 1790. Kentucky was the home of no Indian tribe, but it was the favorite hunting and fighting ground of those north of the Ohio and south of the Cumberland, and they united to resent white interference. When the State came into the Union in 1792—the second admitted—it was the equal in population and agricultural wealth of some of the original States that had been settled a hundred and fifty years, and in 1800 could boast 220,759 inhabitants, and in 1810, 406,511.

At the time of the settlement, New York west of the Hudson, western Pennsylvania, and western Virginia were almost unoccupied except by hostile Indians; there was only chance and dangerous navigation down the Ohio from Pittsburgh, and it was nearly eight hundred miles of a wilderness road, which was nothing but a bridle-path, from Philadelphia by way of the Cumberland Gap to central Kentucky. The majority of emigrants came this toilsome way, which was, after all, preferable to the river route, and all passengers and produce went that way eastward, for the steam-boat had not yet made the ascent of the Ohio feasible. In 1779 Virginia resolved to construct a wagon-road through the wilderness, but no road was made for many years afterward, and indeed no vehicle of any sort passed over it till a road was built by action of the Kentucky Legislature in 1796. I hope it was better then than the portion of it I travelled from Pineville to the Gap in 1888.

Civilization made a great leap over nearly a thousand miles into the open garden spot of central Kentucky, and the exploit is a unique chapter in our frontier development. Either no other land ever lent itself so easily to civilization as the blue-grass region, or it was exceptionally fortunate in its occupants. They formed almost immediately a society distinguished for its amenities, for its political influence, prosperous beyond precedent in farming, venturesome and active in trade, developing large manufactures, especially from hemp, of such articles as could be transported by river, and sending annually through the wilderness road to the East and South immense droves of cattle, horses, and swine. In the first necessity, and the best indication of superior civilization, good roads for transportation, Kentucky was conspicuous in comparison with the rest of the country. As early as 1825 macadam roads were projected, the turnpike from Lexington to Maysville on the Ohio was built in 1829, and the work went on by State and county co-operation until the central region had a system of splendid roads, unexcelled in any part of the Union. In 1830 one of the earliest railways in the United States, that from Lexington to Frankfort, was begun; two years later seven miles were constructed, and in 1835 the first locomotive and train of cars ran on it to Frankfort, twenty-seven miles, in two hours and twenty-nine minutes. The structure was composed of stone sills, in which grooves were cut to receive the iron bars. These stone blocks can still be seen along the line of the road, now a part of the Louisville and Nashville system. In all internal improvements the State was very energetic. The canal around the Falls of the Ohio at Louisville was opened in 1831, with some aid from the general government. The State expended a great deal in improving the navigation of the Kentucky, the Green, and other rivers in its borders by an expensive system of locks and dams; in 1837 it paid $19,500 to engineers engaged in turnpike and river im-

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provement, and in 1839 $31,675 for the same purpose.

The story of early Kentucky reads like a romance. By 1820 it counted a population of over 516,000, and still it had scarcely wagon-road communication with the East. Here was a singular phenomenon, a prosperous community, as one might say a garden in the wilderness, separated by natural barriers from the great life of the East, which pushed out north of it a connected, continuous development; a community almost self-sustaining, having for its centre the loveliest agricultural region in the Union, and evolving a unique social state so gracious and attractive that it was thought necessary to call in the effect of the blue-grass to explain it, unaided human nature being inadequate, it was thought, to such a result. Almost from the beginning fine houses attested the taste and prosperity of the settlers; by 1792 the blue-grass region was dotted with neat and commodious dwellings, fruit orchards and gardens, sugar groves, and clusters of villages; while, a little later, rose, in the midst of broad plantations and park-like forests, lands luxuriant with wheat and clover and corn and hemp and tobacco, the manorial dwellings of the colonial period, like the stately homes planted by the Holland Land Company along the Hudson and the Mohawk and in the fair Genesee, like the pillared structures on the James and the Staunton, and like the solid square mansions of old New England. A type of some of them stands in Frankfort now, a house which was planned by Thomas Jefferson and built in 1796, spacious, permanent, elegant in the low relief of its chaste ornamentation. For comfort, for the purposes of hospitality, for the quiet and rest of the mind, there is still nothing so good as the colonial house, with the slight modifications required by our changed conditions.

From 1820 onward the State grew by a natural increment of population, but without much aid from native or foreign emigration. In 1860 its population was only about 919,000 whites, with some 225,000 slaves and over 10,000 free colored persons. It had no city of the first class, nor any villages specially thriving. Louisville numbered only about 68,000, Lexington less than 15,000, and Frankfort, the capital, a little over 5000. It retained the lead in hemp and a leading position in tobacco; but it had fallen away behind its much younger rivals in manufactures and the building of railways, and only feeble efforts had been made in the development of its extraordinary mineral resources.

How is this arrest of development accounted for? I know that a short way of accounting for it has been the presence of slavery. I would not underestimate this. Free labor would not go where it had to compete with slave labor; white labor now does not like to come into relations with black labor; and capital also was shy of investment in a State where both political economy and social life were disturbed by a color line. But this does not wholly account for the position of Kentucky as to development at the close of the war. So attractive is the State in most respects, in climate, soil, and the possibilities of great wealth by manufactures, that I doubt not the State would have been forced into the line of Western progress and slavery become an unimportant factor long ago, but for certain natural obstacles and artificial influences.

Let the reader look on the map, at the ranges of mountains running from the northeast to the southwest—the Blue Ridge, the Alleghanies, the Cumberland, and Pine mountains, continuous rocky ridges, with scarcely a water gap, and only at long intervals a passable mountain gap—and notice how these would both hinder and deflect the tide of emigration. With such barriers the early development of Kentucky becomes ten times a wonder. But about 1825 an event occurred that placed her at a greater disadvantage in the competition. The Erie Canal was opened. This made New York, and not Virginia, the great commercial highway. The railway development followed. It was easy to build roads north of Kentucky, and the tide of settlement followed the roads, which were mostly aided by land grants; and in order to utilize the land grants the railways stimulated emigration by extensive advertising. Capital and population passed Kentucky by on the north. To the south somewhat similar conditions prevailed. Comparatively cheap roads could be built along the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, following the great valley from Pennsylvania to Alabama; and these southwestwardly roads were also aided by the gen-

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eral government. The North and South Railway of Alabama, and the Alabama and Great Southern, which cross at Birmingham, were land-grant roads. The roads which left the Atlantic seaboard passed naturally northward and southward of Kentucky, and left an immense area in the centre of the Union—all of western and southwestern Virginia and eastern Kentucky—without transportation facilities. Until 1880 here was the largest area east of the Mississippi unpenetrated by railways.

The war removed one obstacle to the free movement of men desiring work and seeking agreeable homes, a movement marked in the great increase of the industrial population of Louisville and the awakening to varied industries and trade in western Kentucky. The offer of cheap land, which would reward skilful farming in agreeable climatic conditions, has attracted foreign settlers to the plateau south of the blue-grass region; and scientific investigation has made the mountain district in the southeast the object of the eager competition of both domestic and foreign capital. Kentucky, therefore, is entering upon a new era of development. Two phases of it, the Swiss colonies, and the opening of the coal, iron, and timber resources, present special points of interest.

This incoming of the commercial spirit will change Kentucky for the better and for the worse, will change even the tone of the blue-grass country, and perhaps take away something of that charm about which so much has been written. So thoroughly has this region been set forth by the pen and the pencil and the lens that I am relieved of the necessity of describing it. But I must confess that all I had read of it, all the pictures I had seen, gave me an inadequate idea of its beauty and richness. So far as I know, there is nothing like it in the world. Comparison of it with England is often made in the use of the words "garden" and "park." The landscape is as unlike the finer parts of Old England as it is unlike the most carefully tended parts of New England. It has neither the intense green, the subdivisions in hedges, the bosky lanes, the picturesque cottages, the niceness of minute garden culture, of England, nor the broken, mixed lawn gardening and neglected pastures and highways, with the sweet wild hills, of the Berkshire region. It is an open, elevated, rolling land, giving the traveller often the most extended views over wheat and clover, hemp and tobacco fields, forests and blue-grass pastures. One may drive for a hundred miles north and south over the splendid macadam turnpikes, behind blooded roadsters, at an easy ten-mile gait, and see always the same sight—a smiling agricultural paradise, with scarcely a foot, in fence corners, by the road-side, or in low grounds, of uncultivated, uncared-for land. The open country is more pleasing than the small villages, which have not the tidiness of the New England small villages; the houses are for the most part plain; here and there is a negro cabin, or a cluster of them, apt to be unsightly, but always in view somewhere is a plantation-house, more or less pretentious, generally old-fashioned and with the colonial charm. These are frequently off the main thoroughfare, approached by a private road winding through oaks and ash-trees, seated on some gentle knoll or slope, maybe with a small flower-garden, but probably with the old sentimental blooms that smell good and have reminiscences, in the midst of waving fields of grain, blue-grass pastures, and open forest glades watered by a clear stream. There seems to be infinite peace in a house so surrounded. The house may have pillars, probably a colonial porch and doorway with carving in bass-relief, a wide hall, large square rooms, low studded, and a general air of comfort. What is new in it in the way of art, furniture, or bric-à-brac may not be in the best taste, and may "swear" at the old furniture and the delightful old portraits. For almost always will be found some portraits of the post-Revolutionary period, having a traditional and family interest, by Copley or Jouett, perhaps a Stuart, maybe by some artist who evidently did not paint for fame, which carry the observer back to the colonial society in Virginia, Philadelphia, and New York. In a country house and in Lexington I saw portraits, life-size and miniature, of Rebecca Gratz, whose loveliness of person and character is still a tender recollection of persons living. She was a great beauty and toast in her day. It was at her house in Philadelphia, a centre of wit and gayety, that Washington Irving and Henry Brevoort and Gulian C. Verplanck often visited. She shone not

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less in New York society, and was the most intimate friend of Matilda Hoffman, who was betrothed to Irving; indeed it was in her arms that Matilda died, fadeless always to us as she was to Irving, in the loveliness of her eighteenth year. The well-founded tradition is that Irving, on his first visit to Abbotsford, told Scott of his own loss, and made him acquainted with the beauty and grace of Rebecca Gratz, and that Scott, wanting at the moment to vindicate a race that was aspersed, used her as a model for Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*.

One distinction of the blue-grass region is the forests, largely of gigantic oaks, free of all undergrowth, carpeted with the close-set, luscious, nutritive blue-grass, which remains green all the season when it is cropped by feeding. The blue-grass thrives elsewhere, notably in the upper Shenandoah Valley, where somewhat similar limestone conditions prevail; but this is its natural habitat. On all this elevated rolling plateau the limestone is near the surface. This grass blooms toward the middle of June in a bluish, almost a peacock blue, blossom, which gives to the fields an exquisite hue. By the end of the month the seed ripens into a yellowish color, and while the grass is still green and lush underneath, the surface presents much the appearance of a high New England pasture in August. When it is ripe, the top is cut for the seed. The limestone and the blue-grass together determine the agricultural pre-eminence of the region, and account for the fine breeding of the horses, the excellence of the cattle, the stature of the men, and the beauty of the women; but they have social and moral influence also. It could not well be otherwise, considering the relation of the physical condition to disposition and character. We should be surprised if a rich agricultural region, healthful at the same time, where there is abundance of food, and wholesome cooking is the rule, did not affect the tone of social life. And I am almost prepared to go further, and think that blue-grass is a specific for physical beauty and a certain graciousness of life. I have been told that there is a natural relation between Presbyterianism and blue-grass, and am pointed to the Shenandoah and to Kentucky as evidence of it. Perhaps Presbyterians naturally seek a limestone country. But the relation, if it exists, is too subtle and the facts are too few to build a theory on. Still, I have no doubt there is a distinct variety of woman known as the blue-grass girl. A geologist told me that once when he was footing it over the State with a geologist from another State, as they approached the blue-grass region from the southward they were carefully examining the rock formation and studying the surface indications, which are usually marked on the border line, to determine exactly where the peculiar limestone formation began. Indications, however, were wanting. Suddenly my geologist looked up the road and exclaimed,

"We are in the blue-grass region now."

"How do you know?" asked the other.

"Why, there is a blue-grass girl."

There was no mistaking the neat dress, the style, the rounded contours, the gracious personage. A few steps further on the geologists found the outcropping of the blue limestone.

Perhaps the people of this region are trying to live up to the thorough-bred. A pedigree is a necessity. The horse is of the first consideration, and either has or gives a sort of social distinction; first, the running horse, the thorough-bred, and now the trotting horse, which is beginning to have a recognizable descent, and is on the way to be a thorough-bred. Many of the finest plantations are horse farms; one might call them the feature of the country. Horse-raising is here a science, and as we drive from one estate to another, and note the careful tillage, the trim fences, the neat stables, the pretty paddocks, and the houses of the favorites, we see how everything is intended to contribute to the perfection in refinement of fibre, speed, and endurance of the noble animal. Even persons who are usually indifferent to horses cannot but admire these beautiful high-bred creatures, either the famous ones displayed at the stables, or the colts and fillies, which have yet their reputations to make, at play in the blue-grass pastures; and the pleasure one experiences is a refined one in harmony with the landscape. Usually horse-dealing carries with it a lowering of the moral tone, which we quite understand when we say of a man that he is "horsy." I suppose the truth is that man has degraded the idea of the horse by his own evil passions, using him to gamble and cheat with. Now the visitor will find little of these degrading associations in the blue-grass region. It is

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an orthodox and a moral region. The best and most successful horse-breeders have nothing to do with racing or betting. The yearly product of their farms is sold at auction, without reserve or favor. The sole business is the production of the best animals that science and care can breed. Undeniably where the horse is of such importance he is much in the thought, and the use of "horsy" phrases in ordinary conversation shows his effect upon the vocabulary. The recital of pedigree at the stables, as horse after horse is led out, sounds a little like a chapter from the Book of Genesis, and naturally this Biblical formula gets into a conversation about people.

And after the horses there is whiskey. There are many distilleries in this part of the country, and a great deal of whiskey is made. I am not defending whiskey, at least any that is less than thirty years old and has attained a medicinal quality. But I want to express my opinion that this is as temperate as any region in the United States. There is a wide-spread strict temperance sentiment, and even prohibition prevails to a considerable degree. Whiskey is made and stored, and mostly shipped away; rightly or wrongly, it is regarded as a legitimate business, like wheat raising, and is conducted by honorable men. I believe this to be the truth, and that drunkenness does not prevail in the neighborhood of the distilleries, nor did I see anywhere in the country evidence of a habit of dram-drinking, of the traditional matter-of-course offering of whiskey as a hospitality. It is true that mint grows in Kentucky, and that there are persons who would win the respect of a tide-water Virginian in the concoction of a julep. And no doubt in the mind of the born Kentuckian there is a rooted belief that if a person needed a stimulant, the best he can take is old hand-made whiskey. Where the manufacture of whiskey is the source of so much revenue, and is carried on with decorum, of course the public sentiment about it differs from that of a community that makes its money in raising potatoes for starch. Where the horse is so beautiful, fleet, and profitable, of course there is intense interest in him, and the general public take a lively pleasure in the races; but if the reader has been accustomed to associate this part of Kentucky with horse-racing and drinking as prominent characteristics, he must revise his opinion.

Perhaps certain colonial habits lingered longer in Kentucky than elsewhere. Travellers have spoken about the habit of profanity and gambling, especially the game of poker. In the West generally profane swearing is not as bad form as it is in the East. But whatever distinction central Kentucky had in profanity or poker, it has evidently lost it. The duel lingered long, and prompt revenge for insults, especially to women. The blue-grass region has "histories"—beauty has been fought about; women have had careers; families have run out through dissipation. One may hear stories of this sort even in the Berkshire Hills, in any place where there have been long settlement, wealth, and time for the development of family and personal eccentricities. And there is still a flavor left in Kentucky; there is still a subtle difference in its social tone; the intelligent women are attractive in another way from the intelligent New England women—they have a charm of their own. May Heaven long postpone the day when, by the commercial spirit and trade and education, we shall all be alike in all parts of the Union! Yet it would be no disadvantage to anybody if the graciousness, the simplicity of manner, the refined hospitality, of the blue-grass region should spread beyond the blue limestone of the Lower Silurian.

In the excellent State Museum at Frankfort, under the charge of Professor John R. Procter,* who is State geologist and also director of the Bureau of Immigration, in addition to the admirable exhibit of the natural resources of Kentucky, are photographs, statistics, and products showing the condition of the Swiss and other foreign farming colonies recently established in the State, which were so interesting and offered so many instructive points that I determined to see some of the colonies.

This museum and the geological department, the intelligent management of which has been of immense service to the commonwealth, is in one of the detached buildings which make up the present Cap-

* Whatever value this paper has is so largely due to Professor Procter that I desire to make to him the most explicit acknowledgments. One of the very best results of the war was keeping him in the Union.

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itol. The Capitol is altogether antiquated, and not a credit to the State. The room in which the Lower House meets is shabby and mean, yet I noticed that it is fairly well lighted by side windows, and debate can be heard in it conducted in an ordinary tone of voice. Kentucky will before many years be accommodated with new State buildings more suited to her wealth and dignity. But I should like to repeat what was said in relation to the Capitol of Arkansas. Why cannot our architects devise a capitol suited to the wants of those who occupy it? Why must we go on making these huge inconvenient structures, mainly for external display, in which the legislative Chambers are vast air-tight and water-tight compartments, commonly completely surrounded by other rooms and lobbies, and lighted only from the roof, or at best by high windows in one or two sides that permit no outlook—rooms difficult to speak or hear in, impossible to ventilate, needing always artificial light? Why should the Senators of the United States be compelled to occupy a gilded dungeon, unlighted ever by the sun, unvisited ever by the free wind of heaven, in which the air is so foul that the Senators sicken? What sort of legislation ought we to expect from such Chambers? It is perfectly feasible to build a legislative room cheerful and light, open freely to sun and air on three sides. In order to do this it may be necessary to build a group of connected buildings, instead of the parallelogram or square, which is mostly domed, with gigantic halls and stairways, and, considering the purpose for which it is intended, is a libel on our ingenuity and a burlesque on our civilization.

Kentucky has gone to work in a very sensible way to induce immigration and to attract settlers of the right sort. The Bureau of Immigration was established in 1880. It began to publish facts about the State, in regard to the geologic formation, the soils, the price of lands, both the uncleared and the lands injured by slovenly culture, the kind and amount of products that might be expected by thrifty farming, and the climate; not exaggerated general proclamations promising sudden wealth with little labor, but facts such as would attract the attention of men willing to work in order to obtain for themselves and their children comfortable homes and modest independence. Invitations were made for a thorough examination of lands —of the different sorts of soils in different counties—before purchase and settlement. The leading idea was to induce industrious farmers who were poor, or had not money enough to purchase high-priced improved lands, to settle upon lands that the majority of Kentuckians considered scarcely worth cultivating, and the belief was that good farming would show that these neglected lands were capable of becoming very productive. Eight years' experience has fully justified all these expectations. Colonies of Swiss, Germans, Austrians, have come, and Swedes also, and these have attracted many from the North and Northwest. In this period I suppose as many as ten thousand immigrants of this class, thrifty cultivators of the soil, have come into the State, many of whom are scattered about the State, unconnected with the so-called colonies. These colonies are not organized communities in any way separated from the general inhabitants of the State. They have merely settled together for companionship and social reasons, where a sufficiently large tract of cheap land was found to accommodate them. Each family owns its own farm, and is perfectly independent. An indiscriminate immigration has not been desired or encouraged, but the better class of laboring agriculturists, grape-growers, and stock-raisers. There are several settlements of these, chiefly Swiss, dairy-farmers, cheese-makers, and vine-growers, in Laurel County; others in Lincoln County, composed of Swiss, Germans, and Austrians; a mixed colony in Rock Castle County; a thriving settlement of Austrians in Boyle County; a temperance colony of Scandinavians in Edmonson County; another Scandinavian colony in Grayson County; and scattered settlements of Germans and Scandinavians in Christian County. These settlements have from one hundred to over a thousand inhabitants each. The lands in Laurel and Lincoln counties, which I travelled through, are on a high plateau, with good air and temperate climate, but with a somewhat thin, loamy, and sandy soil, needing manure, and called generally in the State poor land—poor certainly compared with the blue-grass region and other extraordinarily fertile sections. These farms, which had been more or less run over by Kentucky farming, were

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sold at from one to five dollars an acre. They are farms that a man cannot live on in idleness. But they respond well to thrifty tillage, and it is a sight worth a long journey to see the beautiful farms these Swiss have made out of land that the average Kentuckian thought not worth cultivating. It has not been done without hard work, and as most of the immigrants were poor, many of them have had a hard struggle in building comfortable houses, reducing the neglected land to order, and obtaining stock. A great attraction to the Swiss was that this land is adapted to vine culture, and a reasonable profit was expected from selling grapes and making wine. The vineyards are still young; experiment has not yet settled what kind of grapes flourish best, but many vine-growers have realized handsome profits in the sale of fruit, and the trial is sufficient to show that good wine can be produced. The only interference thus far with the grapes has been the unprecedented late freeze last spring.

At the recent exposition in Louisville the exhibit of these Swiss colonies—the photographs showing the appearance of the unkempt land when they bought it, and the fertile fields of grain and meadow and vineyards afterward, and the neat plain farm cottages, the pretty Swiss chalet with its attendants of intelligent comely girls in native costumes offering articles illustrating the taste and the thrift of the colonies, wood-carving, the products of the dairy, and the fruit of the vine—attracted great attention.

I cannot better convey to the reader the impression I wish to in regard to this colonization and its lesson for the country at large than by speaking more in detail of one of the Swiss settlements in Laurel County. This is Bernstadt, about six miles from Pittsburg, on the Louisville and Nashville road, a coal-mining region, and offering a good market for the produce of the Swiss farmers. We did not need to be told when we entered the colony lands; neater houses, thrifty farming, and better roads proclaimed it. It is not a garden spot; in some respects it is a poor-looking country; but it has abundant timber, good water, good air, a soil of light sandy loam, which is productive under good tillage. There are here, I suppose, some two hundred and fifty families, scattered about over a large area, each on its farm. There is no collection of houses; the church (Lutheran), the school-house, the store, the post-office, the hotel, are widely separated; for the hotel-keeper, the store-keeper, the postmaster, and I believe the school-master and the parson, are all farmers to a greater or less extent. It must be understood that it is a primitive settlement, having as yet very little that is picturesque, a community of simple working people. Only one or two of the houses have any pretension to taste in architecture, but this will come in time—the vine-clad porches, the quaint gables, the home-likeness. The Kentuckian, however, will notice the barns for the stock, and a general thriftiness about the places. And the appearance of the farms is an object-lesson of the highest value.

The chief interest to me, however, was the character of the settlers. Most of them were poor, used to hard work and scant returns for it in Switzerland. What they have accomplished, therefore, is the result of industry, and not of capital. There are among the colonists skilled laborers in other things than vine-growing and cheese-making — watch-makers and wood-carvers and adepts in various trades. The thrifty young farmer at whose pretty house we spent the night, and who has saw-mills at Pittsburg, is of one of the best Swiss families; his father was for many years President of the republic, and he was a graduate of the university at Lucerne. There were others of the best blood and breeding and schooling, and men of scientific attainments. But they are all at work close to the soil. As a rule, however, the colonists were men and women of small means at home. The notable thing is that they bring with them a certain old civilization, a unity of simplicity of life with real refinement, courtesy, politeness, good-humor. The girls would not be above going out to service, and they would not lose their self-respect in it. Many of them would be described as "peasants," but I saw some, not above the labors of the house and farm, with real grace and dignity of manner and charm of conversation. Few of them as yet speak any English, but in most houses are evidences of some German culture. Uniformly there was courtesy and frank hospitality. The community amuses itself rationally. It has a very good brass band, a singing club, and in the evenings and holidays it is apt to assemble at the hotel and take a

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little wine and sing the songs of fatherland. The hotel is indeed at present without accommodations for lodgers—nothing but a *Wirthshaus*, with a German garden where dancing may take place now and then. With all the hard labor, they have an idea of the simple comforts and enjoyments of life. And they live very well, though plainly. At a house where we dined, in the colony Strasburg, near Bernstadt, we had an excellent dinner, well served, and including delicious soup. If the colony never did anything else than teach that part of the State how to make soup, its existence would be justified. Here, in short, is an element of homely thrift, civilization on a rational basis, good-citizenship, very desirable in any State. May their vineyards flourish! When we departed early in the morning—it was not yet seven—a dozen Switzers, fresh from the dewy fields, in their working dresses, had assembled at the hotel, where the young landlady also smiled a welcome, to send us off with a song, which ended, as we drove away, in a good-by *yodel*.

A line drawn from the junction of the Scioto River with the Ohio southwest to a point in the southern boundary about thirty miles east of where the Cumberland leaves the State defines the eastern coal-measures of Kentucky. In area it is about a quarter of the State—a region of plateaus, mountains, narrow valleys, cut in all directions by clear, rapid streams, stuffed, one may say, with coals, streaked with iron, abounding in limestone, and covered with superb forests. Independent of other States a most remarkable region, but considered in its relation to the coals and iron ores of West Virginia, western Virginia, and eastern Tennessee, it becomes one of the most important and interesting regions in the Union. Looking to the southeastern border, I hazard nothing in saying that the country from the Breaks of Sandy down to Big Creek Gap (in the Cumberland Mountain), in Tennessee, is on the eve of an astonishing development—one that will revolutionize eastern Kentucky, and powerfully affect the iron and coal markets of the country. It is a region that appeals as well to the imagination of the traveller as to the capitalist. My personal observation of it extends only to the portion from Cumberland Gap to Big Stone Gap, and the head waters of the Cumberland between Cumberland Mountain and Pine Mountain, but I saw enough to comprehend why eager purchasers are buying the forests and the mining rights, why great companies, American and English, are planting themselves there and laying the foundations of cities, and why the gigantic railway corporations are straining every nerve to penetrate the mineral and forest heart of the region. A dozen roads, projected and in progress, are pointed toward this centre. It is a race for the prize. The Louisville and Nashville, running through soft-coal fields to Jellico and on to Knoxville, branches from Corbin to Barboursville (an old and thriving town) and to Pineville. From Pineville it is under contract, thirteen miles, to Cumberland Gap. This gap is being tunnelled (work going on at both ends) by an independent company, the tunnel to be open to all roads. The Louisville and Nashville may run up the south side of the Cumberland range to Big Stone Gap, or it may ascend the Cumberland River and its Clover Fork, and pass over to Big Stone Gap that way, or it may do both. A road is building from Knoxville to Cumberland Gap, and from Johnson City to Big Stone Gap. A road is running from Bristol to within twenty miles of Big Stone Gap; another road nears the same place—the extension of the Norfolk and Western—from Pocahontas down the Clinch River. From the northwest many roads are projected to pierce the great deposits of coking and cannel coals, and find or bore a way through the mountain ridges into southwestern Virginia. One of these, the Kentucky Union, starting from Lexington (which is becoming a great railroad centre), has reached Clay City, and will soon be open to the Three Forks of the Kentucky River, and on to Jackson, in Breathitt County. These valley and transridge roads will bring within short hauling distance of each other as great a variety of iron ores of high and low grade, and of coals, coking and other, as can be found anywhere—according to the official reports, greater than anywhere else within the same radius. As an item it may be mentioned that the rich, pure, magnetic iron ore used in the manufacture of Bessemer steel, found in East Tennessee and North Carolina, and developed in greatest abundance at Cranberry Forge, is within one hundred miles of the superior Kentucky coking coal. This contiguity (a contiguity of coke, ore, and limestone) in

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this region points to the manufacture of Bessemer steel here at less cost than it is now elsewhere made.

It is unnecessary that I should go into details as to the ore and coal deposits of this region: the official reports are accessible. It may be said, however, that the reports of the Geological Survey as to both coal and iron have been recently perfectly confirmed by the digging of experts. Aside from the coal-measures below the sandstone, there have been found above the sandstone, north of Pine Mountain, 1650 feet of coal-measures, containing nine beds of coal of workable thickness, and between Pine and Cumberland mountains there is a greater thickness of coal-measures, containing twelve or more workable beds. Some of these are coking coals of great excellence. Cannel-coals are found in sixteen of the counties in the eastern coal fields. Two of them at least are of unexampled richness and purity. The value of a cannel-coal is determined by its volatile combustible matter. By this test some of the Kentucky cannel-coal excels the most celebrated coals of Great Britain. An analysis of a cannel-coal in Breathitt County gives 66.28 of volatile combustible matter; the highest in Great Britain is the Boghead, Scotland, 51.60 per cent. This beautiful cannel-coal has been brought out in small quantities *vid* the Kentucky River; it will have a market all over the country when the railways reach it. The first coal identified as coking was named the Elkhorn, from the stream where it was found in Pike County. A thick bed of it has been traced over an area of 1600 square miles, covering several counties, but attaining its greatest thickness in Letcher, Pike, and Harlan. This discovery of coking coal adds greatly to the value of the iron ores in northeastern Kentucky, and in the Red and Kentucky valleys, and also of the great deposits of ore on the southeast boundary, along the western base of the Cumberland, along the slope of Powell's Mountain, and also along Wallin's Ridge, three parallel lines, convenient to the coking coal in Kentucky. This is the Clinton or red fossil ore, stratified, having from 45 to 54 per cent. of metallic iron. Recently has been found on the north side of Pine Mountain, in Kentucky, a third deposit of rich "brown" ore, averaging 52 per cent. of metallic iron. This is the same as the celebrated brown ore used in the furnaces at Clifton Forge; it makes a very tough iron. I saw a vein of it on Straight Creek, three miles north of Pineville, just opened, at least eight feet thick.

The railway to Pineville follows the old wilderness road, the trail of Boone, and the stage road, along which are seen the ancient tavern stands where the jolly story-telling travellers of fifty years ago were entertained and the droves of horses and cattle were fed. The railway has been stopped a mile west of Pineville by a belligerent property owner, who sits there with his Winchester rifle, and will not let the work go on until the courts compel him. The railway will not cross the Cumberland at Pineville, but higher up, near the great elbow. There was no bridge over the stream, and we crossed at a very rough and rocky wagon ford. Pineville, where there has long been a backwoods settlement on the south bend of the river just after it breaks through Pine Mountain, is now the centre of a good deal of mining excitement and real estate speculation. It has about five hundred inhabitants, and a temporary addition of land buyers, mineral experts, engineers, furnace projectors, and railway contractors. There is not level ground for a large city, but what there is is plotted out for sale. The abundant iron ore, coal, and timber here predict for it a future of some importance. It has already a smart new hotel, and business buildings and churches are in process of erection. The society of the town had gathered for the evening at the hotel. A wandering one-eyed fiddler was providentially present who could sing and play "The Arkansas Traveller" and other tunes that lift the heels of the young, and also accompany the scream of the violin with the droning bagpipe notes of the mouth-harmonica. The star of the gay company was a graduate of Annapolis, in full evening dress uniform, a native boy of the valley, and his vis-à-vis was a heavy man in a long linen duster and carpet slippers, with a palm-leaf fan, who crashed through the cotillon with good effect. It was a pleasant party, and long after it had dispersed, the troubadour, sitting on the piazza, wiled away sleep by the break-downs, jigs, and songs of the frontier.

Pineville and its vicinity have many attractions; the streams are clear, rapid, rocky, the foliage abundant, the hills pic-

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turesque. Straight Creek, which comes in along the north base of Pine Mountain, is an exceedingly picturesque stream, having along its banks fertile little stretches of level ground, while the gentle bordering hills are excellent for grass, fruit orchards, and vineyards. The walnut-trees have been culled out, but there is abundance of oak, beech, poplar, cucumber, and small pines. And there is no doubt about the mineral wealth.

We drove from Pineville to Cumberland Gap, thirteen miles, over the now neglected Wilderness Road, the two mules of the wagon unable to pull us faster than two miles an hour. The road had every variety of badness conceivable—loose stones, ledges of rock, bowlders, sloughs, holes, mud, sand, deep fords. We crossed and followed up Clear Creek (a muddy stream) over Log Mountain (full of coal) to Cañon Creek. Settlements were few—only occasional poor shanties. Climbing over another ridge, we reached the Yellow Creek Valley, through which the Yellow Creek meanders in sand. This whole valley, lying very prettily among the mountains, has a bad name for "difficulties." The hills about, on the sides and tops of which are ragged little farms, and the valley itself, still contain some lawless people. We looked with some interest at the Turner house, where a sheriff was killed a year ago, at a place where a "severe" man fired into a wagon-load of people and shot a woman, and at other places where in recent times differences of opinion had been settled by the revolver. This sort of thing is, however, practically over. This valley, close to Cumberland Gap, is the site of the great city, already plotted, which the English company are to build as soon as the tunnel is completed. It is called Middleborough, and the streets are being graded and preparations made for building furnaces. The north side of Cumberland Mountain, like the south side of Pine, is a conglomerate, covered with superb oak and chestnut trees. We climbed up to the mountain over a winding road of ledges, bowlders, and deep gullies, rising to an extended pleasing prospect of mountains and valleys. The pass has a historic interest, not only as the ancient highway, but as the path of armies in the civil war. It is narrow, a deep road between overhanging rocks. It is easily defended. A light bridge thrown over the road, leading to rifle-pits and breastworks on the north side, remains to attest the warlike occupation. Above, on the bald highest rocky head on the north, guns were planted to command the pass. Two or three houses, a blacksmith's shop, a drinking tavern, behind which on the rocks four men were playing old sledge, made up the sum of its human attractions as we saw it. Just here in the pass Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia touch each other. Virginia inserts a narrow wedge between the other two. On our way down the wild and picturesque road we crossed the State of Virginia and went to the new English hotel in Tennessee. We passed a magnificent spring, which sends a torrent of water into the valley, and turns a great millwheel—a picture in its green setting—saw the opening of the tunnel with its shops and machinery, noted the few houses and company stores of the new settlement, climbed the hill to the pretty hotel, and sat down on the piazza to look at the scene. The view is a striking one. The valley through which the Powell River runs is pleasant, and the bold, bare mountain of rock at the right of the pass is a noble feature in the landscape. With what joy must the early wilderness pilgrims have hailed this landmark, this gateway to the Paradise beyond the mountains! Some miles north in the range are the White Rocks, gleaming in the sun and conspicuous from afar, the first signal to the weary travellers from the east of the region they sought. Cumberland Gap is full of expectation, and only awaits the completion of the tunnel to enter upon its development. Here railways from the north, south, and west are expected to meet, and in the Yellow Creek Valley beyond, the English are to build a great manufacturing city. The valleys and sides of these mountain ranges (which have a uniform elevation of not much more than 2000 to 2500 feet) enjoy a delightful climate, moderate in the winter and temperate in the summer. This whole region, when it is accessible by rail, will be attractive to tourists.

We pursued our journey up the Powell River Valley, along the base of the Cumberland, on horseback—one day in a wagon in this country ought to satisfy anybody. The roads, however, are better on this side of the mountain; all through Lee County, in Virginia, in spots very good. This is a very fine valley, with good water, cold and clear, growing in abundance

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oats and corn, a constant succession of pretty views. We dined excellently at a neat farm-house on the river, and slept at the house of a very prosperous farmer near Boon's Path post-office. Here we are abreast the White Rocks, the highest point of the Cumberland (3451 feet), that used to be the beacon of immigration. The valley grows more and more beautiful as we go up, full fields of wheat, corn, oats, friendly to fruit of all sorts, with abundance of walnut, oak, and chestnut timber—a fertile, agreeable valley, settled with well-to-do farmers. The next morning, beautifully clear and sparkling, we were off at seven o'clock through a lovely broken country, following the line of Cumberland (here called Stone) Mountain, alternately little hills and meadows, cultivated hill-sides, stretches of rich valley, exquisite views—a land picturesque and thriving. Continuing for nine miles up Powell Valley, we turned to the left through a break in the hills into Poor Valley, a narrow, wild, sweet ravine among the hills, with a swift crystal stream overhung by masses of rhododendrons in bloom, and shaded by magnificent forest trees. We dined at a farm-house by Pennington's Gap, and had a swim in the north fork of Powell River, which here, with many a leap, breaks through the bold scenery in the gap. Further on, the valley was broader and more fertile, and along the wide reaches of the river grew enormous beech-trees, the russet foliage of which took on an exquisite color toward evening. Indeed the ride all day was excitingly interesting, with the great trees, the narrow rich valleys, the frequent sparkling streams, and lovely mountain views. At sunset we came to the house of an important farmer who has wide possessions, about thirteen miles from Big Stone Gap. We have nothing whatever against him except that he routed us out at five o'clock of a foggy Sunday morning, which promised to be warm—July 1st—to send us on our way to "the city." All along we had heard of "the city." In a radius of a hundred miles Big Stone Gap is called nothing but "the city," and our anticipations were raised.

That morning's ride I shall not forget. We crossed and followed Powell River. All along the banks are set the most remarkable beech-trees I have ever seen—great, wide-spreading, clean-boled trees, overshading the stream, and giving under their boughs, nearly all the way, ravishingly lovely views. This was the paradisiacal way to Big Stone Gap, which we found to be a round broken valley, shut in by wooded mountains, covered more or less with fine trees, the meeting-place of the Powell River, which comes through the gap, and its south fork. In the round elevation between them is the inviting place of the future city. There are two Big Stone Gaps—the one open fields and forests, a settlement of some thirty to forty houses, most of them new and many in process of building, a hotel, and some tents; the other, the city on the map. The latter is selling in small lots, has wide avenues, parks, one of the finest hotels in the South, banks, warehouses, and all that can attract the business man or the summer lounger.

The heavy investments in Big Stone Gap and the region I should say were fully justified by the natural advantages. It is a country of great beauty, noble mountain ranges, with the valleys diversified by small hills, fertile intervales, fine streams, and a splendid forest growth. If the anticipations of an important city at the gap are half realized, the slopes of the hills and natural terraces will be dotted with beautiful residences, agreeable in both summer and winter. It was the warmest time of the year when we were there, but the air was fresh and full of vitality. The Big Stone Gap Improvement Company has the city and its site in charge; it is a consolidation of the various interests of railway companies and heavy capitalists, who have purchased the land. The money and the character of the men behind the enterprise insure a vigorous prosecution of it. On the west side of the river are the depot and switching-grounds which the several railways have reserved for their use, and here also are to be the furnaces and shops. When the city outgrows its present site it can extend up valleys in several directions. We rode through fine forests up the lovely Powell Valley to Powell Mountain, where a broad and beautiful meadow offers a site for a suburban village. The city is already planning for suburbs. A few miles south of the city a powerful stream of clear water falls over precipices and rocks seven hundred feet in continuous rapids. This is not only a charming addition to

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the scenic attractions of the region, but the stream will supply the town with excellent water and unlimited "power." Beyond, ten miles to the northeast, rises High Knob, a very sightly point, where one gets the sort of view of four States that he sees on an atlas. It is indeed a delightful region; but however one may be charmed by its natural beauty, he cannot spend a day at Big Stone Gap without being infected with the great enterprises brooding there.

We forded Powell River and ascended through the gap on its right bank. Before entering the gorge we galloped over a beautiful level plateau, the counterpart of that where the city is laid out, reserved for railways and furnaces. From this point the valley is seen to be wider than we suspected, and to have ample room for the manufacturing and traffic expected. As we turned to see what we shall never see again—the virgin beauty of nature in this site—the whole attractiveness of this marvellously picturesque region burst upon us—the great forests, the clear swift streams, the fertile meadows, the wooded mountains that have so long secluded this beauty and guarded the treasures of the hills.

The pass itself, which shows from a distance only a dent in the green foliage, surprised us by its wild beauty. The stony road, rising little by little above the river, runs through a magnificent forest, gigantic trees growing in the midst of enormous bowlders, and towering among rocks that take the form of walls and buttresses, square structures like the Titanic ruins of castles; below, the river, full and strong, rages over rocks and dashes down, filling the forest with its roar, which is echoed by the towering cliffs on either side. The woods were fresh and glistening from recent rains, but what made the final charm of the way was the bloom of the rhododendron, which blazed along the road and illuminated the cool recesses of the forest. The time for the blooming of the azalea and the kalmia (mountain-laurel) was past, but the pink and white rhododendron was in full glory, masses of bloom, not small stalks lurking like underbrush, but on bushes attaining the dignity of trees, and at least twenty-five feet high. The splendor of the forest did not lessen as we turned to the left and followed up Pigeon Creek to a high farming region, rough but fertile, at the base of Black Mountain. Such a wealth of oak, beech, poplar, chestnut, and ash, and, sprinkled in, the pretty cucumber-magnolia in bloom! By sunset we found our way, off the main road, to a lonely farm-house hidden away at the foot of Morris Pass, secluded behind an orchard of apple and peach trees. A stream of spring-water from the rocks above ran to the house, and to the eastward the ravine broadened into pastures. It seemed impossible to get further from the world and its active currents. We were still in Virginia.

Our host, an old man over six feet in height, with spare, straight, athletic form, a fine head, and large clear gray eyes, lived here alone with his aged spouse. He had done his duty by his country in raising twelve children (that is the common and orthodox number in this region), who had all left him except one son, who lived in a shanty up the ravine. It was this son's wife who helped about the house and did the milking, taking care also of a growing family of her own, and doing her share of field-work. I had heard that the women in this country were more industrious than the men. I asked this woman, as she was milking that evening, if the women did all the work. No, she said; only their share. Her husband was all the time in the field, and even her boys, one only eight, had to work with him; there was no time to go to school, and indeed the school didn't amount to much anyway—only a little while in the fall. She had all the care of the cows. "Men," she added, "never notice milking;" and the worst of it was that she had to go miles around in the bush night and morning to find them. After supper we had a call from a bachelor who occupied a cabin over the pass, on the Kentucky side, a loquacious philosopher, who squatted on his heels in the door-yard where we were sitting, and interrogated each of us in turn as to our names, occupations, residence, ages, and politics, and then gave us as freely his own history and views of life. His eccentricity in this mountain region was that he had voted for Cleveland and should do it again. Mr. Morris couldn't go with him in this; and when pressed for his reasons he said that Cleveland had had the salary long enough, and got rich enough out of it. The philosopher brought the news, had heard it talked about on

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Sunday, that a man over Clover Fork way had killed his wife and brother. It was claimed to be an accident; they were having a game of cards and some whiskey, and he was trying to kill his son-in-law. Was there much killing round here? Well, not much lately. Last year John Cone, over on Clover Fork, shot Mat Harner in a dispute over cards. Well, what became of John Cone? Oh, he was killed by Jim Blood, a friend of Harner. And what became of Blood? Well, he got shot by Elias Travers. And Travers? Oh, he was killed by a man by the name of Jacobs. That ended it. None of 'em was of much account. There was a pleasing naïveté in this narrative. And then the philosopher, whom the milk-maid described to me next morning as "a simlar sort of man," went on to give his idea about this killing business. "All this killing in the mountains is foolish. If you kill a man, that don't aggravate him; he's dead and don't care, and it all comes on you."

In the early morning we crossed a narrow pass in the Black Mountain into "Canetucky," and followed down the Clover Fork of the Cumberland. All these mountains are perfectly tree-clad, but they have not the sombreness of the high regions of the Great Smoky and the Black Mountains of North Carolina. There are few black balsams, or any sort of evergreens, and the great variety of deciduous trees, from the shining green of the oak to the bronze hue of the beech, makes everywhere soft gradations of color most pleasing to the eye. In the autumn, they say, the brilliant maples in combination with the soberer bronzes and yellows of the other forest trees give an ineffable beauty to these ridges and graceful slopes. The ride down Clover Fork, all day long, was for the most part through a virgin world. The winding valley is at all times narrow, with here and there a tiny meadow, and at long intervals a lateral opening down which another sparkling brook comes from the recesses of this wilderness of mountains. Houses are miles apart, and usually nothing but cabins half concealed in some sheltered nook. There is, however, hidden on the small streams, on mountain terraces, and high up on the slopes, a considerable population, cabin dwellers, cultivators of corn, on the almost perpendicular hills. Many of these corn fields are so steep that it is impossible to plough them, and all the cultivation is done with the hoe. I heard that a man was recently killed in this neighborhood by falling out of his corn field. The story has as much foundation as the current belief that the only way to keep a mule in the field where you wish him to stay is to put him into the adjoining lot. But it is true that no one would believe that crops could be raised on such nearly perpendicular slopes as these unless he had seen the planted fields.

In my limited experience I can recall no day's ride equal in simple natural beauty — not magnificence — and splendor of color to that down Clover Fork. There was scarcely a moment of the day when the scene did not call forth from us exclamations of surprise and delight. The road follows and often crosses the swift, clear, rocky stream. The variegated forest rises on either hand, but all along the banks vast trees without underbrush dot the little intervales. Now and then, in a level reach, where the road wound through these monarch stems, and the water spread in silver pools, the perspective was entrancing. But the color! For always there were the rhododendrons, either gleaming in masses of white and pink in the recesses of the forest, or forming for us an *allée*, close set, and uninterrupted for miles and miles; shrubs like trees, from twenty to thirty feet high, solid bouquets of blossoms, more abundant than any cultivated parterre, more brilliant than the finest display in a horticultural exhibition. There is an avenue of rhododendrons half a mile long at Hampton Court, which is world-wide famous. It needs a day to ride through the rhododendron avenue on Clover Fork, and the wild and free beauty of it transcends all creations of the gardener.

The inhabitants of the region are primitive and to a considerable extent illiterate. But still many strong and distinguished men have come from these mountain towns. Many families send their children away to school, and there are fair schools at Barbersville, Harlan Court House, and in other places. Long isolated from the moving world, they have retained the habits of the early settlers, and to some extent the vernacular speech, though the dialect is not specially marked. They have been until recently a self-sustaining people, raising and manufacturing nearly everything required by their limited

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knowledge and wants. Not long ago the women spun and wove from cotton and hemp and wool the household linen, the bed-wear, and the clothes of the family. In many houses the loom is still at work. The colors used for dyeing were formerly all of home make except, perhaps, the indigo; now they use what they call the "brought in" dyes, bought at the stores; and prints and other fabrics are largely taking the places of the home-made. During the morning we stopped at one of the best houses on the fork, a house with a small apple orchard in front, having a veranda, two large rooms, and a porch and kitchen at the back. In the back porch stood the loom with its web of half-finished cloth. The farmer was of the age when men sun themselves on the gallery and talk. His wife, an intelligent, barefooted old woman, was still engaged in household duties, but her weaving days were over. Her daughters did the weaving, and in one of the rooms were the linsey-woolsey dresses hung up, and piles of gorgeous bed coverlets, enough to set up half a dozen families. These are the treasures and heirlooms handed down from mother to daughter, for these hand-made fabrics never wear out. Only eight of the twelve children were at home. The youngest, the baby, a sickly boy of twelve, was lounging about the house. He could read a little, for he had been to school a few weeks. Reading and writing were not accomplishments in the family generally. The other girls and boys were in the corn field, and going to the back door, I saw a line of them hoeing at the top of the field. The field was literally so steep that they might have rolled from the top to the bottom. The mother called them in, and they lounged leisurely down, the girls swinging themselves over the garden fence with athletic ease. The four eldest were girls: one, a woman of thirty-five, had lost her beauty, if she ever had any, with her teeth; one, of thirty, recently married, had a stately dignity and a certain nobility of figure; one, of sixteen, was undeniably pretty — almost the only woman entitled to this epithet that we saw in the whole journey. This household must have been an exception, for the girls usually marry very young. They were all, of course, barefooted. They were all laborers, and evidently took life seriously, and however much their knowledge of the world was limited, the household evidently respected itself. The elder girls were the weavers, and they showed a taste and skill in their fabrics that would be praised in the Orient or in Mexico. The designs and colors of the coverlets were ingenious and striking. There was a very handsome one in crimson, done in wavy lines and bizarre figures, that was called the Kentucky Beauty, or the Ocean Wave, that had a most brilliant effect. A simple, hospitable family this. The traveller may go all through this region with the certainty of kindly treatment, and in perfect security—if, I suppose, he is not a revenue officer, or sent in to survey land on which the inhabitants have squatted.

We came at night to Harlan Court House, an old shabby hamlet, but growing and improving, having a new court-house and other signs of the awakening of the people to the wealth here in timber and mines. Here in a beautiful valley three streams—Poor, Martin, and Clover forks—unite to form the Cumberland. The place has fourteen "stores" and three taverns, the latter a trial to the traveller. Harlan has been one of the counties most conspicuous for lawlessness. The trouble is not simply individual wickedness, but the want of courage of public opinion, coupled with a general disrespect for authority. Plenty of people lament the state of things, but want the courage to take a public stand. The day before we reached the Court House the man who killed his wife and his brother had his examination. His friends were able to take the case before a friendly justice instead of the judge. The facts sworn to were that in a drunken dispute over cards he tried to kill his son-in-law, who escaped out of the window, and that his wife and brother opposed him, and he killed them with his pistol. Therefore their deaths were accidental, and he was discharged. Many people said privately that he ought to be hung, but there was entire public apathy over the affair. If Harlan had three or four resolute men who would take a public stand that this lawlessness must cease, they could carry the community with them. But the difficulty of enforcing law and order in some of these mountain counties is to find proper judges, prosecuting officers, and sheriffs. The officers are as likely as not to be the worst men in the community, and if they are not, they are likely to use their au-

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thority for satisfying their private grudges and revenges. Consequently men take the "law" into their own hands. The most personally courageous become bullies and the terror of the community. The worst citizens are not those who have killed most men, in the opinion of the public. It ought to be said that in some of the mountain counties there has been very little lawlessness, and in some it has been repressed by the local authorities, and there is great improvement on the whole. I was sorry not to meet a well-known character in the mountains, who has killed twenty-one men. He is a very agreeable "square" man, and I believe "high-toned," and it is the universal testimony that he never killed a man who did not deserve killing, and whose death was a benefit to the community. He is called, in the language of the country, a "severe" man. In a little company that assembled at the Harlan tavern were two elderly men, who appeared to be on friendly terms enough. Their sons had had a difficulty, and two boys out of each family had been killed not very long ago. The fathers were not involved in the vendetta. About the old Harlan court-house a great many men have been killed during court week in the past few years. The habit of carrying pistols and knives, and whiskey, are the immediate causes of these deaths, but back of these is the want of respect for law. At the ford of the Cumberland at Pineville was anchored a little house-boat, which was nothing but a whiskey shop. During our absence a tragedy occurred there. The sheriff with a posse went out to arrest some criminals in the mountain near. He secured his men, and was bringing them into Pineville, when it occurred to him that it would be a good plan to take a drink at the house-boat. The whole party got into a quarrel over their liquor, and in it the sheriff was killed and a couple of men seriously wounded. A resolute surveyor, formerly a general in our army, surveying land in the neighborhood of Pineville, under a decree of the United States court, has for years carried on his work at the personal peril of himself and his party. The squatters not only pull up his stakes and destroy his work day after day, but it was reported that they had shot at his corps from the bushes. He can only go on with his work by employing a large guard of armed men.

This state of things in eastern Kentucky will not be radically changed until the railways enter it, and business and enterprise bring in law and order. The State government cannot find native material for enforcing law, though there has been improvement within the past two years. I think no permanent gain can be expected till a new civilization comes in, though I heard of a bad community in one of the counties that had been quite subdued and changed by the labors of a devout and plain-spoken evangelist. So far as our party was concerned, we received nothing but kind treatment, and saw little evidences of demoralization, except that the young men usually were growing up to be "roughs," and liked to lounge about with shot-guns rather than work. But the report of men who have known the country for years was very unfavorable as to the general character of the people who live on the mountains and in the little valleys—that they were all ignorant; that the men generally were idle, vicious, and cowardly, and threw most of the hard labor in the field and house upon the women; that the killings are mostly done from ambush, and with no show for a fair fight. This is a tremendous indictment, and it is too sweeping to be sustained. The testimony of the gentlemen of our party, who thoroughly know this part of the State, contradicted it. The fact is there are two sorts of people in the mountains, as elsewhere.

The race of American mountaineers occupying the country from western North Carolina to eastern Kentucky is a curious study. Their origin is in doubt. They have developed their peculiarities in isolation. In this freedom stalwart and able men have been from time to time developed, but ignorance and freedom from the restraints of law have had their logical result as to the mass. I am told that this lawlessness has only existed since the war; that before, the people, though ignorant of letters, were peaceful. They had the good points of a simple people, and if they were not literate, they had abundant knowledge of their own region. During the war the mountaineers were carrying on a civil war at home. The opposing parties were not soldiers, but bushwhackers. Some of the best citizens were run out of the country, and never returned. The majority were Unionists, and in all the mountain region of eastern

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Kentucky I passed through there are few to-day who are politically Democrats. In the war, home-guards were organized, and these were little better than vigilance committees for private revenge. Disorder began with this private and partly patriotic warfare. After the war, when the bushwhackers got back to their cabins, the animosities were kept up, though I fancy that politics has little or nothing to do with them now. The habit of reckless shooting, of taking justice into private hands, is no doubt a relic of the disorganization during the war.

Worthless, good-for-nothing, irreclaimable, were words I often heard applied to people of this and that region. I am not so despondent of their future. Railways, trade, the sight of enterprise and industry, will do much with this material. Schools will do more, though it seems impossible to have efficient schools there at present. The people in their ignorance and their undeveloped country have a hard struggle for life. This region is, according to the census, the most prolific in the United States. The girls marry young, bear many children, work like galley-slaves, and at the time when women should be at their best they fade, lose their teeth, become ugly, and look old. One great cause of this is their lack of proper nourishment. There is nothing unhealthy in out-door work in moderation if the body is properly sustained by good food. But healthy, handsome women are not possible without good fare. In a considerable part of eastern Kentucky (not I hear in all) good wholesome cooking is unknown, and civilization is not possible without that. We passed a cabin where a man was very ill with dysentery. No doctor could be obtained, and perhaps that, considering what the doctor might have been, was not a misfortune. But he had no food fit for a sick man, and the women of the house were utterly ignorant of the diet suitable to a man in his state. I have no doubt that the abominable cookery of the region has much to do with the lawlessness, as it visibly has to do with the poor physical condition.

The road down the Cumberland, in a valley at times spreading out into fertile meadows, is nearly all the way through magnificent forests, along hill-sides fit for the vine, for fruit, and for pasture, while frequent outcroppings of coal testify to the abundance of the fuel that has been so long stored for the new civilization. These mountains would be profitable as sheep pastures did not the inhabitants here, as elsewhere in the United States, prefer to keep dogs rather than sheep.

I have thus sketched hastily some of the capacities of the Cumberland region. It is my belief that this central and hitherto neglected portion of the United States will soon become the theatre of vast and controlling industries.

I want space for more than a concluding word about western Kentucky, which deserves, both for its capacity and its recent improvements, a chapter to itself. There is a limestone area of some 10,000 square miles, with a soil hardly less fertile than that of the blue-grass region, a high agricultural development, and a population equal in all respects to that of the famous and historic grass country. Seven of the ten principal tobacco-producing counties in Kentucky and the largest Indian corn and wheat raising counties are in this part of the State. The western coal field has both river and rail transportation, thick deposits of iron ore, and more level and richer farming lands than the eastern coal field. Indeed, the agricultural development in this western coal region has attracted great attention.

Much also might be written of the remarkable progress of the towns of western Kentucky within the past few years. The increase in population is not more astonishing than the development of various industries. They show a vigorous, modern activity for which this part of the State has not, so far as I know, been generally credited. The traveller will find abundant evidence of it in Owensborough, Henderson, Hopkinsville, Bowling Green, and other places. As an illustration: Paducah, while doubling its population since 1880, has increased its manufacturing 150 per cent. The town had in 1880 twenty-six factories, with a capital of $600,000, employing 950 men; now it has fifty factories, with a cash capital of $2,000,000, employing 3250 men, engaged in a variety of industries—to which a large iron furnace is now being added. Taking it all together—variety of resources, excellence of climate, vigor of its people—one cannot escape the impression that Kentucky has a great future.

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COLLOQUIAL ENGLISH.

BY PROFESSOR A. S. HILL.

PESSIMISTS declare—and not altogether without reason—that the art of conversation is among the lost arts. They lament that we have no good talkers, like Addison, Johnson, or Coleridge, and no salons such as gave France social pre-eminence in the last century. With all our talk about women's rights and women's education, what, they ask, have we in place of Margaret Fuller's classes in social science? With all our speeches and speech-makers, where, in the younger generation, shall we find the easy, graceful colloquial touch which Emerson and Wendell Phillips had, which Dr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell have? We "descend to meet," as Emerson complained, and we meet, not to exchange thoughts, fancies, or witticisms, but to dance, eat, drink, discuss the weather, the fashions, the latest engagement, or to listen to set speeches on stated topics. Many a man is too tired, many a woman too anxious, almost every one too self-conscious, for genuine social intercourse.

To young men and women who have learned to talk pretty well at home, school and college may give a helping hand, without appearing to do so. Life may be infused into the intercourse between teacher and pupil; habits of simplicity and fluency of speech may be confirmed; clubs in which conversation plays a leading part may be encouraged; books that add to a reader's stock of words and show him the value of naturalness and individuality in expression may be recommended; the good parts of a classic may be distinguished from the parts not so good, and the true notes in a piece of current writing from the false ones; the merits and defects of a pupil's own work, spoken as well as written, may be pointed out, and the supreme importance of saying what he has to say in pure and idiomatic English may be kept constantly before his mind.

After all, however, parents and teachers can do comparatively little toward the production of good talkers—far less, indeed, than they can toward the production of good writers. In talking, it is practice which makes perfect. Other things are no doubt desirable. Multifarious, though not necessarily exact or profound knowledge; ability to contribute to the discussion of every topic, as it comes up, something that seems new and fresh, and to do so without pedantry or arrogance, vulgarity or pertness, without insisting or persisting; tact, or the gift of knowing when, to whom, and how to say this or that thing, when to speak and when to be silent; the royal gift of language that fits time, place, and person; the no less royal gift of manner that sends each word directly and gracefully to its address: all these—not to speak of intellectual or moral qualities—the excellent talker must possess.

The ready talker never suffers from what the French call *l'esprit de l'escalier:* his clever things occur to him while he is talking, and not on the staircase when the conversation is over. His wits are always and altogether at his command; what he knows—fact, argument, anecdote, illustration—is at his tongue's end; what he feels he feels promptly, and can express at once. He has mastered the art of conversation as defined by Lord Beaconsfield—the art "to be prompt without being stubborn, to refute without argument, and to clothe great matters in a motley garb."

What is especially needed by English-speaking persons is readiness with colloquial English, the English that is adapted to the needs and purposes of conversation. A man whose verbal resources, however large, are not instantly available will not talk so well as one who has all the words he knows within call, comparatively few though they be; but the thoroughly successful talker has at his tongue's end every word he needs for the conversation in hand. It is only by listening to good talkers and by reading books that reproduce the language of good talkers that one can accumulate a fund of colloquial English; and it is only by practice in talking that one can be sure of having the fund he has accumulated ready for use.

What is colloquial English? In what respect, if in any, does it differ from the English of the platform and the pulpit, or from that of books? If there is a difference, should it be removed? Do we praise a man when we say that he talks like a

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book, or an orator when we say that he speaks as if he were conversing with his hearers, or an author when we say that he writes exactly as he talks?

Other things being equal, the best spoken, like the best written English, is that which is most free from local or professional peculiarities, and conforms most closely to the language as used by men and women of culture.

Some of the differences between colloquial and other English grow out of the nature of speech as distinguished from writing. One of these suggests itself at once. The language of conversation should not "smell of the lamp," but should be, and should seem to be, the inspiration of the moment. A man talks his best, no doubt, on a subject with which he is familiar; but he should beware of a familiarity which keeps his mind in the same grooves; he should beware of speaking in sentences that bear the marks of having been framed in advance, or in words that sound as if they had been chosen with care. His mind should seem to be set in motion, not by reading or reflection, but by the impact of another mind upon his, or by the occasion. Even Sheridan, who thought out his clever things for the day before getting up in the morning, had to bring them into the conversation as if they were the fruit of the moment, and to do this successfully had to keep all his wits on the spring. Had those with whom he talked guessed what he was doing, his charm would have vanished. Even as it was, he was accounted a brilliant rather than an agreeable talker, for there was a hard, metallic glitter to his talk, as there is to the dialogues in his plays. With ordinary men, preparation in the matter of language betrays itself, as all of us who mix much with the social world must have noticed. A person who makes such preparation is, we instinctively feel, taking us at an advantage, is like a hostess who, having asked her guests to take pot-luck with the family, receives them in full dress. We doubt the sincerity of opinions which it has been found necessary to formulate in advance, and the originality of sayings which might have been copied from a book. The artificial phrase hides the natural feeling of the speaker; he purchases literary excellence by the loss of life as well as of truth.

Preparation in the matter of language is, then, to be discouraged; but society would be duller than it is if preparation were made by none of those who are "alive for the purposes of conversation" only. The rich and varied life of a doctor, a lawyer, or a man of business supplies him with topics in abundance; but those who lack such resources are not to be blamed if, before going out of an evening, they take a hasty swallow of the last new book, or of a review of the last new book, or—if they have not time for that—of the essence of the periodicals of the month extracted by a skilful hand and "flavored to suit." In New York and Washington, if I am not misinformed, "seminors" are held at regular intervals, at which a clever woman coaches other clever women in the political, literary, and ethical topics of the day. Such "seminors" cannot but be for the advantage not only of the women they prepare for social ordeals, but also for the society which these women frequent. Each of them will add something of her own to the knowledge with which she has been crammed, will at least put facts and ideas in her own language, make them her own in some way. This may be done so well that one who is not in the secret is not likely to guess that each of the women with whom he has been talking has drawn the material of what she says from a common stock provided at the afternoon conference. If the male social being could make up his mind to attend classes like those attended by women, and could get as much help from them as women do, what a start would be given to conversation—as regards, at least, the variety and the range of topics discussed! but inflexible masculine minds would perhaps take less from the conductor of a "seminor," and mix with it less of their own, than women do, and would trust less to the inspiration of the moment for their language. The facts and opinions they had listened to might be reproduced in a stereotyped form, and they might lose more in spontaneity than they gained in information. In conversation extempore nonsense goes farther than recited sense.

The necessity of talking or of seeming to talk extempore is so strong that we more than pardon in a talker inaccuracies of language that would be inexcusable in a writer; we expect them, as a matter of course; that is, we expect such as are common in the class to which he who

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makes them belongs. There is, to be sure, no hard and fast line between faults that may and faults that may not be committed with impunity. In a circle in which it would be an unpardonable sin to say *ain't* for *isn't* or *aren't*, *don't* for *doesn't* would not be noticed; but almost every circle would look askance at a conversationist who never used *me* for *I*, *who* for *whom*, never mixed singulars and plurals, never began a sentence in one way and ended it in another, never broke off in the middle of what he was saying, never fell into slang, threw the accent on a wrong syllable, or expressed his meaning inexactly. He who commits no offence against the conventional rules of the language excites a suspicion that he must have fortified himself in advance against a possible violation of them.

We all know, of course, that talkers have existed, still exist, perhaps, who have acquired the habit of expressing themselves off-hand with as much accuracy as ease; but such cases are rare. Usually the easy talker is inexact in his English, the correct one is stiff, is like Mr. Thomas Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*. "Mr. Day," says Miss Edgeworth, "talked like a book—and I do believe always thought in the same full-dress style. This was the result of the systematic care he had early taken to make himself master of his native language, and to cultivate eloquence." If Mr. Day did really talk as he wrote, his conversation must have seemed stiff even in the formal age in which he lived—an age which set a higher value upon conventional proprieties than we do.

Nowadays, as between two expressions, one of which is a little less idiomatic but a little less formal than the other, the less formal one, though perhaps vulgar in the eyes of precisions, will be preferred by good talkers. It is only in schools conducted on the principles held by Dickens's Mrs. General that one is expected to say "Come hither," instead of "Come here," "Whence did he come?" instead of "Where did he come from?" "I go because I want *to*," instead of "I go because I want *to go*." Outside of such schools the language of life, even though it be not high life, is better suited to the purposes of conversation than the language of books. In the days of brocades and the minuet, vulgarity was a bugbear; in the days of tulle and the polka glide, affectation and formality are in disfavor.

In conversation loose sentences are preferable to periodic ones. A periodic sentence—that is, a sentence so formed that it keeps the mind in suspense about the meaning until the very end—must have been, as a whole, in the mind of the speaker before it was uttered; a loose sentence—that is, a sentence that says something in the first clause which is added to, subtracted from, modified, changed in some way, as the sentence goes on—is probably built up word by word as it falls from the lips. The latter has the further advantage of being more readily understood. A reader can go over a sentence until he understands its meaning as a whole; a listener must seize the meaning of what is said at once, if at all. Even in sentences so short that they would be readily understood in either shape a talker is more likely to use the loose than the periodic form. We might naturally write, "Though I went to town early, I had no time for shopping"; but we should be more likely to say, "I had no time for shopping, though I went to town early"; or, "I went to town early, but I had no time for shopping."

The best conversation is discursive rather than methodical; for the logical development of a series of thoughts, or even of a single thought, would suggest that the subject-matter, if not the language also, had been arranged beforehand. It would therefore be fatal to that appearance of extemporaneousness which is the life of good talk, and which enables a talker to adjust what he says to what is said by the rest of the company. Even when a man attempts to convince the person with whom he is talking of some truth, or to persuade him to some course of action, he should take care not to be too consecutive, not to press a point too long or too far. The arguments may be as numerous and as strong as one pleases, but they should not be so arranged as to lead to the belief that the chain was forged beforehand. Warmth is to be expected from an earnest talker, but it should seem to come from friction with opposing views. Blows may fall fast, but they should not seem to be dealt with malice aforethought: the drawing-room should not be turned into an arena. One should carry the day, not by a regular siege, but by short and sharp attacks. Witness the practice of Dr. Johnson and of Carlyle. The English

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of conversation should be not only the product of the moment as regards words, sentences, and general arrangement, but the product, and the best product, of the mind which employs it: it should be not only extemporaneous, but individual. It should flow straight from its source, like water from a spring. An author who tries to write in a pure and an elegant style is in danger of sacrificing a part of his personality to his desire for literary excellence, and none but the best succeed in putting the whole of themselves into their written work. From the talker less finish but more freshness is expected. If he be thoroughly himself, we give him full liberty to phrase his thoughts as he will, sure that what they lose in exactness and beauty, they will gain in force and raciness. If he says what occurs to him without thinking of his language, his language will be the best he has at hand. If his talk is genuine, it will count for all it is worth.

Much of what has been said about the English of conversation holds good of the English of addresses that are not read from a manuscript. A public like a private speaker should beware of purism in the choice of words, and of artificiality in the construction or the arrangement of sentences, or in the manner of delivery. A doubt whether what is apparently extemporaneous has been learned by heart is fatal to success, far more fatal than faults in pronunciation or slips in grammar. From these even eminent orators are not altogether exempt. If they were, they might be suspected of having prepared in cold blood what they speak with apparent passion, and this suspicion would become a certainty if they always avoided on the platform such mistakes as they often fell into in the drawing-room.

Between the English of the drawing-room and that of the platform there is, however, one important difference. A speech being, as conversation is not, consecutive in form, should be so in fact. Arguments should be presented in an effective order, and should support one another, should lead to a predetermined conclusion. The line of thought may be illuminated by illustrations and enlivened by anecdote; but in all speeches which aim at anything beyond mere amusement there should be a line of thought. For a discourse of any considerable length it is usually wise to commit the order of thought to the memory, to make up the train, so to speak, before starting; but the couplings of the train should never be in sight. It is hard to say which is the more wearisome, a speaker who rambles through the universe, with no destination in view, and no apparent reason either for going on or for stopping, or one who moves slowly on a straight track through an arid region, counting the mile-stones as he goes along, and pointing from time to time to a distant object at which the tribulations of the tiresome journey are to cease. The best speaker is he who carries his hearers steadily forward, so steadily that they enjoy the journey, and are sorry when it is over. Such a speaker Dr. Ezra Ripley, the old Concord minister, appears to have been. "He," says Emerson, "had a foresight, when he opened his mouth, of all that he would say, and he marched straight to his conclusion. In debate, in vestry, or the lyceum, the structure of his sentences was admirable; so neat, so natural, so terse, his words fell like stones; and often, though quite unconscious of it, his speech was an unconscious satire on the loose, voluminous, draggle-tail periods of other speakers. He sat down when he had done."

Even a short after-dinner speech should have coherence; and it will be all the better if—like the five-minute speeches with which Judge Hoar year after year delights the Harvard chapter of the Φ B K Fraternity — it contain but one original idea clearly stated, and but one fresh story well told.

In our day the best speakers prefer colloquial to declamatory or oratorical English—the natural language used in the intercourse of daily life to the artificial language characteristic of stump-orators a generation ago. The movement toward this ideal grows every day. In Great Britain, indeed, swelling and swollen periods, such as Chatham thundered forth, and even Burke indulged in now and then, are things of the past. In Parliament, at the hustings, at Lord Mayors' and Literary Fund dinners, speakers aim to say what they wish to say, or to hide what they wish not to say, in simple and business-like words. Their graces, if graces they have, are such as would shine in the social world. Their eloquence, when they are eloquent, bursts

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out as if it came—as it might do in society—from the subject, or from the excitement of discussion.

In the United States we are moving in the same direction. Even stump-speeches are now for the most part addressed, in appearance at least, to the understanding, and are couched in simple language. Wit goes farther than declamation; a homely illustration is more telling than a poetical one. The American love of bombast has made way for the American love of "smartness." Fourth of July fire-crackers have outlived the pyrotechnics of Fourth of July orations. We still praise ourselves freely, as our ancestors did, but we do so with less "fuss and feathers." At the bar a similar change may be observed. It is harder than it used to be to "enthuse" juries—to borrow a word which, like "hifalutin," seems to imply that what was once sublime has become ridiculous. Lawyers talk to twelve men instead of "addressing the panel." Rufus Choate, were he to come to life again, would find it difficult to win such cases as he did win, unless he kept his imagination in a leash, shortened and simplified his periods, and made his delivery more conversational. Even in orations on memorial days or at college festivals colloquial English is heard; and the essays spoken at college Commencements are ceasing to be "mere emptiness."* In the Northern and especially the Northwestern States the taste for colloquial rather than oratorical English is, for obvious reasons, stronger than in the South and extreme West; but it is showing itself in all parts of the country. It is a taste that should be encouraged by all who prefer the simple to the ornate, the natural to the artificial, the sensible to the sonorous.

But for the limitations as to time and space under which epistolary correspondence exists, it might be defined as conversation with the pen. The best letters closely resemble the best conversation. Since, however, there is almost always an opportunity to look over a letter before it is posted, slovenly expressions are less excusable in it than in what falls from the lips; but so many letters are written in haste that we are not shocked to find in them slips in English that would disgrace a book.

A letter, whatever its faults of expression, is a good one if it makes the reader feel that the writer is speaking with the pen out of the fulness of the heart, not composing something to be read. When we hear that Lady Duff Gordon said, "I never could write a good letter, and unless I gallop as hard as I can, and don't stop to think, I can say nothing, so all is confused and uncorrected," we feel sure that her letters are agreeable reading. When Swift writes to Lord Bathurst, "I swear your lordship is the first person alive that made me lean on my elbow while writing to him, and by consequence this will be the worst letter I ever writ," we expect to find Swift in his correspondence. When, on the other hand, we are told that Lord Orrery, Swift's "noble biographer," made transcripts of his letters, "following regular rules of composition," "adding chapter and verse for model, and pointing out the elegance of his own conceits," we are glad that Lord Orrery does not write to us. When we read that the letters of Mr. Day—the man who talked like his own *Sandford and Merton*—were written as fast as his pen could move, and nevertheless are so rhetorical as "to give the idea of their being composed with great care," we are thankful that we are not obliged to read them.

What gives charm to the letters of Swift, Chesterfield, Cowper, Gray, Lamb, Byron, Dickens, Macaulay, Carlyle, is their air of having been written off-hand, and of being charged with the writer's personality. When a letter by a less famous writer deeply interests strangers, it is because the written page puts them face to face with a human soul which for once has found free and full expression. In private life almost every one who has many correspondents counts among them one at least whose letters have a personal charm, and are as delightful as his, or more frequently her, best talk. In Great Britain, indeed, it is, according to De Quincey, in the letters of cultivated women that pure idiomatic English survives. Letters, on the other hand, that were obviously written for publication, or for effect, or as pieces of composition, are in no proper sense letters. Pope's famous productions repel a reader who knows that

* Words applied by a critic of the day to passages in an oration delivered by Daniel Webster in his Sophomore year (1800)—a judgment with which Mr. Webster concurred.

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they were originally composed, not for the person nominally addressed, but for the public, and were unscrupulously edited before being given to the public. "Written for everybody," as has been said, "they interest nobody." Even Emerson's letters, good as they are, suffer from his practice of copying them, or at least from our knowledge that he copied them. Whether he expected them to be published after his death, or wished to make his sentences more epigrammatic, or to keep his correspondents from knowing him too intimately—whatever his reason for taking such pains, the effect is to take from the letters the freshness and genuineness of familiar talk. To get nearer to Emerson most of us would willingly give up the Emersonian polish which the letters acquired between the first draft and the transcript. The same absence of method which characterizes the best conversation belongs to letters. Aim at the regular development of a thought, and your letter becomes a treatise. Insist on a topic too long or too earnestly, and your letter becomes a sermon or a harangue. Letters should touch on many topics rather than dwell upon one, should suggest lines of thought rather than follow one out, should tell a story in outline rather than in detail—should, in short, take much for granted and leave much to the imagination. A letter-writer cannot emphasize or eke out his meaning by a look or a gesture, as a talker can do; but he may, if he knows his correspondent well, strike familiar notes, and thus, through the association of ideas, say much more than appears to be said. "A letter," as Jeannie Deans says, "canna look and pray and beg and beseech as the human voice can do to the human heart;" but it can touch chords in a heart it knows that will vibrate long.

We have still to consider what place colloquial English should hold in books and other written compositions.

That the written language of almost all children and of the great majority of young people differs widely from their spoken language—and not at all for the better—everybody knows. Everybody knows, too—everybody, at least, who knows the history of the language—that a difference almost as great, but dissimilar in origin and in characteristics, once existed between the English generally talked and that written by the few to be read by the few. Not that the distance between the literary and the living language was ever so great in English as in some other tongues, but even down to the end of the seventeenth century there was a marked distinction between the two. The living language was used in plays that were to be performed before a mixed audience, in poems that were read aloud, in translations of the Bible, and in a few books, like *Pilgrim's Progress*, written by uneducated men, and aimed at the popular conscience; but the great majority of authors, expecting to be read by scholars only, used scholastic rather than popular words and constructions. Dryden was, perhaps, the first prose author of eminence who recognized the importance of a mastery of living as well as literary English, and even he had not learned the lesson thoroughly. "He had," says Dr. Johnson, "scattered criticism over his prefaces with very little parsimony; but though he sometimes condescended to be somewhat familiar, his manner was in general too scholastick for those who had yet their rudiments to learn, and found it not easy to understand their master. His observations were framed rather for those that were learning to write than for those that read only to talk."

When, however, the reading public came to include many persons of both sexes who were far from being scholars, writers naturally adapted themselves to the tastes of the majority. It was Addison's boast that he had brought philosophy down from the clouds and out of the closet, and had served it with the tea and toast of society. It was Swift's purpose—achieved with wonderful success—so to write as to be readily understood by any one who could spell out the words, or could follow a reader who had spelled them out in advance. Defoe did perhaps even more than Swift or Addison to diminish the differences between spoken and written English. His writings are full of words taken from the familiar speech of plain people, and of slips of expression usual in his time with rapid talkers, who had more mother-wit than culture. Other writers of Queen Anne's time followed in the steps of the masters, and soon the written language took the form which it has kept, in the main, till the present time. Modern English dates from the beginning of the eighteenth century.

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In one eminent contemporary of Swift the transition from ancient to modern methods of writing was toward an oratorical rather than a colloquial style. Shut out from Parliament by his mistimed politics, Bolingbroke wrote pamphlets that read like speeches, and that reached a much larger public than they would have reached as speeches. Aiming to compose periods that should sound well, he eked out his matter with words, his eloquence with declamation. The influence of his swelling sentences, like that of Pope's rhetorical couplets, was felt through the eighteenth century and far into the nineteenth, was felt by Gibbon and Macaulay, as well as by Burke and Johnson. These and other writers, with all their merits, did not altogether escape the oratorical tendency characteristic of Bolingbroke, the tendency to be sonorous rather than simple, to express themselves less like ordinary human beings than like a man with a speaking-trumpet at his lips. Until a comparatively recent date the oratorical language was still dominant in newspapers and reviews as well as on the platform and in the pulpit. Even now there are authors as well as public speakers who have, like Daudet's Academician, the *parole à son d'ophicléide faite pour les hauteurs de la chaire.*

Happily, however, for the English-speaking world, the influence of *The Spectator*, of *Gulliver's Travels*, and of *Robinson Crusoe* has been strongly felt by succeeding writers. Goldsmith and Sterne, Cobbett and Franklin, carried on the good work begun by the writers of the age of Queen Anne; and the stream of tendency in written as in spoken work now sets toward colloquial rather than literary or oratorical English. Even De Quincey's rhetorical flights—admirable in their way as they are—find more critics than readers nowadays. Even Mr. Ruskin is ashamed—unduly so, perhaps—of the paragraphs in *Modern Painters* which were praised on all hands at their first appearance, and now writes in a simpler style. Other authors have taken pains, while revising their works, to substitute short, plain words for long and unfamiliar ones. The reading public has, indeed, so little taste for the pompous or the pedantic that writers who have a weakness for either try to make amends by dropping into slang now and then.

This disposition to copy in books the faults as well as the merits of the English of conversation is an unfortunate one, for in work which has been carefully prepared for the press vulgarisms which are common in conversation, and may be pardoned in hastily written private letters, have no excuse. A style can be rapid without being slovenly, plain without being low, and idiomatic without being provincial.

It is clear, too, that the absence of method, which is, as we have seen, a merit in conversation and in private letters, cannot but be a defect in all writings which are not intended to reproduce conversation or letters. Those among Addison's *Spectators* which are most immethodical in appearance were evidently written with a definite purpose, and on a plan of their own; with all their variety, they have unity of composition. Steele's papers, on the other hand, have the lightness of conversation, but being deficient in method, are collections of paragraphs rather than essays. Sterne, who seems to a hasty reader to have no method in his mad gambols, assures us that he constantly has the end of his journey in view, and moves toward it all the time, though by a circuitous route. Not a few of De Quincey's productions, on the other hand, deal with every subject under the sky except, or in addition to, the one the title promises to deal with, and are therefore, in spite of their brilliancy, irritating as well as unsatisfactory to every reader who is not content with a discourse on "matters and things in general." Emerson's want of continuity does not irritate—that he could never do—but it saddens and perplexes those who want to get somewhere, or who feel that there is a limit to their power to assimilate detached Orphic sayings, however profound in substance and striking in form.

Are there any other particulars in which written should differ from spoken English? Should the production of rhetorical paragraphs such as De Quincey plumed himself upon, or of "purple patches" such as Macaulay proudly put into his work, be encouraged? Is the style of Gibbon or that of Hume to be preferred? The style of Johnson's *Rambler* or that of Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*? Ruskin's later style or his earlier one?

George Sand somewhere says that it is as difficult to write in the familiar style in which one talks as it is to write in an

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ornate and literary style, and that each has its place. Which, however, should we aim at by preference? Should we strive to write "like a human being," as Bagehot advises, or should we array our ideas in full dress, as some authors, it is said, do their persons before taking up the pen?

This question has been well answered by an Irish novelist and by a great French critic. "The writing," says Miss Edgeworth, "which has least the appearance of literary manufacture almost always pleases me the best." "S'accoutumer," writes Sainte-Beuve, "à écrire comme on parle et comme on pense, n'est-ce pas déjà se mettre en demeure de bien penser?"

The language of books should, then, be in the main the language of conversation; but it should not be that of poor conversation. An author who undertakes to write as he talks should be careful to avoid the faults and defects of conversation while retaining its excellences. In the effort to be natural he should not suffer himself to be incorrect or vulgar; in his disdain of the arts of rhetoric he should not be betrayed into slipshod English; but his purpose should be to write as he talks in his best moments—a purpose not easy to carry out, as every one who has tried is painfully aware, but worth all the trouble it costs. To write as we talk in our best moments is to write simply, naturally, sincerely; to subordinate manner to matter, sound to sense; to abjure exaggeration in every form, intellectual or emotional. Thus, and thus only, will what we write be the exact and complete reproduction of what we think and feel in our sanest and most fruitful moments.

RUSSIAN BRONZES.

BY CLARENCE COOK.

ACCORDING to the general opinion, the story of art in Russia might be told in as few words as go to the traditional chapter "On Snakes in Ireland" contained in a history of that country oftener referred to than seen. Although of late years there has appeared some reason for thinking that denial of the existence of art in Russia may have gone too far, yet few persons could be found who would pretend to a personal acquaintance with it, and those few seemed to consider its existence a matter of little importance. Before the opening of the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia it is likely that the name of hardly a single Russian painter or sculptor had been heard of by our home-staying Americans, and even our travelled countrymen had been little attracted by the few specimens of Russian art they might have chanced to meet with outside of Russia herself. At the World's Fair held in London in 1862 less than fifty painters were represented in the Russian department by seventy-eight pictures, while there were no sculptors of importance, and among the few bronzes shown, those of Lieberich were the only ones worth naming.

At Philadelphia, on the other hand, the collection of bronzes exhibited was far superior to that shown in London, both in the number and the importance of the pieces. For some reason, best known to the authorities, these bronzes were not placed in the Russian art-exhibit in Memorial Hall, but in the Main Hall of the Exhibition, along with Russian manufactures, and as this was one of the least interesting departments of the Centennial, the bronzes received much less attention than they deserved.

In our own Exhibition, Russian painting was hardly so well represented as it was in London; and few of the contributors were distinguished artists. There were the marines of M. Ivan Aïwazowski, and Semeradski and Verestchagin were at least represented in name, though the works they sent were not characteristic. But Brulloff and Ivanoff, Jacobi and Makovski, artists greatly in repute among their countrymen, whatever outsiders may think of them, were not present at Philadelphia, and without them and a dozen others it was not easy to judge of the merits of the school—if school there be—since for that we need the names that stand highest to serve as a starting-point for criticism.

It has been remarked by a sagacious observer that the art of Russia has followed with faithful steps the remarkable evolution that has taken place in her literature. "In less than fifty years," says the Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé, "Russian literature has swung round rapidly from

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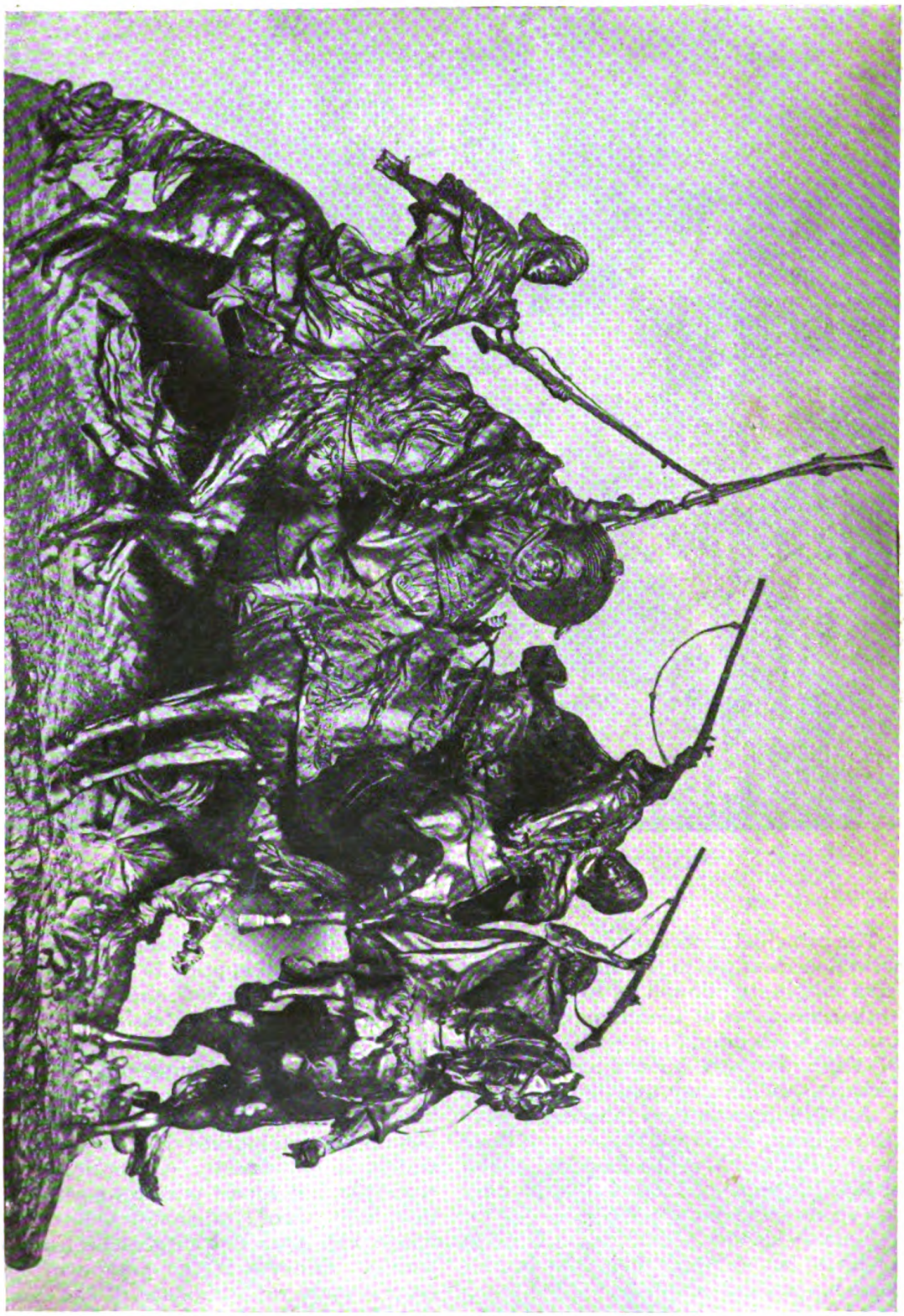
the aristocratic elegances and the romantic ideals of a Pushkin or a Lermontoff to the unhealthy analysis, the rude realism, often coarse and often powerful, of the productions of our own time. In the same way the new art betrays in its strong predilection the fundamentally democratic genius of the race. The wit, the gayety, the delicate qualities that have made the fortune of *genre* painting in France, are here almost unknown. The soul of Russia is epic and lyric. To-day it is the epopee of the poor and the humble that wins favor. The latest-come among the painters and those most enjoyed by the public are those who interpret life with sad and bitter strokes; the scenes and the persons which they love to paint speak to us of a resigned fatalism or of a dumb revolt; we feel that their pencils translate the pages of Dostoïevski or of Nekrassoff. Their humorists have the heavy hand; they force the note, and easily become vulgar. That which shocks us most in their rude natures, too rapidly ripened by civilization, is the absence of politeness—in the old and true sense of that word; it is replaced here by a sombre energy of expression and manner. The painters of want and suffering are dramatic because they are evidently sincere; they are not amusing themselves with playing variations upon an art theme. Those who study nature regard her with a deep penetrating sentiment, not always found in the same measure among our French masters."

When we turn to the art of sculpture we find that within its own limits it has shown, as was to have been expected, the same characteristics as painting; there is the same want of artistic feeling, of imagination, of poetic interpretation of nature; the sculptors are satisfied, as the painters are satisfied, with reporting as directly and as veraciously as possible what passes before their eyes.

No more than elsewhere has sculpture in Russia attempted to rival painting in the representation of a wide field of human life. But sculpture, as sculptors understand it, can hardly be said to exist in Russia, since the word is thought to be of too great dignity to be applied to the bronzes, for example, which we are considering; and with few exceptions these bronzes represent the highest achievement in this field of art that has been reached in the country. M. de Vogüé gives several reasons for this poverty of production. That there is no marble in Russia, or so little that it may fairly be said there is none, which is one of M. de Vogüé's reasons for the absence of sculpture, seems to us of small importance, for there is no marble fit for the sculptor's use in any country of Europe north of the Alps. What is more to the purpose is, that marble cannot be safely employed for work that is to be exposed to so rigorous a climate; it chips and scales under the intense cold. Such statues as there are in the public squares and imperial pleasure-grounds have to be boxed up every autumn; but this is an insufficient protection, and they are gradually destroyed by the climate. Then, again, the orthodox religion prohibits the reproduction in the churches of the human figure in the round, though bass-reliefs are allowed; and this takes away a large field from the sculptors, which in every other European country they have cultivated to great profit. And besides the veto of the Church, there is the veto of the state. Until a late period the government refused to permit the employment of bronze for the statues of persons in civil life. That material was reserved for the sovereign and for a few of the more illustrious generals of the army.

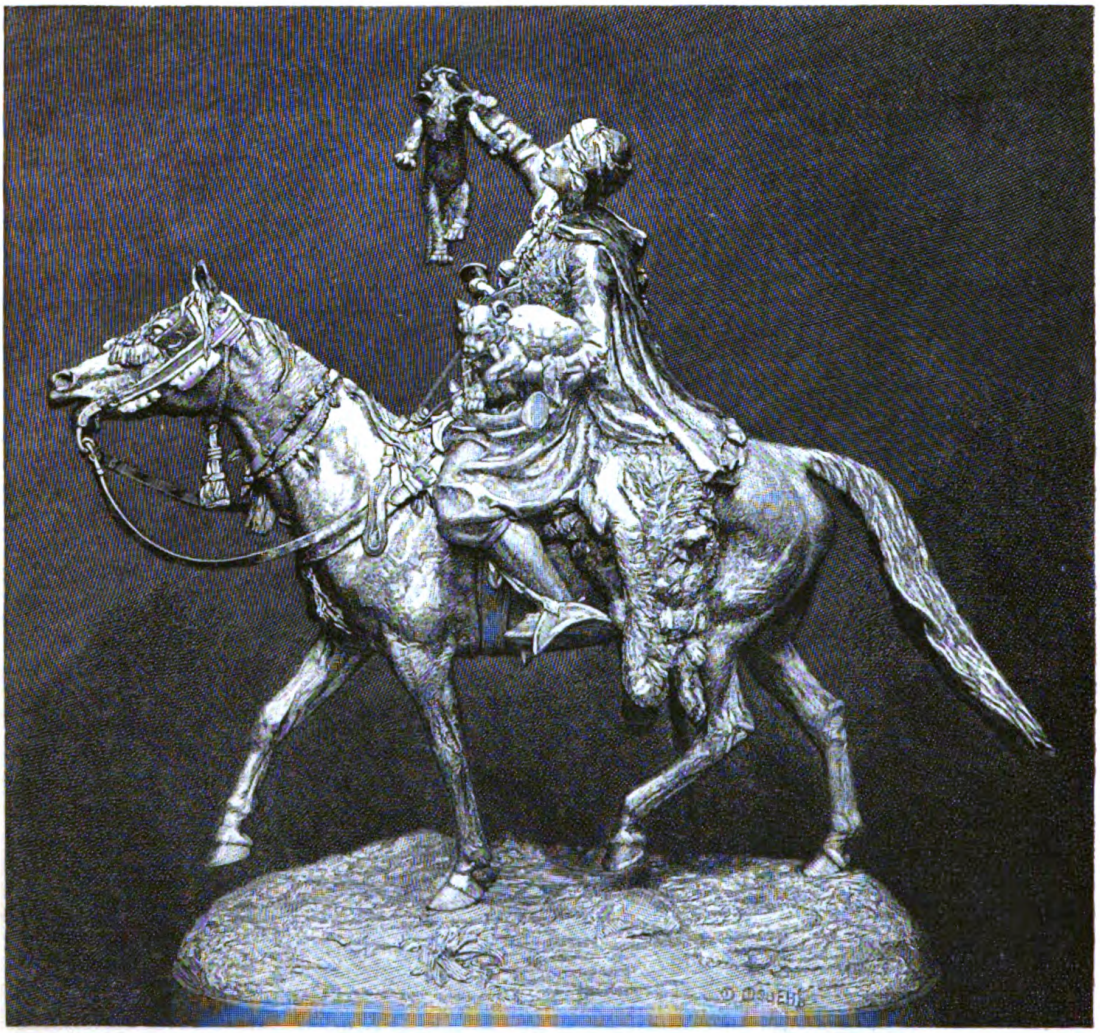
Without doubt the bronzes exhibited first in this country at Philadelphia, at the Centennial Exhibition, and later, with important additions, at the rooms of the Messrs. Tiffany in New York, are the most interesting contributions made by Russia to the domain of sculpture. The tendency of Russian painting in our day toward subjects drawn from contemporary home life, and the disposition shown to a morbid and gloomy view of the aspects of society, have been already pointed out. It is noticeable that the sculpture we are considering, while it too is almost wholly contemporaneous in its choice of subjects, differs strikingly from the painting in that its most marked characteristic is the cheerfulness, we may almost say the gayety, with which it depicts the life of the people. The beautiful pastoral pictures of Count Tolstoï, unsurpassed by those of any other writer, have the indelible impression they leave upon the mind quickened and renewed by these frequent glimpses of the peasant life: the truth of the writer is reflected in the truth of the sculptor.

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"AN ARAB FANTASIA."—From the Bronze by Lancere.

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"ARAB WITH THE LION CUBS."—From the Bronze by Lancere.

The principal names represented in the collection from which the Messrs. Tiffany have obligingly allowed us to make a selection are those of Lieberich, Gratchoff, Lancere, Kamensky, Naps, and Gentzburg. Of these the best known are those of Lieberich and Lancere, and the collections of Russian bronzes thus far shown have been made up mostly of the work of these artists. At the World's Fair in London in 1862 the name of Lieberich is the only one represented out of the six.

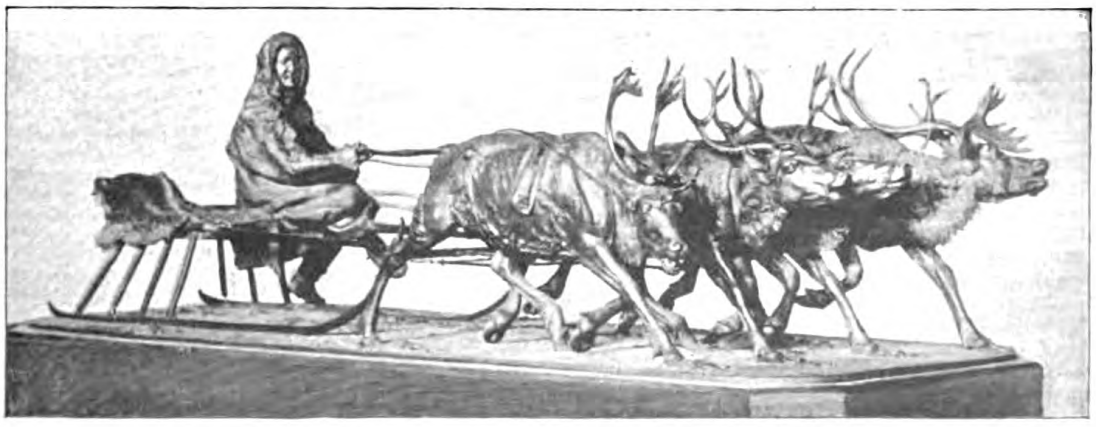
Lancere is, we are told, not a Russian by birth, but a Frenchman who has become naturalized in Russia. The French write "Lanseret," perhaps to preserve the pronunciation. As we have not been able to learn any particulars of his life, it may, no doubt, turn out to be prejudice that makes us suspect in his work a more polished and elegant manner of treating his subjects than appears in the groups of Lieberich and Gratchoff, and at the same time a less essentially Russian spirit in the conception. His work, whether it is due to his being a Frenchman born, or whether he made his studies in Paris, and so gives us Russian life sifted through the Beaux-Arts, is marked by a something which is not exactly conventional or academic, but comes nearer to being so than the work of Gratchoff or Gentzburg, whom one does not suspect of leaving Russia. Lancere is the author of the large group we reproduce, "The Fantasia," and also that of the "Arab with the Lion Cubs," subjects which, with a dozen smaller pieces—"An Arab Water-Seller," "A Donkey-Driver," and "An Arab Horseman"—are to be referred to the

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visits made by the artist to Cairo, where he laid up a rich store of native subjects, next to those of Fremiet the best notes we have in sculpture of Eastern life. Lancere is, however, most at home in Russian subjects, or, we may say, it is by them that he is best represented here. Next in importance, for the number of its figures, and the variety of the action and expressions, is his "Cossack Soldiers watering their Horses." Here the study of nature is very close, and the sense of reality strongly communicated. One of the men quietly smokes his pipe while his horse drinks. Another, a younger man, draws his rein as he talks; his horse has had enough. More spirited in action, but the note not forced beyond the precise limit of fidelity to nature, is the "Circassian driving a Herd of Wild Horses." He wears the fez of Astrakhan, the short embroidered jacket, and the full trousers, with boots, and carries before him on his saddle-bow his little son, who shares the sport with brave delight. Lancere's bronzes unite a large flowing picturesque composition with a minuteness of detail in accessories, carried to a high point of mechanical finish, which yet preserves the artistic accent. Something of this may be discerned in the figure of the mounted man-at-arms, called an Opritchnike, which we reproduce. The Opritchnike were a band of freebooters commissioned by Ivan the Cruel to carry out his plans for breaking up the growing power of the great Boyars. The group of horse and horseman is treated with spirit, and has in little a monumental air; but it is made for a near inspection—

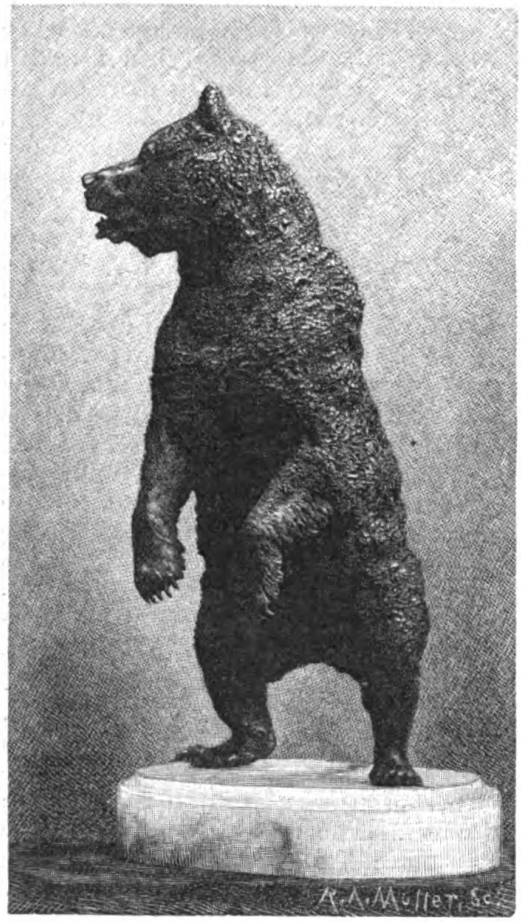
"All perfect, finished to a finger-nail."

The chain armor, the head-trappings of the horse, the bow case of stamped leather—all these details are worked up with care, and are so well designed, and treated with such sculpturesque feeling, that they add greatly to the pleasure given by the group as a whole. The same judgment may be passed upon the grand group—by some thought to be the masterpiece of Lancere—called "The Standard-Bearer." It represents one of the heroic figures in Russian history, who at the close of the battle still holds the standard safe, though with weary hands, and a frame faint with the fierce labors of the disputed day. His armor is half covered by a magnificent mantle, stiff with embroidery, and he holds the great banner in his arms, embracing it, and half hiding his helmeted head in its folds. The horse he sits is a magnificent creature, reminding us by his rich contours and his silky torrent of mane and tail of the Andalusian that Regnault's "Prim" bestrides. This noble group, and the Opritchnike, are the only pieces we have seen from Lancere's hands that verge on the imaginative in sentiment or the romantic in treatment. The rest of his subjects are drawn from the actual life of Russia in our own time. He has designed a few playful subjects; among them a hand-bell which has been a great favorite, as it is both useful and pretty. A little Russian peasant child, in his shirt and a big hat, with bare legs and feet, is mounted on top of a hay-cock, with a short-handled shovel in his hand. His smiling phiz is half hid in the shadow of his hat; he seems proud of his achievement in climbing this Mont Blanc of a hay-cock.



"SAMOYED AND REINDEER TEAM."—From the Bronze by Professor Lieberich.

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"STANDING BEAR."
From the Bronze by Professor Lieberich.

Nicholas Lieberich was born in 1828, and is a professor in the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg. His special excellence lies in designing animals and hunting scenes. His figures of men are not without spirit, but they are subordinated to the animals with which they are grouped, as in the "Wolf-Chase," the "Hare-Hunt," the "Falconer," the "Fight with a Bear," and the "Fox-Hunt." At Tiffany's the finest examples of Lieberich are the "Samoyed driving a Team of Four Reindeer" and the "Standing Bear," this latter the most remarkable of several of the artist's groups in which this animal plays a principal part. Lieberich, like Lancere, carries minuteness of finish far; but with him it is less seen in the accessories than in the substance of his work. He gives us the thick coat of the black bear with its multitudinous fine crinkles; he shows us the bony structures of his face, the soles of his feet, and his cruel claws. But this minuteness of finish is so wedded to the spirit of the whole presentment, the lumbering alertness of the beast, the expressiveness of his action and attitude, that we do not quarrel with it; it is perfectly in its place, and in no way interferes with the life-like impression the artist has to convey. This is "the rugged Russian bear," and Barye himself, though his methods were different, would have been quick to recognize the truth to nature in Lieberich's portrait. It must be noted in passing that with Lieberich, as with Barye, there is no trace of the clumsy humor sometimes shown by animal-painters and sculptors in mingling a human element with their subject. If Barye must be allowed to show a more imaginative conception in some of his groups than Lieberich has attained to, this is always within the limits of reality, and Lieberich knows as well as Barye how to be picturesque without touching upon forbidden ground.

The group of the Samoyed with the reindeer team, which we reproduce, has a delightful freedom and sense of movement—the lightly built sledge; the tackle so deftly suited to its work; the smiling Laplander, easily guiding his team; the team itself, with branching horns, whose toss and sway add to the life and play of the whole group. Many times as we have seen this piece, we do not tire of it. Other figures by Lieberich are those of women peasants going to the hay field mounted on farm horses and with rakes on their shoulders, or riding to market. We have already mentioned the hunting scenes where the hare or the wolf or the fox has been caught, and is shown by the hunter to the hounds. One of these hunting scenes is very spirited: the hunter urges his horse to a full gallop and gives him the rein; the dogs, straining every nerve, have come up with the wolf. The group has an immense deal of "go" in it. In general, however, Lieberich's groups are rather quiet in action.

The names of Gratchoff, of Posene, Samonoff, and Naps, have not perhaps reached so much distinction as those we have mentioned, but they stand for work of much artistic merit, and their subjects are so essentially Russian and so characteristic of the life of the people that we have studied them with as much pleasure as we have the better-known work. These sculptured pictures of Russian life form a

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"AN OPRITCHNIKE."—From the Bronze by Lancere.

sort of commentary on much of the writing about peasants and peasant life that we find in Tolstoï and Tourguénief, without pretending to be other than literal transcripts of passing life. Samonoff shows us a Finlander and his wife driving along home in a cart drawn by a mare whose foal trots by her side. The husband, tired out with his day's work, and perhaps suffering from too much drink, is asleep; the wife, who is driving, turns round and tickles him in the face with the whip-lash, without in the least disturbing his slumbers. The curious construction of the cart, like one-half of a straight barrel cut lengthwise, the singular adjustment of the wheel—these details, with the dress of the man and woman, all accurately given, are of a piece with the general realism of these Russian bronzes. Other subjects by Samonoff are, "A Guard with a Convoy of Turkish Prisoners," "A Cossack Light-

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"BABY WASHING HIS JUMPING-JACK."
From the Bronze by Kamensky

ing his Pipe," and oddly enough, among all this every-day life, a "Don Quixote and Sancho Panza," showing a strong sense of humor in the discrimination between the two characters. There is also a capital piece—a party of men in a troika; one plays on an accordion; another passes the whiskey flask to the driver, who, standing up while he drives his horses at a mad pace, turns round to receive it.

Naps and Posene are workers in the same field; their groups of peasants have much naturalness and unstrained pathos. Posene's "Emigrants to the Amoor" shows us a family of poor travellers preparing to bivouac for the night—the horses unloosed from the wagon with its tent-like cover; the old people resting, the grandfather with his boots off and his fur cap on the ground, the grandmother watching her little grandson, who in his turn watches his mother getting out materials for a meal from her store; one of the younger men cutting wood, another drawing water. There is a charm in a group like this, which may perhaps be stronger with one who has read the Russian story-tellers than with one who knows nothing, even by hearsay, of Russian peasant life; but it would be felt in some degree by all unsophisticated people, and by children, and by all those whose notions as to what art may do and what it may not do are not too set to admit of expansion.

We confess to a great liking for Gratchoff, another professor in the Academy, but of whom we can learn no further particulars. He shows us a variety of types—Cossacks, Circassians, Bashi-Bazouks, peasants of Little Russia, Kamtchatka, Lapps, and Esquimaux, and treats his subjects in the spirit of anecdote. Here a mounted Bashi-Bazouk, who has lassoed a cow, prepares to give the pursuing owner a warm greeting with his pistol; here a Cossack says farewell to his wife, who lightly springs to the saddle-bow, and strains her strongly in his arms; another pair descend a steep hill-side; the wife, seated in front of her husband, trusts the rein to the careful horse, holding it lightly in her hand, while her husband, clasping her waist with one arm, points out something on the plain below. Or peasants of Little Russia—pretty pastoral bits of life: he sits at her side as she spins, and embracing her with one arm, holds her free hand against his breast, while he whispers sweet nothings in her ear, her face lighted up with pleasure; here, again, he lies full length on the ground and looks up into her face as she sits at his side smiling down upon him, one hand on his shoulder. Gratchoff has tried his hand too at animals: some pretty kittens, and a fine dog, a pointer, are his, and a sturgeon lying upon a block of rock-crystal for ice; white bears, too—one attacks a sea-lion; an Esquimau hunts the seal; a Kamtchatkan makes his two curly little dogs "ask" for a fish. Such are the glimpses the artist gives us into a life of which few records come to us. The Cossacks and Turcos of Gratchoff are full of

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fire, dashing along in pursuit, shooting at the enemy from behind their horses, sheathing their swords after victory, with the enemy's riderless horse in tow. It will be seen that, taken together, these bronzes present a varied picture of out-of-door life in the vast empire, and make us acquainted with many strange and interesting types.

Feodor Kamensky, the sculptor of the "Baby washing his Jumping-Jack," was born in 1838, and after studying in the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg, where he took the great prize, went to Florence. He is not associated with subjects peculiarly Russian, but has rather brought back from Italy a liking for popular subjects of a domestic and fanciful character—"A Mother nursing her Baby," "Baby as Artist," a fountain group of two children, etc., etc. Our illustration shows him at his best; but even Mr. Müller's clever hand cannot do justice to the modelling of the flesh, at once so soft and so firm: the back of the child is especially fine. There is a large, rich feeling about this work—it is the size of life—that makes most modern things about it look weak. There is none of that pettiness in the treatment that hurts so many of the works of the modern Italian school, where, no doubt, Kamensky got his direction.

Among all these works perhaps the only one that gives promise of any important addition to the field of modern sculpture is the "Bather," by Gentzburg. A photograph of the artist stands by the side of this bronze. It shows us the artist looking up with pleased earnestness at the clay model of his boy, to which he is just giving the last touches. He is a young man with an expressive face and a dark, earnest eye. We cannot learn whether he has produced any other work of consequence; but it is certain that he will do so, for the present work has energy and vitality enough to set up a dozen modern sculptors. It is life that Gentzburg would evolve—life, supple movement, the consenting play of muscle and will. Beauty does not as yet tempt him; to him, as to the rest of his countrymen, the beautiful and the ugly are only two aspects of the one nature, which the artist regards with the indifference of their creator.



"THE BATHER."—From the Bronze by Gentzburg.

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MODERN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY F. C. BEACH, PH.B.

THE extensive practice of amateur photography at the present time as an aid in many pursuits pertaining to art, and also solely as an amusement and recreation, must be attributed to the marvellous discoveries and improvements made since the time of Daguerre.

A few years ago, just prior to the introduction of the present process, when the wet or collodion process was in use, to be an amateur photographer required an intimate knowledge of chemistry and a large amount of practical experience; added to this was the annoyance of staining the clothes and fingers with solutions of nitrate of silver.

A photographic pleasure trip in the country in those days involved, in addition to the burdensome camera and equipments, the carrying of bottles, chemicals, and paraphernalia for setting up a dark chamber or tent in the field, since it was necessary to bring the picture out immediately after an exposure had been made. Unless special precautions were taken in regard to the strength and temperature of the solutions, no satisfactory results could be obtained. In consequence of these hinderances the practice of the process was largely confined to the studio, where the conveniences for rapid manipulation were ready at hand. Various processes were invented for preparing plates in a dry state, that they might be utilized in the camera at the convenience of the operator. But the manipulation required in making them was tedious, and the sensitiveness of the plates decreased.

The next advance to be noted was the introduction of the sensitive salts directly with collodion, flowing the latter upon the plate and drying the sensitive film. Plates thus coated were as sensitive as those prepared by the wet collodion process, and at the same time retained their sensitiveness for a long period. This process, termed the "collodion bromide emulsion process," was brought to a high state of perfection in this country through an extensive line of experiments carried on in 1876-7 by Mr. Henry J. Newton, of New York, an amateur photographer, and the present President of the Photographic Section of the American Institute, who also proposed and used the soda developer now generally employed on gelatine plates.

Coming now to the process of the present day, by which plates of lightning rapidity and excellent keeping qualities are prepared—a process which has revolutionized all previous methods—a brief sketch of its origin and of the authors who were instrumental in perfecting it will doubtless be interesting. While Pontevin and others suggested the use of gelatine as a medium for holding sensitive salts, it was not until Dr. R. L. Maddox, in September, 1871, published in the *British Journal of Photography* the results of some of his experiments on the combination of bromide of silver with gelatine that a new impulse was given to the preparation of sensitive plates.

His formula at once proved to be practical, and was taken up and perfected by other scientific men. Dr. Maddox, it should be added, was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, residing in London, and devoted himself chiefly to the practice of microscopy and the use of photography in connection therewith. The new sensitive compound, though no more sensitive to light than others previously published, had the merit of being easily prepared, and of retaining its sensitive qualities for almost any length of time, and in this respect was of material advantage.

How to increase the sensitiveness of the gelatine silver compound was the next problem, and this was easily solved by the experiments of another amateur photographer, member of a firm of hatters in London, Charles Bennett by name, who in 1878 found that a prolonged application of heat (90° F.) to the liquid emulsion—from three to five days—produced a remarkable change, increasing the sensitiveness of the emulsion from ten to twenty times. Upon the solicitation of his friends he published a full detailed account of his method, freely giving it to the public.

Succeeding Bennett, in 1879, Captain W. de W. Abney and Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart Wortley, both amateurs in scientific photography, obtained greater sensitiveness in a very short time by employing a higher degree of heat, even raising it to the boiling-point. Follow-

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DR. R. L. MADDOX.
From a photograph by J. THOMSON, London.

the use of heat, which was effected by the addition to the emulsion, at a particular stage, of a small quantity of liquor ammonia; the time required to prepare it was very short, while the deterioration of the gelatine by heat, liable to occur in former processes, was entirely avoided. The formula met with immediate success, resulting in greatly simplifying



HENRY J. NEWTON.
From a photograph by HUGH O'NEIL.

ing close upon these discoveries, sensitive plates bearing Bennett's name were prepared and sold exclusively, but it was not until about 1880 that their merits and advantages began to be fully appreciated.

In the fall of 1879 Dr. D. Von Monckhoven, of Ghent, Belgium, a German chemist, interested in photography, read before the Belgian Photographic Association his new formula for obtaining an extremely sensitive emulsion without



CAPTAIN W. DE W. ABNEY, R.E., F.R.S., PRESIDENT OF THE LONDON CAMERA CLUB.
From a photo. by ADAMS AND SCANLAN, Southampton.

which tended to produce high sensitiveness.

Since the preparation of the sensitive emulsion and the coating of plates requires more time and trouble than the average amateur has to spare, very few undertake it. Hence it is that within a very few years immense establishments have been built up in the United States and Europe expressly for the purpose of manufacturing the plates on a large scale, based, it would seem, on the simple fact of their



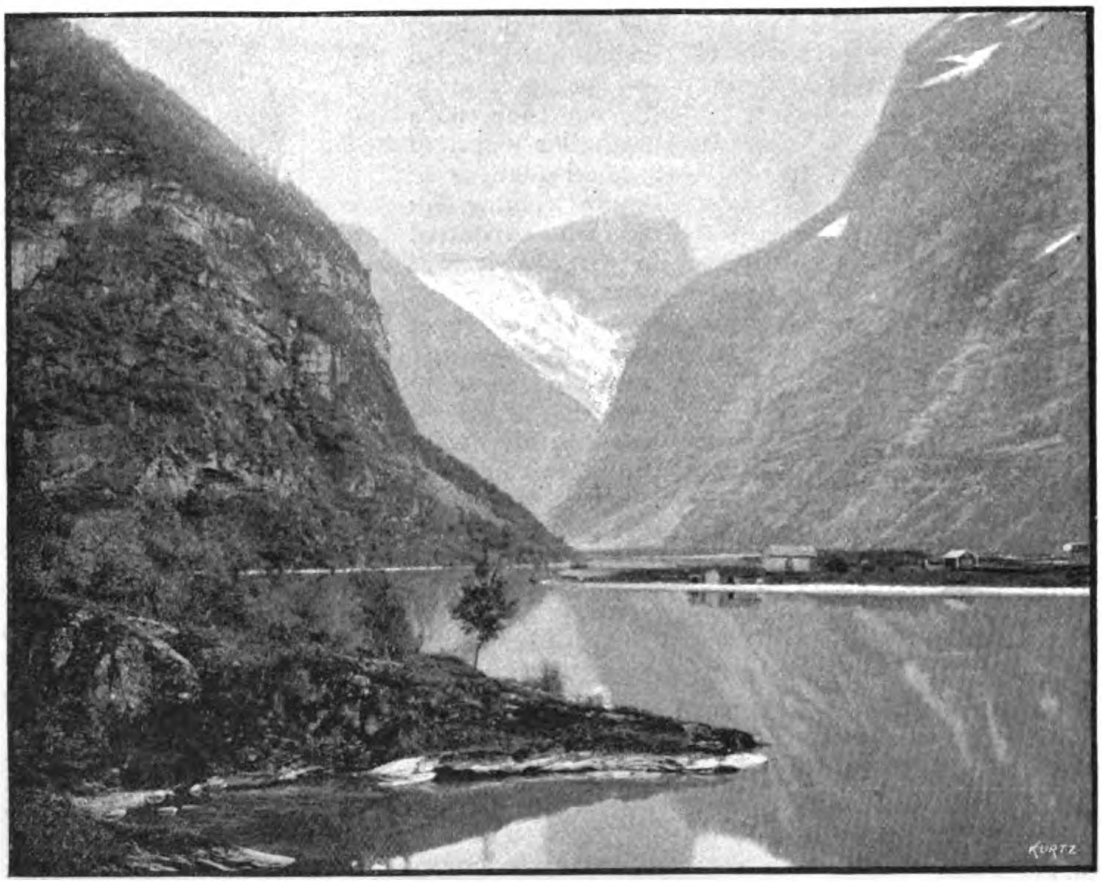
CHARLES BENNETT.

the process of preparing sensitive emulsions. At this day, though Monckhoven died in 1882, plates bearing his name are commercially sold. Other amateurs, such as A. L. Henderson, of London, and Dr. J. M. Eder, of Vienna, Austria, should be noted as men who have made minor improvements in the manipulation of the process, all of



DR. D. VON MONCKHOVEN.

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AMPHITHEATRE OF NAESDAL, LOENVAND, NORWAY.
Photographed by HENRY A. ROWLAND, awarded a Diploma at the Boston Exhibition, 1888.

remarkable keeping qualities, and the supply required by both professionals and amateurs.

It is estimated that there are seven large establishments, with perhaps thirty smaller concerns, in the United States, whose annual output is not far from seven million dozen plates, which has resulted in the introduction of a vast and growing industry, involving probably the consumption of thousands of tons of glass and hundreds of pounds of silver, imparting also a special impetus to the manufacture of all forms of photographic apparatus.

Starting with the advantage of purchasing his sensitive plates ready for use, neatly put up in light tight paper boxes, the amateur photographer of to-day has a comparatively easy time.

In apparatus all that is required is a light substantial camera, usually of a size sufficiently large to take in a five by eight plate, a good lens of the rectilinear type, a shutter, a compact folding tripod and stand, and half a dozen double plate-holders, each one holding two plates, ready for exposure in the camera, all of which may be purchased from manufacturers in style and prices to suit the taste and purse of the intending photographer.

The beginner, after having secured suitable apparatus, should first familiarize himself with its working. He will need to learn how to focus and place the reversed image on the ground-glass correctly, to know when to use the rising front and swing-back, and to see that the camera stand is properly levelled. After these points are acquired, the question of exposure and development should be studied. As regards exposure, practical experience is necessary. No general rule can be given. The guides to be considered are the brilliancy of the image on the ground-glass, the rapidity of the plate, the time of day, and the subject, whether it is a dark shady nook or a brilliantly illuminated sea-scape. A few experiments will teach more than an elaborate description in books. There has been lately introduced an instrument

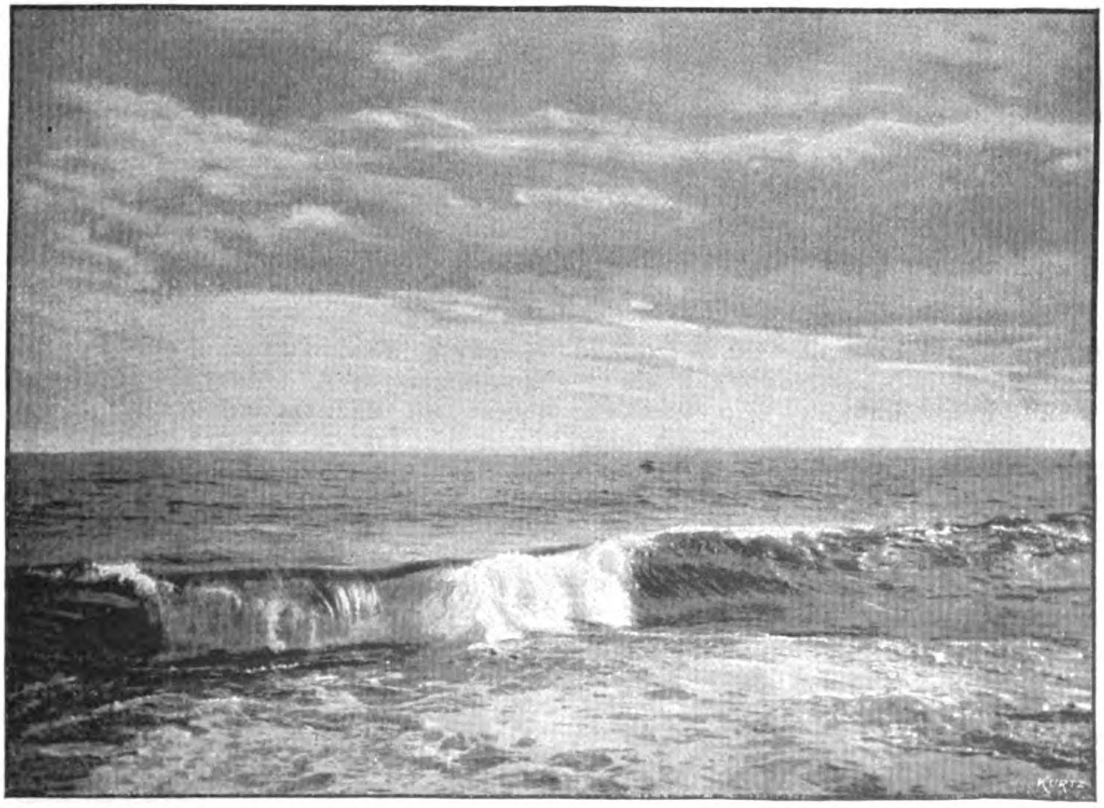
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about as large as a good-sized watch, termed a "Photometre," for accurately determining the proper exposure. When used it is placed in contact with the ground-glass, and an internal disk is rotated until three small holes, arranged in a radial line on the disk, appear to merge together. Then a reading is taken which tells how many seconds exposure should be given. Being based on the principle of the brilliancy of the ground-glass, it appears to work satisfactorily in practice. Concerning the proper development of the exposed plate, more skill and patience are required than are ordinarily expected, but it is easier to learn how to do it correctly by observing the manipulations of a skilled operator than in any other way.

The development of the plate usually occupies about ten or fifteen minutes. It is frequently hard for beginners to tell when to stop the development. In general they are apt to stop too soon, producing thereby negatives too weak and devoid of contrast. Developers ready for use are sold, saving the beginner considerable trouble, but those who have the time prefer to prepare their own solutions. The manipulation is quite easy. Under the ruby-orange light the sensitive plate is removed from the holder and laid in a rubber tray previously partially filled with water. After a minute's soaking the water is poured off, and the developer, consisting of water, pyro, and potash, is poured on. In the course of two minutes the picture appears, and soon gradually develops out fully, when the plate is washed and the image fixed in a hypo-sulphite of soda solution.

One of the most attractive amusements of the amateur is the making of instantaneous pictures. Plates of the highest sensitiveness are employed, and additional care is required to successfully develop them. The possibilities and interesting results that are to be had from such pictures have stimulated the invention of numerous forms and styles of shutters, some of which enable the operator to reduce the interval of exposure to the one-five-hundredth of a second.

In special cameras, designed to be carried about in the hand, and commonly called "detective cameras," shutters of high speed are generally employed, and



WAVE AT CRANBERRY ISLAND, NEAR MOUNT DESERT, MAINE.
From an instantaneous photograph by HENRY A. ROWLAND.

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OPERATING A DETECTIVE CAMERA.
From a photograph by CHARLES SIMPSON.

are either arranged directly in front of the lens or between lenses. Much ingenuity has been displayed in concealing all resemblance to a photographic apparatus in these cameras. Those mostly used are made in the form of a physician's medicine case, covered with rough leather, or to look like a hand-satchel. They hold half a dozen plates, and are fitted with convenient devices for quickly setting the shutter, for focussing, for changing the plates, and are provided also with miniature lenses and reflectors, called finders, which enable the operator to tell when the object to be taken is in the field of view. As these cameras are quite light and portable, they have become very popular and numerous. They attract no attention, and on that account are particularly useful when photographing in crowded streets or when one is travelling.

One of the latest small cameras is arranged to hold enough sensitive paper to make a hundred negatives before it needs to be renewed, and weighs a trifle less than two pounds. The pictures are made in panoramic fashion on a ribbon of paper, and are cut off when developed. To operate the instrument it is only necessary to snap the shutter and wind off the paper, as one would wind up a clock, when it is ready for the next exposure.

The accompanying illustration, made from a photograph, shows the amateur in the act of releasing the shutter of one of these cameras. Mr. Thomas Bolas, editor of the London *Photographic News*, is believed to have been the first to suggest a concealed portable camera.

Perhaps the most successful and ingenious concealed camera is one arranged to be suspended from the neck, behind the vest, having the miniature lens projected through a button-hole in the vest, and constructed so as to match the other buttons. The sensitive plate is circular in form, held in a round thin light metal case. After an exposure is made the plate is readily rotated forward until a new section is brought behind the lens. A convenient cord depends behind the vest from the releasing mechanism of the shutter. In taking a picture it is only necessary to walk up to within a few feet of the object, then to quickly pull the string; a slight sound or click at once apprises the operator that the picture is taken. Six negatives may be made on one



AN OLD NEW YORK BROOM MAN.
From an instantaneous photograph.

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THE PET PONY.—Photographed by JAMES E. BRUSH.

plate, the size of each being about one and a half inches square. From these, enlarged pictures are easily made.

In Germany this camera is styled "The Button Camera." It is becoming very popular there, especially with artists and military officials, and it is reported that as many as three hundred are now carried by the Russian police.

The small picture on page 292 represents the actual size of those obtained with the Button Camera, and was made by R. D. Gray.

Other portable cameras are constructed in novel forms, such as watches, hats, revolvers, and opera-glasses, intended to conceal their photographic character.

In making outings for pleasure, amateurs sometimes meet with curious and novel experiences. An incident which actually occurred may be related as follows: One spring afternoon the writer and a friend, while carelessly strolling through a neighboring town with their cameras, were accosted in front of a residence by the proprietor somewhat as follows: "Say, Messrs. Photographers, will you take a picture of my little girl and her white pony? I will pay you for your trouble. Never have had the pony photographed." We replied that, as we were amateurs, we did not photograph for profit, and at first declined; but as he pressed his request more urgently, and as the subject was one of unusual interest, we consented to try our skill. The result may be seen in the illustration on this page.

Amateurs frequently come across strange and grotesque personages, some of whom are inclined to be refractory. It is said a few Indians out West have learned to know about the camera, and will not pose for a picture unless they receive a five-dollar bill. In such cases the detective camera accomplishes the work without their knowledge.

In 1885 an American firm introduced paper prepared with a sensitive coating of gelatine and silver as a substitute for

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glass, with special apparatus for applying it to the camera. This invention met with considerable favor.

Since that time improved methods have been adopted by which the picture, after being finished, is readily stripped off from the paper support and mounted on a transparent film of flexible but heavier gelatine. A negative in every respect equal to the transparency of glass is thus obtained, and about one-tenth as heavy. Such material immensely lightens the weight one has to carry, and is of special value and usefulness when long journeys are to be undertaken. The sensitive paper can be readily sent by mail to all parts of the world, making it very easy for the amateur to get a supply. Bromide paper is also used in making prints from negatives by artificial light, and is adapted to be used on a wet negative, enabling a proof to be made as soon as the negative is developed. The same paper is well adapted for enlarging purposes, since a small negative can be thrown, in an apparatus similar in construction to a magic lantern, upon a screen of sensitive paper, the exposure lasting a few seconds or minutes, according to the strength of light employed. After exposure the enlarged positive picture is developed and fixed as in the process of making positive prints. For doing the work successfully, good negatives, not too dense, but perfectly sharp and clear, are required.

Ordinarily, before the introduction of this paper, enlarging was done by sunlight in an expensive apparatus termed a solar camera, or by means of the electric-light. Now the amateur at small expense may readily utilize his own camera as an enlarging apparatus by arranging about it dark curtains. Either natural or artificial light may be used, as best suits his convenience.

The preference which many amateurs have for small light cameras (aside from their convenience when travelling) is due, no doubt, to the small expense involved, and to the fact that pictures from small negatives may be readily enlarged upon the gelatino-bromide paper. From small negatives lantern slides suitable for the magic lantern are also easily made by placing the prepared dry plate in contact with the negative and exposing to artificial light for a few seconds. The plate is then developed, fixed, and dried in the usual way.

So many advantages are placed before the amateur by reason of the advancements recently made in the art that he may find amusement in its practice at almost all seasons of the year. During the spring, summer, and autumn months outdoor work is his chief delight, while in the winter months he may practise portraiture, enlarging, or manufacture lantern slides, giving subsequent enjoyment to his friends by showing his pictures on the screen at private parlor magic-lantern exhibitions.

In several respects the making of a lantern slide is more simple than the manipulation required to produce a silver print, and as the picture is on glass, it is more delicate and beautiful in its finer details and graduations than it is possible to obtain on paper. Many amateurs prefer the making of slides to the slow process of printing, since they can be made at night, by lamp-light, out of business hours.

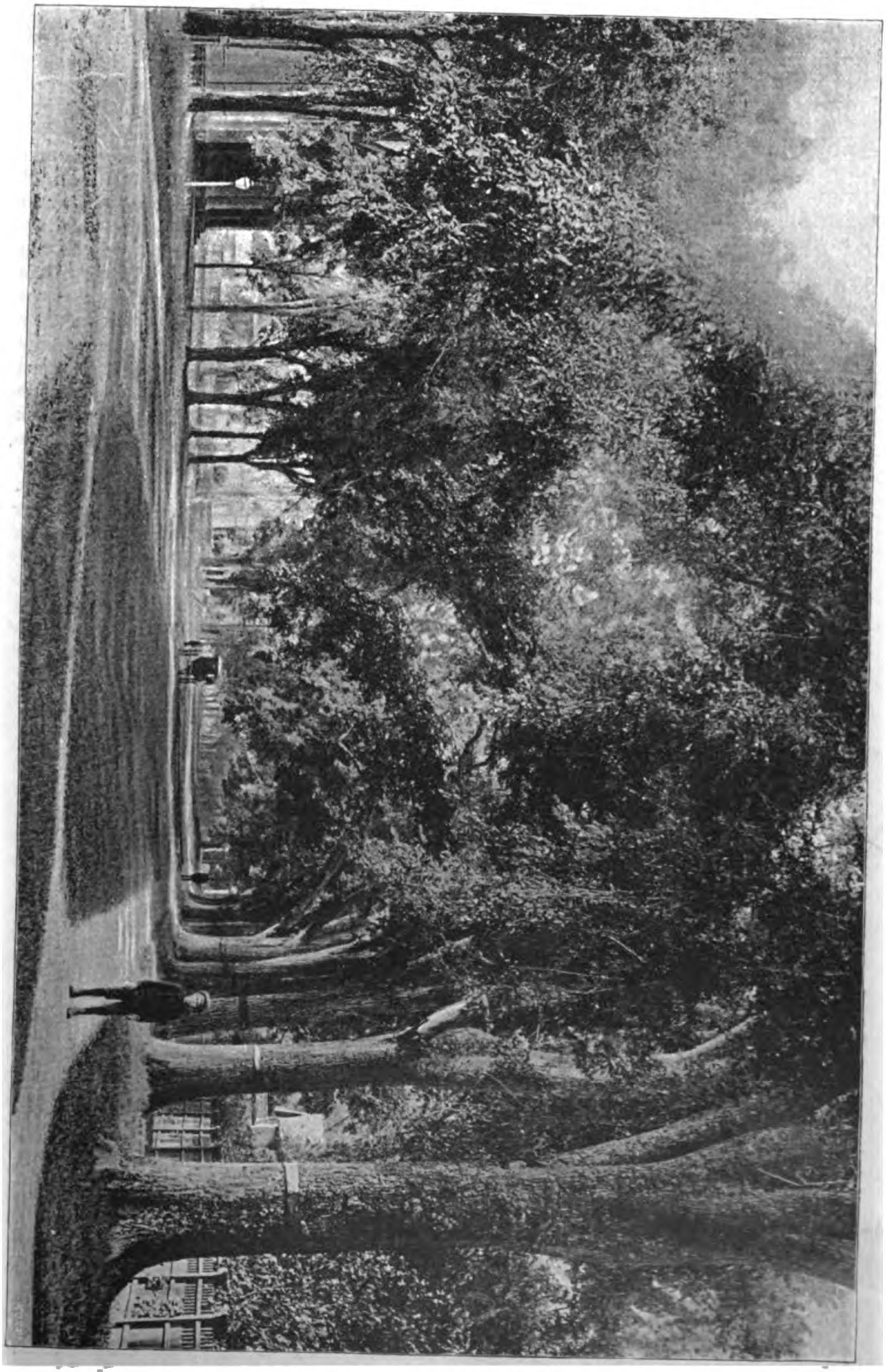
Amateurs will hail with delight the introduction of a new platinotype paper recently invented by a Mr. Pizzighelli, which prints out direct like silver paper, but which is rapidly fixed after printing by simply immersing for a few minutes in a bath of water containing a trace of hydrochloric acid. The color of the picture resembles that of an old engraving.

Photographs may be made very easily by moonlight, by gas-light, and electric-light, but the quickest artificial light is the magnesium-light. A short taper or ribbon of magnesium, four feet long, lighted with a match, will in many cases be sufficient. A new flash magnesium-light for taking instantaneous pictures at night has been introduced by Dr. H. G. Piffard, of New York, and is coming into general use among photographers. The photographing of evening parties, suppers, and weddings is a feature that some enthusiastic amateurs enjoy.

The outcome of recent researches and experiments is the production of special sensitive plates adapted for use in photographing colors, which renders the plates of special value in copying paintings, photographing autumn foliage and flowers. It would occupy more space than we can spare to describe the process.

The examples of amateur work accompanying this article, it may be mentioned, are all reproduced direct from the original photographs by improved phototype pro-

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STRATFORD ON THE HOUSATONIC.—Photographed by F. C. Beach.

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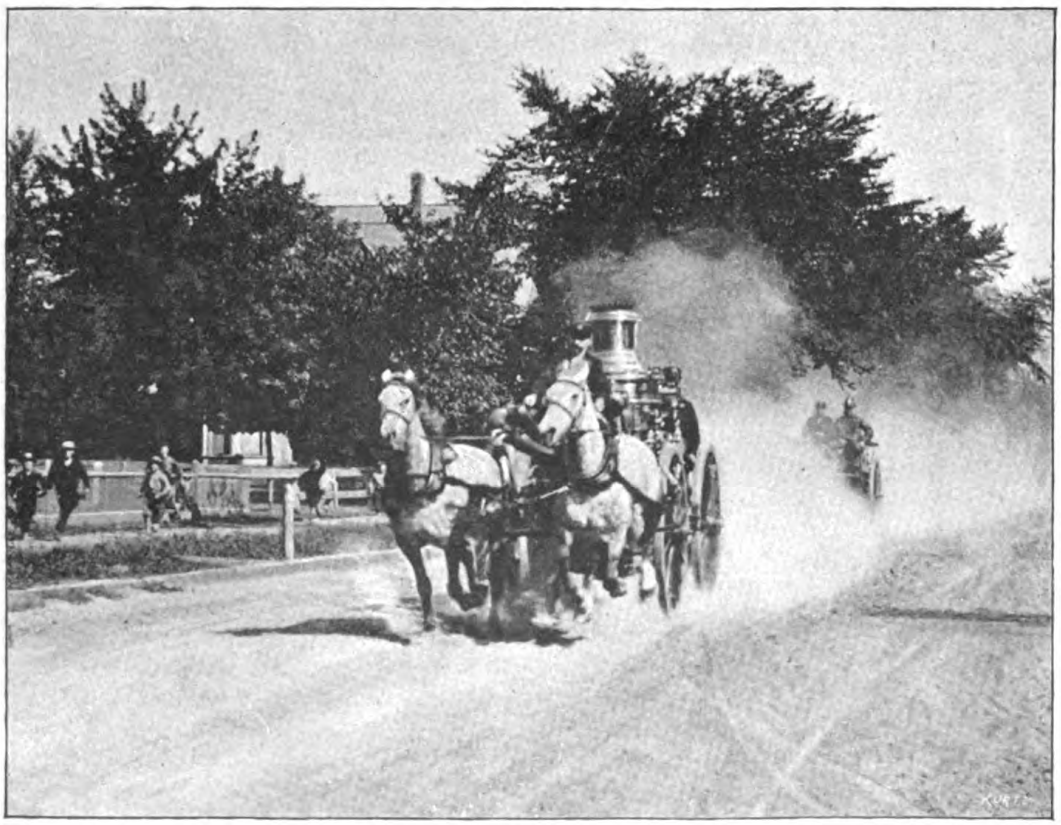
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cesses, showing the remarkable progress that has been made in the application of photography to book illustration.

As a result of the rapid growth in the practice of amateur photography, numerous clubs have been organized in various parts of the country, which serve the useful purpose of bringing amateurs together, that they may compare their experience and obtain by such discussions considerable practical information. Special facilities for work are also generally provided, such as convenient dark rooms, printing and enlarging apparatus, and in some cases skylights, for the practice of portraiture. Where an amateur is compelled by force of circumstances to do his work in a small, close, unhealthy closet used as a dark room, the roomy facilities of the club are especially attractive. Aside from the technical knowledge derived from an association of this kind, is the study of art as displayed in the composition of photographic pictures when these are shown in the form of lantern slides upon the screen. For this reason it is now the practice of many clubs to entertain their members and friends at frequent intervals with lantern exhibitions, which, as may well be imagined, generally prove very interesting and attractive. In order to give them variety a special system of exchange of lantern slides is carried on between a limited number of clubs, by which the pictures of one club are shown before six others. From the six hundred lantern slides thus collected and shown in one season two hundred of the best are selected and sent to England in exchange for a like number contributed by various foreign clubs. In this way the work of home and foreign clubs is very pleasantly and profitably compared. It is customary also for clubs to give an annual exhibition of their work, lasting from two days to one week, and it is usually at such exhibitions that the progress in the art becomes more marked. Diplomas or medals are usually awarded by a competent board of judges.

Three societies—the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York, the Boston Camera Club, and the Photographic Society of Philadelphia—have recently united, under special rules and regulations, in giving annual exhibitions of their combined work, in rotation in their re-



STEAMER NO. 5 ON THE RUN.—From an instantaneous photograph by A. F. Bishop.

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spective cities, with a view of bringing together once a year extensive exhibits of photographs.

The first exhibition of this character was held in New York in the spring of 1887, and by reason of the variety and the excellent standard of work exhibited, attracted considerable attention. The second exhibition was held in Boston in May, 1888, and the third will occur in the spring of this year in Philadelphia.



ENTRANCE TO THE PERADENIYA GARDENS, KANDY, CEYLON.
Photographed by C. D. Irwin.

One of the most progressive and flourishing societies is the Amateur Society of this city, numbering nearly three hundred members, which was organized nearly five years ago. Conveniently located near Broadway, at 122 West Thirty-sixth Street, it occupies two floors, one being neatly fitted up as a meeting and club room, having specimen photographs hung on the walls, also equipped with a photographic library and current publications, while the upper floor is divided up into several work-rooms, among which is a pleasant studio neatly furnished and provided with expensive portrait camera; also there is a commodious dark room fitted up with all the modern conveniences. More than a hundred lockers are provided for the use of members for the storage of their apparatus and plates. Instruction and information are given by a professional photographer steadily employed by the society. Here the amateurs gather during the winter evenings and practise different branches of the art, according to their taste, using the expensive apparatus of the society, relate their experiences, develop exposed plates, and enjoy many social chats. Meetings and lantern exhibitions are usually held each month, except during the summer, when very enjoyable field excursions take their place.

Physicians, lawyers, artists, army and navy officers, merchants, architects, publishers, brokers, chemists, school-teachers, and several ladies are among its members, showing a diversity seldom found in the practice of any other art.

It should be stated that the oldest existing photographic society organized by amateurs in the United States is said to be the Photographic Society of Philadelphia, dating back to 1860. The society has a remarkably good record, and has been foremost in promoting all that pertains to the science and art of photography.

In literature American amateurs have no special representative, but in England one journal is published devoted exclusively to their interests. The New York society and the London Camera Club publish their proceedings in pamphlet form once a month for distribution among their members.

Having started with a great impetus, it is evident the practice of photography will soon become universal, will be as useful in a family as music, an excellent recorder for the tourist, artist, lecturer, historian, and engineer. In addition to its general usefulness it will elevate the public taste to a higher appreciation of the merits of truly artistic pictures, and thereby exercise a subtle educational influence which will be ennobling as well as enduring.

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NORTH GATE AND WALL.

THE ANCIENT CITY OF WISBY.

BY W. W. THOMAS, JUN.

FROM the early time before the dawn of accurate history, out from the mists of myth and tradition, there comes drifting down to us this saga of the lofty North. Far out on the wild Baltic Sea there floated of yore a wondrous island. Now and then some adventurous or storm-driven mariner caught sight of the low and indistinct outlines of this fabled isle shimmering in the moonlight. But if the sailor lay to his craft and waited for day, lo! the island vanished with the dawn, and only a wide expanse of white-capped waves rolled where dark groves had stood all through the hours of night. For this strange island sank beneath the sea every morning, and where it would reappear when the night came again no man knew, for it drifted about through the seas like a spectre-ship. But at last a stalwart Northern chieftain, Thjelvar by name, sailed forth from the coast of Sweden in quest of this ghostly holm. Fortune favored the valiant sailor. He succeeded in effecting a landing on the shores of this drifting, sinking no-man's land. Instantly he struck fire. The heaven-born flames, as they leaped on high, drove out the demons and trolls and powers of darkness that had bewitched this wandering isle, and it now became fixed and stable. So was Gottland located and settled.

The little colony founded by Thjelvar spread gradually over the island, and in their insulated position took to the water as naturally as ducks. They built ships and sailed on trading voyages, not only

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to Sweden, but also to Germany and Denmark and Russia. They sailed far up the rivers of northern Europe, and traded with the inhabitants along their banks. And so the thrifty and adventurous Gottlanders began to grow rich with the proceeds of their trading voyages and the booty of their Viking forays.

Many kings fought for the possession of this island, and though the Gottlanders were always victorious, and continued to maintain their independence, they at last thought it best to seek a strong alliance, and place themselves under the protection of some powerful king. So they sent an embassy for this purpose to the King of Sweden. Their ambassador was a wise and aged chieftain, one Avaje Strabajn. The result was a treaty by which Gottland came under the crown of Sweden, and although other powers have not unfrequently conquered and held this island, it has always reverted after a season to the mother-country, to which, after the lapse of a thousand years, it belongs to-day.

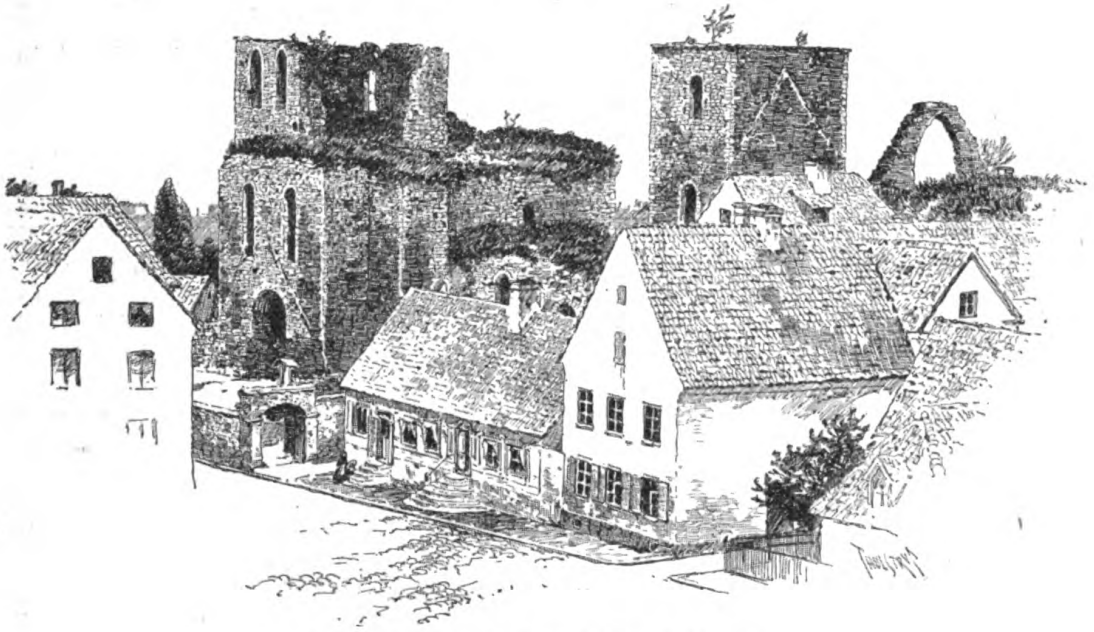
The island of Gottland is a low-lying plateau of limestone, rising in the middle of the Baltic Sea, and nearly equidistant from Sweden, Russia, and Germany. It is 70 miles long, 35 broad, and contains 1200 square miles. The island is quite level, the soil generally good, and the climate peculiarly mild for so high a latitude. It numbers to-day a population of 54,000, who are chiefly engaged in farming, the breeding of horses and cattle, and the fisheries.

During the Middle Ages there was no spot in northern Europe so well fitted to be the home of a race of sea traders as Gottland. Its trade continually increased, and early in the eleventh century a city sprang up near a safe harbor, and beneath a cliff where of old heathen priests sacrificed their victims. They called the city Wisby, which means "the city of the place of sacrifice." Wisby is situated on



POWDER TOWER AND PART OF THE WALL OF WISBY.

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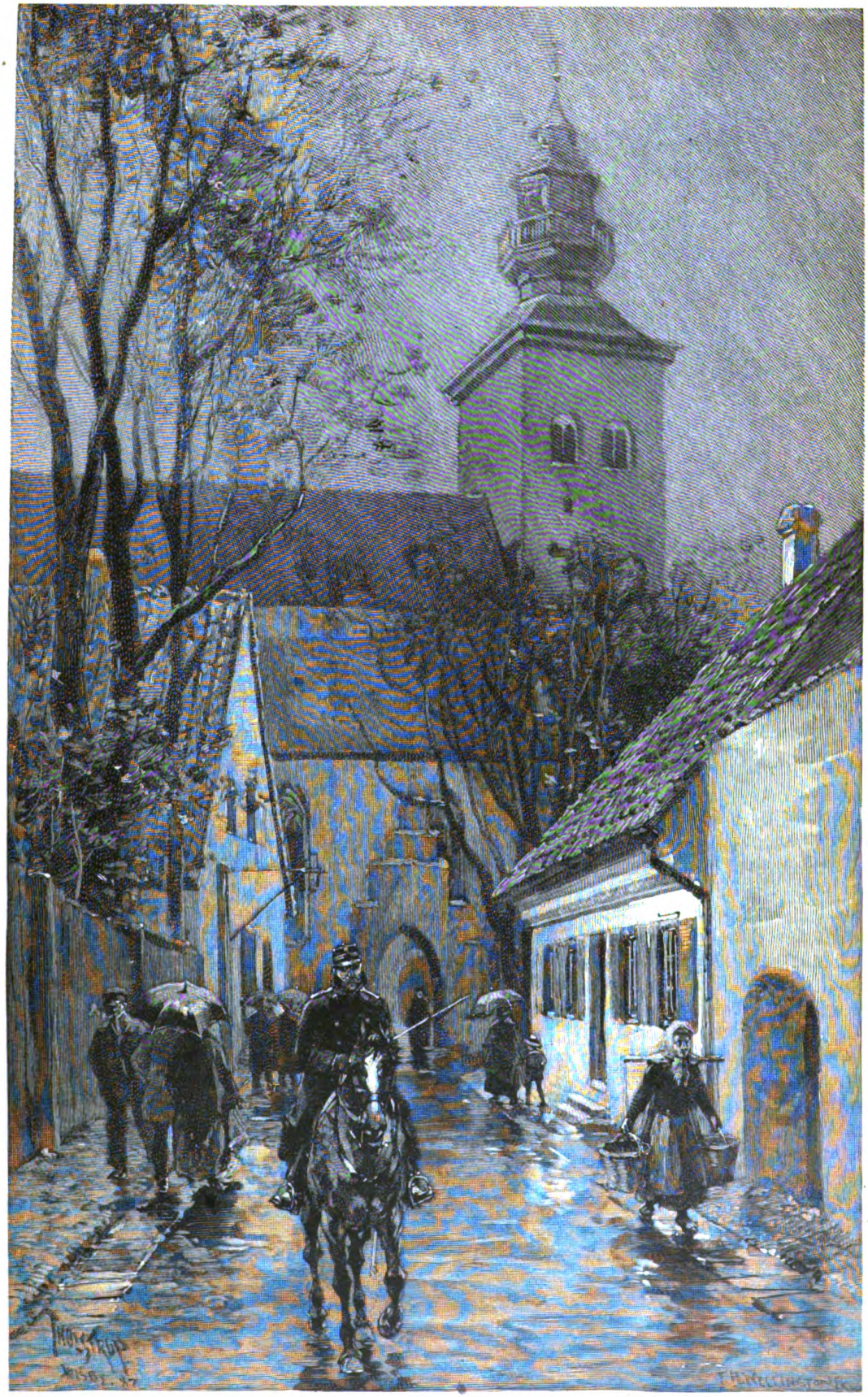


SISTER CHURCHES, ST. LARS AND ST. DROTTEN.

the west coast of Gottland, and about midway the island from north to south. The city continued to increase in trade and riches, in power and importance, throughout the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. The trade of Russia and other countries to the east of the Baltic centred at Novgorod or Smolensk, thence it flowed down the Gulf of Finland or the river Dwina to Wisby. Here the products of the Russian forests and fields were received in great warehouses and factories. To meet this eastern trade there sailed to Wisby merchants and shippers from Germany, Flanders, Sweden, Denmark, and England, with the woollen goods, scarlet cloths, weapons, tools, and luxuries of life. Along the quays and streets and in the warehouses and factories of Wisby there always surged a lively traffic. Its merchants were constantly shipping to or receiving goods from nearly every part of the known world. Many of the costly goods and precious wares of India, Persia, and the farthest Orient found their way up the Volga, the Dnieper, and other rivers of Russia, and so over land and sea to Wisby, whence they were distributed throughout western Europe. During the thirteenth century Wisby was situated upon one of the most important lines of the world's traffic, and was unquestionably the most important market on that line. Hundreds of rich merchants moved their business from the German and other ports of the Baltic and North Sea to Wisby. Nearly every nation and faith built its own house of worship at this prosperous port. Seventeen great churches, some of them nearly 200 feet in length, and three monasteries, were erected, and their lofty towers and spires overlooked the busy commerce of the town. A massive wall of stone, thirty feet high, and nearly two and a half miles long, was built around the city. Forty-eight lofty stone towers were built above this girdle of stone, and from tower to tower along the walls passed armed sentries to and fro by day and night.

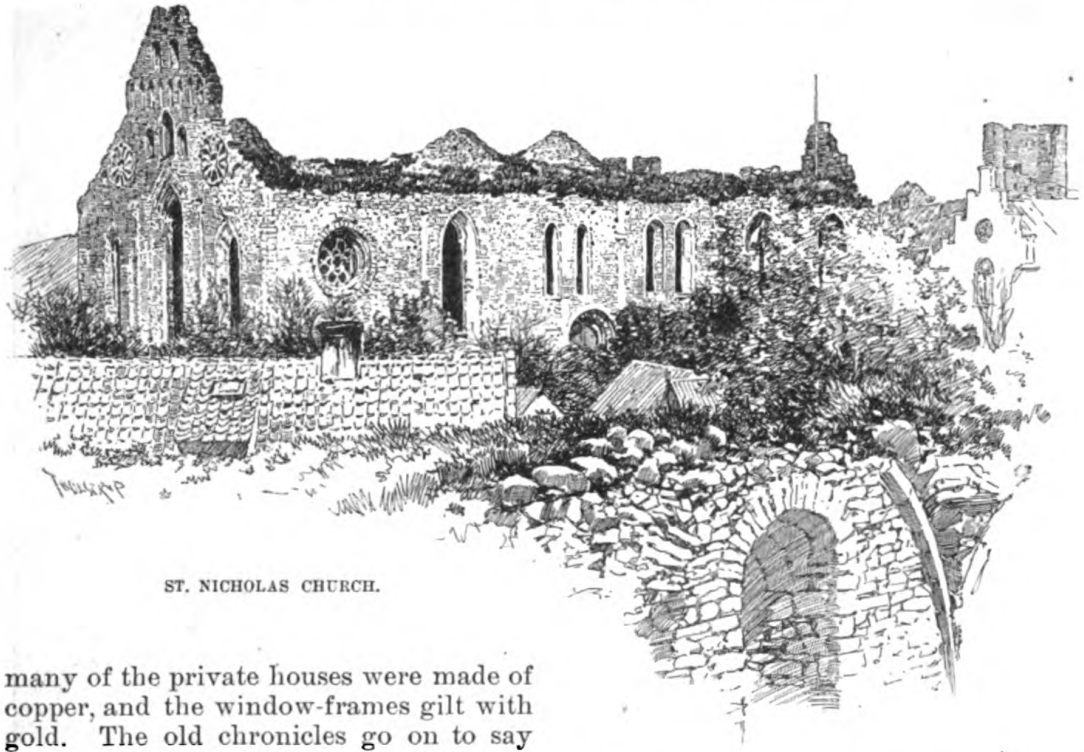
Wisby became the chief emporium of the North, the Queen of the Baltic, as Venice was Queen of the Adriatic Sea, the most important commercial city of northern Europe. Wisby and Gottland in the thirteenth century were the London and England of the North. How large a population Wisby had cannot be accurately ascertained. The old chronicles state that the number of merchants residing within the walls was 12,000. The halls of their guilds were sumptuously furnished, and within them pilgrims and travellers were entertained with a royal hospitality. All mechanics and artisans, save only bakers and goldsmiths, resided in two suburbs without the wall. So rich did the inhabitants become that the doors of

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CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARIA.

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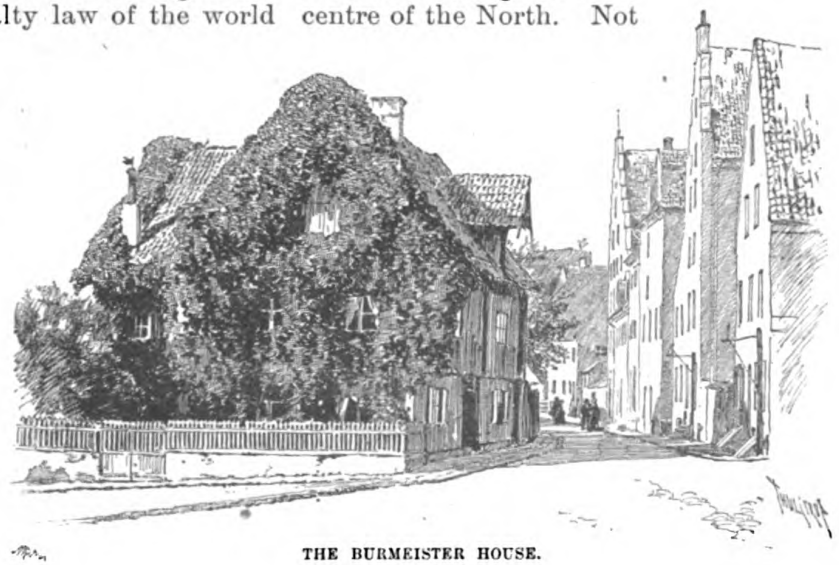
ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH.

many of the private houses were made of copper, and the window-frames gilt with gold. The old chronicles go on to say that

> "The Gottlanders weigh their gold with twenty-pound weights,
> And play with the choicest jewels;
> The pigs eat out of silver troughs,
> And the women spin with golden distaffs."

And this Queen City of the North was not only rich, but was of such commanding commercial importance that it gave out a code of sea laws, which was followed and observed throughout northern and western Europe. The maritime code of Wisby commanded implicit obedience from the ports of Russia to the Mediterranean, and forms much of the groundwork of the admiralty law of the world to-day. During the twelfth century the merchants from all countries residing at Wisby formed a league, whose decrees and ordinances were obeyed by all the Hanse Towns. Out of this league of Wisby grew the mighty Hanseatic League, which at one time embraced thirty-one cities, and was powerful enough to do battle with kings.

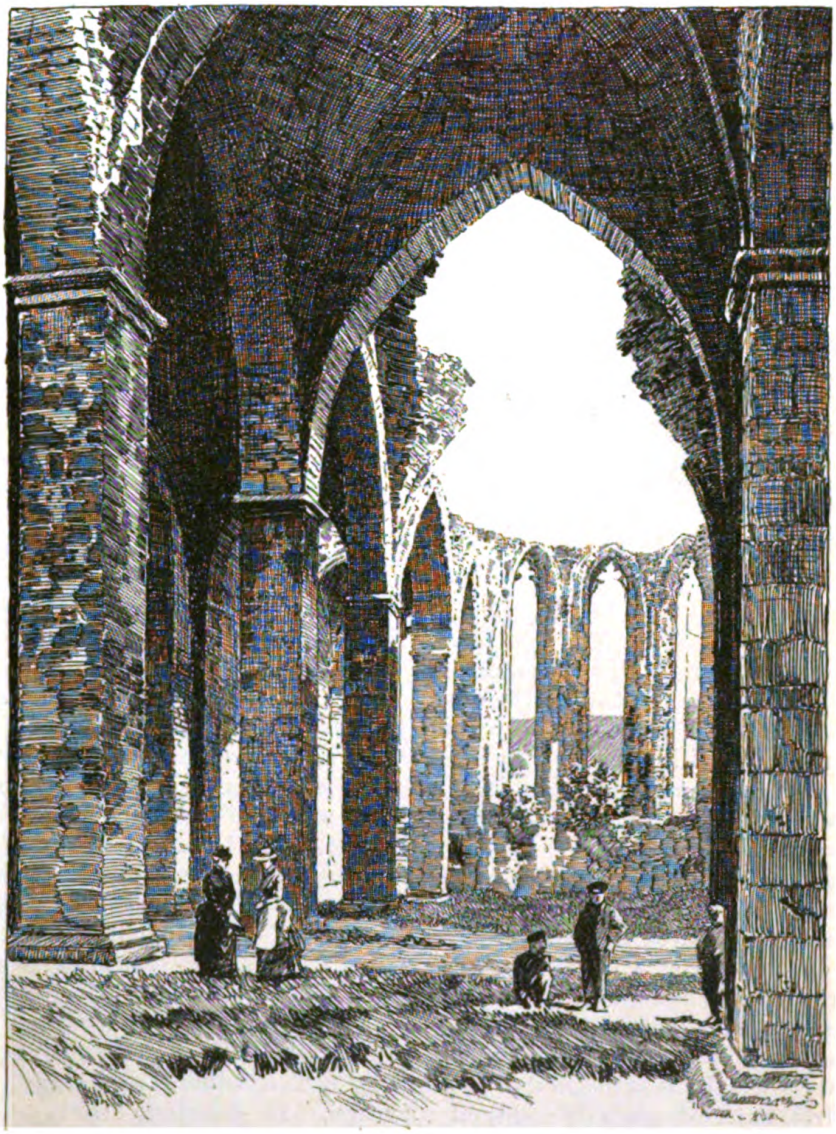
The vast riches of this thriving city excited the cupidity of Valdemar Atterdag, King of Denmark. He landed with an army on the coast of Gottland. The proud burghers of Wisby advanced to meet him. A pitched battle was fought just outside the walls, and the forces of Wisby were defeated, with a loss of 1800 slain. So Valdemar marched in and plundered the town, gaining an enormous booty. This was in 1361. From that time dates the decline of this great trade centre of the North. Not



THE BURMEISTER HOUSE.

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singly do misfortunes fall either upon individuals or cities. Some thirty years after the sacking of Wisby by Valdemar, the Mongolian hordes, under Tamerlane, invaded Russia. They destroyed the city of Astrakhan, where the Volga flows into the Caspian Sea, and thus cut off from Gottland the greater portion of the rich traffic of the Orient. A century later, in 1498, six years after the discovery of America, a new route to India was found by sailing around the Cape of Good Hope. This was an easier road for the commerce of the East than overland across Russia, and so trade floated around the southern cape of Africa, and deserted the Baltic and Wisby.

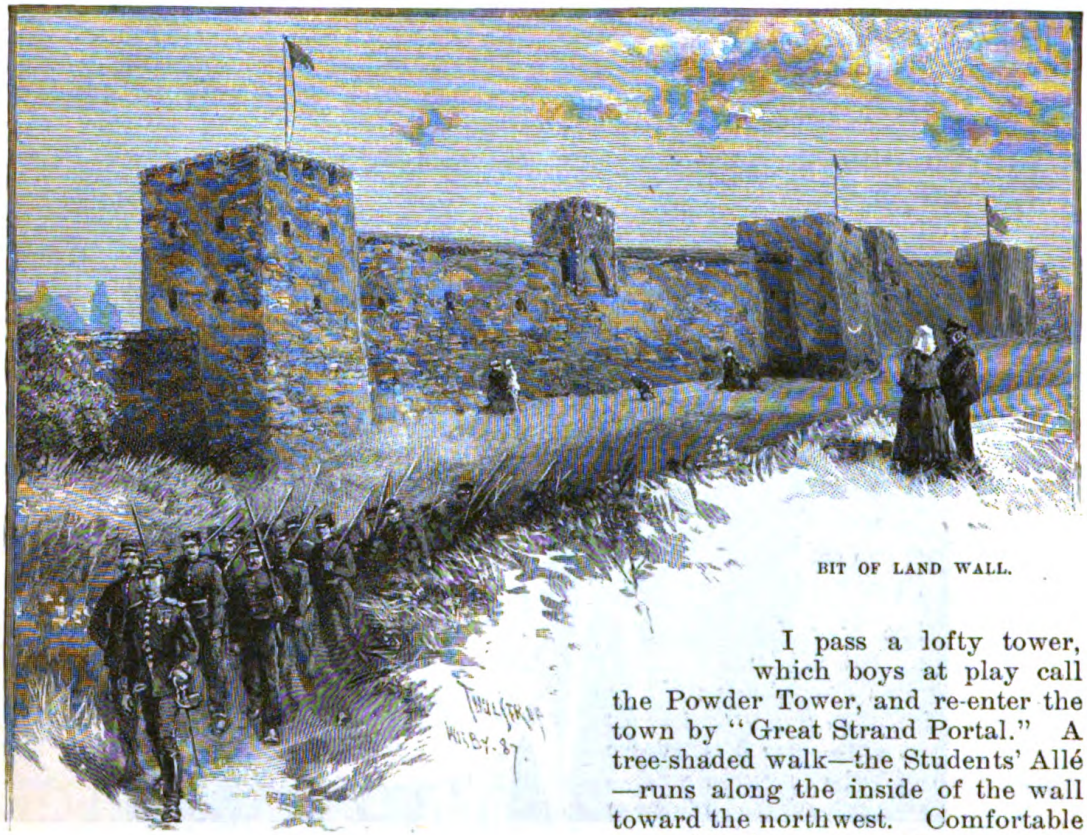


ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH, INTERIOR.

At six o'clock on an afternoon in May I sailed from Stockholm in the little steamer *Gottland*, bound for Wisby. Our course at first was not out into the Baltic, but in the opposite direction, up the Mälar Lake.

At eight o'clock we reached the town of Södertelge, famous for its *kringlor*—ring twisted cakes—and its lock, through which the Mälar Lake finds an artificial outlet to the sea. Through this lock our steamer was dropped about eighteen inches; then we steamed out into the Baltic.

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BIT OF LAND WALL.

Not till near midnight does the steamer pass Landsort and push out upon the open sea. Before this time the sea-sick voyager has prudently turned in, and he may arise with safety at seven next morning, for the steamer is then quietly moored alongside the quay of Wisby.

A sleepy hotel boy, with a long red-nosed man in black to help him, took my bag to the hotel, showed me a room, and instantly disappeared. Unable to find or rouse anybody to whom to communicate my earnest longing for coffee and breakfast, I wandered out for a desultory stroll, which, after all, is the best method of making your first acquaintance with a new city.

An old wall of gray stone stands directly across the street in front of me. The wall is pierced with an arched passageway. An ancient burgher, all in black, and with an ancient black hat rolled up at the sides and projecting fore and aft, appears walking through the arch as naturally as though he were a part of it. To my question he answers, "Little Strand Portal." Outside the portal fishermen were drying their nets, hung in festoons across horizontal poles placed some two feet above the greensward.

I pass a lofty tower, which boys at play call the Powder Tower, and re-enter the town by "Great Strand Portal." A tree-shaded walk—the Students' Allé—runs along the inside of the wall toward the northwest. Comfortable green benches are placed at intervals, and through an embrasure one looks out upon the sea. Near by was a handsome park and garden, and a thriving plantation of mulberry-trees. Here, too, was a restaurant, built like a villa. On its wide veranda I enjoyed a good breakfast and the steaming cup of coffee for which I had been longing.

During the day I was fortunate enough to have for my cicerone Professor C. J. Bergman, the learned historian of Gottland. Together we wandered among the ruined churches of Wisby.

Of its seventeen churches, only one, the Cathedral of St. Maria, is in use to-day. Ten others are standing, but in ruins. In grandeur and beauty of architectural design they will compare not unfavorably with many of the ruined churches and abbeys of England and Scotland. One of the most beautiful is St. Catharina, the cloister church of the Franciscan monks. It is a basilica, 140 feet long, and was built in the middle of the thirteenth century. Between the nave and the aisles stand twelve pillars, six on either side. The roof of the church has long since fallen in, but the six pointed arches which supported it still remain.

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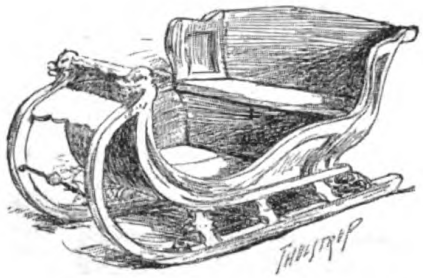
Side by side stand the sister churches of St. Lars and St. Drotten. They were built as early as the twelfth century, and, if one may believe the tradition, by two sisters. These were rich and spiteful, and hated each other so warmly that they could not worship together in the same temple. So each built her own church, and there worshipped in peace and happiness.

White doves were wheeling about and alighting beneath the shelter of the crumbling vaults of St. Lars. Its walls are seven and a half feet thick, and contain within them many narrow passage-ways and galleries, some of them going round the entire church. Mr. Bergman sent a small boy to run through these galleries, and as he kept alternately appearing at vaulted openings, vanishing into the wall and again appearing, I could imagine how attractive it must have been in the olden time, when a procession of priests and boys, clad in rich



HELGE-ANDS KYRKA.

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OLD SLEIGH IN THE WISBY MUSEUM.

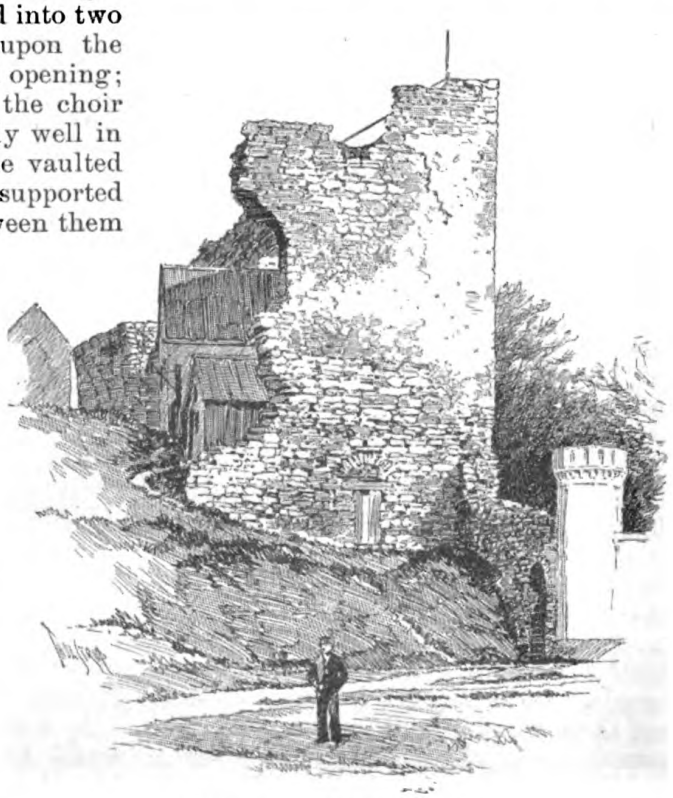
vestments and chanting as they marched, wound slowly round the church, now seen through a vaulted archway, now lost in the wall of the sanctuary, their chant dying away within the wall, and bursting forth with full power as the head of the brilliant procession came again into view.

Each church has a massive square tower, which doubtless at one time was used as a fortress. The tower of St. Drotten is 31 by 45 feet on the ground; it rises to the height of 120 feet, and its walls are eight and a half feet in thickness.

Helge-ands Kyrka, or the Church of the Holy Ghost, was built about the year 1250. It is composed of an octagonal tower joined on to an oblong rectangular choir. The tower is divided into two stories; each story looks out upon the choir through a spacious arched opening; so that a service going on in the choir could be seen and heard equally well in both stories of the tower. The vaulted ceiling of the lower story is supported by four square pillars, and between them in the centre is an eight-sided aperture, seven feet in diameter, piercing the ceiling and communicating with the second story. In the upper story are four round pillars supporting a vault and arches slightly pointed. The arches below are round. The first story is in no sense a crypt, as it is entirely above-ground. I doubt if there is another church of this peculiar architecture in the world.

Passing through a garden, we come upon St. Nicholas, the monastery church of the Dominicans. It was built about the year 1240. It is a basilica, 65 feet broad and 199 feet long. The round and pointed arches are used indiscriminately, and appear side by side in window and portal. A wide-spreading walnut-tree stood near the southern wall of the structure, and thrust its branches through an empty Gothic window. Grape-vines clambered along the ruin.

High up on the west gable end, which overlooks the sea, are two rose-windows, or rather window-like depressions, for they do not penetrate through the wall. The saga is still told that in the time of Wisby's magnificence two huge carbuncles of priceless value adorned the western facade of St. Nicholas, one being placed in the centre of each rose-window. At night these carbuncles shone with the brightness of the sun at noonday, and served as guiding lights to storm-tossed mariners far out on the Baltic wave. Twenty-four soldiers stood constantly on guard to watch these ruddy gems, the most precious possessions of the church, and no one, on pain of death, might approach the sanctuary after the going down of the sun. But when King Valdemar sacked the town he tore these sparkling jewels from the wall, and placed them on board the largest ship of his

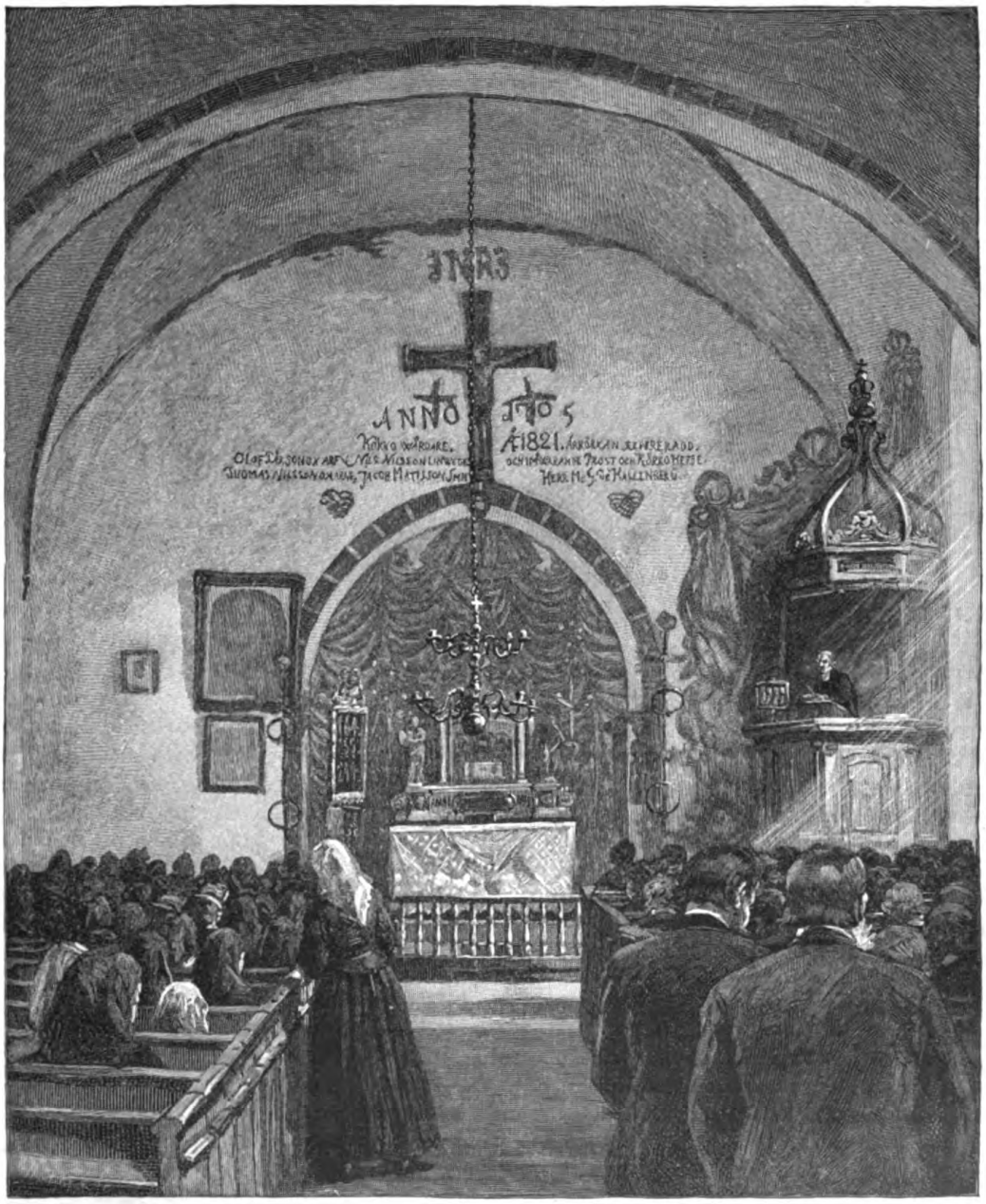


RUIN OF FORTRESS OF WISBORG.

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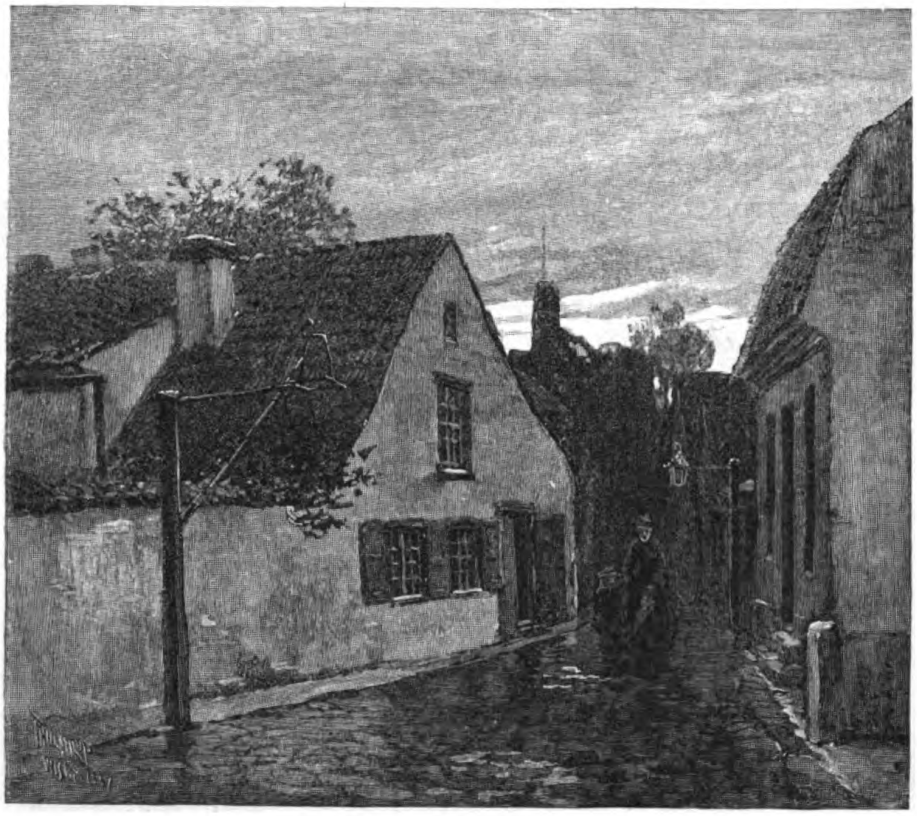
fleet, together with the gold and silver, the sacred vessels, and other booty of which he had despoiled the churches. But God in His wrath followed this profaner of His temples. Scarce had Valdemar put to sea when a great storm arose. The ship bearing the sacred spoils was wrecked, and sank with all her ill-gotten booty near the Karl Islands, just off the coast of Gottland. The king himself was saved with difficulty, and taken on board another ship.

And to this day, when a calm broods over the quiet sea, a strange, weird, ruddy light often comes welling up from the depths of the Baltic, and spreads far and wide over the mirror-like face of the waters. And the Gottland fisher, drying his nets on the shore, looks out over the watery plain, illumined by "the light that never was on sea or land," and knows that the sacred lost jewels of the church are now shining from the cavernous depths of ocean.



HANSE CHURCH DURING SERVICE.

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STREET IN WISBY.

We strolled through the town. The streets are narrow and crooked, and paved with rough stones. Some of the dwelling-houses of the old Hanse merchants are still standing. They are narrow and lofty; they stand for the most part with their gable ends toward the street, and the front of the peaked roof is built up like a double flight of steps that meet on top. Sometimes a vaulted passageway is thrown across the narrow street from house to house, like the "Bridge of Sighs."

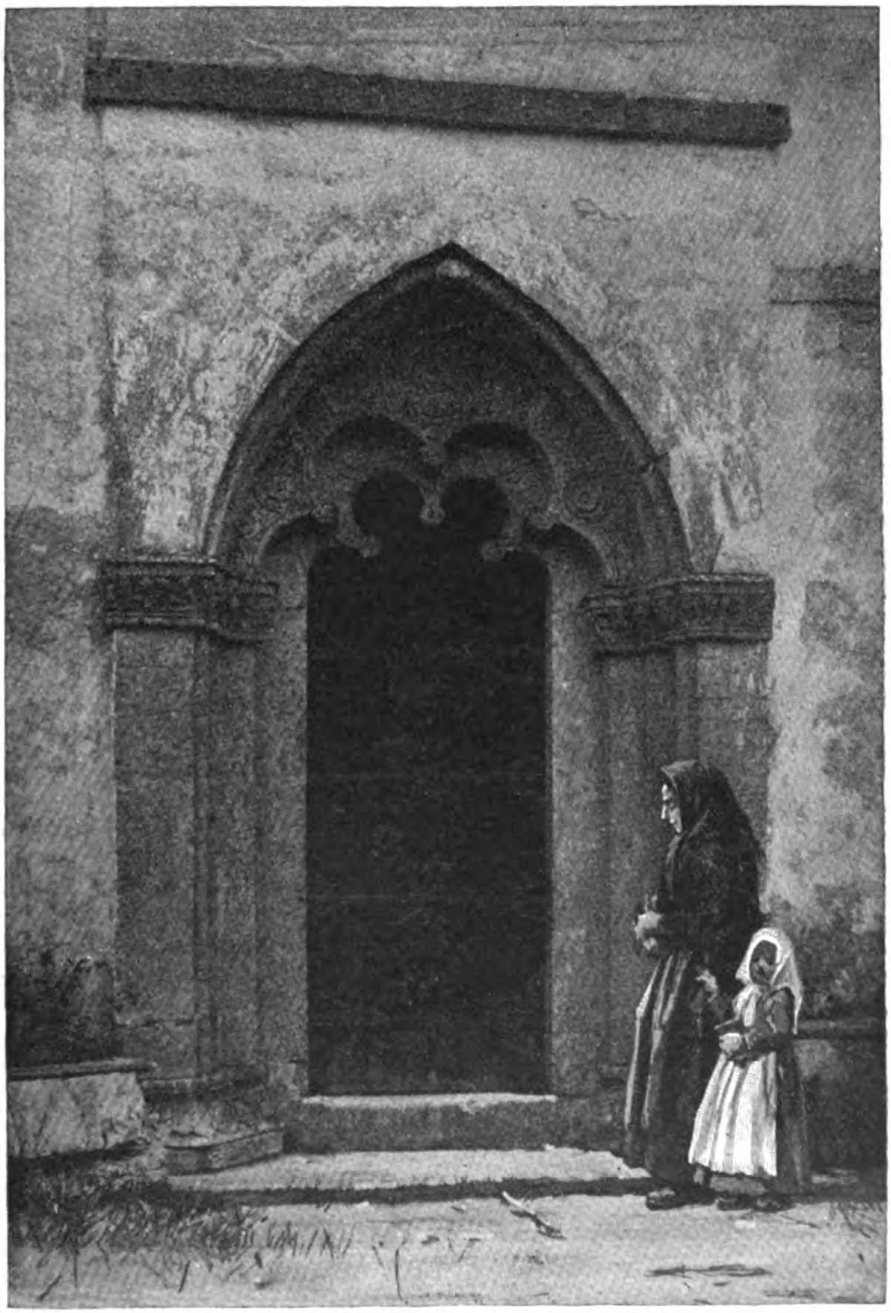
These old houses by their size and spacious apartments indicate the opulence of their builders. They have vaulted ceilings, supported by short, massive stone pillars, marble seats in the recesses of the windows, and across the cellar floor flows to this day a stream of living water, which by little dams was transformed into a succession of fish-ponds. The roofs of some of these old houses are still covered with the ancient monk and nun tiles.

Near the centre of the city stands an interesting wooden house of a later period, the Burmeister House, built by a merchant of that name in 1662. A spacious saloon in the second story is painted all over—walls, ceiling, and beams—with scenes, many of them from the Bible, but some from the artist's own fancy. Outside you may see the lid, now raised to a perpendicular and forming part of the wall of the house, but when let down on its hinges to a horizontal level became the counter projecting into the street over which goods were sold by the proprietor, remaining inside his house, to customers standing in the highway.

In one respect Wisby is like the city of Quebec: it has a lower and an upper town. A steep cliff of klint one hundred feet high runs nearly parallel to the shore and quite close to it. Wisby is built partly on the low land near the sea and partly on top of the klint. Very steep zigzagging streets, and in some places steps cut in the rock, lead from the lower to the upper town. From the harbor side at the southwest end of Wisby the old tower wall climbs the steep hill, passes the fortress of Wisborg, and runs east to the south gate. The wall then turns and runs northeasterly, and nearly parallel with the shore, about a mile past the east gate, to the north portal. Here

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the wall curves to the northwest, and descends the hill-side to the tower "Cames," close by the sea. At this tower the wall makes a right angle, and runs southwest-



DOORWAY OF COUNTRY CHURCH.

erly along the sea and harbor to our starting-point near the fortress of Wisborg.

The land wall, which encloses the city on three sides, from the ruins of Wisborg round to the tower "Cames," is 2400 yards, and the sea wall on the fourth side 1970 yards long. The original wall was about twenty feet high, battlemented, and probably without towers. It was undoubtedly built early in the thirteenth century, although no one knows the exact date. In 1289 the burghers of Wisby began to strengthen the land wall. They built on to it upon the inside until it

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THE APOTHECARY'S.

was six and a half feet in thickness. They raised it to thirty feet in height, and added the towers. This great work occupied ten years, and was finished in 1299. On the sea side, especially along the harbor, large sections of the wall are torn down; but on all sides looking out upon the land the wall is in good condition, and would need but few repairs to make it as strong as ever. In two places only is the land wall battlemented. For the most part it is finished off with large tall flat stones, placed like rafters, slanting together to a point on top, and thus roofing in the wall. At intervals of about 260 feet all along the walls are built high towers. These project outside the wall. Most of them are square on the ground, but above present five sides of an octagon to the foe, the square corners being sliced off into independent faces. The whole side toward the town is open. These towers are sixty to seventy feet high, and are divided into four or five stories. Each story is pierced with narrow embrasures for arrows. The tops of the towers are battlemented, and on their upper floors or roofs catapults were placed in position. The towers are of unequal size; that next the north gate toward the sea is thirteen feet broad by sixteen feet deep in the inside, and its side walls are seven feet thick. The Powder Tower is thirty-four feet square on the outside. Half-way between the high towers were built bartizans, or "saddle-towers," as the Gottlanders expressly call them. These small, low structures are not built up from the ground, but sit astride the wall like saddles. Many have toppled over, and carried considerable sections of the wall with them in their fall. Near the top of the wall, on the inside, square holes have been left between the stones at short distances from each other and in a horizontal line. In these holes were inserted wooden beams; upon them rested a wooden platform, along which in the olden time the sentinels of Wisby paced their lofty rounds in sunshine and storm. Three portals pierce the wall on the land side. They are called the South, East, and North gates. A massive tower rises above each portal. These gates are in fact but vaulted passageways through the lower story of great square towers. Grooves in the sides of the portal show where the portcullis fell, and on projections outside rested of old the drawbridge. Streets pass through each gateway from the city to the country. A wide moat runs around the outside of the entire wall, and to the north there were at least two, perhaps three, moats parallel with each other.

In the afternoon I took a stroll to the castle of Wisborg. But a few crumbling fragments are left of this once mighty fortress; but as I stood among them on the high cliff overlooking the Baltic, it was easy to build again the castle, in im-

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agination, rising grandly, with its seven towers gay with waving banners and fluttering pennants—at one time the palace of a king, at others the stronghold of freebooters and pirates.

The Coliseum became the quarry which furnished the Roman princes for centuries with the stone for their palaces, and in like manner the walls of the grand old castle of Wisborg have been pulled down piecemeal and burnt in kilns near by to furnish lime for modern dwellings. The lime used in building the royal palace at Stockholm was made from the stones in Wisborg's walls.

I continued my walk around the outside of the ancient wall. Of the forty-eight high towers, thirty-eight are still standing in almost perfect preservation. One is used to-day as a state-prison. A cheap wooden pointed roof has been placed on another, which is utilized as a storehouse for hay. A third, by the water-side, serves as a powder-house. Every tower has its name and its history. The Powder Tower was called of old *Silfverhättan*—silver-cap—from its shining roof, now replaced with dull tiles.

Strolling across level green fields, I came upon the stone cross raised by King Valdemar to mark the burial-place of 1800 citizens of Wisby whom he slew in the battle that decided the fate of the city. The cross stands in a grove of newly planted trees, about a quarter of a mile from the city wall. It is nearly ten feet high, and has a circle around the axis. It is ornamented with a bass-relief of the Saviour upon the cross, and an inscription cut in the abbreviated old monk style.

The ancient wall, churches, castle, and monuments of Wisby were all built of Gottland limestone. Their extraordinary preservation is due in part to the excellence of the stone, but chiefly to the mild and equable climate of the island.

On this remote isle of the Baltic there is indeed preserved a bit of the Middle Ages, and it is handed down to us as perfectly as the fly in amber.

The Wisby of to-day is a little town of 6400 inhabitants. It has shrunk away from its wall as an old man from the garments of his prime, and its vacant places are covered with flowering gardens and wide-spreading trees.

Next morning, bright and early, I rattled out through the east gate, and drove away over the open country.

After proceeding a dozen miles in a southeasterly direction, we turned into a cross-road, drove past Halla church, and soon came into another highway leading northwesterly back to Wisby.

We pulled up at Dalhem church, and the driver led the horses into the stable of the parsonage to bait them. The whole congregation was out-of-doors, enjoying the warm noontide sun of spring. The women looked queerly with broad-brimmed white straw hats perched on top of the black silk kerchiefs that were closely bound around their heads and cheeks.

The men and boys were sitting on a log ladder or leaning against the trees and fences in front of the church, while the women and girls strolled among the graves in the church-yard in the rear.

The priest shakes hands with a white-haired veteran, bows to others, and enters the church. The bell strikes a few strokes, and the congregation slowly file in. Soon I hear the organ pealing through the open portal, then the voices of the choir singing a psalm.

We drove off at one o'clock; the road was level and smooth, our ponies fresh as in the morning; and we were back in Wisby at three, having taken in thirty-two miles of this snug little island.



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THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

GENIAL HOSTESS: "What, going already, Professor?....and *must* you take your dear wife away with you?"
THE PROFESSOR (*with grave politeness*): "Indeed, madam, I am *sorry to say I* MUST." —Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IN Mr. Howells's *Suburban Sketches*, which depict with characteristic keenness and humor many familiar aspects of life in an urban vicinity, there is no sketch of the process of absorption of the suburb by the city. In this country such a process is inevitable and rapid, but most unhappy. The victim is the suburban resident, and the imaginative listener as he marks the murmur in the outskirts of a great city, which gradually swells into an uproar of steam-whistles, of rattling railroads, of jangling and peremptory bells, and humming factories, may easily fancy that he hears also the protesting and petulant and indignant complaint of peace-loving rural citizens suddenly made aware of a fate which they detest but cannot avert.

Nowhere does the hand of "modern improvement" seem so fell and aggressive and mischievous as in the suburb, and nothing is more forlorn and pathetic than the aspect of an old country mansion placidly broad and spacious, which was built with an apparent unconsciousness of progress and development and change, but which has been overtaken by them all. The domain of which it is the manor-house has been as ruthlessly partitioned as poor Poland by its sovereign neighbors. The woods have been levelled; the great single trees, the chosen and decorated favorites of the immediate neighborhood of the mansion, are cut down. The lawns and fields are traversed by roads or even streets. New and cheap buildings crowd upon the old house; factories overtop it, belching smoke, and whirring with noisy activity. Trains of cars rush by it and mock it with shrill screams as they vanish; while the mansion itself, enclosed in a door-yard as in a mean prison, with a solitary tree or two mournfully loyal to its fallen fortunes, seems lost in a reverie of the days that are no more.

Near all our great cities there are such houses. They are hard bestead by modern circumstance, but they preserve in their bereaved condition a certain romantic dignity which holds the eye for a moment, and the mind long after, as the screaming train darts by. They are symbols of the resident who, seeking rural seclusion not too far from the city, which he must daily visit, sees the rural charm disappearing as surely as daylight after sunset, or leaves from the trees after frost.

The first fatal symptom of impending improvement is the street railway. The pretty country road is obstructed and narrowed by it, and whether it is laid at the side or carried along the middle of the road, it is equally a nuisance, catching and wrecking wagons and carriages of every degree, and in a sudden emergency offering an insurmountable barrier to the imperilled wheel. Presently the discomfited lover of sylvan seclusion discovers that the field next his house is laid open by an "avenue," to be graded and guttered and flagged at his expense of money, taste, and content. As he gazes ruefully at the costly and unsought advantage, it requires all the active energy of the native American to extract any comfort from the congratulatory paragraph in the local newspaper that his neighborhood is "getting into the swim of the real-estate movement, and that old Rip Van Winkle is to be sent about his business."

The suburban citizen has a secret sympathy with Rip Van Winkle. He likes to loiter along the brook-side in the pasture, and to go chestnuting with his children in the wood close by. The song of the thrush and the whistle of the oriole and the robin, the sough of the wind in the pine-trees and the scent of the wild-grape blossom, are sweeter to his sense than the sharp steam call at seven o'clock in the morning, the tinkle of the horse-car, and the odor from factory chimneys of sulphur, or of sludge acid poisoning the neighboring water. The country road to his modest house was last year a way where noble trees "high overarched embower." To-day it is a vista of ugly poles with outstretched arms like a series of old gallows, holding for victims electric lamps and telephone wires. The trees, indeed, remain, their noble boughs and branches hewn away to accommodate the ugly poles. The trees remain, but the bowery road is ruined.

The long row of huge, bare, ugly poles that destroy the character of the road is improvement in its crudest and most repulsive form. It is civilization just emerging from the barbarism which yet clings to it, unsightly like the shreds of

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the cocoon about the butterfly, or egg-shells around the chicken. Before this vulgar invasion of straggling poles, rural seclusion has vanished. The ugliest of all the deformities of modern improvement has taken its place, and if the suburban resident goes forth to assuage his regrets by a stroll, he stumbles over the newly laid track of another horse railroad, and the monotonous tinkle of the bell announces the further advance of the same restless genius of change.

This kind of suburban citizen seems to his livelier neighbors a mere Bourbon. They look at him with amazement, and lament his want of the true American spirit. They regard either with pity or contempt a man so singularly incapable of comprehending the charm of the prospect which Horace Greeley opened to aspiring youth in advising them to go West and grow up with the country. But it is precisely because the country grows up into the city that he protests, and protesting is not the less pleasant because he is aware that it is absolutely useless. A taste for the country, he insists, is just as reasonable as a taste for the town, and the country taste requires what is called "real country"; not a mongrel country nor a hybrid country, but country of the pure strain: fields and trees and pastures, and the singing of birds, and silent green shades, and the scent of the fresh earth in spring, and the breath of new-mown hay.

It is in vain that he is told he can retain it all if only he will move on. That is the very thing he does not wish to do. Moving on is part of the "unceasing, endless quest" of the march of improvement, a body of death from which he prays to be delivered. His proposition is simple. "I wish," he says, "to live where I have lived, in the scenes to which I am accustomed, within easy reach of my daily business, surrounded by the sights and sounds of the country, and wholly untouched by the horrible spoliation of beauty and repose which is called modern improvement." Unreasonable mortal! he lives in the world, and yet asks to be let alone! Poor suburban! neither the eternal procession of the seasons, nor interchanging day and night, nor inexorable time, gray hairs, wrinkles, decline, and death, will spare him, and yet he protests against horse railroads, electric and telephone poles and wires, sludge acid on his shores, and the sickening fumes of oil and an inarticulate uproar loading the suburban air.

There are but three courses for him. Since the essential condition of suburban life is certain change from rural repose and calm delights to urban sights, sounds, and smells, when he deliberately submits himself to a process of transformation he must acquiesce with good-nature, or pay the penalty of ridicule, or move on. Daniel Boone was the prototype of the protesting suburban resident. But he was not compelled to go to town on business. When he suspected the approach of civilization he quietly pushed further into the wilderness. He did not stay and rail and swear. As he would not conform, he gently passed beyond the necessity of conformity.

This is the lesson of the day for that pleasant suburb of New York which has so long eluded the genius of improvement, Staten Island. At last that restless genius has taken the happy island seriously in hand. Improvement is disfiguring it with all the signs of progress, the railroad tracks, the poles, the wires, while ranges of batteries in the guise of factories are planted upon the Jersey shore, at Constable's Hook, and bombard the placid plains and uplands of the island with incessant stench and smoke and roar. But nothing is more amusing and futile than the angry scorn with which the catastrophe is encountered. It is very sincere, but it is very droll, this accosting progress as impertinence, and sarcastically deriding it as retrogression. A benign Pennsylvania Quaker might as effectively have deplored war during the awful cannonade at Gettysburg as the suburban resident within ten miles of the City Hall hope to preserve in the vast maelstrom of activity which circles out from that centre the repose of the ancient Aquehonga. Here once the infrequent Indian peacefully paddled his canoe. As reasonably may the islander expect to see him return as to stay the change which since that Indian was first seen has been gradually transforming the island.

In the intervals of his natural wrath let the perturbed islander ponder the once familiar story: "In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the

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Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington."

THE life of Longfellow was singularly felicitous until the tragical death of his wife. His temperament was most equable; his tastes and his occupations were congenial; his fame grew naturally from the pursuit that he loved; he was surrounded by a noble circle of friends; his house was a shrine of respectful pilgrimage from all lands; he was the most beloved man of letters of his time; the pride of his neighbors, honored by his countrymen; a gentle, kindly, and unassuming man. It was not surprising that, not long before his wife died, a friend, passing his happy home, said that he trembled for him, because change of some kind must come, and change of any kind must be unhappy.

After the fury of the blow to which he bent had passed, the same sweet equanimity, saddened, indeed, to the end, returned, and the even course of his life, another yet the same, proceeded. His powers, ennobled and enriched with every year, were untouched while he lived. His last poems were among his best, but of a depth of pathos which is not found in his earlier song. The pathos, however, is manly and not morbid; and the poet's life, fully rounded out in years and fame and universal regard, ended tranquilly, like a serene sunset.

Without delay his native city has now erected a statue of her most famous son, which was recently unveiled with simple and fitting ceremonies. The statue is the work of Franklin Simmons, like Longfellow a son of Maine, and represents the poet sitting in a massive chair, the figure slightly turned, so that the right arm is bent easily, resting upon the back of the chair, while the left lies in the lap holding carelessly a roll of manuscript. The coat is buttoned, and a cloak is gathered from behind and falls under the left hand, across the knees. There is a pile of books under the chair. The statue is of heroic size, the figure about seven feet in height, and the pedestal, a fitting and beautiful work, was designed by Mr. Fassett, who cordially gave his care and labor as his contribution to the memorial. The children of the public schools sang the "Psalm of Life," the President of the statue association presented the statue to the city, and it was received by the Mayor, both gentlemen making admirable speeches; then a poem by Mrs. Elizabeth Carazza was read, and the ceremony ended with singing the doxology.

It is the first statue ever erected in Portland, and no statue in the country will be regarded with more tender interest. The renown of great soldiers and statesmen is not intimate and domestic and individual like that of a poet, who holds the most personal relation to his readers. The portraits and statues of Burns are regarded with a feeling which those of Chatham and Nelson do not inspire. The poet who "speaks to our condition" is a friend and guide in a peculiar sense, and the sculptured effigy of the man who has influenced our lives and ennobled and strengthened and softened our characters has a charm beyond that of any other.

Longfellow is the most domestic of poets in the sense of appealing to the emotions of the household and the fireside. There has been some recent discussion of the comparative greatness of poets. But it seems like comparing different good fruits or flowers. There are men whose genius is commanding, and who are classified as the chiefs of epic or dramatic or lyric song. But in every singer who is justly entitled to the name of poet the essential quality is the same. The lustre of other diamonds is as pure as that of the Koh-i-noor, and it is a thankless task to decide which is the fairer, the rose or the lily, the pansy or the violet, and whether the carnation of the garden or the eglantine of the hedge be sweeter.

The statue of Longfellow is not that of the poet only, but of the citizen. His is one of the chief names of our first great literary epoch, and there is scarcely one of them which is not that of a man conspicuous for high personal character and seemly life. The tradition of Grub Street and of the obsequious dependent of a patron has no place in the history of American letters. Our chief authors have been eminent citizens, and have won universal regard and civil influence by rectitude of life and intelligent public spirit no less than by their genius. In this manner they have given literature a dignity in the estimation of those whom it does not interest which has been hitherto quite unknown. Their countrymen are proud of them without apology or deprecation,

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and there is perhaps but one among the more noted of them who illustrated the familiar conception of the author which appears in the English annals of the last century.

Charles Lamb, whose private life was a noble act of self-sacrifice, vindicated the sanity, not, alack! the sobriety, of true genius. Genius, he says, is not madness. Our American masters of literature show us that genius is not dissipation and shiftlessness and the want of self-restraint. Genius, as they have taught us, is not recklessness and indiscretion and weakness, exciting profound pity for so sorry an investiture of great powers. They have taught us that genius is also conscience, good sense, self-command, and intelligent public spirit. The first statue in Portland recalls in the figure of the poet a good man and a good citizen. The city of his birth and loving remembrance could not have been more fortunate in a son to commemorate, and she may well be happy, in pointing at it, to say, "This is but one of my jewels."

THE Rev. Dr. Increase Mather, "the father of the New England clergy," and the sixth president of Harvard College, would have thought that others than old women in Salem were bewitched could he have foreseen that play-actors would one day appear as honored lecturers within the sacred precincts of the college. If old Judge Sewall saw with horror the beginning of the ceremonies of episcopacy in the town of Boston, and recorded with grim satisfaction the disregard of Christmas, what would he have recorded of a lecture by Henry Irving and another by M. Coquelin in the Puritan school, dedicated *Christo et ecclesiæ*? And what would these stout old defenders of the faith have thought of the religious state of the country could they have known that in the play-house matinées of the future excellent divines would be seated among the audience, greatly enjoying the play?

The inquiry might be pursued as to their feelings upon reading of the death of two players as the loss of public benefactors and beloved men. It is about a quarter of a century since the Rev. Dr. Bellows, in a lecture delivered in the Academy of Music, made a fervid plea for the beneficent influence of the stage, and still more recently a clergyman of another church willingly opened it for the obsequies of a player. But the fact that Dr. Bellows felt such a plea to be necessary, and that the act of another clergyman which should seem to be the most natural and the most Christian should have given his church a certain peculiar tenderness of public regard, shows the tenacity of the old feeling that a play-house was a resort morally outlawed, and an actor a minion of the moon "beyond the domain of conscience."

Yet the important place still held by players and the play-house in public interest is attested by the great space given in the newspapers to the nightly performances, and in the summary of foreign news to the doings and the intentions of the actors. With what a pleasant pride did Mrs. Fanny Kemble, profoundly courtesying, say in a distinguished company, "I belong to her Majesty's players"! And with what consummate skill, seated with queenly mien before her fascinated audience, did she interpret Shakespeare, and evoke with melodious spell the lovely Rosalind and Juliet and Imogen, and all the people of that enchanted realm! It was a gracious and significant epitaph, which has passed into a household word, that Johnson gave to Garrick: "His death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." But its kindliness is precisely the character of the feeling with which the players are regarded, and which was expressed when Warren and Wallack lately died.

The odium in which the Puritans held the theatre was justified by the drama of the Restoration, in which the Caroline reaction touched the lowest point. Mr. Emerson once said, "I cannot find the wit of Congreve." But Hazlitt and Lamb and Leigh Hunt did not hold the artificial comedy to be beneath critical consideration. The modern drama, however, and the modern theatre are wholly changed. It is not necessary to be very old to recall the open license to vice which the theatre accorded, although then rather off the stage than upon it. Nothing marks our social advance more happily than the change from that condition. Even when Jenny Lind came it was felt by her shrewd manager that if she sang in opera an immense audience, which would not go to the theatre for moral reasons, would be lost. So she sang opera upon the con-

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cert stage, and her success in every way was unprecedented. Yet now the opera-house or the theatre is generally as unobjectionable as a concert hall.

What entertainment could be more harmless, apart from the skill of the actor, than the acting of Warren or of Wallack? It was as innocent as and infinitely more diverting than the larger part of the stories which are constantly read and by everybody. Every actor, doubtless, like every author, has his manner. In each part that these artists assumed their personality was both obvious and delightful. But that, again, is partly due to the fact that the range of characters to which an actor's powers are especially adapted has a certain general quality and character. The same actor will hardly be an equally good grave-digger and Macbeth. But if he be fitted especially for Sir Peter Teazle, he will not disappoint in Squire Hardcastle and Sir Anthony. Of this truth Mr. Gilbert is the happy living illustration.

The intelligence and the delicate humorous appreciation were equally observable in both the comedians whom we have lately lost. There were also in both a grace and refinement which were delightful. The elegance of the light comedian is as charming as that of the true humorist in literature. The clown and the harlequin are also amusing both in books and upon the stage. But it is the uproarious fun of the burlesque or of the ring, and lacks that subtle and aerial quality which is the essence of humor. A reader roars over a funny book or at an extravaganza, but not over a paper of Sydney Smith or an essay of Elia. The intellectual quality is wanting in the roaring fun, and it is that which distinguishes the true comedian from the clown.

The exit of Warren and Wallack is not, in the sense of age, untimely. The former had passed beyond the threescore and ten, and both had taken leave of the stage. Both might justly feel that they had done much to remove the old stigma upon their calling. Both were of estimable character and life, and the death of both was noted with general tenderness of feeling. "There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors—your pleasant fellows particularly—subjected to and suffering the common lot; their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the scene, their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities."

This was said of the English Dodd, an actor whose name even has lost significance to this end of the century. But it is just this kind of class feeling in regard to actors which is disappearing, and which the characters and lives of eminent actors now tend to remove. The tone of the critic is compassionate, as if the actor were entitled to claim immunity from the common standards of human conduct. It is a plea in abatement, as the lawyers say, that he offers. But the actors themselves now enter no such plea, and it is not suggested by others. It belongs to the older day when they were forbidden the consecrated ground of respectability.

This change in the standing of "her Majesty's players" is one of the pleasantest social facts of the times, and it will end, doubtless, in their taking larger part as citizens in the general work of society. Except upon exclusively theatrical occasions the names of actors seldom appear. On committees for all kinds of public, charitable, or other purposes every profession is generally represented except that of the actor. Hitherto the players have constituted almost as separate a class as the clergy of Mather's time. But the same change which makes it possible for clergymen to go to the play will draw the player into closer and completer cooperation with the various activities of society. This tendency was implied in a remark by Henry Irving in a recent speech upon laying the corner-stone of a theatre at Bolton, in England. "In America," he said, "when they found a city—and they do that sort of thing very successfully there—the first public buildings erected are the church and the theatre."

Perhaps theatre is Mr. Irving's euphemism for school. Certainly he is not unwilling to regard it as a school. Indeed, in the same address, he daringly presents the theatre as a school of morality, and says, "Let members of religious bodies know there is no harm, but rather good, in entering into wholesome theatrical amusements, and they will help in disarming many forces which make for moral evil."

Delightful humor is surely such a moral prophylactic, and it was offered in one of its most attractive forms at the opening of this winter's amusements in New

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York in the acting of Mrs. Drew, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. Jefferson in *The Rivals*. Seeing such acting by such artists, men and women of character and genius, under the conditions of the modern theatre, it is not easy to believe that the drama was ever a higher pleasure, or that the comedians of another day were of a higher genius. The harsh Puritan laws against the players would have been relaxed, stern old nonjuring Jeremy Collier would have been softened, could he have seen what we still see—the genial and exquisite urbanity of Gilbert, the pure and beautiful humor of Jefferson, the delicate feminine apprehension of Mrs. Drew.

VIRGINIA takes issue with the Easy Chair for saying, some time since, that good manners require in Italy that the passing of the procession of the Host in the street should be respected so far as to the lifting of the hat, or other formal sign of respect. Virginia says that of course a gentleman will not voluntarily go to see high mass at St. Peter's without observing all the decorum of the place and the occasion, but that he cannot be expected to violate his conscientious scruples by uncovering to a procession accidentally encountered in the street. But as the innocent religious usages of the country, no less in the street than in the church, are perfectly well known, must not Virginia logically admit that a gentleman will not voluntarily put himself directly in contact with them without observing the same courtesy which Virginia approves at high mass in St. Peter's? Such courtesy imports no recognition of the propriety or saving nature of a religious rite; it imports, indeed, nothing whatever but formal consideration for others.

Virginia asks whether the Easy Chair would expect the stranger in India to prostrate himself before the approach of Juggernaut's car because such prostration is the custom of the people among whom he happens to linger. Certainly not, as it would not expect apparent acquiescence in the suttee. But the reason is that the Indian custom, although religious, is horribly cruel and revolting, while the Roman custom is but a perfectly innocent and humane rite. Indeed a sign of respect in a church for the service of the mass may well seem to be much more significant in one who is not attached to the Roman communion than the simple salutation offered in the street to ministers of Christian mercy and succor. In the former case the sign of respect may be tortured into an evidence of sympathy with a certain form of the worship of God from which the stranger might easily have held aloof. In the latter it is no more than acknowledgment of a mission of benevolent service to man, which is unexpectedly encountered.

The maxim that in Rome we should do as the Romans do is an admonition that if we propose to protest against all innocent forms and customs that differ from our own, or to regard courteous treatment of them as a betrayal of our own convictions upon any subject, we ought to stay at home. If a man proposes to ridicule the wearing of turbans and long robes he should not stray beyond the domain of coats and trousers and billycock hats; and if he sets forth upon the grand tour he should be so well equipped as to understand that innocent religious forms of every kind will be always respectfully treated by a gentleman. But Virginia will certainly perceive that a gentleman need not show any mark of approval of the crushing or burning of human beings because he regards with respect those who are hastening to relieve them.

The old English dramatist Dekkar called the founder of the Christian religion "the first true gentleman that ever breathed," and Bartlett quotes Juliana Berners as tracing his lineage to Japhet, "the gentilman Japeth." The word was never interpreted so loftily as by the dramatist. He invests it with a divine nimbus. It stands in his phrase for the finest, deepest, truest human sympathy. Courtesy is an expression of sympathy, and if you have it for the Italian peasant innocently worshipping according to her light, you need not feel that consistency or any rule of reason demands that you shall have it also for Torquemada dooming his guiltless fellowman to the stake. Common-sense is a large element of courtesy as of all other good things, and the Easy Chair does not doubt that if Virginia, returning along the Arno from the Boboli or from Fiesole, should meet the humane procession of the *Misericordia*, his hand would instinctively respond to his heart in a sign of courteous respect.

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Editor's Study.

I.

SUCH a book as *Face to Face with the Mexicans*, by Mrs. Fanny Chambers Gooch, has a value that only a quick, intelligent, sympathetic woman could give her study of a foreign people's life. Mrs. Gooch was seven years in Mexico, and made journeys and protracted sojourns in so many parts of the country that she may be said to have seen and known at least much that was best worth seeing and knowing in it. Her fullest observation relates to her experiences in the characteristic provincial city of Saltillo and in the metropolis; but with the key which her long residence in these places supplied she unlocks the door everywhere to our intimate acquaintance with neighbors whom we cannot afford to ignore. Her view is not only domestic and social—though it is largely that, thanks to her struggles with Mexican house-keeping and her hospitable acceptance among all classes—but she sketches the leading events and persons of Mexican history, she glances at the contemporary literature and art, she gives some notion of the folk-lore and folk-song, and she offers an instructive glimpse of the material conditions, of the politics and the religion, of the country. There is nothing absolute or final in her philosophy of the facts; but she is very candid, and her attitude toward the Mexicans is that of generous appreciation rather than censure, which, upon the whole, seems the best attitude one can take toward a strange civilization. If you begin by contemning it, you get no good even from the good in it, which is perhaps the reason why so few Englishmen have been improved in taste or temper by their visits to these States. But Mrs. Gooch began by being amused and pleased with Mexico; she was able to take the humorous view of the anomalies that presented themselves, and to console herself with their picturesqueness when their perplexity threatened to become unendurable. If she ended by accepting the customs of the country as pretty well adapted to the people who invented them, she reached a conclusion to which most of her readers will follow her.

II.

In fact a hardy spirit here and there may push beyond it, and ask what real advantage it will be to the Mexicans when we have got our civilization all sent down there by the daily express trains which we are running into their country. It is by no means a perfect civilization as we see it at home, and if it were not ours perhaps we should not like it very well ourselves in all respects. The dazzling hope of being one of the foremost, which every American cherishes, has hitherto blinded us to the fact that it abandons the hindmost to the fate attending the rear-guard of other civilizations; but the time has already come when this hope no longer wholly avails. Some observers of our national free fight have discovered of late that not all the combatants are on top; they notice with grave misgiving that a considerable number are apparently ground into the mire, and that there seem to be a great many broken bones brought away from the rush and scramble even by such as escape from it with its prizes. In its basis it does not differ from the civilization which the Mexicans have now; it is a question of quantity rather than kind, and it is for the Mexicans to say whether they will have more or less. The theory of our patriotic pride is that if they will have more they will become a rich and prosperous nation like ourselves, that they will develop their natural resources, and foster their unnatural ones. We do not stop to consider that the people who do the hard work of a nation, who really earn its living, seem by no means comfortable and happy in proportion to the national riches and prosperity; and it is doubtful whether we should be improving the condition of the Mexican masses by introducing the American trust, pool, combine, corner, and strike among them. We have built them some railroads with our capital; but should we be really befriending them if we succeeded in bestowing upon them the moral and financial chaos that we call our railroad system? Perhaps we do not make it any part of our business to pause for such inquiries; but here the Mexican's temperament favors his de-

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fence against our impatience. In his make-up to-morrow plays a much larger part than to-day; and if he accepts Americanism at all, it will be after long delay, not to say due reflection. In his poor way, however, he does seem to make his reflections; and he counts our hurry, our bluntness, our general gracelessness, against our civilization. The Mexicans, if we are to believe Mrs. Gooch, are, from highest to lowest, almost conscientiously well-mannered; to be sweetly polite, and to take time for being so, is what their children are taught from the first moments of intelligence; and she draws many charming pictures of the loving, courteous, devoted family life of which this is the ideal and the expression. Probably not more real good-heartedness is embodied in it than in our ruder ways; but, on the other hand, there is probably not less; and the Mexicans are so fixed in their belief that we are the worse for our lack of it that they like almost any other people better. The first care of a shrewd European is to guard against the chance of being taken for an American, if he desires even business success in Mexico; and in society Americans are apparently received only upon proof of their fitness, the burden of which rests with them. Once accepted, however, Mrs. Gooch would persuade us that they experience in the friendships they form a constancy known only to the romance of youth among ourselves, and this in spite of the historic grudge which the Mexicans as a people have against us. Their monuments, their memories, their literature even to their school-books, bear witness that we once did them a great wrong in the interest of the greatest wrong: that to perpetuate slavery we otherwise causelessly attacked them, and in a shameful war robbed them of provinces to which we had no more claim than any bully to the property of his neighbor.

III.

Mrs. Gooch does not paint all Mexican life rose-color. What splendor it has, and what opulence, it owes, as life everywhere owes its splendor and opulence, largely to the hopeless poverty of those that dig in fields and delve in mines and toil in mills, that hew the wood and draw the water. The system of peonage still exists, and the employer lawfully owns the employé he can keep in his debt. The political disturbances have abated and the economical disturbances have not yet begun, but only because labor is sunk in a deeper ignorance of its right to the pursuit of happiness than with some other nations, and they are sure to come. In the mean time there is wide-spread want, only not so grim as in the North, because nature in that gentler climate forbids the worst of winter and famine. There is much good-will among the cultivated people toward modern ideas, there is religious toleration, and there is in large degree free education.

> "The steam-ship and the railway and the thoughts that shake mankind"

are already the property of the Mexicans, who are only less shaken by them than we are because they do not think that sort of agitation good form. They have their passionate outbreaks, however, and in the nice conduct of a bull-fight they are even mortally exigent. They have adopted from us the horse-cars, which Latin people everywhere accept and cherish with a devotion unexcelled in Cambridge, Massachusetts; and the cities of Mexico are not less tramwayed than those of Italy.

But immutable under these superficial changes lie the immemorial customs of the country, from which there seems no appeal, so that *No es costumbre* is final against all suggestions of novelty. Mrs. Gooch is very amusing about it, but she does not allow the recollection of her sufferings from this inflexibility to render her insensible to the native sweetness and good-breeding which characterize the observance of the most inexorable *costumbres*. We get from her book, upon the whole, the impression that if civilized life ever ceases to be a battle and a game of chance, the Mexicans have qualities which will fit them to adorn it at least as much as ourselves.

IV.

Probably they have not much liberty and not much notion of it; we have rather more notion of liberty than liberty ourselves; and of equality they appear to have no conception. The division of classes is as sharp and deep as in Europe; and it would not be safe to argue from the exceptional success of an exceptional Aztec like Juarez, a parity of conditions and opportunities for the different races.

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It is the Spanish race, with its various grades, which gives the written and unwritten law to Mexico; though these have not prevailed to the extermination of the natives after our fashion. Nearly four millions in Mexico still speak their ancient tongues; but for the precise figures concerning them, and for many points which we have touched at second hand from the entertaining work of Mrs. Gooch —it is probably not so exact as it is graphic—the reader had better go to *The Mexican Guide* of Mr. Thomas A. Janvier. Not that we mean to confine him to the statistical side of that excellent little book; Mr. Janvier, whose agreeable quality has been abundantly shown elsewhere, is not able to deny a literary value to his performance where another might easily have done so. It seems sufficiently business-like in the matters with which a guide-book professionally deals; but we have not so much employed it in our stay-at-home travels for the choice of routes, hotels, restaurants, and the like, as for the supplementary light which it throws upon the fields of general interest traversed by Mrs. Gooch's narrative. It may be said that Mr. Janvier has a better perspective, and that the facts he gives have a juster historic proportion. For instance, he is able to give to the greatest fact of religious reform among our neighbors the proper interest, and to tell us that "the Church of Jesus in Mexico," with its Protestant bishop from the United States, was not an effect of our missions, but of a movement originating among native Roman Catholics, who wished to conform their worship to the ancient Mozarabic rite prevailing in Spain before the papal ascendency, and never wholly extinct, at least in Toledo, where it is still in use in three churches. A feeling for the picturesque and dramatic in his facts is tempered by an unfailing intelligence and by a wide knowledge of the situation; and what he has to say in the passages (always too brief) concerning the politics, literature, and religion of the country is said with authority as well as with taste and discrimination.

V.

His guide, and Mrs. Gooch's book, with Mr. W. H. Bishop's earlier volume of delightful papers on *Old Mexico*, and the chapters of his *Spanish American Republics* which Mr. W. E. Curtis gives to that country, ought efficiently to equip the Northern American who visits the antique land of the Aztecs either in fireside reverie or by Raymond excursion. They are all good in their way, and very good in its way is another book of travel, or of sojourn, which we have been reading. We mean *The Land Beyond the Forest*, as Transylvania interprets itself on the title-page of Mrs. E. Laszowska-Gerard's studies among the Saxons and Roumanians. She is an English woman whose Continental marriage and busy life beyond her own island have widened her horizons, and one accepts the kindness she shows the Roumanians and the dislike she feels for the Saxons as an effect of impartiality, if not perfect justice. The Saxons, whom the Hungarians invited into their eastern borders in the twelfth century, have all the unlovely virtues of thrift, caution, and economy, with some of the facilities of a less parsimonious civilization. Among them,

> "the rude Carpathian boor
> Against the houseless stranger shuts the door"

still, as in Goldsmith's time; and with an uncouthness of manner worthy of us at our worst they unite a practical ease of divorce unexcelled among us. In fact in one of their towns hardly more than the fabled twenty minutes for divorces which trains stopped for in Chicago are required of the anxious strangers who resort to its tribunals. But it ought to be added that in Klausenburg the ideas of the Unitarian Hungarians have prevailed to this extreme effect, though the Lutheran Saxons, if not so hospitable to aliens, are almost as kind to their own ill-matched couples. As formerly in Indiana, a girl marries in Saxon Transylvania with the mental reservation that, if she does not like the man, she can leave him; and parents who have succeeded in living together long enough to bring up a family instil this thought into their children. The Roumanians, on the other hand, who have inherited from the Eastern Empire the superstition that they are the ancient Romans, together with the Greek rite, have no divorce; but they have a great deal else which one may not talk of so freely. They also have charming manners, well adapted to win full justice from the foreigner who loves pretty ways and histrionic costumes. Mrs. Gerard gives us reasons for thinking that

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they have a national future, and facts for recognizing that they have a benighted and mostly squalid present, the result of a cruel past. Her studies of their folk-lore in all its kinds are most interesting, which is true of whatever she has to tell in the same sort of the Saxons; and they are done from a vantage-ground of comparative knowledge wanting in Mrs. Gooch's like chapters on the Mexicans. You have to supply this in her case, together with some Spanish grammar. To be sure, we must take Mrs. Gerard's Roumanian on trust. But both of these ladies have an abundance of very agreeable humor, which enables them to be tolerant, and gives a charm to their intelligence. Mrs. Gooch's account of her house-keeping in Saltillo, and her diversified experiences with the Mexican *mozo*, or man-of-all-work, and Mrs. Gerard's sketch of official society in Hermannstadt, where there were no young people, and the middle-aged husbands and wives spent their leisure in perfunctory flirtation, are alike delightful. All cannot hope to enjoy the advantages of Mrs. Gerard's intimate point of view, but we think her book is destined to open the countries of which she writes to the travel which has exhausted the color of southern Europe. They are lands of feudal romance and a classic tradition almost unexploited in modern experience. Her amiable study brings vividly into the field of vision regions hitherto lost, and enriches the reader with an appreciable sense of conditions and aspects altogether novel.

VI.

This is one of the best offices of that curiously effective little book, *The Story of an African Farm*, which we have at last in an American edition. In tone and in treatment there is much in it to recall *The Story of a Country Town*. There is the same simple fidelity to conditions, and the same result in acquainting the reader with types of local life rather than with characters. Both books have an extraordinary pathos, the tragic elements prevail in both, and in both the authors are carried beyond self-control and beyond reality by the sufferings of their fictitious personages. For this reason what artistic virtue they have is in the management of the subordinate figures, and on the middle ground between a Teutonic vagueness of idealization and an English grossness of caricature, between Jean Paul Richter and Charles Dickens.

We try to touch their weak points without denying their strength. Elsewhere we have already had our say in praise of Mr. Howe's story, and now we wish to own the singular charm we have in Miss Olive Schreiner's. She can be no longer known to the literary world as Ralph Iron, and her real name, with its implications of race qualities, is useful in any estimate or analysis of her book. Here is a flavor, here is a color, new in English, and very different from those of the contemporary English story-makers; something that suggests a talent akin at its best to that of Björnstjerne Björnson, and that of Berthold Auerbach. It is more German than Norse, however, and it is curiously influenced by the colonial English conditions in which it has found expression at its worst. Its directness in touching facts and phases of South African life in a landscape as strange as they, with no apparent consciousness of their strangeness, is like the great Scandinavian's habit in his beautiful stories; but the sentiment is German, while the literosity in the poorer passages of the work is second-rate English. It is right to say that these passages are not so frequent as in any just sense to characterize the book. On the contrary, it makes a most distinct impression of originality and authenticity; and its courageous thinking in directions where most thinking is timid leaves the reader tingling with interesting question, and with the wish to have more of Olive Schreiner in fiction. What she has already done is to give us a conception of European life in a region so remote from ordinary European experience as to be without any but the vaguest associations. For the time being she naturalizes us to the Southern sky and the distant land among the Boers, the Kaffir serfs, the English emigrants, and adventurers; and we do not find the business of raising ostriches much odder than poultry farming. In the scenery which she paints, with its few monotonous features, even the vegetation assumes familiarity; and we reconcile ourselves to sympathy with the heroine's pretty reasonless anguish as a due effect of the prevailing magic, and suffer with her almost as much as the author intends.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of November.—The Mills Tariff Bill was reported to the Senate from the Committee on Finance October 3d, "with an amendment in the nature of a substitute." The Senate confirmed, October 1st, the nomination of Lambert Tree, of Illinois, to be Minister to Russia, John G. Parkhurst, Michigan, Minister to Belgium, and, October 9th, John H. Oberly, Illinois, Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Official information of the rejection of the Chinese treaty was received by the State Department September 22d.

The President approved the Chinese Exclusion Bill October 2d, and the General Deficiency Bill October 20th.

The first session of the Fiftieth Congress closed October 20th. The whole number of bills and joint resolutions passed was 1443, of which 1197 were approved by the President, 95 became laws without signature, 128 were vetoed, and 23 failed for want of signature up to the time of adjournment.

The United States Supreme Court, October 22d, sustained the constitutionality of the Iowa prohibitory law.

The Presidential election was held November 6th. There were eight tickets, as follows: Democratic—President Grover Cleveland, of New York; Vice-President, Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio. Republican—President, Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana; Vice-President, Levi P. Morton, of New York. Prohibition—President, Clinton B. Fisk, of New Jersey; Vice-President, John A. Brooks, of Missouri. Union Labor—President, A. J. Streeter, of Illinois; Vice-President, Charles E. Cunningham, of Arkansas. United Labor—President, Robert H. Cowdrey, of Illinois; Vice-President, W. H. T. Wakefield, of Kansas. American—President, James L. Curtis, of New York; Vice-President, P. D. Wigginton, of California. Industrial Reform—President, Albert E. Redstone, of California; Vice-President, John Colvin, of Kansas. Equal Rights — President, Belva A. Lockwood, of Washington, D. C.; Vice-President, Charles S. Wells, of New York. The Republican ticket was successful. The division of States was as follows: Harrison—California, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, Wisconsin; Cleveland—Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia; Doubtful—West Virginia.

The Fifty-first Congress is Republican by a small majority.

Of the Governors elected November 6th ten are Republicans and seven Democrats. Governors of Connecticut and New Hampshire to be chosen by the Legislatures.

Lord Sackville was notified October 30th by Secretary Bayard that, owing to his interference in the domestic politics of the country to which he was accredited, he would no longer be recognized as British Minister to the United States.

The Sikkim expedition ended in the victory of the English over the Thibetans, September 24th, at the Jelapla Pass.

General François Denis Légitime was elected President of Hayti October 17th, by the National Assembly.

DISASTERS.

September 27th.—News received of the loss of over fifty lives by the bursting of a reservoir at Valparaiso August 11th.

October 5th.—The French fishing bark *Madeline* run down at sea by the National Line steamer *The Queen*. Twenty-one lives lost.

October 10th.—A collision between two of the sections of an excursion train on the Lehigh Valley road, near Mud Run, Pennsylvania, resulted in the death of sixty-three persons.

November 7th.—Sixty lives lost at Calcutta by the sinking of a ferry steamer after a collision.

November 9th.—Over one hundred and fifty miners killed by an explosion in a mine at Pittsburg, Kansas.—Thirty lives lost in a fire in the Rochester Steam-Gauge and Lantern Works, Rochester, New York.

November 14th.—Thirty-two miners lost their lives by an explosion of fire-damp in the Frederick pit at Dour, Belgium.

November 16th.—An official bulletin gives the total number of deaths to date from yellow-fever in Jacksonville, Florida, as 396, and of cases as 4583.

OBITUARY.

September 21st.—In Boston, William Warren, the actor, in his seventy-sixth year.—News received of the death at Bangala Station, on the Congo, of Professor J. S. Jameson, of the Stanley relief expedition.

September 23d.—In Madrid, François Achille Bazaine, aged seventy-seven years.

September 28th.—In a battle at Port-au-Prince, Hayti, General Séïde Thélémaque.

October 12th.—In London, Joseph M. Levy-Lawson, chief proprietor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, aged seventy-seven years.

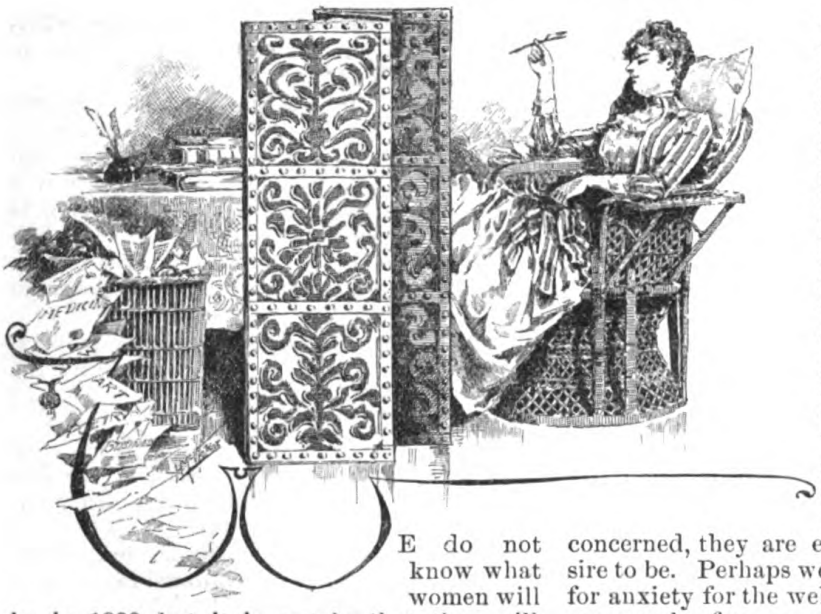
October 16th.—In Chicago, John Wentworth ("Long John"), aged seventy-three years.

October 19th.—In Paris, Louis Étienne Félicité Salomon, ex-President of Hayti, aged seventy-five years.—In Waterloo, New York, the Right Rev. E. R. Welles, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Milwaukee, in his fifty-eighth year.

October 27th.—In Poughkeepsie, New York, John Guy Vassar, aged seventy-seven years.

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Editor's Drawer.



WE do not know what women will be in 1889, but it is certain that they will not be what they were in 1888. For there is no phenomenon to compare with the evolution of woman in our day and generation. Entering the new year is like passing the custom-house. We are supposed to declare our luggage. It has been said that women are by nature smugglers. However that may be, they are no more disposed than men to smuggle out of the old year things that should be left behind; that is, to make good resolutions and not keep them. In fact they are more likely in these days to abandon their past than to make a false declaration about it, for their interest is in the chances of the future. It might be a good thing for all of us if we could abandon everything we have on the 1st of January and start out unencumbered; but this is an idle speculation; we are pretty certain to smuggle through all the bad habits we have without even paying duty. That is, the men are; there is no sign that they are changing much. Woman, to the world, and herself as well, is the unknown and changing element of the future. The Drawer of course does not expect any change in human nature, or any radical revolution in society, nor take any interest in such ingenious questions as those that are asked about marriage being a failure. But woman is finding herself out, her powers as well as her rights, and her capacity of self-support. It may be that she has always ruled the world secretly, and that she is now only throwing off the mask.

If we look back a quarter of a century, there is no change so marked in social and business life as that in the position of women in regard to education, employment, and freedom of action. And this position of self-dependence and self-defence is taken without any question. A few years ago in London it was not just the thing for an unmarried girl to be seen abroad alone even in her mother's carriage. She may now be seen in a hansom. It is not long ago that it was thought unsafe for women to travel without a male protector. A brace of spirited girls may now go clear round the world together in entire safety, and without exciting any sentiment more dangerous than admiration. So far as the world is concerned, they are entirely safe, if they desire to be. Perhaps we might have more cause for anxiety for the well-being of a young man or a couple of young men on the same journey. The world in all civilized lands will treat the woman as she wishes to be treated. It seems to be well settled that women can protect themselves, now that they are permitted to do so, and that they can come as near to supporting themselves as a good many men. Indeed, among the colored women of the South, it is quite a prevalent question whether they can afford to take husbands.

It is a subject of constant speculation, what effect this change of position will have upon the character of the sex. The sex has always despised a man who is not independent and self-sustaining. The men have liked women who were not too independent. Will women be less attractive to men as they become less helpless, and will their independence work a subtle change in their nature, which will be increasing as time goes on, according to the laws of heredity? Will the habit of self-reliance, of taking active part in business, perhaps in politics (for a good many women are saying that they will be willing to vote and run, or saunter, for office, if Providence puts the ballot in their hands), put certain other admirable qualities in place of the acknowledged feminine graces and charms? This is an open question, and one much more important than the tariff or the surplus—even the reported surplus of women in certain States. For it cannot be but that the education of women and their increasing freedom of action will as virtually affect this nation as it has already affected the visible aspect of modern life.

The Drawer, however, is not gloomy about it, nor anything but hopeful for the developments of the year 1889. For love is still as strong as death. A few years ago, before the handy and wily Chinese appeared, the housekeepers in Victoria, British Columbia, were in

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great need of servants, and a ship's cargo of girls was sent out from England. But the anchor was hardly down in the harbor, and nobody had gone ashore, when the vessel was invaded by men, and every one of the girls was engaged to be married out of hand. The "domestic" question in Victoria remained as strained as before. It is simply this, that if you cannot tell what women will become, you cannot tell what they will do. We only know that whatever they do, it will be for the best for themselves, and that the better they are, the more prosperous and happy the world will be. It is this faith that keeps us steady in mind in the midst of the tremendous changes in progress. And the only New-Year reflection, after all, that the subject suggests is that if the young men of our republic do not bestir themselves mentally and physically, they are liable, in the slang that is too prevalent, "to be left." CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

DE GUSTIBUS.

LAST summer, coming down from Troy,
After a fortnight's brief vacation,
I patronized the paper-boy,
And purchased food for contemplation:
A startling title tempted me
To penetrate the jaundiced cover,
And then for hours—some two or three—
I chased a luckless lass and lover.

The book a soporific seemed,
The story rambling like a gypsy,
And I—I fell asleep, and dreamed
Until the porter called "Po'keepsie!"
There, like an angel in disguise,
One came to banish my affliction,
Tabooed my heavy-lidded eyes,
And offered truth in place of fiction.

No more I scanned the morning's news,
Nor tired myself with tedious topic,
Nor did I dote on river views,
Grown curious and quite myopic:
I heeded not how fast we went,
And though the car had others in it,
I lost myself in sentiment
While watching two lips' smile a minute.

Who was she? Whither bound? thought I;
And who will be the mortal waiting
In some grim station, by-and-by,
To greet her, wildly osculating?
I fancied 'twere perhaps an aunt,
Or possibly an anxious mother;
Preferring that she shouldn't grant
Mankind a kiss—unless a brother.

"Yonkers!" the tenor porter yelled,
And all at once the crowd was seething;
My fondest hope, alas! dispelled,
While I a moment ceased my breathing:
My hope was killed by what I saw—
She seemed to kiss them all at random—
And I was made to know the law,
De gustibus non disputandum!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

HEAD OF THE HOUSE. "Is your mistress in?"

MARY. "No, sorr; she's gone shopping."

HEAD OF THE HOUSE (*with a sigh of relief*). "Oh, shopping. Well, a woman can shop all day, but matinées cost money."

ANECDOTE OF THE CHRISTMAS-TIME.

CHARLES I. AND THE FLOWER-GIRL.

IT was in the twilight of his reign that King Charles the First, returning to the palace from a busy morning's search for Christmas gifts, encountered a flower-girl, ragged of dress, and shivering with cold. The heart of the monarch was touched by the tale of suffering too legibly writ upon the child's face, and the Lord High Chaperon to His Majesty was ordered to await his monarch at the inn hard by.

"Come hith-her, child," said the King, in those soft sepulchral tones which led his



friends to say that should he ever find it necessary to give up the throne, he could always fall back on the stage for a living.

"Canst thou not sell thy flowers?"

"No, sire," replied the girl.

"Then will I buy them," retorted the monarch, seizing her basket and resuming his way.

"But my money, sire—my money!" cried the child.

"In good time," said the King, with a sigh. "I will have the Grand-duke of the Exchequer enter your name on the list of my preferred creditors."

The girl never forgot Charles's generosity, and when the ill-fated monarch was led to the block she was found weeping bitterly on the outside of the Tower, with an unreceipted bill for three shillings clasped tightly in her hands.

THE OLD TIMES.

AN "ole Verginny darky" met a Massachusetts colored lady recently in Washington, and manifested great interest in her new acquaintance.

"Lawd-a-massy! chile, is you f'om Mass'chusicks?" she inquired, earnestly.

"Yes," replied the Northern branch, curtly.

"An' you nebbah seen ole Verginny?"

"No."

"An' you nebbah war a slave in de ole times?"

"No, of course not," indignantly.

"Fo' de Lawd, honey, I's sorry fo' you; 'deed I is. You doan' know nuffin 'tall 'bout de real pleasures o' bein' a nigga; sho's you bawn you doan'." W. J. LAMPTON.

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TYRANNY.

'Tis said that tyranny is dead.
  And despotism powerless lies:
How can this be when over me
  Fair Ethel so doth tyrannize?

And yet—and yet—do not forget
  I am content her slave to be!
I am not fain to break the chain,
  So sweet I find is tyranny.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

STRICTLY BUSINESS.

DURING the late war a young Southern soldier, just before going into battle, called his servant to him and said, most solemnly: "Rod, I may be killed in this battle, and if I am, find my body, buy a coffin" (handing him his belt of money), "and take me home to my mother. You may have whatever money is left."

The boy took the money, and looked up with a broad grin. "Mars Raymond," said he, "how much you think dat *box* gwine to cost?"

THE THINKING HABIT.

ONE of our "passion poets" has lately published a metaphysical poem, one stanza of which will suffice to give an idea of what it is:

Think health, and health will find you
  As certain as the day,
And pain will lag behind you
  And lose you on the way.

Why not pursue this same line of reasoning to the bitter end, somewhat after this fashion?

Think wealth, and you will get it—
  A million, more or less;
Think silk, and in the closet
  You'll find a gros grain dress.

Think land, when you are drowning,
  Beyond all human reach,
And by this happy theory
  You'll be washed up on the beach.

Think bread when you are hungry,
  And a feast will there be spread;
Think sleep when you are weary,
  And you'll find yourself in bed.

However much "thinking" may help to materialize all the good things thus promised, one grand result will certainly be accomplished, for it cannot be denied that the thinking habit will produce a thoughtful generation.

SOMETHING WAS DAMAGED.

MRS. DOLLIVER. "Oh, Henry, I have dropped the water-pitcher out of the window, and I saw it light on an elderly man!"

MR. DOLLIVER (*turning pale*). "Great Scott, Jane! You don't know what damage you may have caused!"

MRS. DOLLIVER (*in tears*). "Yes, I do. It's pure china, and can't be replaced for less than twelve dollars. Oh, what shall I do?"

AT a hotel in Leamington, England, last summer, a traveller asked the table waiter if the waters they were drinking were saline waters.

"Well, sir," the waiter replied, "they are very good for rowin', but as for sailin', they ain't much."

ALL WITH OIL.

THE barber who, while shaving a man, with his thumb inside the latter's cheek, suddenly cried out, "Oh, law! I've cut my thumb!"—quite forgetting that he had cut clear through his customer's cheek to get to it—was certainly a pretty fair instance of unmixed selfishness; and he had a rival in the keen man of business who, on hearing that a mail-steamer by which he had sent a letter to Europe had been lost at sea, with all hands, exclaimed, in tones of despair, "Five cents for nothing!"

But both these self-engrossed gentlemen were left far behind by a certain French Marquis who flourished in the luxurious days before the Revolution. Like most Parisian gentlemen of that date, he was a thorough connoisseur in cookery, and his most intimate friend—a fashionable abbé of good family—was as finished an epicure as himself.

In all their tastes and habits the two friends were like twin brothers, and there was only one point upon which they differed; but that difference was a very serious one to the two embodied cookery-books. Though they had been intimate for years, and dined together almost every day, they had never yet been able to agree upon the all-important question whether a certain delicately dressed dish of vegetables, of which both were very fond, should be cooked with or without oil. At last they hit upon the plan of dividing the dish, putting oil in one half and none in the other.

The abbé had come to spend a few weeks at his friend's country house, and the noble host, having given the usual order to dress half the vegetables without oil, went into his guest's room, and was startled to find him lying lifeless on the floor, having just died of heart-complaint. With one bound the Marquis was at the head of the stairs, and shouted to the cooks below, "*Do 'em all with oil!*"

DAVID KER.

AN AMPLE APOLOGY.

THROUGH some unaccountable carelessness in the composing-room of a rural journal the obituary of one of the town's livest citizens crept into the paper one morning. It was not many hours after the issue of the edition that the "lamented" himself crept into the sanctum, and vigorously demanded a correction in the next morning's paper. It appeared as follows:

"Our yesterday's edition contained the announcement of the death of our esteemed fellow-townsman Colonel Jones. It is with profound regret that we state that our announcement was premature. The Colonel still lives, and we beg to assure him not only of our distinguished consideration, but that it shall be our constant effort to see that he shall not be annoyed in this manner again until the last dread hour has in very truth arrived. To this end we have ordered the standing obituary of Colonel Jones to be distributed."

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AN ORPHAN.

"WHAT is an orphan?" asked the teacher of the class in definitions.

Nobody seemed to know.

"Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, seeking an illustration that would not reveal too much.

At this a hand popped up, and the owner of it exclaimed, "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."



HIS ONLY READER.

MR. SCRIBBLEBURST. "Have you seen my last book? It's the best thing I've done."
MISS DOWNER. "No, I haven't seen it, but I've heard nothing but good of it so far."
MR. S. (*delightedly*). "Why, whom have you heard speak of it?"
MISS D. "Nobody but you."

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A LIBERAL VIEW.

AT the conclusion of the civil war a fiery young abolitionist, who had identified himself with the cause of the blacks, and who was desirous of entering the ministry, applied to the African Methodist Association of Washington, D. C., for a license to preach. It was a new idea, a colored association licensing a white man. But Brother R——, local pastor of the African church, had the young man passed by the remark that "dis association hadn't no right to disrespect any man on account of his color, even if he was a white man."

ON A SHEEPSKIN.

LONG since, when I groped in the darkness
  Of languages ancient and dead,
With lessons from Hadley and Harkness
  Served up between breakfast and bed,
When Xenophon, Cæsar, and Sallust
  Were vessels I tried hard to sail,
I'd no intellectual ballast
  To baffle the blustering gale.

My grammars were dismally dry ones,
  All full of bewildering rules;
My "ponies" were certainly shy ones,
  And balked quite as badly as mules;
The tutors that taught me in college
  Concluded—and wisely—at once,
'Twere hopeless to try to make knowledge
  Take root in the brains of a dunce.

Yet look; I possess a diploma
  Conferring the proper degree—
A parchment whose musty aroma
  Is very delightful to me.
But gorgeous in old English letter,
  And in its mahogany frame,
'Twould please me a thousand times better
  If I could read more than my name.

IDLE IDYLLER.

HER FIRST TRESTLE.

THE East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railway had, before they were filled in a year or two ago, some very high and very dangerous trestles in Georgia. One day in 1886 a happy, jolly-faced old woman, with a ticket to Dalton, was telling the impatient conductor that she "had rid on the cars afore, ten miles one time an' seven another, though this here wuz the fust time she had been clear across the cont'nent. But, law! he needn't be afeard to put on steam, thinkin' as how she'd mind it. Massy sakes, no! Fact wuz she'd like fur 'im to spread hisself an' show Benjy here how everlastin'ly he could leave that ole piebald Mazeppar behine."

Shortly afterward, having taken a breathing spell in her genial entertainment of all the passengers near enough to be interviewed by her, she glanced out of the window, and saw far below her the tops of tall oaks and hickories. In horror she bobbed her head down, covering her terrified eyes with both hands. After some minutes, venturing to peep out again, she saw blackberry vines and persimmon bushes on a level with the car. "Thank the Lord!" she gasped; "we've lit at last!"

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

EXCELLENT ADVICE.

MLLE. POND LILY (*leading lady at the Hyacinth Opera-house*). "Oh dear! this dress worries me to death, the back fits so badly."

SECOND LEADING LADY (*reassuringly*). "Never mind; keep your back behind you."

AN EASY BABY TO TAKE CARE OF.

"That is a nice little baby you have got there, Mrs. Hobson," remarked a visitor.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Hendricks, he's a delightful little fellow, and is so good!"

"Is he restless at all at night?"

"Oh, not a bit. All he wants is somebody to coo to him and rock the cradle over a stove poker, and he's perfectly happy. The jolt over the poker seems to have a soothing effect."

FULL OF GO.

VISITOR. "Were you at the meeting of the Woman's Society for the Dissemination of Political Economy?"

MRS. SAMPSON. "Oh yes, I was there."

VISITOR. "Was there much go to it?"

MRS. SAMPSON. "Yes, indeed; when the motion to adjourn was passed, there was absolutely a stampede."

A BURST OF ENERGY.

PRETTY COUSIN (*to young Sissy*). "Charlie, why don't you have more energy? You make me nervous. Brace up—do!"

YOUNG SISSY. "I am, Maud—I am doing the best I can. Why, to-day, after breakfast, I went up to my room, told the valet I wouldn't need him for an hour, and actually sat down by the window and wound up my watch!"

ONE THING SHE KNEW.

MISTRESS (*to applicant*). "Have you been in this country long?"

APPLICANT. "No, mum; I landed last wake; I'm a granehorn."

MISTRESS (*dubiously*). "Can you cook?"

APPLICANT (*hesitatingly*). "Well, I dun know, mum, but I'm willin' to l'arn."

MISTRESS. "Are you a good laundress?"

APPLICANT (*hesitatingly*). "Well, I dun know, mum, but I'm willin' to l'arn."

MISTRESS. "Do you understand chamberwork?"

APPLICANT (*hesitatingly*). "Well, I dun know, mum, but I'm willin' to l'arn."

MISTRESS. "What wages do you expect?"

APPLICANT (*promptly*). "Twinty dollars a month, mum."

NOT VERY WELL.

MISS CLARA (*on a shopping excursion, in a restaurant*). "I declare, I don't feel like eating a thing, and besides, I'm not very well."

MISS ETHEL. "But we must eat something."

MISS CLARA. "Oh, well" (*wearily, to waiter*), "you may bring me some grilled sardines and pistache ice-cream."

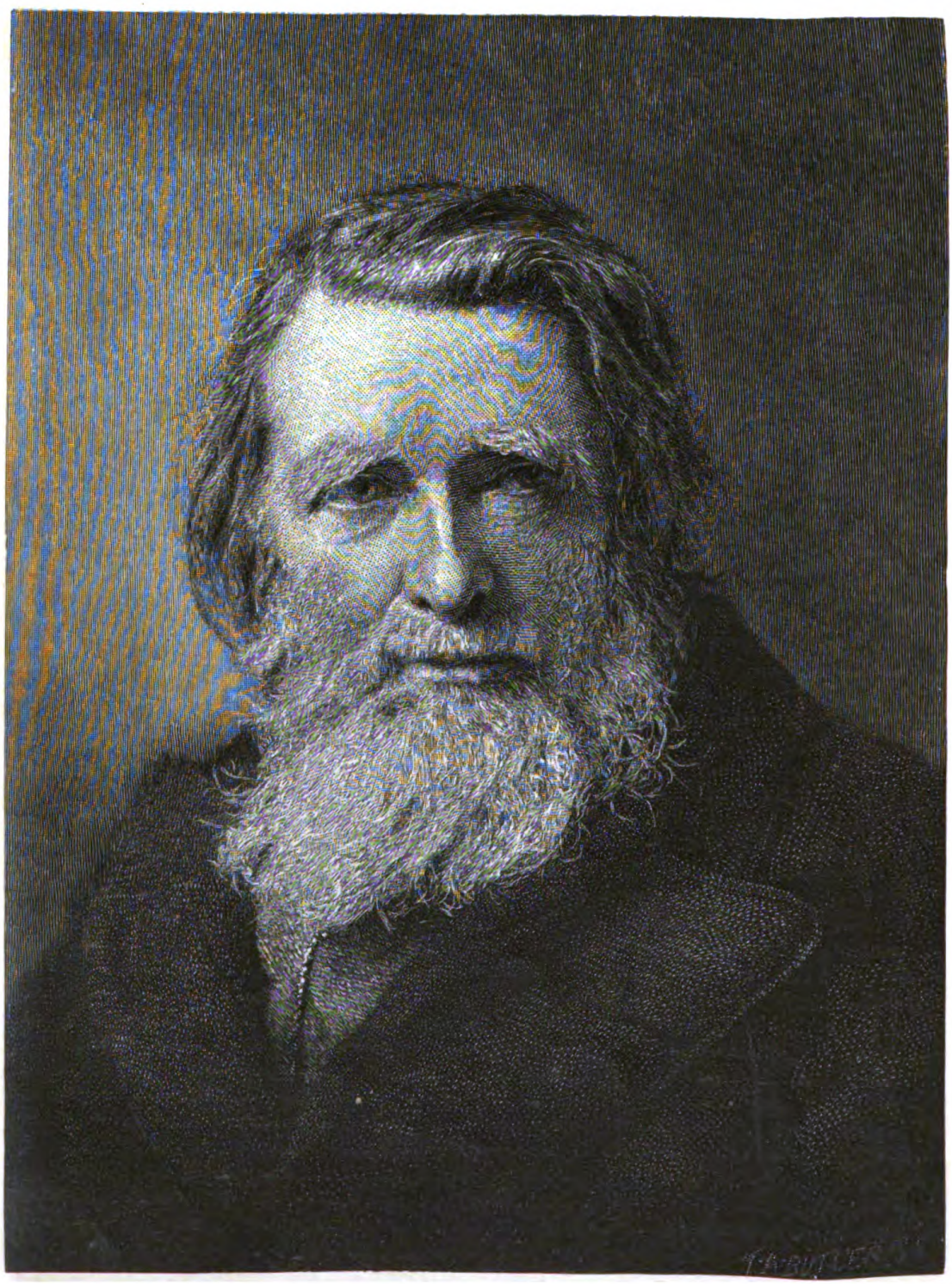
PHILIP H. WELCH.

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JOHN RUSKIN.
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE HÔTEL DROUOT.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

I.

THE name of the Hôtel Drouot must be so familiar to all who are interested in the fluctuations and caprices of the modern art and curiosity market that it is hardly necessary to explain that such is the title of the great Parisian auction mart, so called from the Rue Drouot, the street in which it is situated. The complete official appellation of the establishment is Hôtel des Commissaires Priseurs; that is to say, of the commissioners licensed by government to appraise and sell by public auction all kinds of movables. Materially the Hôtel Drouot is an ugly square block, whose exterior aspect is as heavy as its interior arrangement is inconvenient. Indeed, the principal ornament of the monument consists in bills of all colors which paper the walls of the ground-floor with announcements of goods for sale, pictures, wines, medals, lace, animals, and

> "Alle manere of chaffare,
> Apes and japes, and marmosettes taylede,
> Nifles, trifles, that littelle have availede,"

poverty's "honest, mean habiliments," the "household furniture and jewelry of Mlle. Pirouette, who is retiring from the profession," or a curious collection of Cashmere and Indian stuffs, the "property of the late Maharajah of Mysore," consigned directly from Manchester. In the cellars, the attics, and the eighteen sale-rooms of the hôtel, from year's end to year's end, there reigns an incessant carrying in and carrying out of every object which human industry has created, and a perpetual din of buying and selling, above which prevail the click of the auctioneer's hammer and the strident voice of the crier.

Let us enter the hôtel by the Rue Drouot, through the narrow and dirty swinging doors which bang harshly and pettishly all the afternoon, Sundays and week-days alike, during the sale and exhibition hours, from one to six o'clock. Passing through the dingy vestibule, we mount a few steps, and find ourselves at the foot of a broad staircase on the right, while in front of us is a long dismal gallery, lighted on one side by windows looking on to a court-yard. This gallery, and the rooms to which it gives access are known to the habitués by the name of "Mazas"; it is a horrible pandemonium, haunted by marine-store dealers, old-clothes men (*marchands à la toilette*), low brokers, and commercial scavengers of all degrees, wreckers who gather up the flotsam and jetsam of misfortune, misconduct, satiety, sudden death, and suicide. In these rooms and in the adjoining court-yard are sold bankrupt stock; old clothes, furniture, and household goods seized for debt; the machines of unappreciated inventors; the forlorn accessories of by-gone happiness or of present misery. And in this region of the hôtel, the characteristic odor of which reminds us at once of a night refuge, a hospital, and an unventilated omnibus on a very wet day, lurk sharks and harpies on the watch for prey, Philistines, Hebrews, Auvernats, verminous, garlic-eating, inelegant, unpolished, unfragrant folk, uncomely in raiment, and with elbows rigid and pungent, and nails that are as the claws of unclean birds. Let us not stay in these foul dens, but ascend the grand staircase, without entering that little box-like room, half-way up, known as the "Salle des Colonies," where you buy Rembrandts at three dollars a pair, frames included, and the whole for exportation. Upstairs is the real Hôtel Drouot, the rendezvous of the great amateurs and of the great dealers of the world, who make the latest quotations in *la haute curiosité*, the free school of taste where the critics and historians of our generation have begun and pursued their stud-

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THE COMMISSIONNAIRE.

ies, with the very objects of their researches brought gradually before their eyes by the hazard of successive sales. What one sees at the Hôtel Drouot can be seen nowhere else in the world, and this is the reason why men come there to see from London and from New York, from Vienna and from Amsterdam, from St. Petersburg and from Tokio. At the Hôtel Drouot were sold such splendors of the Summer Palace as escaped the flames, the library of the Emperor of China, his rare mantles of blue fox skin, his sceptre of jade, and his ceremonial robes embroidered with writhing dragons. In these rooms that open right and left on the broad lobby you may see almost any day during the season, and you may study, handle, smell, feel, and otherwise examine, better than you can in any museum or in the gallery of the most affable amateur, etchings, lithographs, line engravings, Japanese albums, manuscripts, drawings by all masters and of all schools, arms of all nations and epochs, medals of the extremest rarity, marbles dug up in the soil of Greece or Italy, terra-cottas from Tanagra, prehistoric jewelry from excavations in Asia Minor, glass-ware from Murano, Hispano-Moresque dishes, salad bowls of old Nevers, tazzas from Urbino, Rouen plates, Sèvres soft paste, Flanders stone-ware, Venetian silk, Smyrna carpets, lacquer cabinets, all the products of all the industrial arts of all epochs, and all that the masters of Italy or of Flanders, of France or of Spain, have painted during centuries for princes and for convents, for grand seigneurs and for honorable corporations. The Hôtel Drouot is a museum and a library whose cases and shelves are being continually filled and emptied; a repository of erudition and of curiosity, where the thirsty student is never tantalized by the sight of sealed fountains of knowledge, and where a hundred lessons are to be learned daily, without fee, without constraint, and without text-books or professor.

In order to explain to the reader the mechanism of the Hôtel Drouot, we will give the history of a sale. I speak, of course, of a sale of a nature to interest the world of art and curiosity. As for the ordinary sales, the formalities are very simple. You call at the office of the Hôtel Drouot and make your declaration; the next morning vans come and carry away your things, and in the afternoon they are sold, at any price they will fetch, in one of the rooms in the "Mazas" region. If you have had the misfortune to be sold up by order of justice, your things will be sold still more brutally in the court-yard, amidst the confusion of removing vans coming in and out, and amidst the vulgar pleasantries of the *brocanteurs* of the lowest category; for the law orders that such sales shall take place *sur la place publique*, and in the open air. But for great sales all kinds of precautions are necessary, and the enumeration of these measures will give us an opportunity of studying briefly the population of the Hôtel Drouot.

First of all you must secure the services of a good auctioneer and a good expert. The auctioneers are eighty in number, and form a close corporation, created by a decree dated 27 Ventôse in the year IX. of the Republic, and definitively regulated by a law passed in 1843. The French auctioneers come under the category of

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A SALE IN THE "MAZAS" AT THE HÔTEL DROUOT.

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M. CHEVALIER, THE VIRTUOSE OF THE HAMMER.

"officiers ministériels," like notaries, recorders, sheriffs, etc., and those of Paris form a sort of syndical chamber, and have also the privilege of constituting themselves into a chamber of discipline, and of pronouncing censure or suspension against offenders. Furthermore, they have a right to sell their "charge" or the good-will of their business, and to recommend their successors, who, after approval by the Guard of the Seals, are nominated finally by the head of the state. The only requirements for becoming an auctioneer are French citizenship, having reached the age of twenty-five years, being generally considered competent, and of course having some means, for the public Treasury exacts caution-money to the amount of 20,000 francs from each auctioneer, and the good-will of a very ordinary and inglorious Parisian auctioneer's business is valued at 200,000 francs, while the famous "charges" cost five times that amount. Thus M. Charles Pillet paid his predecessor, M. Bonnefonds de Lavialle, more than a million francs for his good-will, and when M. Pillet sold out recently to M. Chevalier, who is at present the great *virtuose* of the hammer, more than a million francs changed hands once again. Now the leading members of the corporation of auctioneers have each one more or less a specialty, one selling fine furniture, another faïences or arms, another pictures, another prints or books, while some drive their trade otherwheres than at the hôtel; as at Bercy, where they sell wines, or at Tattersall's, in the Rue Beaujon, where horses and carriages are brought under the hammer. The specialist auctioneer has his special public, knows the amateurs of objects of his specialty, has their addresses, is familiar with their faces and ways, and can altogether manage his sale of coins and medals, we will say, better than an auctioneer who is in the habit of selling pictures. A good expert is also useful. But who is a good expert? By what criterion shall he be judged? In fact, what is an expert? Very often the expert is simply a man who brings business to an auctioneer, who in return allows him to take a percentage on the proceeds. The expert is the hunter, the man who organizes sales, the purveyor of material on which the auctioneer can operate; but his existence is not recognized by law, and his percentage is regulated only by usage. Unlike the auctioneers, who have bought their position, who belong to an accredited association, and who are responsible before a committee of their peers jealous of the honor of the company, the experts are not formed into a corporation, they hold no diploma, nor are they bound to give proof of knowledge or special study. Any man can have "expert" in pictures, coins, or what not printed on his visiting card and on his letter-paper, and forthwith he may begin to operate, seeing below the surface of all sorts of things, and into their origin and history and intrinsic market value, drawing up catalogues, distinguishing between the first, second, and third manners of the masters, and pronouncing such a touch to be of the epoch and such another to be of recent date. Evidently the reputation of an expert is in his own hands; it cannot be improvised in a day, and when once achieved it can only be maintained by constant vigilance and untiring wariness; for nowadays every one who has to do with pictures or objects of art and curiosity must expect pitfalls at every step, and even the most perspicacious are never sure of escaping clever snares. The annals of the hôtel abound in stories of queer mistakes made by so-called experts: how one mistook the title of a picture, "Salvator Mundi," for the name of a "Venetian painter, rival of Salvator Rosa"; how another attributed to

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SALE IN THE COURT-YARD.

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MANNHEIM, EXPERT.

Velasquez, who died in 1660, a portrait of Louis XV., who was born in 1710; how another offered a picture of a woman washing dishes as a "Portrait of Rubens's Wife, by himself," and volunteered the explanation that, "as everybody knew, Rubens married his cook." The men who are at the head of their profession are incapable of such gross ignorance as this; nevertheless, even experts of the highest grade are fallible. Thus quite recently an eminent Parisian dealer offered without hesitation 30,000 francs for an antique Persian mosque lamp, fabricated a few years ago at Vaugirard by the famous Brocart; and still more recently the most eminent expert in Paris asked in a sale the modest sum of 100 francs for a hawthorn pot which, to his astonishment, sold for 4600 francs, and afterward went to England, where it was resold to a New York collector for $2000. Hence it will be understood that the auctioneer, in order to avoid being compromised, often reserves the choice of an expert for himself. For objects of art in general, Mannheim, second of the dynasty, is the leading Parisian and European expert; Hoffmann and Feuardent are the great authorities on medals and coins; Porquet is infallible on books; Lacroix on engravings; and as for the experts in pictures, whether ancient or modern, they are so numerous and so astute that I know not to which to give the palm or by which one to swear, so complex and difficult are the questions involved in expertizing.

Having your auctioneer and your expert, you proceed to get out your catalogue, which should, if possible, be preceded by a preface from the pen of some known art critic, and accompanied by illustrations, either etchings or photographs, of such valuable objects as are destined to be fought over by the amateurs. The catalogue costs dear, but it is necessary. Above all, it must be honest, practical, and readable, exact in nomenclature, and absolutely sincere in the descriptions of the objects. The sales where the highest prices are obtained are those of celebrated amateurs, either during their lifetime or after their decease. A picture fresh from a known collection will always sell dearer than a picture which a dealer has offered to fifty amateurs. Then, the catalogue being ready, you must choose a favorable time for your sale. The height of the season at the Hôtel Drouot is from March to the end of May, and the best day to begin your sale is Monday, because that day enables you to have a private view by card on the Saturday, and a public view open to all on the Sunday.

It is at these private and public views that the Parisians and the Parisiennes pick up their knowledge of bibelots, and that the *metteurs en scène* of the Hôtel Drouot display their skill and taste in arranging the objects in an effective manner, placing the statues on pedestals, hang-



HOFFMANN, EXPERT.

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ing up the pictures, tapestries, and draperies, distributing the furniture around the walls, and displaying the precious bibelots in glass cases—improvising, in short, in the space of a few hours, an exhibition which shall enchant the eye of the public and appeal keenly to its purse. On the morning of the sale this exhibition is unmade, the objects are piled away at one end of the room or in the store-rooms, benches are brought in, and the elevated desk of the auctioneer is put in position behind a row of tables placed across the room so as to form at the same time a counter and a barrier between the buyers and the officials who conduct the sale.



A PRIVATE VIEW.

It is two o'clock; the big double doors are opened, and the public rushes in, to find to its disgust that some privileged persons have already been admitted by a back staircase to the front seats. Gradually the room fills, and the crowd penetrates into the "magasin," and rises row above row, perched on chairs, even behind the auctioneer's desk—a democratic crowd where rich and poor, bankers and princes, great dealers and small mercanti, are all equal before the hammer. The auctioneer arrives and takes his place at his lofty desk, with on his right one or two clerks, who record the order of the "goings" and make out duplicate bulletins, one of which is stuck on to the object sold, by a dab of hybrid waxy paste peculiar in its composition to the hôtel, while the other is handed to the purchaser. To the right of the auctioneer's desk the expert takes his place at a table, and the open space between the auctioneer's desk and the range of tables which forms a counter and a

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THE MASTER CRIER, DAIRE.

barrier is the stage of the crier, and of the commissionnaire who receives the objects for sale from the hands of the expert, hands them around, and holds them up in brawny arms for all to see.

The crier, or *crieur*, who corresponds in title and functions to the *præco* of the ancient Roman sales, the whole mechanism of which has been borrowed by the French, is the tenor of the little company of officials who conduct an auction. The master crier nowadays is Daire, who is looked upon in Paris as a model, because his voice never fails. At the age of twenty-two Daire entered the company of criers, and ever since he has been working, acting as crier in all the great sales of the last twenty years, beginning with the San Donato sale in 1870, where he made his début. "Do not sing; change the tone," was the famous Pillet's advice when he first secured Daire's services for his great art sales, and following this advice, Daire runs up and down the gamut from bid to bid with extraordinary ease, and with a clearness of enunciation and a force of voice truly wonderful. The warmer and the more excited the public, the more the lots bring; and knowing this, Daire reserves his voice for objects that are worth his while, and employs his whole force when he wishes to carry by storm and rapid scaling the big bid of five or six figures, *la grosse enchère*. Perhaps of all the rôles in the comedy of the Hôtel Drouot that of the crier is the most fatiguing: on foot all the time from two to six while the sale lasts, the crier walks up and down in front of the auctioneer's desk, backward and forward, turning and turning like a squirrel in its cage; watching with eager eye dealers and amateurs behind him, before him, to the right, to the left; catching the imperceptible signs of those who are bidding and of those who cease to bid; repeating the price; encouraging; objurgating; following the lead of the auctioneer, and playing with him a feverish and bewildering game of vocal battledoor and shuttlecock; for the crier fills the first speaking rôle in the drama of a sale after the auctioneer, who is supported by him, and to whom he gives the antistrophe.

The commissionnaire is lower in the hierarchy of the hôtel than the expert



A GUARDIAN OF THE LOBBIES.

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and the crier, and yet he is more official, for he belongs to a corporation, to enter which he must pay some 6000 francs as caution-money, and as his share in the horses and the moving-vans which are the property of the company; also he wears a uniform, a blue jacket faced with red and adorned with buttons of a fixed kind, and a cap withal after its kind, more than civil but less than military. His blouse also, which he wears over his uniform when doing rough work, has a special cut. These commissionnaires, who are generally Auvernats of very rustic and clumsy exterior, are men of great staying power, muscular force, and agility; and eagerly as the position is sought after, it is by no means a sinecure. From six in the morning till ten or eleven o'clock at night they have no rest except at meal-times, which are not long; the rest of the day they are carrying objects of all kinds; climbing up the walls of the exhibition-rooms; arranging and deranging, hanging and unhanging pictures, carpets, tapestries; transporting now an iron safe and now a set of Sèvres china, and never letting fall one or the other. And for all this hard work they earn on an average twelve to fifteen francs a day, and many of them grow rich, retire to their native province, or set up in Paris in the bric-à-brac business. Finally, in this catalogue of the fixed and floating population of the hôtel, we must not forget the policeman, the old woman in a white nightcap whose business it is to mark prices on catalogues, the indulgent old pensioner who is charged with the guard of the lobbies, the idlers and spectacle-loving loafers, and those whose time is not money—seedy lilies and shabby wall-flowers who gaze and philosophize and fall asleep, neither toiling nor spinning, but limiting their efforts to seeking gratis warmth in dull winter days.



"SEEDY LILIES AND SHABBY WALL-FLOWERS."

The sale begins with the usual announcement that purchasers will be required to pay a tax of five per cent. on their bids, and then the expert passes some object to the commissionnaire, indicating the catalogue number.

"We are selling No. 147."

"Number 147 of the catalogue," repeat the auctioneer and crier in clear tones.

"Landscape by De Croûte; we ask 200 francs," says the expert.

"Two hundred francs, the landscape by

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De Croûte," repeats the crier. "A price. Let us begin. How much?—190, 180, 150, 100 francs?"

And still the house gives no sign.

The expert's first announced figure is generally somewhere near what he, from his large experience, judges the object will really bring, all things being considered; and an expert prides himself on fixing that sum within very narrow limits. Indeed, if his demand is either very far from being attained or very much exceeded by the bidding, the fact tells against him, and indicates that he is not absolutely in touch with the market, or, in other words, that he is not thoroughly in the swim.

Finally, the gradation of tentatory falls is interrupted by an echo from the house, which cries, "20 francs," and the ascensional movement begins. "20 francs—il y a marchand," breaks forth briskly from the lips of crier and of auctioneer, who then go on repeating the bids: "20, 30, 35, 60, 70, 80, 85," up to 100, when there is a pause.

"Not to the right," insinuates the auctioneer.

"By me the bid of 100 francs," says the crier.

"En veut—on au-dessus de 100 francs?" asks the auctioneer, while the Argus eyes of both search the crowd and fish for bids with wordy bait and alluring glances.

"100 francs le paysage; c'est donné; c'est pour rien à 100 francs; suivons, messieurs... suivons... dépêchons nous ...110 francs. Nous sommes deux... 115 francs... on demande à voir, 115... c'est par moi, en face... on y renonce... non?... j'adjuge... personne ne dit mot ... pressons nous... non?... c'est bien vu... c'est ici à ma droite 115 francs le paysage... c'est bien vu... il n'y a pas d'erreur... par de regrets... on ne dit rien? un, deux, trois... c'est bien vu... adjugé 115 francs," and the ivory hammer strikes the desk with a dry, angry tac. Such is a type of Hôtel Drouot eloquence, and such the series of formulæ pronounced, with but slight verbal variations, over each object which is brought under the hammer.

Except in the case of prints, books, and medals, the experts do not follow the order of the catalogue, but reserve the best objects for the moment when bidding has grown warm and the public becomes excited. At the beginning of a sale the expert puts up minor objects, by way of kindling-wood, as it were, and he, the crier, and the auctioneer get to work stoking and blowing until the house grows more and more combustible, and the atmosphere more and more unfragrant. And for three or four hours the expert goes on announcing the objects, while the auctioneer and the crier continue their strophe and antistrophe of identical phrases, the whole with sharper or more lazy intonations, and with infinite variety of emphasis and modulation.

At one moment the bids cease; then, as the hammer is about to fall, they start again on a fresh steeple-chase; and in the midst of all these bidders, whose only care seems to be to conceal their desires, to make no gestures, and to utter no sound, the auctioneer and the crier watch for a grimace, a wink, a tilting of a hat and twitching of a lip, the opening or closing of a catalogue, the scratching of an ear, the pulling of a button, divining by an admirable instinct the bid before it has been formulated in the mind of the amateur, extracting it from his will by magnetic tyranny, by a caressing appeal, by a desperate supplication. "Le mot, messieurs?" repeat the auctioneer and the crier, sometimes humbly, sometimes imperiously, sometimes triumphantly; and by the *mot*, or "word," they mean the conversion of the last bid into round numbers. For a preceding bid of 19 francs "le mot" means 20 francs, and for a last bid of 99,000 francs "le mot, messieurs," means 100,000 francs; and whenever this figure is attained at the hôtel it is the custom of the assembly in the crowded and deoxygenated room to express their relief from tension by hand-clapping and great sub-diaphragmatic "ahs!" such as orators and actors count among the most grateful signs of triumph.

Now we come to the cost of a sale, and in the first place it may be remarked that the exorbitant tax of five per cent. referred to above does not diminish the expenses of the vender, as one might expect, and as would appear just. For instance, to take a typical case, at the sale of the gallery of Maréchal Soult in 1852, the French government had to pay for Murillo's "Conception," now in the Louvre, nearly 30,000 francs to cover the five per cent. tax over and above the price of 586,000 francs at which the picture was knocked down. On the other hand,

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the heirs of Maréchal Soult paid to the corporation of Commissaires Priseurs a tax of ten per cent. on the sale price, which made 58,600 francs; so that the expenses of the sale of this one picture amounted to nearly 90,000 francs, which is evidently exorbitant. Nor is there any legal authority for exacting this tax. Like many other abuses at the Hôtel Drouot, its only authority is usage, for the law only allows the auctioneers to receive fixed emoluments, consisting in fees for each operation, and a tax of six per cent. on the total proceeds of the sale, half of which percentage is paid by them into the Common Purse. In practice a sale at the Hôtel Drouot may cost the seller from eight to twenty-five per cent., according to the object sold, to the nature of the catalogue, and to the amount of advertising resorted to; and in this figure are included the auctioneer's percentage, the room rent of 80 to 100 francs a day, the services of the crier, who is paid 10 francs a séance, and does not refuse "tips," the fee of the expert, which is usually three per cent. in sales of objects of art, and six or even more in sales of books and autographs, and finally certain minor expenses as sundry as they are mysterious. In reality, out of the eighty members of the Corporation of Commissaires Priseurs five or six have a reputation which enables them to monopolize all the great sales of pictures, curiosities, and objects of art; but their success is of advantage to the whole corporation, inasmuch as they pay three per cent. on the total of their sales into the Common Purse of the company. This Common Purse, or Bourse Commune, is divided into equal parts every two months, and distributed amongst the eighty members. Each part is generally equivalent, at the *lowest* average estimation, to 20,000 francs a year, which implies a total of business amounting to some sixty million francs' worth of objects sold to the highest bidder in the course of the twelve months, comprising 46,000 pictures, 30,000 drawings, 120,000 engravings, 30,000 autographs, and 150,000 objects of art and curiosities. This prodigious commercial movement brings to the Hôtel Drouot some 2500 Parisian dealers in objects of art, besides an indefinite number of dealers and merchants from the provinces, and from England, America, Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, and the East, whose custom helps to make Paris and the Hôtel Drouot the greatest curiosity market in the world. There have been years when the total of the sales at the Hôtel Drouot exceeded one hundred millions of francs, or twenty millions of dollars.



HABITUÉE OF THE SALES-ROOM.

II.

We have now seen some of the chief types amongst the fixed population of the Hôtel Drouot; but there remains the floating population of brokers of all kinds and grades, dealers of all degrees and all nationalities, amateurs, collectors, idlers, loungers, victims, dupes, and dupers. Limited space will not allow us to study each and all of these types. Let us therefore make our choice, and speak of the amateur, of collecting, and of the signification and utility of this singular form of human energy.

When the present Hôtel Drouot was opened in 1854 a series of famous sales had restored vigor to every department of curiosity and art products, both of this century and of the past. Pictures, prints, enamels, books, faiences, medals, porcelain, furniture, autographs, antiquity, the middle ages, the eighteenth century, and modern times, high-class curiosities, and minor curiosities arrive pell-mell and in-

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SALE OF ENGRAVINGS.

undate the market. The torrent is irresistible, and carries along fashion and the public; sales engender amateurs, the amateurs engender sales; one gives rise to the other, and the dealer helping both, the commerce in curiosities and objects of art has come to assume during the past thirty years proportions previously unparalleled.

The chief characteristic which distinguishes the modern collectors from the collectors of the past is the limitation of their fields of activity and the development of the commercial side of collecting. There is something dry and positive about the very word collector which the old word "curieux" or "amateur" did not suggest. "Collection" is convenient for catalogues and advertising, and nowadays the man who forms a collection, in France at least, invariably sells it sooner or later, unless he belongs to some financial dynasty, or unless he is rich enough or generous enough to bequeath his treasures to a museum.

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However, whether a collection be made for the pure and simple joy and interest of possession, or whether there be a superadded intention to sell at some opportune moment, its general usefulness remains clear and unquestionable. Philosophers and moralists discovered centuries ago that a gallery of pictures or statues or a library full of fine books has not the virtue of making their possessor a grammarian, a sculptor, or a painter. Hence they have concluded that collecting objects of art is a matter of vanity or of speculation, when it is not a form of lunacy. And still, patient and tenacious, the race of collectors has survived and will survive eternally, because it has its roots in intelligence and in the human heart, because the collector is a classifier of documents for historians and archæologists, a guardian of the archives of art, a resuscitator of forgotten industries, a creator of a visible and tangible panorama in the contemplation of which artists, artisans, and appreciative laymen alike find pleasure and profit. Thus one man, we will say, collects clocks, but only clocks made before 1600; another collects ceramics, but only French ceramics, and only French ceramics of the sixteenth century; another buys and studies only objects of the fifteenth century, and not of the fifteenth century in France or Flanders or Spain or England, but of the fifteenth century in Italy. And so each one marks out a special field, which he tills thoroughly, and plants and trims and weeds out, and prepares for the critic who comes and reaps his harvest of deductions and generalities. The specialist collector is a perpetual sifter and classifier, a trainer of his own eye and of the eyes of others, an unconscious purveyor to the great national collectors, which are museums.



AMATEUR.

Whatever department we examine, the same phenomena present themselves. The amateur appreciates; his intelligence lying in his eye, the sense of vision becomes in him the *imperator* sense, and his eye, like the great eye of Osiris, is eternally scanning the domain of artistic industry in search of that which is beautiful, appropriate, and charming. And by his approval and admiration he creates a reputation for objects and styles, and by being subjected to criticism and comparison the finest objects acquire special renown, and after a more or less lengthy trial period, their good fame having withstood all attacks and tests, these objects are battled for by rich individuals, who would fain keep them for their own enjoyment, and prevent them being bought by museums for the joy of the nation. But in the end the nation triumphs; the works of the past become the collective property of the present; the glory of the artist and the monuments of his genius become the joy and pride of humanity. Gradually and inevitably the museums will absorb all the great and fine specimens of the art and curiosity of the past. Already, with few exceptions, the relics of antiquity are immobilized in museums, and the soil of Asia, of Greece, and of Rome now rarely yields up new treasures wherewith to replenish the market; already the monuments of Byzantine and mediæval art are lodged definitively in national treasure-houses, or in the hands of half a dozen individuals whose galleries are the vestibules of national museums; already the objects of the sixteenth century are so rare that it is a hopeless task to attempt any longer to form a completely representative collection of the arts of that period; every branch of ceramic ware, both European and Oriental, seems to have

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been exhaustively studied, and in the museums of South Kensington, the Louvre, Dresden, Vienna, Limoges, Sèvres, the Museum of New York, and in the great private collections of America, which we hope may one day become national property, there are adequate and representative specimens of the best work of Eastern and Western potters. So it is with every department of the art of the past. In course of time the democratic museum will absorb all that is worth absorbing; and so long as there remain rich amateurs who desire to possess fine specimens of these arts for their own personal enjoyment, so long will the prices continue to increase whenever by rarer and rarer chance there appears in the market an object which has yet escaped absorption.

Gradually the number of amateurs has become sufficient to enable men to gain their livelihood by dealing exclusively in these relics of the past, and the critics and historians aiding, a great commerce has grown up around them, and finally the industrial as well as the fine arts have come to be recognized as being matters of national importance: hence the creation of museums. The progress is from the individual to the community; from the private collector to the nation considered as a collector in its museums; from the isolated artist to the dealer who sells the products of many artists; from the isolated dealers to a huge impersonal distributer, the Hôtel Drouot, which, thanks to the hazards of commercial locality, and thanks especially to the intelligence and capacity of French experts, critics, and organizers, has gradually grown to be the acknowledged centre of the commerce in fine and industrial art products, so far as Europe is concerned. The Hôtel Drouot acts at once as a distributer and as a filter or test which separates the good from the bad, centralizes the judgments of competent persons, and enables them to impose their decisions upon the public of amateurs, and finally upon civilized humanity in general. Often this filtering process goes on for years, and the test is applied slowly in order to be the more sure. Nor is it complete until the reaction has followed the action, and the mean and equitable opinion been established, neither above nor below that which is just. As regards paintings of the old masters, we may consider the filtering process to be now complete, and we are not surprised to read in the prose of some learned observer that the trade in pictures by the ancient masters has now reached the last phase of senility. Why is this? Because the mean and definitive opinion of Western humanity has been formed, because the national museums have absorbed nearly all the fine works of the past, and because the terrible inquisitiveness of modern criticism has rendered it difficult for pictures without genuine good birth and spotless credentials to usurp titles and pedigrees to which they have no right. Consequently unsophisticated and properly accredited old masters are rarely met with in public sales. Hence it is that the Hôtel Drouot has become the great mart of modern pictures, many of which are already being drafted in their turn into the national museums as rapidly as the greed of wealthy individuals will allow, and as rapidly as the testing process is completed and ratified by the high price accompanying acknowledged excellence.

It is interesting, perhaps, to note that this very characteristic commerce in modern pictures is peculiar to the present century, and dates only from about 1825. During the First Empire, as in the eighteenth century and previously, the French amateurs bought from contemporary artists directly either in their studios or at the annual Salons. Then when Géricault, Bonington, Delacroix, Ary Scheffer, and Decamps opened up a new path, the stationers and color dealers, like Giroux and Susse, bought from the artists water-colors, studies, and pictures, which they sold with a small profit, or "hired out to provincial art students." But special shops for the exclusive sale of modern pictures, now so numerous in Paris, did not exist before about 1848,* and the present high quotations in modern pictures, as well as in all kinds of objects of art and curiosity, have been produced and ratified by operations at the Art Exchange of the Hôtel Drouot within the past thirty years. The history of these prices would be the history of modern taste in art matters and

* High prices for modern French pictures date from 1849. The Universal Exhibition of 1855, showing for the first time the ensemble and power of the French school, was the signal for a fresh rise in prices, which continued until 1870. In 1873 and 1878 further marked rises were obtained; and of late years American collectors especially have paid absolutely unparalleled prices for modern French painting.

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the history of the Hôtel Drouot, of all the great collectors and collections of the past fifty years, and also of the most eminent experts and auctioneers, whose influence has directed the money of collectors and amateurs into certain channels. Such was Francis Petit, the dealer and expert through whose hands passed most of the work of the modern French school, headed by Troyon, Daubigny, Rousseau, Diaz, Meissonier, Millet; and such the famous auctioneer Charles Pillet, who during the twenty-six years of his career contributed largely to pushing up the prices of fine curiosities and old pictures, and directed almost every great sale that happened in France after he came into office in 1855, while in every sale he succeeded in obtaining a typical or epoch-making price for certain objects. Thus at the sale of the Duchesse de Berry in 1864 he sold a small manuscript Hour-Book, measuring 4 by $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, which had belonged to Henri II. and Catherine de Medicis, for the then unparalleled sum of 60,000 francs. In 1865, at the sale of the Prince de Beauvau, he knocked down a Louis XVI. lady's bureau, 32 by 18 inches, enriched with bronzes of Gouthière, given by Marie Antoinette to Madame de Senone, one of her ladies of honor, for 60,000 francs. At the Morny sale in 1864 Rembrandt's "Doreur," now in America, was knocked down for 155,000 francs. In 1865, at the Pourtalès sale, which first set modern French amateurs seriously in search of fine antiques, the small portrait, $14\frac{1}{2}$ by $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches, by Antonelle da Messina, was knocked down by Pillet to the Louvre Museum for 113,500 francs, and the Giustiniani head of Apollo for 50,000 francs to the British Museum. Under Pillet's direction the Demidoff sales in 1863, 1868, 1869, 1870, and 1880 produced a total of fifteen millions of francs. In the 1868 sale an antique cameo engraved on Oriental onyx, paid 25,000 francs at the Allègre sale, fetched 170,000 francs; a Cuyp, 140,000 francs; Hobbema, 110,000 francs; Terburgh's "Congress of Munster," 182,000 francs. At the 1869 sale Tenier's "Fish-Market" fetched 159,000 francs. At the Demidoff sale in 1870, "Broken Eggs," by Greuze, was knocked down to the Baron Adolphe de Rothschild for 126,000 francs; and a soft-paste Sèvres service of 172 pieces, turquoise blue ground, was bought by Lord Dudley for 255,000 francs, the highest bid on which Pillet's hammer ever fell.

Nowadays the prices obtained for *pâte tendre* are fabulous, and the limit has not yet been reached, for the fine pieces are immobilized in the collections like those of Queen Victoria, of Sir Richard Wallace, and of the London and Paris Rothschilds; and such specimens of fine quality as still occasionally come into the market are literally priceless. There is no longer any quotation given for *pâte tendre*, and the progression of fancy prices is constant. For instance, at the Lord Pembroke sale in 1851 three ovoid vases, bleu de roi, decorated with medallions of seaports, were knocked down at 28,000 francs. At the San Donato sale in 1870 an enamelled apple green vase with a profile of Louis



A BIBLIOPHILE.

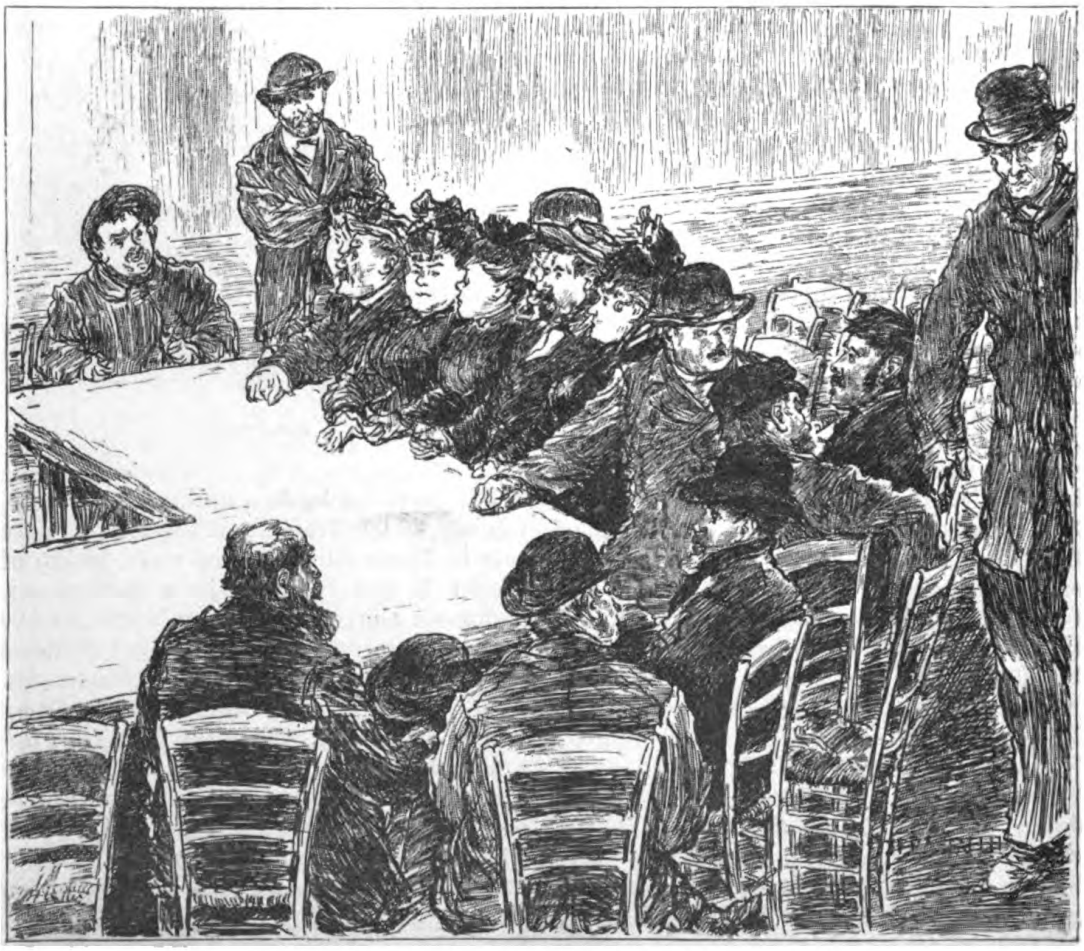
XV. in relief, a broken and restored piece, fetched 40,000 francs; at the San Donato sale in 1880 an urn-shaped vase, design of Morin, 31,000 francs; three jardinières, commode shape, designs by Morin, 44,500 francs; a larger and similar set of three jardinières, designs by Dodin, 94,500 francs. In 1881, at the Double sale, two vases decorated with medallions of the battle of Fontenoy, 17 inches high by 23 inches in diameter, the largest soft-paste vases known, originally purchased by M. Double for 50,000 francs, were bought in by the family at 170,000 francs. The so-called Buffon service, decorated with birds, 107 pieces, fetched 95,000 francs. A single plate of a service made at Sèvres in 1778 for Cath-

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erine of Russia, 6400 francs; a single plate with the monogram of Madame du Barry, 2150 francs. In 1884, at the sale of the Marquis d'Osmond, a fan-shaped jardinière, dated 1757, Pompadour rose, decorated with flowers and palm leaves, fetched 59,100 francs; a pair of Louis XV. vases, compositions by Boucher, 86,100 francs; and a pair of Louis XVI. vases decorated with roses, 65,000 francs.

Certain other rarities in ceramics are likewise priceless—for instance, the so-called Oiron or Henri II. ware, a specimen of which in the Hamilton sale in 1882 brought more than £1200. Palissy ware also, though rarely possessing great artistic merit, brings enormous prices, owing to its rarity; for instance, at the Lafaulotte sale in 1886 a round Palissy dish with eight medallions in relief on the rim, allegories of the Arts and Sciences, and with figures and cartouches in the centre, was knocked down at 25,700 francs. The pedigree of this dish illustrates the progress of prices in this specialty very eloquently. In the first place it must be remembered that when Sauvageot first began to collect Palissy ware at the beginning of the century he made a point of never paying more than 100 francs a piece, and few of the specimens now in the Louvre were bought at a higher price. The round dish in question was originally bought by Malinet, the dealer of the Quai Voltaire, from an amateur of Nevers, for 500 francs; Malinet sold it to Prince Soltykoff for 5000 francs; and at the Soltykoff sale in 1861 Pillet sold it to M. Lafaulotte for a bid of 10,000 francs.

Italian faience is likewise a great craze with a number of European collectors, of whom the first were Rattier and Eugène Piot, the prophets and pioneers of this specialty. At the Fau sale in 1884 a Gubbio plate by Maestro Giorgio, dated 1530, restored, fetched 4500 francs; an Urbino plate, 7050 francs; a Caffagiuolo, white upon white, or *bianco sopra bianco*, as



BROKERS IN THE "MAZAS."

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the initiated say, fetched 5150 francs; and a large round plate, with metallic reflections, and in the centre the bust of a woman, fetched 16,200 francs. At the Soltykoff sale in 1861 this same plate was sold for 1500 francs. At the Château de Langeais sale in 1887 a Caffagiuolo plate decorated with a figure of St. Geneviève brought 9300 francs.

In Chinese and Oriental porcelain the Drouot Exchange cannot compare in big prices with the exchanges of New York and London; nevertheless it is French collectors like Sechan, De Goncourt, Marquis, Du Sartel, Barbet de Jouy, Grandidier, and experts like Sichel, Bing, and Jacquemart, who have contributed more than any others toward the classification, lucid description, and reasoned appreciation of the ceramic ware of the far East, studying qualities of paste and artistic perfection in decoration, and carefully avoiding the absurd crazes which have been provoked in other countries by the discovery of such designations as "mustard yellow," "crushed strawberry," and "peach-blow." Nor have the Parisians ever been in touch with the Londoners, whom the painter Whistler started in desperate chase after blue and white, and after hawthorn pots with or without their lids, for a pair of which English collectors, when the craze was at its height, some ten years ago, paid as much as £1000.

DAKOTA.

BY P. F. McCLURE.

ABOUT half-way between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, on the northern boundary of the republic, is situated a Territory greater in area than either the kingdoms of Norway, Great Britain, or Italy, and more extensive than the combined surfaces of Maine, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Vermont, Rhode Island, New York, Maryland, two Massachusetts, three Delawares, three Connecticuts, and a half-dozen Districts of Columbia, all united in one. This is Dakota, whose Indian name, signifying leagued, aptly describes her population, drawn from every State of the Union, from all nationalities of the globe, and banded together with the one purpose of founding a home and enjoying the comforts and independence that word implies.

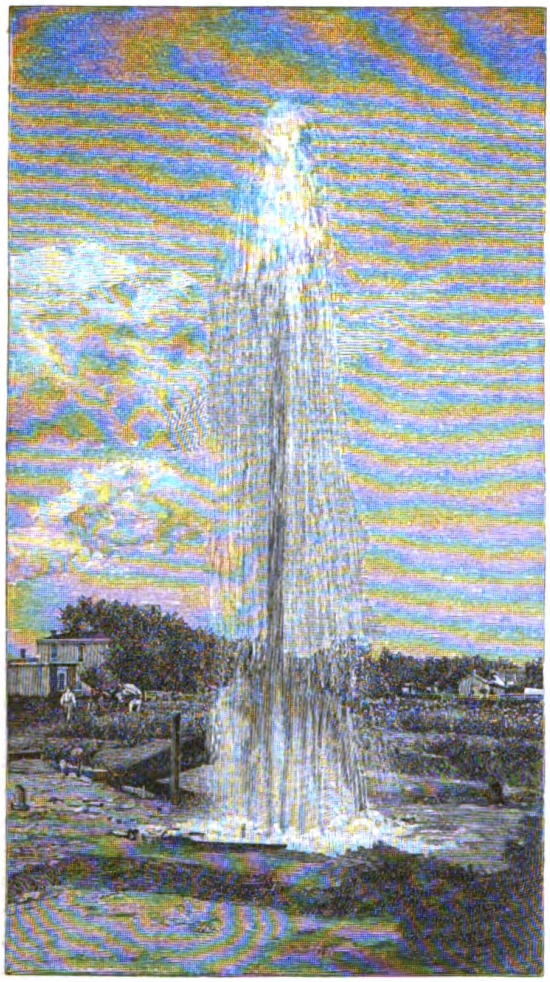
Attempts at settlement for agricultural purposes date from 1856, but the handful of pioneers, confined to the most southerly counties, were constantly harassed and frequently driven from their homes by hostile Indians, so that the increase of population was not noticeable until after the close of the civil war.

Congress created the Territory of Dakota in 1861, and President Lincoln, in the same year, appointed Hon. William Jayne, of Illinois, the first Governor. Eleven years after this date the building of two lines of railway across the eastern boundary—one coming from Minnesota and the other from Iowa, and the discovery of gold in the Black Hills by the expedition under General Custer in 1874, led to a decided activity in the settlement of the Red River Valley, in the north, the counties of the extreme southeast, and the rich mineral district of the west—a growth which, spreading with each succeeding year, marks one of the most marvellous epochs in the history of the population of the West.

The national census of 1860 gave Dakota a population of less than 5000; that of 1870, 14,000; of 1880, 135,000; and five years later this number had increased, as shown by a federal census, to 415,610. Governor Church, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior (June 30, 1888), says that the present population of the Territory is 640,823.

Illinois, Kansas, or Minnesota may boast of prairie-land, but nowhere else in America is there a plain so even, broad, and gently undulating as the vast surface of Dakota, an expanse equivalent in length to the distance separating New York city and Cleveland, Ohio, and as far across in breadth as from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to Raleigh, North Carolina. An occasional mound or collection of buttes, the low hills of the Plateau du Coteau du Missouri, and the broken borders of the larger streams and lakes, give a slight and pleasing irregularity to such an ocean of level land. The Black Hills, covering nearly four counties, in the southwest, are the only considerable elevations within the Territory. Harney's Peak is 8200 feet high. The surface in general is free from rocky

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ARTESIAN-WELL, YANKTON.

deposit or heavy forests, and the ploughman may turn his furrow for miles with never a deflection because of stump or stone.

The Missouri River, flowing from northwest to southeast, bisects the Territory, and furnishes, within her borders, upward of a thousand miles of navigable waters. The Red River of the North is navigable for steamers of two or three hundred tons burden nearly its entire course.

Smaller streams and lakes of pure water abound in every section, and these are fringed usually with a growth, somewhat sparse, of native trees—the varieties oftener met with including the cottonwood, ash, box-elder, oak, aspen, and willow. Norway pine grows abundantly in the Black Hills, and of suitable size for lumber.

Where the surface supply of water is lacking, wells, sunk or driven, seldom fail of finding strong underground veins at an ordinary depth.

The artesian-wells of Dakota are probably the most remarkable for pressure, and the immense quantity of water supplied, of any ever opened. More than a hundred of such wells, from 500 to 1600 feet deep, are to-day in successful operation, distributed throughout twenty-nine counties, from Yankton, in the extreme south, to Pembina, in the extreme north, giving forth a constant, never-varying stream, which is in no wise affected by the increased number of wells, and showing a gauge pressure in some instances as high as 160, 170, 175, and 187 pounds to the square inch. This tremendous power is utilized, in the more important towns, for water supply, fire protection, and the driving of machinery, at a wonderful saving on the original cost of plant and maintenance, when compared with steam. In the city of Yankton a forty-horse power turbine-wheel, operating a tow-mill by day and an electric-light plant by night, is driven by the force of water flowing from an artesian-well, the cost of obtaining which was no greater than would have been the cost of a steam-engine developing the same power, not counting the continual outlay necessary (had steam been employed) for fuel, repairs, and the salaries of engineer and fireman. What has been accomplished through the aid of natural gas and cheap fuel in building up manufactories elsewhere, may some day be rivalled on the prairies of Dakota by tapping the inexhaustible power stored in nature's reservoirs beneath the surface.

The soil is a rich black alluvial loam from two to four feet in depth, underlying which is a brown clay subsoil of several feet.

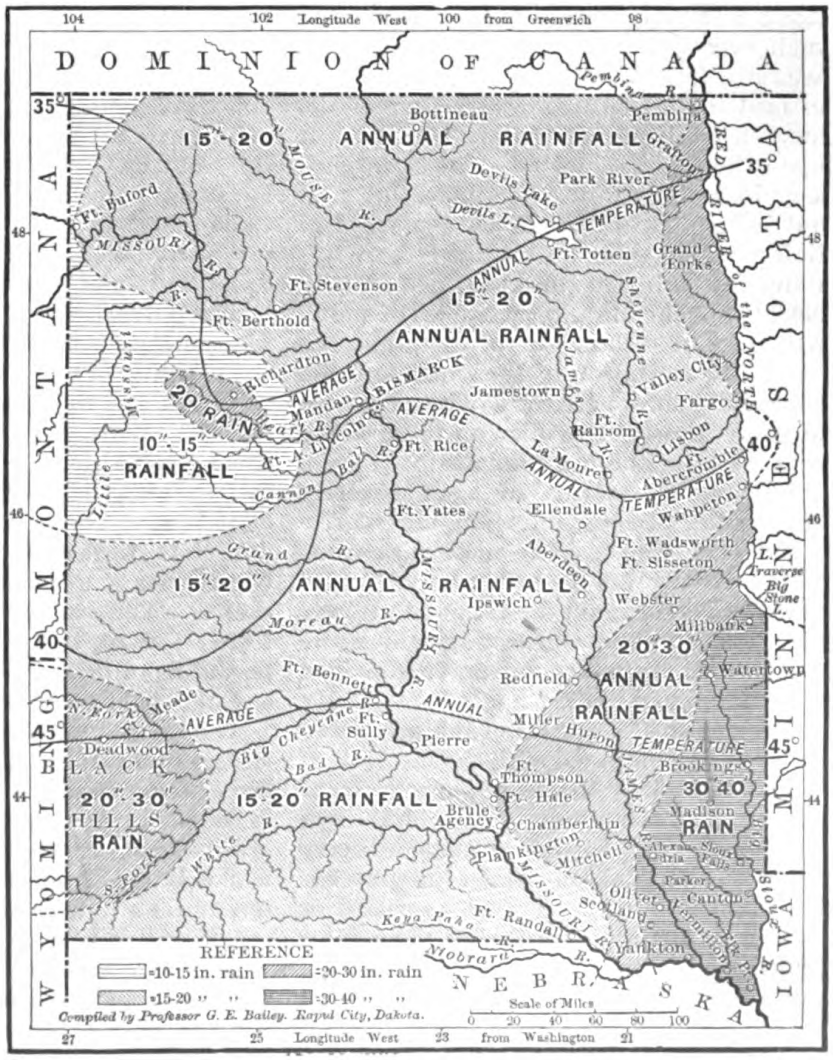
The beautiful carpet of natural grasses, buffalo, gramma, and blue-stem, stretching away in a vista confined only by the cloudless horizon, variegated by the coloring of greenest hue of growing grain, and by the bloom of the many flowers peculiar to the prairies, is a sight in the spring-time which fills the mind with that admiration of the grandeur of nature one experiences when upon the ocean or in the presence of mighty mountains. These rich, nutritious grasses are a source of wealth to the farmer and stock-grower

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equalling that from the cultivated varieties of the East, and whether fed as hay or grazed from the already cured fields of the prairies, stock eat it greedily, and are fattened at literally no expense.

The notoriety of the Territory abroad has been established mainly, it would appear, on the fame of her wheat crop, and as being the birthplace of the "blizzard." Dakota is satisfied with, and feels that she has fairly won, the title of the grain field of America; but the testimony of her inhabitants and the proof of weather observations (as recorded by the United States Signal Service Bureau, army surgeons, and voluntary observers, covering in all a period of fifteen years) completely refute the standard Eastern idea of Dakota's climate.

The mean annual temperature of the entire stretch of country extending north from the northern boundary line of Nebraska — more than 400 miles— to the southern boundary of Canada is 41.5°, an average higher than that of either the State of Minnesota or New Hampshire. In the section of the Territory situated south of a line extended westward through Huron, on the James River, north of Fort Sully, on the Missouri River, and thence to Deadwood, in the Black Hills, the mean annual temperature is 45°, or about that of Nebraska, Iowa, northern Illinois, southern Michigan, Pennsylvania, and New York. The coldest month of the year is January, the thermometer indicating in that month an average temperature covering the whole area of this vast country of 7° above zero. The mean temperature for July, the warmest month, is 72°. The average temperature of the three winter months is 11.8°; of the spring, 41.1°; and of the summer, 69.1°. The average temperature of the fall (September, October, and November) is 44.1°, or three degrees higher than during the three months of spring. There are really but two seasons in Dakota, summer and winter; the transition from snow to rain, from the cold of winter to the heat of summer, occurring with remarkable suddenness, generally in March, though sometimes as early as February. During the month of January the thermometer frequently registers a very low temperature, occasionally going 40° or more below zero; and yet, contrary to general opinion, these days of extreme cold are



DAKOTA WEATHER MAP.

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not the most trying. When it is the coldest the sky is cloudless and the sun shines with a midsummer splendor, the atmosphere is at perfect rest, and the crackling of the frost, the crunching of the trodden snow, together with the intoxicating effect of each breath of dry, frozen air, create an exhilaration almost indescribable. An actual inspection of the thermometer is necessary to convince one that it is really so cold. The atmosphere, almost absolutely devoid of humidity, never penetrates and chills with that cold one feels in the damp, saturated air of the seaboard States. The most disagreeable storms of the winter occur when the temperature is but a few degrees below zero, and are accompanied by strong winds, blowing almost a hurricane, generally from the northwest, which swirl the dry powdered snow in whirlpools through the air, bewildering stock and blinding the traveller. On such occasions traffic is impeded, trains are halted, the farmer makes no attempt to feed his flocks, the wayfarer remains housed, or, if unfortunately caught out upon the prairie (and he is wise), he protects himself as well as possible, but stirs not a step until the storm has passed. Neither man nor beast can long withstand the facing of the keen, penetrating blasts or of the blinding particles of snow. All ideas of distance or of direction are lost in the confusion of the winds and the obscured atmosphere, and without these to guide him the traveller on the prairies is as a ship without a compass.

Fortunately storms of such severity are neither of long duration nor of frequent occurrence. The most disastrous one on record was the storm which swept over the Territory on the 12th of January, 1888, and the one concerning which the most woful exaggerations and distortions were circulated abroad.

The depth of snow upon the ground is light, when compared with the snowfall of the New England States, of New York, of Michigan, or Minnesota; and even though the season may be one of extraordinary severity, the total snowfall of a winter is less than four feet. Travel, overland or by rail, is maintained during the winter months, with but an occasional interruption from drifts of snow deposited by high winds in the depressions of the road.

The summer days are warm, made excessively so at times by the "Chinook wind"—that remnant of the Japan current which, blowing through the mountain passes of Montana, and distributed by the great valley of the Missouri over the plains of Dakota, so materially reduces the cold of winter and adds to the heat of July. But whatever the unusual heat of the day, the temperature invariably falls at night to a degree insuring rest and refreshing slumber.

From the report of the Chief Signal Officer for 1886 (the only report available) it is learned that in Dakota three hundred and two days of the year were classed as either fair or clear, leaving sixty-three days, or an average of only five cloudy or stormy days to a month.

The warmth of summer lingers through the months of September and October, and it is not until late in December usually that winter assumes the mastery.

For pulmonary or bronchial troubles the rare, dry, and pure air is especially beneficial. No breath of miasma taints the atmosphere, and fearful scourges or depopulating epidemics are unknown.

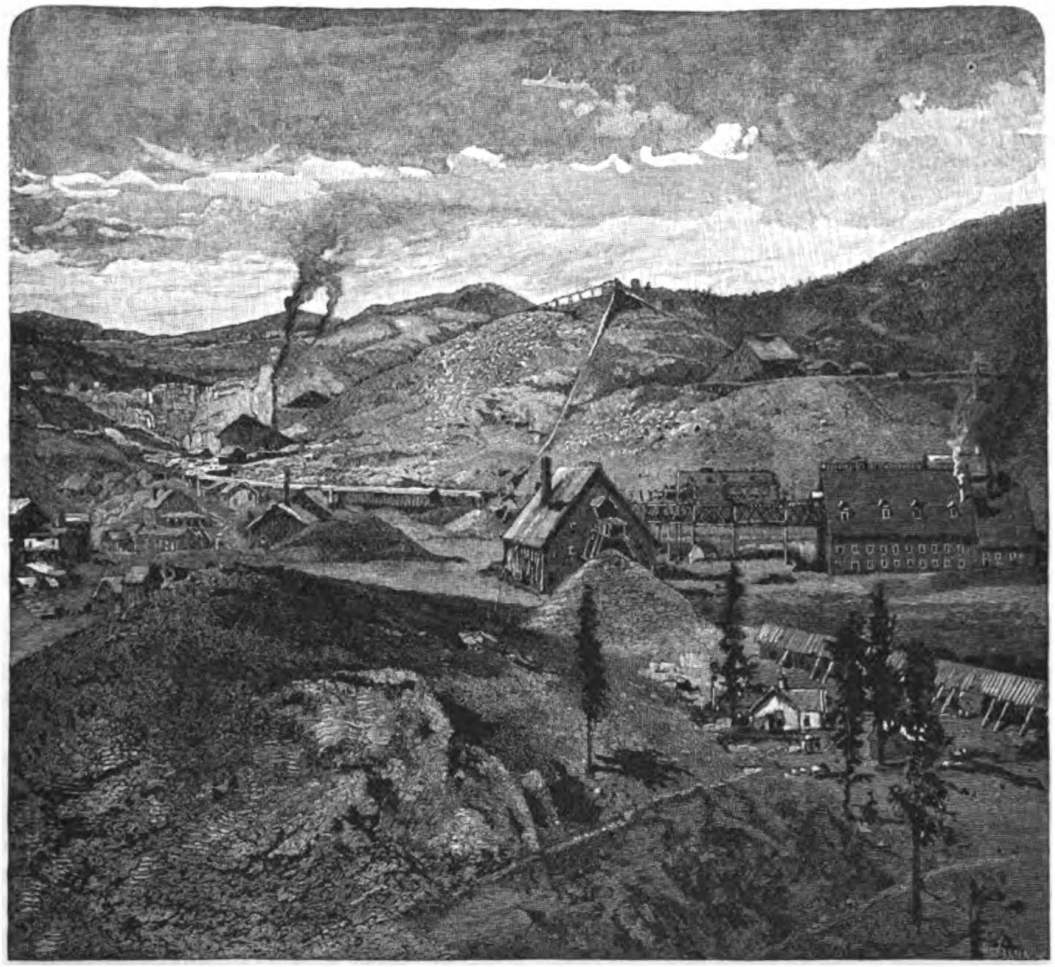
The average annual precipitation (rainfall and melted snow) in the Territory, covering a period of sixteen years, is 22.35 inches. In April the average rainfall is 2.50 inches; May, 3.20; June, 3.64; July, 3.10; and in August, 2.65 inches.

The pulverizing of the naturally impervious sod, the prevention of prairie fires, the planting of trees, the building of cities, railways, and the other changes following on settlement, are bringing about the same gradual but certain increase of rainfall in Dakota which came with the reclaiming of those sections of the West and Northwest now contained within the boundaries of well-known and prosperous States. The rainfall during the period from 1880 to 1887 exceeded that of the period from 1872 to 1879 by a yearly average of 0.39 of an inch.

The known mineral deposits of the Territory, other than the extensive granite beds of the southeast and the coal fields of the northwest, are confined to the Black Hills region, comprised in the five counties of Butte, Lawrence, Pennington, Custer, and Fall River, on the boundary line separating Wyoming and Dakota.

No other section of equal area on the face of the globe presents the varied resources of this favored spot. Here are valleys of excellent farming land, hills clothed with nutritious pasturage, and

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HOMESTAKE MINING WORKS, LEAD CITY.

furnishing natural shelter for stock, and mountains containing many of the minerals most valuable to commerce, science, and art, including deposits of gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, iron, coal, petroleum, salt, mica, marble, and porphyry.

At Lead City, near Deadwood, Lawrence County, are located the largest gold mines and mills in the world, the "Homestake." The ore bodies mined by this company show a working face from two hundred to four hundred feet wide, sinking to an inexhaustible depth. Six hundred stamps, crushing 20,000 cubic feet of rock every twenty-four hours, drop incessantly, day and night, in the several mills, without an intermission even for the Sabbath. During the ten years in which the mines of the Homestake combination have been operated they have produced about $25,000,000 in bullion, and paid over $6,000,000 in dividends to stockholders.

Eight miles south of Deadwood, in the Galena district, silver ore is found in paying quantities, and is successfully reduced by the smelting process.

The Black Hills are seamed with veins of ore-bearing rock, which will return from $25 to $200 in gold to the ton of ore crushed. But unfortunately much of the ore is refractory, and cannot be treated by the ordinary process of amalgamation. Only recently the fact has been established that by the method known as lixiviation the precious metals could be cheaply separated from the stubborn rock, and following this discovery the immediate construction at Deadwood of leaching-works of one hundred tons capacity, at a cost of $120,000, has been undertaken.

Mine owners have been waiting for years the solving of the vexing problem of how to treat the peculiar ores of Ruby, Bald Mountain, and other districts cheaply. The wealth and development which

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are certain to result to the Black Hills from this discovery can scarcely be estimated.

But of far greater importance to the Territory, and indeed to all America, exceeding in prospective value any mines of the precious metals, are the rich and extensive deposits of tinstone. The United States imports annually tin-plates exceeding $17,000,000 in value—a contribution to English trade which has existed from the foundation of the government, and promised (before the discovery of tin in Dakota was made) to grow with added years. So far as discovered the tinstone is confined within two separate districts—the northern section west of Deadwood, Lawrence County, and the southern or Harney's Peak section between Rapid City, Pennington County, and Custer, in the county of the same name. The tinstone is found in granitic veins, sometimes hundreds of feet in width, and yields from two to four per cent. By comparison with foreign tin mines it will be seen that this percentage is unusually heavy. The mines of Saxony return a yield of from one-half to one per cent., while in Cornwall the average is less than two per cent.

English capital is largely interested in the ownership and development of the Harney's Peak deposits, and American tin will soon be quoted in the markets of the world.

Professor Frank R. Carpenter, dean of the Dakota School of Mines, Rapid City, has demonstrated by recent tests that the tin can be separated from the encompassing rock by the very simple process of "jigging," the machinery to accomplish which costing but a comparatively small sum. As a result we may look for the development of tin mines and the erection of separating plants where, before, the large amount of capital required to establish the plant was an insurmountable barrier.



MAP OF DAKOTA.

Mica is found abundantly, and is mined for commercial uses. Beds of gypsum and deposits of fire and potters' clay furnish a supply of these materials exceeding any possible demand. Bricks of excellent quality are made in every section of the Territory.

Lignite, or brown coal, underlies all that country west of a line drawn from the Turtle Mountains in the north, to the Black Hills in the southwest,

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OPEN CUT OF THE ETTA TIN MINE, BLACK HILLS.

and outcrops frequently in veins varying from five to twenty-five feet in thickness. It is an inferior quality of coal, but burns readily and furnishes a good heat. Mines are operated in Morton, Stark, Billings, and Ward counties, on the lines of the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, and the Northern Pacific railways.

In the vicinity of the mines the coal sells very low, from fifty cents to one dollar per ton, but excessive transportation charges have prevented thus far any general use of this native fuel. The ease with which it can be mined and the great area of the coal fields insure to the inhabitants of the Territory, when the extension of railway systems shall have brought about a reasonable tariff for carriage, a good fuel at one-third the present cost of imported coal.

Natural gas has been discovered in several localities, notably in Sully, Stutsman, Cass, and Spink counties. The discovery in each instance was more the result of accident than of any systematic investigation, and no effort has been made to utilize the flow, with the one exception of the hotel at Ashton, Spink County, where the kitchen fires are fed by this fuel.

In Minnehaha County, in the vicinity of Sioux Falls and Dell Rapids, there is an outcropping of quartzite, with an exposed facing of some sixty or eighty feet. The stone has a pleasing flesh-colored tint, is exceedingly hard, and takes a beautiful polish, equalling the finest granite quarried in Scotland. An army of men finds employment in quarrying, dressing, and polishing the granite used for building and ornamental purposes, and in shaping it into paving blocks, which are shipped to Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, and other Western cities.

Farming is the chief industry of the Territory, and the growing of wheat is the leading occupation of the farmer. With cheap lands and a rich soil easy of cultivation, requiring no preparation other than the turning of the sod, wheat is grown at a minimum cost for production, which varies from twenty-four cents per bushel, on the bonanza farms of the Red River Valley (where the large area tilled and the employment of special machinery

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result in more than the usual economy), to thirty-six cents per bushel, the general average of cost on farms of ordinary size. The settler begins his operations on a very small capital, generally no more than four or five hundred dollars, and indeed the sole capital of many who now are prosperous and own valuable farms consisted of muscle and a determination to succeed. From such small beginnings have sprung the present magnificent grain fields of the Territory.

In 1860 less than a thousand bushels of wheat were raised in the Territory; in 1870 the crop amounted to 170,662 bushels; 2,830,289 bushels in 1880; 38,166,413 bushels in 1885; and in 1887, by the estimate of the statistician of the national Department of Agriculture, 52,406,000 bushels, or rather, if the evidences in the hands of the Territorial statistician are to be relied upon, 62,553,499 bushels.

The wheat grown is all of the spring variety, is planted during the months of March and April (sometimes as early as February), and harvested in July and August. Threshing immediately follows, generally directly from the shock, and within about four months from the time of seeding the new crop is on its way to the elevators of Minneapolis, Duluth, and Chicago. The commercial value of Dakota-grown wheat is based on its peculiar hardness, dryness, and richness in albuminoids. These qualities give it a special grade—"No. 1, hard"—and bring the highest market price in the great milling and wheat centres of the world.

Oats, rye, barley, buckwheat, flax, sorghum-cane, potatoes, and all kind of vegetables are grown extensively, and return a large yield. In 1860 the crop of oats amounted to 2540 bushels; in 1887 this had increased to 43,267,478 bushels. The yield of flax in 1887 was 3,910,944 bushels; of barley, 6,400,568 bushels; rye, 316,586 bushels; and buckwheat, 97,230 bushels.

There is a growing tendency among the farmers occupying the well-tilled sections of the Territory toward mixed farming and the diversifying of farm products. Each year sees an increased area sown to corn, oats, root crops, and other fodder for stock.

A few years ago it was said that corn would not mature in this climate. To-day it is the leading crop of the southern counties, and the area planted in central Dakota, the Black Hills, and along the Missouri River Valley is rapidly approaching the acreage devoted to wheat. The yield of corn in 1885 was 7,800,593 bushels; two years later, in 1887, the yield had increased more than 200 per cent., and, as reported to the Territorial statistician, amounted to 24,511,726 bushels.

In 1887 the value of live-stock reached the sum of $43,195,229, a sum fifty per cent. greater than the value of the three principal farm products—wheat, corn, and oats—of the same year. Seven years previous—in 1880—the total value of Dakota's live-stock amounted to $6,463,274, showing an average annual increase, during the period between 1880 and 1887, of about $5,000,000. In 1886 there were owned by the farmers and stock-growers of the Territory 710,934 head of cattle and 199,480 milch cows, valued at $21,445,302; 227,027 horses, valued at $17,618,192; 11,964 mules, valued at $1,194,622; 427,176 hogs, valued at $2,314,013; and 256,209 sheep, valued at $623,100.

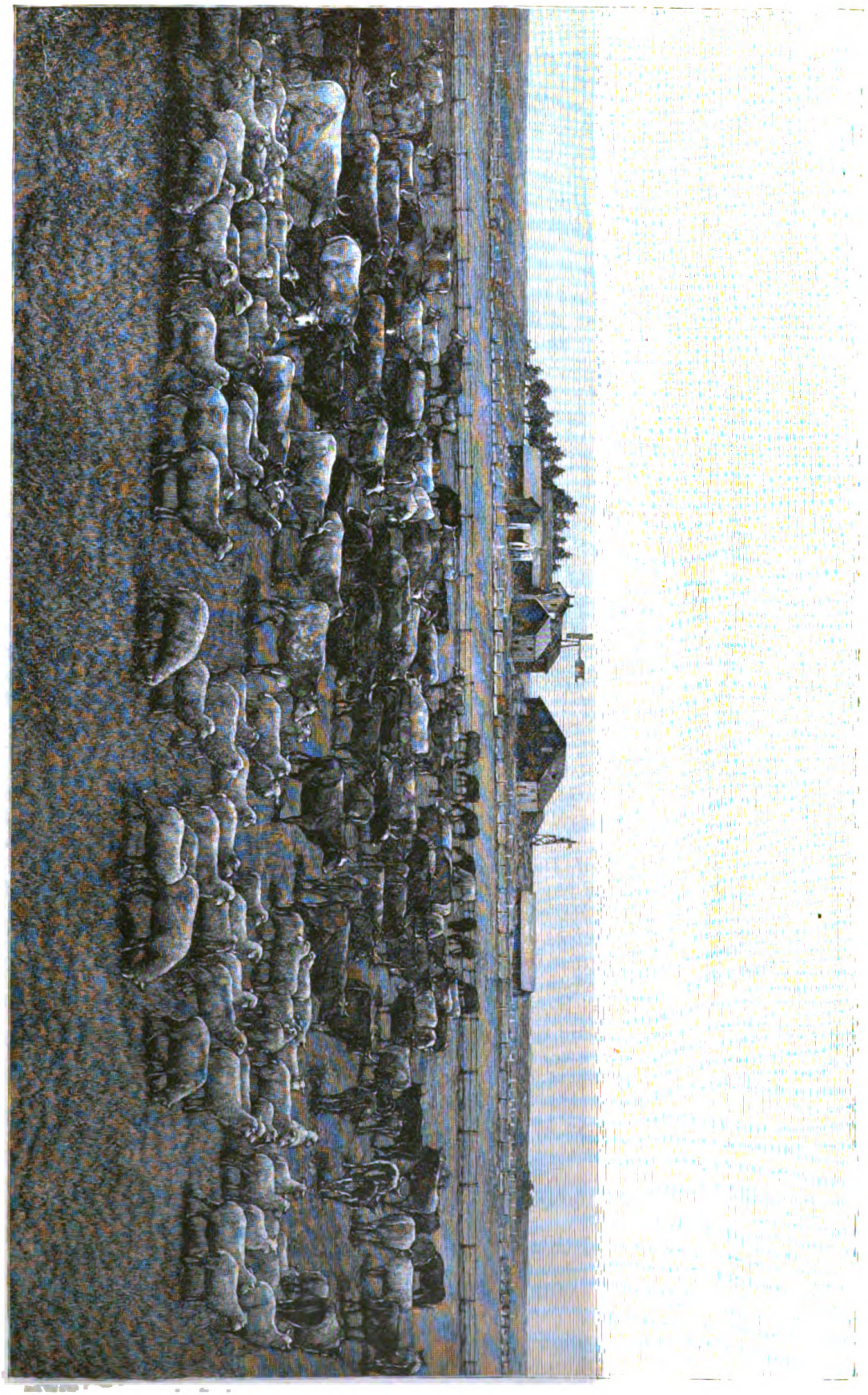
Cows, horses, sheep, and other cattle are fed throughout the year almost solely on the native grasses, and do remarkably well, coming out in the spring, if properly cared for, strong and in good flesh. These wild grasses cure to hay upon the ground, and are quite as rich and nutritious grazed in the winter season as in the summer. They cover every acre of prairie, of coteau, of valley land, a generous gift, which is all but wasted in that probably less than one acre of a thousand is utilized.

The climate is comparatively dry, and entirely free from prolonged rainy seasons of spring and fall—an advantage which attracts stock-men, because it insures security from many of those scourges which sometimes carry off entire flocks in the damp, moist climate of other localities. Sheep-raising is a specially successful venture, the diseases commonly so fatal to sheep being unknown within the Territory.

At least half a hundred creameries and no less than a dozen cheese factories are established in the more important localities—a conclusive proof of the growing interest in dairying and mixed farming.

The rapid expansion of the area planted to corn has carried with it a corresponding increase of investment in hog-raising—this increase in 1887 amounting to as much as twenty-five per cent.

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A PRAIRIE STOCK FARM.—From a Photograph.

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Hogs contribute largely to the revenue of the farmer in all that district south of the seventh standard parallel; and packing-houses in many towns not only supply the local demand, but find a market beyond the boundaries of the Territory.

One who has been a resident of this section of the Northwest the past five years cannot fail to observe the rapid improvement in the quality of the stock grown by the farmer. Through the encroachment of settlements and the heavy losses of cattle on the plains during the severe winter of 1886–7 the business of growing stock on ranges, without feed or shelter, has suffered immeasurably. Stock-growers of the Northwest have learned by costly experience that at least a little of that care and expense attending successful ventures in cattle-raising elsewhere is necessary in a country even so favored in the matter of rich grazing lands and equable climate as Dakota, and that, when it comes to feeding and sheltering, it is more profitable to grow an animal of good strain than a common one. As a result we find at the head of the herd on the farm, and exhibited at the county stock shows and Territorial fairs (of which two are held annually—one in North Dakota, one in South Dakota), Short-horn, Hereford, Polled Angus, Holstein, Jersey, and other high-grade cattle, imported draught-horses, and sheep and swine of the best standard breeds.

The Farmers' Alliance of Dakota, an organized movement on the part of those engaged in agriculture to protect and advance their interests, has been in existence four years, and developed great following and strength. The Alliance conducts (for the benefit of its members) a fire-insurance company, having a paid-up capital of $100,000; a hail-insurance company on the mutual plan; a purchasing department, capital $200,000; and an elevator company, with a capital stock of $2,000,000. President H. L. Loucks, the able and efficient head of the organization, estimates the present membership of the Dakota Alliance at 17,000 farmers.

It should be remembered that this position in agricultural development has been attained with only a small fraction of her tillable lands under cultivation, with 27,000,000 acres (or an area greater than that of the State of Ohio) bound up in Indian reservations, not a foot of which, while so reserved, is subject to entry or development, and with 24,000,000 acres of the public domain outside of these reservations (a stretch of country nearly as large as the State of New York) unoccupied.

In 1860 the total value of improved lands in the Territory was rated at $96,445; in 1880, at $22,401,084; and in 1885, at $156,767,918. In 1860 but 26,448 acres were farmed, which in 1880 had increased to 3,800,656 acres, and in 1885 to 16,842,412 acres.

The total assessed valuation of taxable property in 1880 (exclusive of railroads) amounted to $20,321,530, in 1887 to $157,084,365. The average assessed valuation of lands per acre in 1887 was $3 67, and the average tax levy for Territorial purposes, $2\frac{9}{10}$ mills on the dollar. The net annual income of the Territory from taxation amounts to nearly $400,000, and the disbursements to about $325,000.

The total bonded indebtedness approximates the sum of one million dollars, or only three-fifths of one per cent. of the present assessed valuation. Of these bonds $409,100, bearing interest at four and one-half per cent. per annum, sold in May, 1887, for a premium of one-half of one per cent.—a pretty strong endorsement by capitalists of the financial condition of the Territory.

Out of the funds derived from the sale of her bonds Dakota has established and maintains twelve public institutions, with an actual cash investment in the buildings and permanent improvements of each as follows:

Agricultural College, Brookings, Brookings County	$100,140 00
University of North Dakota, Grand Forks, Grand Forks County	88,241 80
University of Dakota, Vermilion, Clay County	88,500 00
Normal School, Madison, Lake County	35,800 00
Normal School, Spearfish, Lawrence County	30,000 00
School of Mines, Rapid City, Pennington County	35,820 00
School for Deaf-Mutes, Sioux Falls, Minnehaha County	53,512 00
Dakota Penitentiary, Sioux Falls, Minnehaha County	101,475 00
Bismarck Penitentiary, Bismarck, Burleigh County	95,281 20
North Dakota Hospital for the Insane, Jamestown, Stutsman County	276,200 00
Dakota Hospital for the Insane, Yankton, Yankton County	239,960 00
Dakota Reform School, Plankinton, Aurora County	30,000 00
Making in all	$1,174,930 00

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THE CAPITOL, BISMARCK

These buildings are commodious, tasty structures of brick and stone, surrounded by ample grounds, and supplied in nearly every instance with all modern improvements, such as water-works, drainage systems, electric-light plants, steam-heating apparatus, etc.

Under the terms of the removal of the capital from Yankton in 1883, the city of Bismarck, its new location, donated to the Territory the present Capitol building, together with 320 acres of land—a gift of the value of $200,000.

The total county indebtedness of the Territory, bonded and floating, deducting cash on hand and in sinking-funds, makes a sum less than $3,000,000, or about two per cent. of the assessed valuation of Dakota in 1887.

Ten years ago the commercial interests of the Territory were cared for by the eleven banking institutions then existing, whose united capital amounted to $70,000. The banking and loan business of this year is transacted by two hundred and thirty-seven private banks, sixty-two national banks, and fifty-one mortgage and loan companies, with a total capital thus engaged of $11,293,000.

Seventeen years ago the first mile of railway was constructed across the boundaries of the Territory; to-day there are 4333 miles of completed track within her borders, or a railway mileage greater than that of either California, Kentucky, Massachusetts, or any one of more than one-half of the States of the Union. The construction of newly graded roads during the year 1887 amounted to 1017 miles, of which 716 miles were completed and in operation when the building season closed.

Two companies, the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, and the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, each alone own and operate more than a thousand miles of railway in Dakota. The Northern Pacific lines cover 830 miles in the Territory, and those of the Chicago and Northwestern 761. These four great railway corporations of the Northwest, with their main and branch roads, reach not only every important city, town, and village, but far out upon the broad prairies, ahead of settlement or surveys, in an emulous

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LEWIS McLOUTH.

strife for the possession of valuable territory.

The principal eastern connections and markets of North Dakota are Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Duluth; and of South Dakota, Chicago.

The aggressive, pushing policy of Northwestern railways in extending lines in advance of settlement is the secret of Dakota's rapid development and population. The first settlers of Kansas, of Minnesota, of Iowa, sought the West by slow and difficult wagon journeys, and awaited thereafter for years the approach of the steam-engine, which in those days came only when the pioneer had sufficiently developed the country to insure to railroads a paying traffic. Now the immigrant is carried quickly and comfortably by palace-car trains to his new home, be it on the prairies of Dakota, the mountain slopes of Montana, or the ocean shores of Washington Territory.

Notwithstanding this abnormal growth in population and of development, the cause of education has kept abreast of progress in other directions. More than four thousand public-school buildings are scattered over the length and breadth of the Territory, serving the double purpose of finger-boards pointing the youth to knowledge, and guide-posts directing the traveller from one township to another.

Every single dollar expended in the construction and maintenance of these 4065 schools has been raised by a direct tax upon the people, an expenditure which in 1887 amounted to $1,633,561, or a larger sum than was devoted to the same purpose by any one of twenty-four States.

The reserved school lands, estimated to exceed 5,000,000 acres (available when the Territory attains Statehood), even at present values insure a future school fund sufficient to cover the most liberal expenditures of the commonwealth.

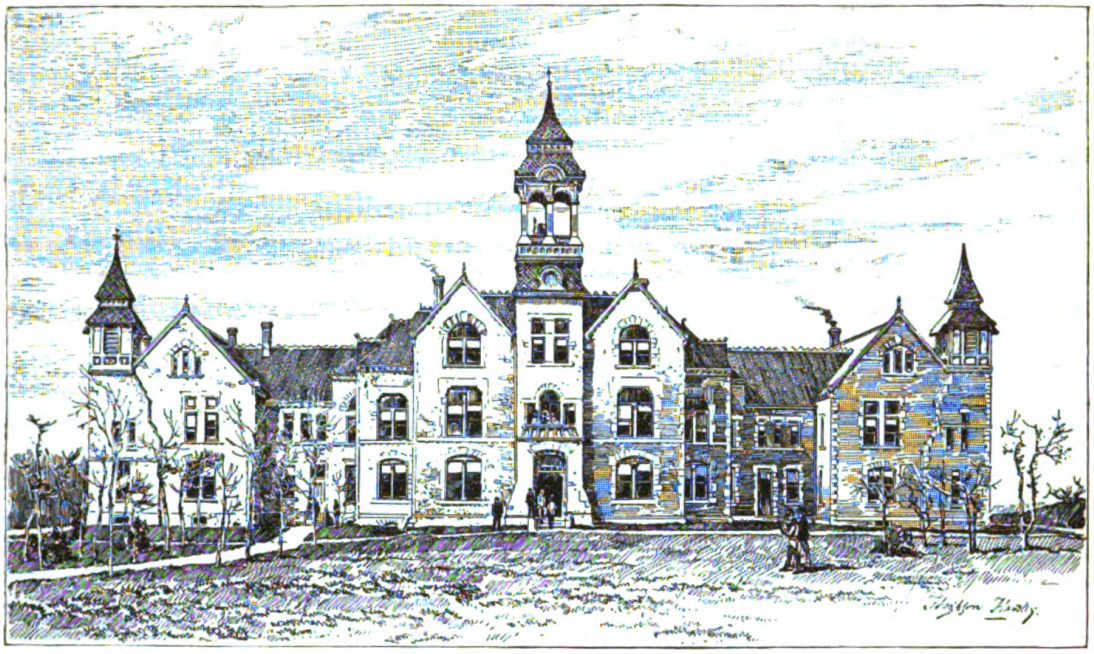
Seven institutions established and fostered by the Territory provide for higher education and instruction in special branches. These are the Agricultural College, Brookings; University of North Dakota, Grand Forks; the University of Dakota, Vermilion; the State Normal School, Madison; the Normal School, Spearfish; the School of Mines, Rapid City; and the Dakota School for Deaf-Mutes, Sioux Falls. All are provided with suitable buildings, and managed by faculties of able instructors.

In addition to the public institutions there are fourteen colleges, universities, and denominational academies.



HIGH-SCHOOL BUILDING, BISMARCK.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAKOTA, VERMILION.

Of the denominational institutions having substantial structures and a widespread patronage there are the Yankton College, at Yankton (Congregational); Pierre University, at Pierre (Presbyterian); Sioux Falls University, at Sioux Falls (Baptist); All-Saints' School, at Sioux Falls (Episcopalian); Jamestown College, at Jamestown.

The interest displayed in educational matters is always an index of the religious and moral culture of a community. This holds true of Dakota, where the ratio of schools and colleges to the population is borne out in the number of churches established and pastors supported by the Territory. Towering church spires on the prairie, like signal-lights of the harbor, point out each city, town, or modest village. No matter how recent the settlement, how ambitious the strife for worldly possessions, the church and school are there, the site and foundations for which occupy the first cares of every new community. A recent official publication estimates the entire value of all church property as exceeding the sum of $3,000,000, the number of church edifices at 600, and the number of church societies at 1000, supporting 800 pastors, or an average of one church organization to each post-office in the Territory.

Quite a noticeable feature connected with the settlement of Dakota is the number of young men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five making up her population. They predominate, whether on the farm, in the trades, professions, and business undertakings, or in political and official management of Territorial and local affairs, and give to every enterprise that push and ambitious effort which has made a national reputation for the people.

The proportion of foreign-born to the entire population is about one in three, or at least that was the ratio in 1885, as shown by the federal census, and there is no reason to suppose it has changed in the three years since. A majority of the settlers of foreign nativity are Scandinavians, next come the Germans, Canadians, Irish, and Russians, in the order mentioned. One can scarcely name a foreign country which is unrepresented among the inhabitants of the Territory. Colonies of Jews from Poland, Mennonites from Russia, Turks from Roumelia, natives of Iceland, and representatives of nearly every clime, color, and religious sect upon the globe, are here engaged side by side in that struggle for home and independence which marks the better civilization of the world.

With the maturer growth of cities and communities there is observed the birth of literary and scientific organizations, the foundation of public libraries, and an expansion of social amenities.

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The largest city of Dakota contains less than 12,000 inhabitants, while the pushing, energetic towns with from 1000 to 5000 population, that confidently look forward to a future akin to that of Chicago or St. Louis, are innumerable. One may judge of the great number of towns and villages dotting the prairies when it is stated that more post-offices are maintained in Dakota by the general government than in Massachusetts.

Bismarck, in North Dakota, the Burleigh county-seat, and the capital of the Territory, is situated on a plateau sloping gently from the low encircling hills to a frontage on the Missouri River—a site apparently designed by nature for the building up of a beautiful and prosperous city. The town was platted in 1872, and named in honor of Prince Otto von Bismarck, as a compliment to the German interests connected with the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The city has a population of 4500, three school buildings, valued at $30,000, six church edifices, United States land-office, City Hall, court-house, brewery, flour-mill, and other manufacturing enterprises, water-works system, electric-light plant, etc. The Capitol building and North Dakota Penitentiary are located on commanding sites near the outskirts of the city. The vast extent of excellent farming lands, the proximity of coal fields, and the advantages of a river commerce are the foundations of the city's growth and prosperity.

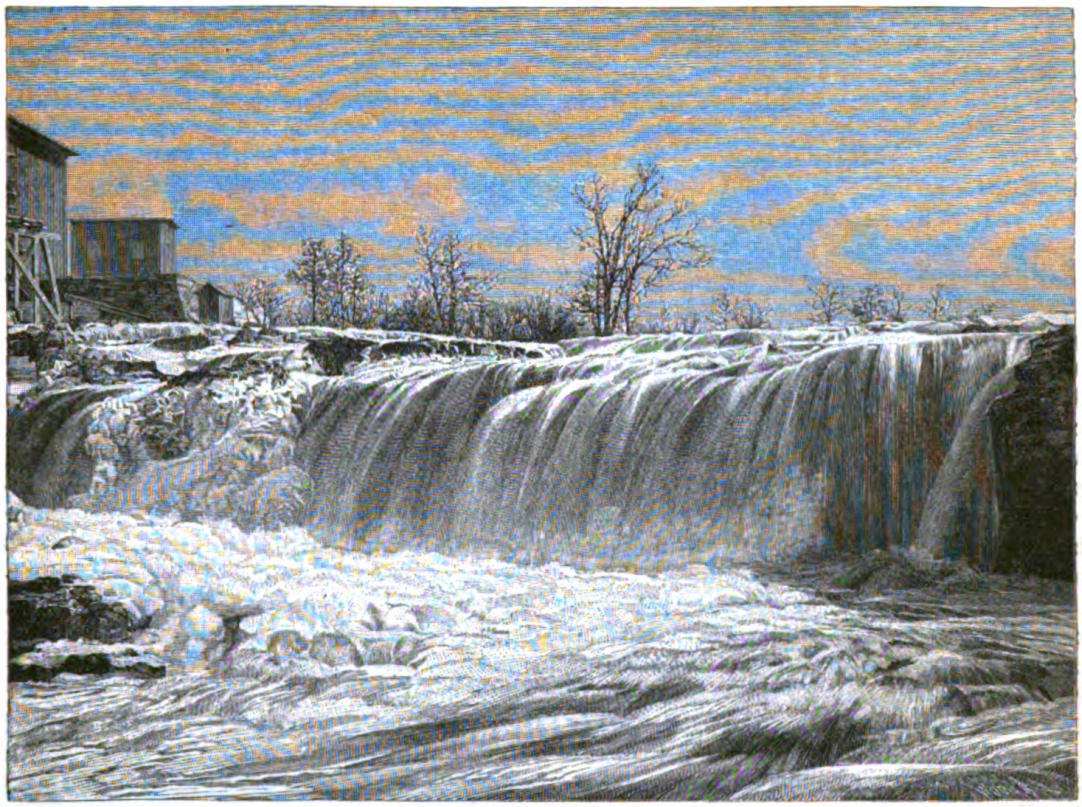
Ten years ago the population of Sioux Falls, the Minnehaha county-seat, in the southeastern part of the Territory, was 697. It has now a population of 11,000, and is the largest city of Dakota. Five railroad systems, the Chicago and Northwestern, the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific, the Illinois Central, and the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, give to Sioux Falls unusual transportation facilities. The Big Sioux River furnishes, at this point, a splendid power in a series of falls, with a total descent of ninety feet. The quarrying, shaping, and polishing of the granite which underlies the city forms one of the chief industries of the place. Sioux Falls is provided with street-car lines, water-works system, gas, electric-light plant, free postal delivery, public library, seven banks, fifteen houses of public worship, five brick and stone school buildings, and twenty manufacturing establishments, employing more than $1,000,000 in capital. Two Territorial institutions, the South Dakota Penitentiary and the School for Deaf-Mutes, and four colleges, under the management of the Episcopal, Baptist, Catholic, and Norwegian Lutheran denominations, are located in the city.

Fargo, at the head of navigation on the Red River of the North, has grown from the small village of 1874 to its present population, about 10,000. Seven passenger trains leave the city daily for St. Paul and the East, *vid* the Northern Pacific, the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, and the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railway systems, whose main lines or branches connect Fargo with every section of the Territory and the two oceans. The city is the financial and commercial centre of North Dakota, having six banks, three incorporated loaning agencies, a flour-mill (one of the largest in the Territory), and several other manufacturing establishments. Six public-school buildings, valued at $125,000, and the Congregational College of North Dakota, furnish excellent educational facilities. Of churches there are eleven edifices, representing various denominations. The county buildings, including a court-house, sheriff's residence, and jail, were erected at a cost of $160,000. In 1887 the assessed valuation of real and personal property in the city amounted to $3,600,000, and in the county to $13,000,000.

One of the prettiest cities of the Territory, as well as the oldest, is Yankton, the first capital of Dakota, situated on the southern boundary line, near the point where the James River empties into the Missouri. The present population of the city is about 5000, with five banks, seven churches, five school buildings, seven newspapers, United States land-office, a fine flouring-mill, two founderies, creamery, woollen factory, linseed-oil mill, two breweries, packing-house, comb factory, marble-works, pressed-brick works, soap factory, and two railroads—the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, and the Chicago and Northwestern. Yankton College and the Academy of the Sacred Heart are institutions of higher education, well attended and ably managed.

Situated at the junction of the deep, narrow gorges of two mountain streams, in the very heart of the Black Hills, is

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FALLS OF THE BIG SIOUX RIVER.

the city of Deadwood, the centre of a rich mining district, the county-seat of Lawrence County. Incorporated in 1881, the city now has a population of 5000, and supports three national banks (with a paid-up capital of $500,000), two daily and two weekly newspapers, water-works system, electric-light plant, eight hotels, three machine-shops, four planing-mills, two founderies, a 200-barrel flouring-mill, United States land-office, three ward schools and one high-school building, and four imposing church edifices. A telephone exchange, employing 136 men and using 400 miles of wire, connects Deadwood with every important town or settlement of the hills. The business transactions of the city for the year ending April 30, 1888, aggregated $13,000,000, and real estate transfers for the same period exceeded $250,000. The assessed valuation of real and personal property, as returned for the year, amounts to $2,500,000.

Rapid City, another Black Hills town, and the county-seat of Pennington County, has its location on a beautiful and swift stream, where the rugged mountains and broken hills are seen only in the background. The city was located in 1876, and in twelve years has grown into a place of 5000 inhabitants, with four handsome and commodious church edifices, two national banks, street railway, water-works system, electric-lights, telephones, and a great number of substantial brick and stone buildings, including a $52,000 hotel, a $15,000 public-school building, and a fine court-house. The Dakota School of Mines occupies a handsome college building and a well-equipped laboratory, erected by the Territory. One railway, the Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley, gives the city eastern connection by the way of Sioux City (Iowa) and Omaha (Nebraska). The opening to settlement of that portion of the Great Sioux Indian Reservation lying between Rapid City and the Missouri River to the east, and the development of the tin interests contiguous on the west, will determine the future greatness of the city.

The city of Grand Forks, the county-seat of one of the richest counties of the Red River Valley, has a population of 7500, with two public-school buildings

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(heated by steam), seven churches, water-works system, gas-works, electric-lights, three national banks (having a united capital of $500,000), a number of private banks, eight good hotels, two daily newspapers, three weekly, and two monthly, two railway systems, and river navigation. The leading industries of Grand Forks are the handling of wheat and the manufacture of flour and lumber. Three flour-mills, one feed-mill, a brewery (turning out 10,000 barrels of beer annually), two saw-mills (with the capacity of 200,000 feet of sawed lumber per day), two planing-mills, one boiler-works, one foundery, and a number of smaller enterprises give one an idea of the manufacturing interests of Grand Forks. The city has a court-house and jail, a City Hall, fire department houses, and an opera-house.

The railway and commercial metropolis of central Dakota is the city of Aberdeen, the shire town of the great wheat-growing county of Brown. The Chicago and Northwestern, the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, and the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba railway systems operate lines radiating from the city in seven different directions, thus supplying exceptional advantages in the way of building up jobbing enterprises, advantages which her merchants have diligently improved. The first settlement in the vicinity of Aberdeen was made in the fall of 1880. Now the city has a population of 6000, two fine school buildings, six church edifices, water-works system supplied by the pressure from an artesian-well, electric-lights, three daily newspapers, two national and one private bank, opera-house, good hotels, a city hospital, and public and school libraries.

Mitchell, the county-seat of Davison County, was located in 1879, but her substantial and continuous growth dates from the entry of the first railroad, in 1880. In eight years the city has become a place of 5000 inhabitants, with lines of railways reaching north, south, east, west, and southeast. Mitchell has six churches, one private and two national banks, United States land-office, Holly system of water-works, one daily and two weekly newspapers, two public-school buildings, two opera-houses, foundery and machine-shop, a 250-barrel flour-mill, packing-house, and a variety of manufacturing establishments.

The chief city of Codington County, Watertown, has a favorable location in the fertile valley of the Big Sioux River, at a point three miles distant from the beautiful Lake Kampeska. Six railway outlets give the business interests of the city access to a large and prosperous agricultural district. Although only nine years of age, Watertown has a population of 5000, six churches, three public-school buildings, three national and three private banks, water-works system, electric-lights, telephones, United States land-office, and one daily, one monthly, and three weekly newspapers. A 300-barrel flour-mill, foundery, and machine-shop, sash and door factory, and paint-works, represent the leading manufacturing interests. The city is proud of her many fine buildings, which include a $75,000 bank, a $40,000 hotel, a $30,000 court-house, and an opera-house costing $25,000. The assessed valuation of Watertown's property, real and personal, foots up nearly $1,000,000.

Huron, on the James River, the central city of that portion of the Territory south of the seventh standard parallel and east of the Missouri River, is located at the junction of two main trunk lines of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and is the division head-quarters and pivotal point of that company's Dakota system. Twenty-two trains, carrying passengers, arrive and depart daily. June 1, 1880, the population of Huron was 300. Her present population exceeds 4000. In this period the city has added the following improvements: two brick school buildings, valued at $30,000; seven church edifices; artesian system of water-works; sewerage system; electric-light plant; street railway; opera-house; four national banks; two daily and four weekly newspapers; one semi-monthly and three monthly periodicals; free postal delivery; and a United States land-office. The manufacturing establishments include cornice-works; artificial stone works; two flouring-mills; brick-yards; packing-house, and railroad machine-shops, employing 300 workmen.

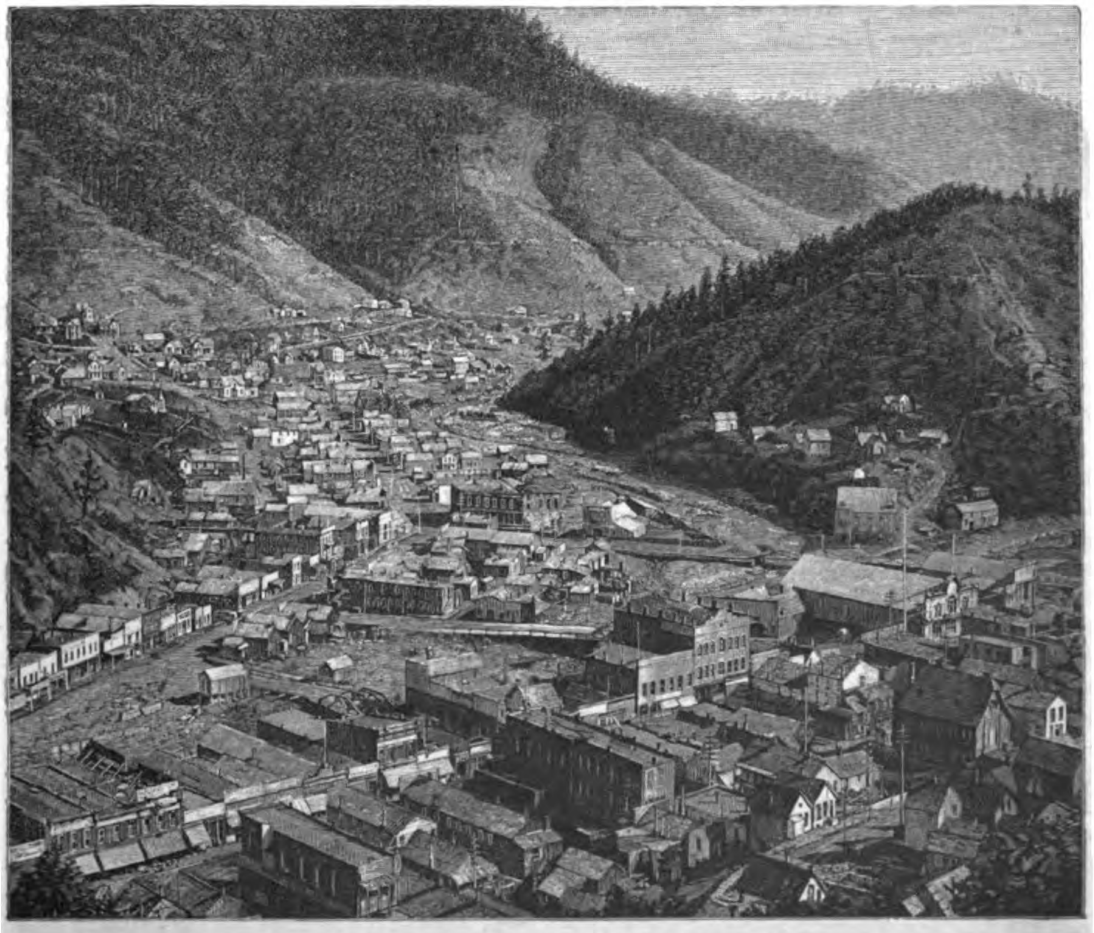
By the terms of an act of Congress, approved April 30, 1888, about 11,000,000 acres of excellent farming and grazing lands, now contained within the boundaries of the Great Sioux Indian Reservation, are to be opened to settlement as soon as the necessary Indian consent shall have been obtained. The lands which

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the Indians are asked to cede include nearly all of the reservation lying between the Cheyenne and White Rivers, bounded on the west by the Black Hills, and by the Missouri River on the east; all that portion of the reservation which is situated west of the 102d degree of longitude (Greenwich) and north of the main branch of the Cheyenne River; and a part of the Winnebago and Crow Creek Reservation on the east bank of the Missouri. For years the citizens of the Territory, more particularly those residing near the outer barriers of this great stretch of reserved lands, have labored to obtain a passageway connecting the mineral district of the Black Hills with the agricultural area east of the Missouri River — efforts which are soon to be crowned with success. The extinguishment of the Indian title to the tract as designated will be the harbinger of another era of progress and development of the Territory such as was witnessed during the years of 1883-4, and the two Missouri River cities and railway termini, Pierre, Hughes County, and Chamberlain, Brule County, occupying strategic points, will assume the position, so confidently expected by their founders, of the most



LOUIS K. CHURCH.



DEADWOOD, IN THE BLACK HILLS (SOUTH VIEW).

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BARTLETT TRIPP.



OSCAR S. GIFFORD.

important commercial marts and railway centres of South Dakota. Each city has excellent schools, fine churches, a splendid water-works system, and the various public buildings and business enterprises of a metropolis.

The present Governor of Dakota, Louis K. Church, was born in Brooklyn, New York, December 11, 1846, and is a lawyer by profession. He was, in 1885, appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Dakota, and immediately removed to the Territory, where he fulfilled the duties of Judge of the Fifth Judicial District in a manner highly satisfactory to the people. Before the expiration of his term on the bench, Judge Church received the appointment of Governor of Dakota.

Hon. Oscar S. Gifford, Dakota's Delegate in Congress, also a native of New York, has resided in the Territory seventeen years. He is now serving his second term in Congress.

Hon. Bartlett Tripp, one of the most able lawyers in the Northwest, and Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Dakota, is a native of the State of Maine. He removed to Yankton, Dakota (his present residence), in 1869. In November, 1885, he was appointed Chief-Justice.

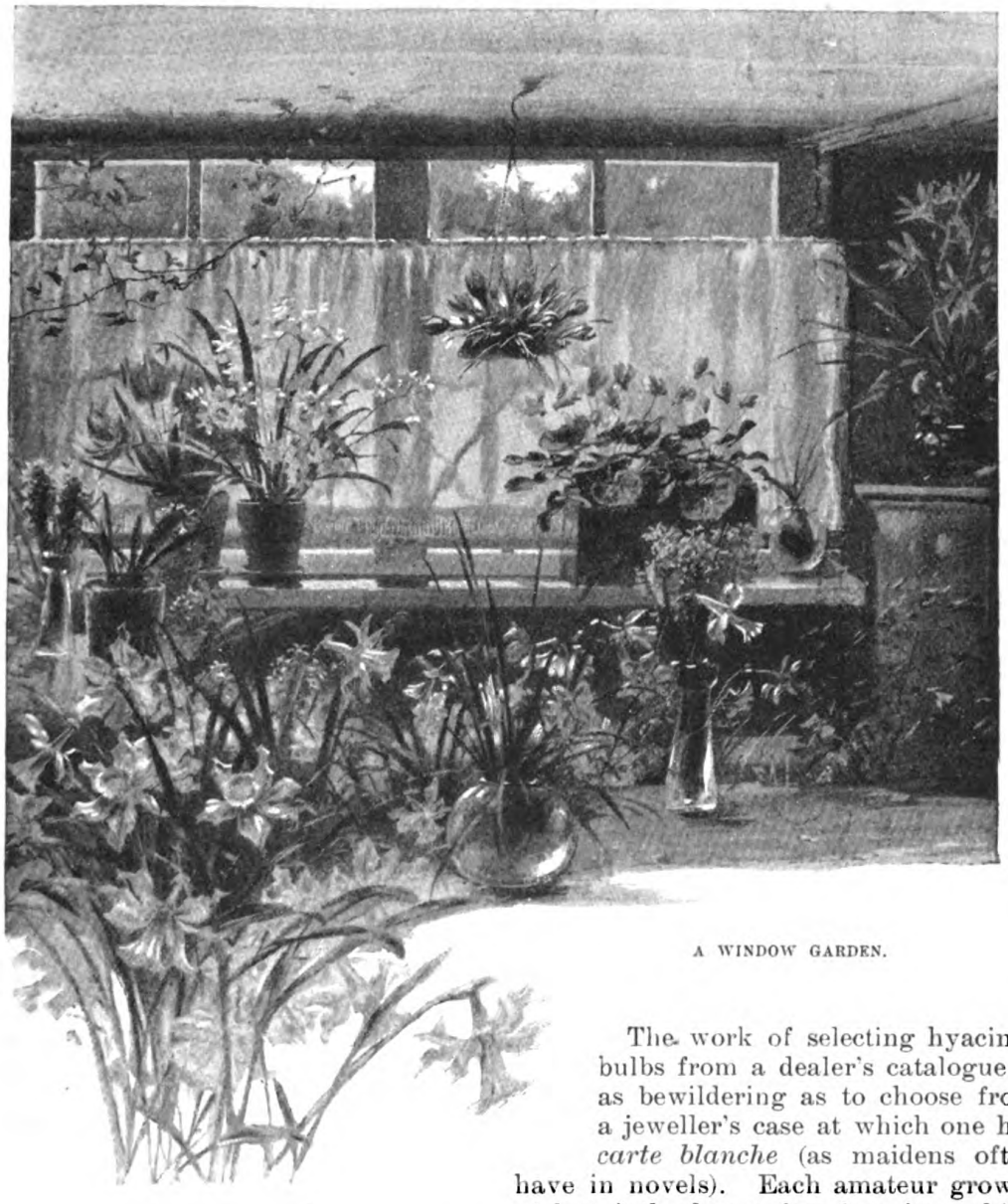
BULB GARDENS IN-DOORS.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

THE "Dutch" bulbs take their name from the country in which most of them are propagated for the trade; they thrive in the entire temperate zone of any country. As a veteran florist once said to the author, a Dutch bulb can snap its fingers at the stupidest amateur alive, and grow and bloom in spite of him, whether the house be dark, light, hot, or cold. Its structure is so simple and complete that the bloom is not dependent even upon soil to develop flower buds, for these exist before the bulb is planted. All that is absolutely demanded of the cultivator is plenty of water.

Among the Dutch bulbs the hyacinth is the most satisfactory to persons who have room for but few plants. A single hyacinth fully developed is a flower show in itself, so luxuriant is the foliage and so abundant the bloom, color, and fragrance. More variety and quantity of color may be found in a dozen pots of hyacinths, "dealers' selection," than in a large bed of ordinary garden flowers. They are as far superior in effect to the historic "lilies of the field" as these flowers were to "Solomon in all his glory." A single "spike" of hyacinths is as showy as a large "self"-colored bouquet, and "composes" better, nature being still superior to art in arranging flowers. The bloom remains undecayed much longer than that of roses, carnations, or geraniums. The natural symmetry of the plant is frequently marred by the heat and dryness of houses heated by furnaces, so the leaves bend and droop instead of giving

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A WINDOW GARDEN.

the flowers their natural setting, and the stem becomes so long and soft that it is unable to bear its weight of bloom without tying; even then, however, the mass of flowers is large and gorgeous. Hot dry air is likely also to start the bloom too rapidly, so that the buds at the tip of the spike open and decay before those at the base have fully emerged from the bulb. Grown near the glass of the window in a room the temperature of which does not exceed 70°, and never falls to freezing-point, the fleshy, semi-transparent leaves remain upright, and the stem becomes just long enough to enable the bloom to appear above the top of the leaves.

The work of selecting hyacinth bulbs from a dealer's catalogue is as bewildering as to choose from a jeweller's case at which one has *carte blanche* (as maidens often have in novels). Each amateur grower of hyacinths has a few favorites which he knows by name, but the novice will do well to leave the choice to the seller; if to select at will from a long list is too great a luxury to be denied, it will be well to avoid those varieties described as "very deep" or "very dark," and give the preference to those said to have large bells. As a rule, the larger the bell, the more spreading and showy the spike; the darkest reds and blues are out of harmony except with a great variety of bloom. A single floret or bell of the hyacinth is quite effective as a *boutonnière*, and a spike may be robbed daily for a week without the loss being perceptible to any one not an expert. There are two varieties of hyacinth, appearing in catalogues

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ROMAN HYACINTH.

as "Roman" and "Parisian," which are grown specially for cutting; the bloom, instead of being restricted to single spikes, as in the more noted varieties, comes on several spikes in succession, each bearing a few small single florets, loosely disposed. The colors of these varieties are red, white, and blue, a single tint of each, and the bulbs have two virtues peculiar to themselves among hyacinths: they bloom earlier than any others, and are much cheaper.

The hyacinth must bloom when its time comes; it can scarcely die, except of thirst; it struggles nobly, and generally successfully, against abuse, returning good for evil with a persistency which should gain it a place among the emblematic flowers of religion; but it clings stubbornly to its own ideas of propriety, one of which is that precocity is unnatural, and another, like unto it, is that the forcing process always induces imperfection. After planting, it insists upon having several weeks of retirement in entire darkness, in which to develop an abundance of roots; if brought too soon to the light its leaf growth will start, perhaps preceded by the flower buds; but the growth will be irregular, and the flowers will be less perfect and enduring than when allowed to take their own time. Florists often hurry hyacinths and other Dutch bulbs into bloom, and gain special profit by so doing, but the full-blown specimens are never as fine as those grown by the cook in her kitchen window, or the sewing-girl in her attic.

Good hyacinths were quite expensive a few years ago, a single bulb costing as much as a good potted rose-bush in bloom, but now the amateur can obtain delightful results from bulbs costing fifteen or twenty cents each: a peaceful invasion of American markets by Dutch growers several years ago may have been influential in bringing about the change. New varieties at high prices appear each year, but they are seldom more satisfactory than those catalogued as "old standard sorts."

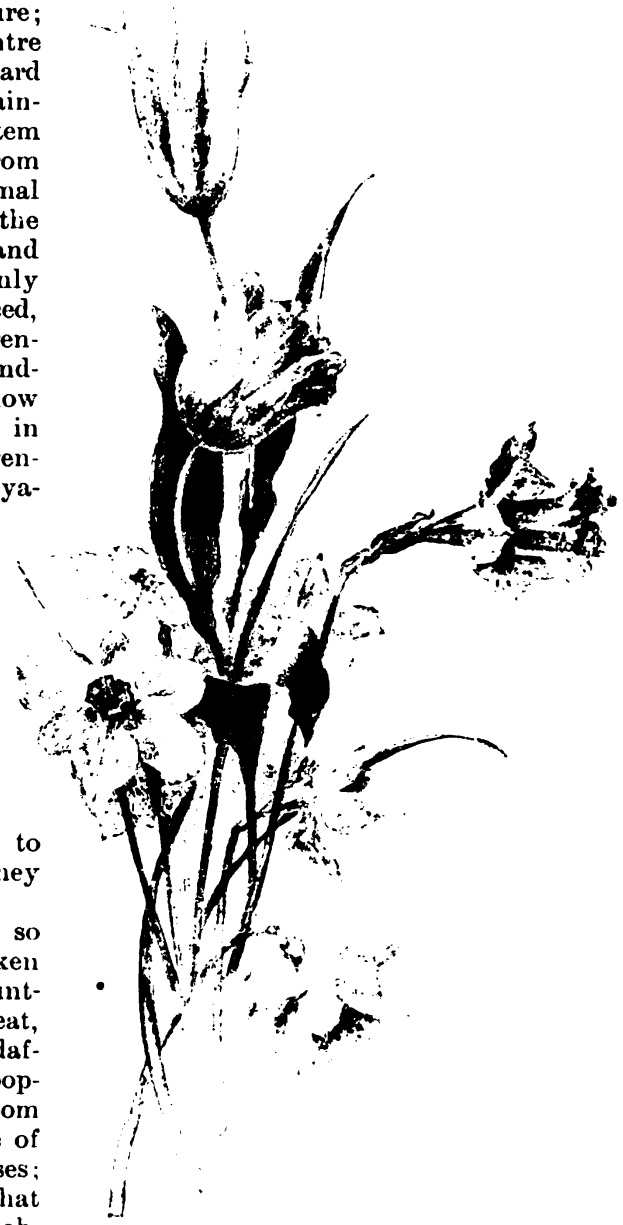
After the hyacinth, the narcissus is the most satisfactory bulb to grow in-doors, and it appeals to the masses by its cheap-

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ness, good mixtures seldom costing more than sixty cents per dozen, or four dollars per hundred. Like the hyacinth, the narcissus has leaves shaped like blades of grass, very long and thick. The class known as polyanthus (many-flowered) is the most satisfactory for in-door culture; the flower stem, starting from the centre of its sheath of leaves, grows heavenward at a rapid rate, its lanceolate tip containing ten or twelve buds. As the stem grows, the color of the tip changes from green to yellow, and finally to the dismal gray of dead grass. About this time the novice thinks the buds dead, so dry and shrivelled is their envelope, but suddenly the magic of the chrysalis is reproduced, for the tip bursts and the buds open, generally one a day, until there is a handsome, fragrant cluster of flowers, yellow or white, and each an inch or more in diameter. The narcissus is the most generous member of the bulb family; the hyacinth sometimes sends up a second spike, generally at the expense of the first; frequently, however, a narcissus bulb which gave no special promise at the start will send up several handsome clusters in succession. Among bulbous plants the polyanthus narcissus is the most picturesque; the wide low windows in paintings of old English cottage interiors, over which young ladies go wild at picture shows, owe much of their effect to the pots of narcissus with which they usually are abundantly supplied.

The narcissus family is large, and so old that many of its members have taken new names, some of them being accounted plebeians; all, however, are neat, pretty, and abundant in bloom. The daffodil, the "pheasant-eye," and the "hoop-petticoat" are all narcissuses, and bloom freely in-doors. The flowers of some of the daffodils are large and double as roses; the only objection to them in-doors is that a greenish hue in their petals becomes obtrusive except in very bright light. The campernels, beloved of early English poets, also are narcissuses, and in growth they combine ruggedness and luxuriance in a manner that should endear them to all who yearn for something truly and typically "Early English."

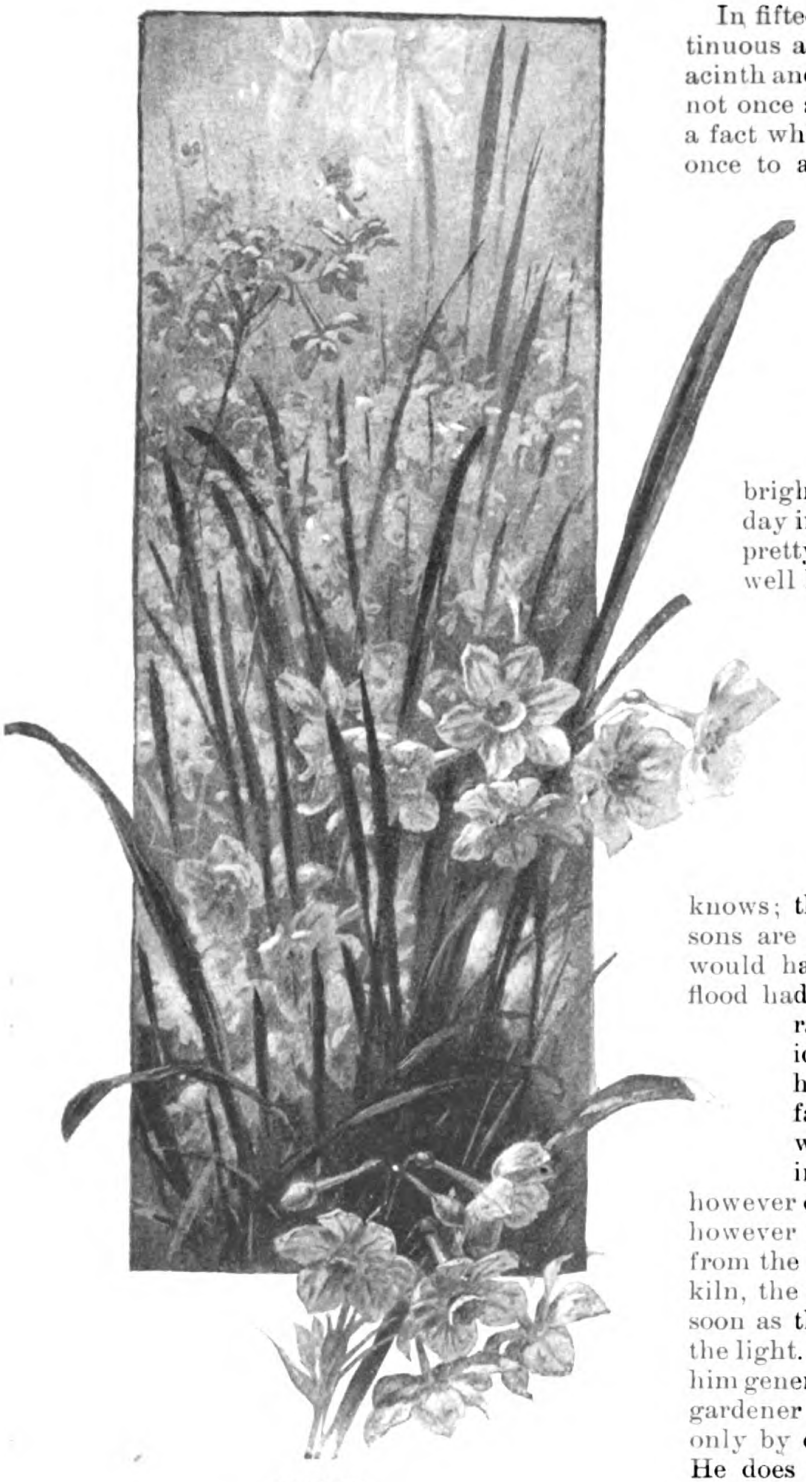
The most delightful, however, of the narcissus family are the sweet-scented jonquils. They are the tiniest of their race; mere babes, indeed, beside even the smallest of their relatives, but, like infants of some other species, they are sweeter than the combined remainder of the family. Their leaves are as round as broom straws,



TULIPS, JONQUILS, AND DAFFODILS.

and not much thicker, their florets are small, and of no color but yellow, but their perfume is sweeter, more delicate, yet more pervasive, than that of any other bulb of the Dutch division. The perfume of the hyacinth, though often strong enough to be overpowering to any one within a foot of the plant, is seldom perceptible a few feet away, but a single pot of jonquils will

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JONQUILS.

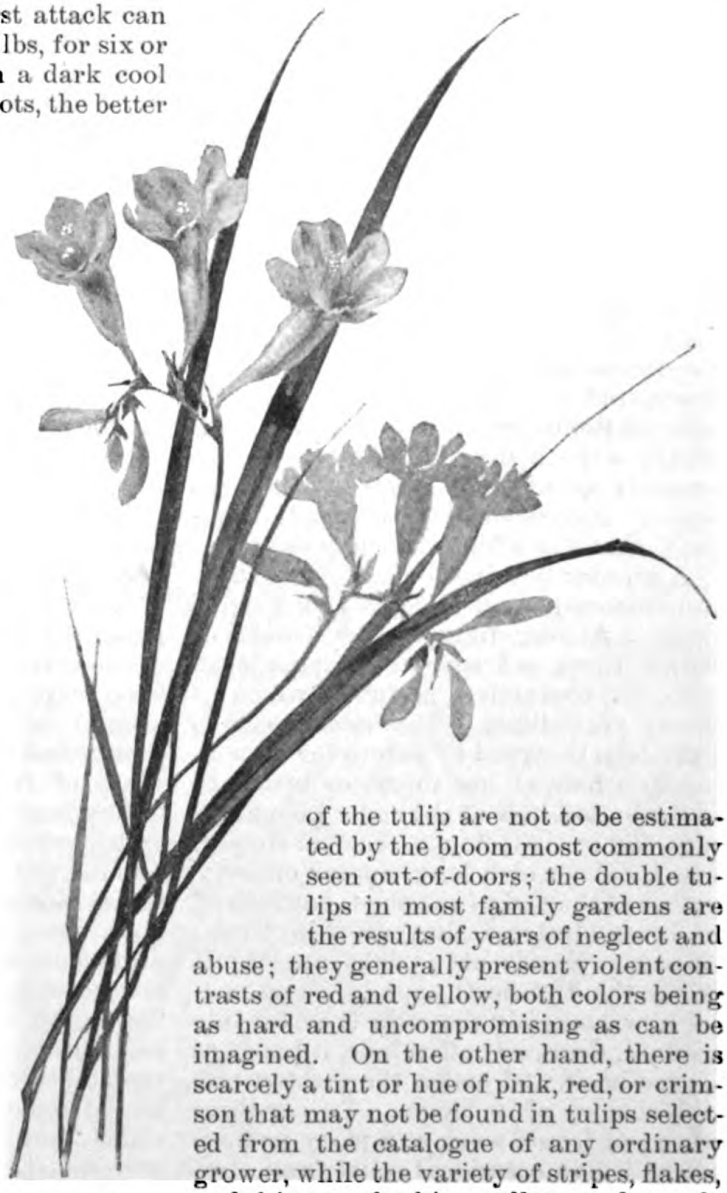
perfume an entire room without giving offence to persons most sensitive to odors. Like all other narcissuses, the jonquils are delightful flowers to wear, and when cut and put in water they will retain their color and form after several successive clusters of roses have become unsightly.

In fifteen years of wide and continuous acquaintance with the hyacinth and narcissus the author has not once seen an insect on either—a fact which should endear both at once to all persons who have attempted window-gardening. Would that as much might be said for the tulip, for then the flower whose beauty once set phlegmatic Holland acraze, and sent the price of a single bulb up to thousands of dollars, might brighten many a dark winter day in-doors. The small, green, pretty, but voracious insect so well known to all persons who have grown roses and carnations in dwelling-houses is of the firm impression that the tulip was created for his special delectation, and he acts accordingly. Where this graceful, remorseless insect comes from, nobody knows; thousands of religious persons are sure that his kind never would have been saved from the flood had Noah ever attempted to raise tulips in his city residence; thousands more have departed from the faith far enough to believe with Tyndall that matter in itself generates life, for however carefully selected the soil, however recently the pots come from the life-destroying heat of the kiln, the insect appears almost as soon as the leaves of the tulip see the light. A single experience with him generally convinces the in-door gardener that he can be destroyed only by destroying the tulip also. He does not seem to mind such tobacco-smoke as may be raised without making the room untenable, and to brush him and his friends from the leaves and throw them out-of-doors is only to make room for a new detachment, which arrives almost at once. This insect may be discouraged, however, by spraying the leaves once a week, before the flower appears, with a weak decoction

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of tobacco water, and his first attack can be delayed by keeping the bulbs, for six or eight weeks after potting, in a dark cool place, for the stronger the roots, the better the leaves seem able to resist an onslaught. Even when the parasite gratifies the desire of his heart upon the foliage, he spares the flower petals, and the tulip's bloom is so brilliant of color as to almost make the persistent cultivator forgive the thief that takes so little when he leaves so much.

Like many another reputable being of ancient lineage, the tulip has suffered unjustly for the faults of some members of its family. In the tulip world, as in the human species, some first families have "run out" sadly, either through over-stimulation or by being transplanted among uncongenial surroundings. After first meeting the tulip in an old neglected door-yard, nobody cares to prolong the acquaintance; but properly nurtured tulips, such as may be bought of any dealer, are still as healthy and fascinating as their ancestors which sold at a thousand times their weight in gold. Several fine tulip bulbs can now be bought for the price of a common cigar, and a half-dozen of the finest varieties sold in America will cost a lady less than a cheap pair of gloves.



FRIESIA.

As most tulips fit for house culture bloom close to the soil, they make an effective foreground for a shelf or table of potted hyacinths and narcissuses. All the early single tulips bloom well in-doors, but such of the double varieties as are recommended for forcing are preferable, for the single tulip is sometimes prevented by dry air from entirely opening the tip of its bud; but the numerous inner petals of the double varieties keep up a pressure which generally results in liberty. It is again proper to say that the possibilities of the tulip are not to be estimated by the bloom most commonly seen out-of-doors; the double tulips in most family gardens are the results of years of neglect and abuse; they generally present violent contrasts of red and yellow, both colors being as hard and uncompromising as can be imagined. On the other hand, there is scarcely a tint or hue of pink, red, or crimson that may not be found in tulips selected from the catalogue of any ordinary grower, while the variety of stripes, flakes, and fringes of white, yellow, and purple is even more wonderful than it was in Holland during the historic craze. Besides beauty of bloom, there are some tulips whose leaves are wonderfully marked, so the plant is a thing of beauty from start to finish. Again, however, it is necessary to suggest that double varieties should be preferred for in-door culture. There is little or no choice between single and double varieties as to beauty and range of color, but in a room the air of which is not below 70°, and reasonably moist, the single tulip loses its form in a day or two, particularly if exposed to the sun's direct rays. The double tulip, with several times as many petals, proves that "in union is strength" by retaining its form much longer.

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Many dealers recommend the crocus for in-door growth, and the flowers, although restricted in color to white, yellow, and purple, fully deserve all the praise they have received. The blooms of a well-grown crocus are as large and handsome as small lilies or amaryllids, and although the flower lasts but a day, it is easily removed, with a certainty of several successors. The bulbs are wonderfully cheap, being less than a dollar per hundred. The only objection to them is that the insect which dotes on the tulip has discovered that crocus leaves also are edible; as the bulbs must be set thickly to secure a good display, it is not easy to properly sprinkle the leaves with tobacco water. Nevertheless the crocus fully repays whatever attention it may receive.

A number of minor bulbs deserve more prominence than florists' catalogues give them. Among these is the friesia, of which there are several varieties, each with its distinctive perfume, which is strong yet delicate. The friesia seems to have been designed by nature for wear in a lady's hair, at her throat or breast, or in the button-hole of the ruder human being. Six or eight florets, trumpet-shaped, and about an inch long, appear close together at the end of the stem, but instead of being clustered, they grow in a row. The stem bends at a right angle just where the first floret appears, so no matter how carelessly the stem is thrust into coiffure, dress, or button-hole, it hangs as if on a hook, and makes the greatest possible display of its bloom. Two or three sprays of friesia worn at a party or theatre will give occasional relief from close air, and a little cluster of it in water will retain bloom and fragrance for a fortnight, the unopened buds all coming into bloom as the older flowers decay and fall. Like most other flowers unusually delicate and sweet, the friesia is seldom to be found where cut flowers are sold.

Another tiny bulb of great value is the oxalis; it remains in bloom longer than any other bulbous plant, a pot of it producing many scores of pendent clusters during the season. To bloom freely it requires more sun than winter bulbs in general; but even for its foliage it deserves a place in all windows, for its clover-like leaves, on long drooping stalks, add pleasing variety to the upright grassy stems which are the rule among Dutch bulbs. Some members of the iris family do well in windows, among them *I. susiana*, the flower of which sets even the professional florist wild with delight. The cyclamen is quite a satisfactory plant for in-door cultivation, the foliage being showy and the bloom abundant. Some bulbs of the cyclamen are so anxious to bloom that they do not await the formality of planting, but throw up flower stalks while still in the dealer's boxes.

To give farther diversity to the foliage of a window full of bulbs it is well to plant the anemone and ranunculus; these are tuberous instead of bulbous, but are to be had of all dealers in Dutch bulbs. Both can produce beautiful flowers when they like, but it is unsafe for any amateur who values his reputation for veracity to pretend to have ever had a plant in bloom unless he has several witnesses to support his statement. One of the most experienced and successful American flower-growers, the late James Vick, said several years ago that there seemed to be no soil or climate in the United States that suited the ranunculus. After some years of failure to coax anything but leaves from this tuber, the present writer borrowed some soil from a wild columbine that had bloomed finely in the spring, and succeeded in displaying a few good blooms to sceptical amateurs and professionals. The earth which kindly rewarded his confidence was a black, heavy, leaf mould. A subsequent attempt to improve upon nature by lightening the soil with sand was unsuccessful in the extreme, the roots losing their substance and disappearing entirely, with corresponding results in the foliage. A single success with the ranunculus will make amends for many failures, for the flowers are as gorgeous of color as tulips, although entirely different in form.

Obliging and adaptive though the Dutch bulbs are, they have decided preferences as to the soil in which they shall be planted, and they unite in abhorring earth from the greenhouse heap or the rich garden bed. Many amateurs in bulb culture have had their natural conceit enhanced by the superiority of their hyacinths and tulips to those seen in florists' windows; the florist usually pots his bulbs in the soil prepared for woody plants or those of rank growth, and the manures in this are too stimulating for the roots of bulbs, which are about of the size and softness of the most thread-like

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macaroni after soaking. The soil of the great bulb plantations in Holland is light and spongy, being a mixture of sand and vegetable mould, the only fertilizer being from the cow-yard, and carefully rotted before used. Similar soil may be prepared anywhere in the United States; in stony regions leaf mould can be found in the crevices of rocks in the forest, and in ravines and gullies anywhere that leaves drift, lodge, and rot. The contents of fresh-water bogs and of muck pits are nothing but vegetable mould. A good substitute may be made with little trouble by paring sod an inch or two thick from any thickly grassed surface, piling it to rot, and chopping and turning once a fortnight until it becomes thoroughly crumbled. Mixed with an equal quantity of sand, either leaf mould or rotted sod will make soil in which the bulbs will feel entirely at home, and the addition of a little well-rotted cow-yard manure will increase the size of plant and flower. The rich brown soil of the prairie States will answer equally well, but if it is heavy it should be tempered with sand. Unless the soil for bulbs is light, the roots cannot penetrate it at all, and as hyacinths and narcissuses for house cul-



JAPAN ANEMONE.

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ture are not buried, but only partly covered, the effect of planting in hard soil is that the roots push the bulb upward until it looks like a small squatty lighthouse on a forest of piles. The smaller bulbs are usually covered to their crowns, so they cannot be forced out of the ground, but they show their dislike for hard soil by sulking to death. The spongier the soil, the better the chance of success with bulbs of any kind. The steady deterioration in size and perfume of hyacinths planted out-of-doors is generally due to heavy soil.

When potted according to the directions printed in any dealer's catalogue, the bulbs want to be left in the dark for several weeks, asking only that they be not allowed to become dry. A sprinkling such as would satisfy roses and geraniums will not suffice, for while the roots of these plants will retain life in soil containing the least particle of moisture, the roots of bulbs die outright as soon as the earth ceases to be damp. When brought to the light and warmth of the window, bulbs should be freely watered several times a week, and while in bloom the saucers under the pots should never be without water. Many housewives who have coaxed geraniums, fuchsias, and even roses to bloom in-doors during winter have complained to the writer that at the same time their bulbs, receiving equal care, did poorly or died outright. The trouble could always be traced to insufficient water.

Absolute insurance against drought may be secured by planting bulbs in water only, but this method makes the bulb unworthy of subsequent consideration. As already explained, the plant in all its parts is complete within the bulb; moisture and light are sufficient to develop the leaves and flowers, but the bulb itself can obtain no nourishment and strength from water alone. Glasses are made specially for the hyacinth and narcissus, and these bulbs will do equally well if imbedded in a coarse sponge or a handful of moss in a bowl which shall always contain water almost up to the base of the bulb. The narcissus, which the Chinese call their "holy flower" or "luck flower," is always placed among stones in a saucer of water. The amateur, however, will seldom use glasses more than once for his bulbs, for a tall plant does not compose well with a tall glass, and the bloom will not be as fine as that from soil. If water culture is desired, the low glasses brought out recently should be used, and the low-growing hyacinths selected. The water should be changed at least once a week, and, like that for the potted plants, should not be colder than the air of the room.

A common complaint of beginners at bulb culture is that the bloom comes very late, generally not until February or March. Could the bulbs themselves be consulted, they would probably quote the old saying, "Late beginning makes late ending." Until fond enough of the bulb family to greet it at its earliest appearance, and extend to it the most cordial and intelligent hospitality, window gardeners are likely to delay planting until all out-door flowers are gone. Veteran growers plant as soon as the bulbs can be procured—generally in the first half of September; some of the pots may thus be sufficiently advanced to be brought to the light in mid-October. Treated thus, the Roman hyacinths and the earlier narcissuses may be had in bloom by Thanksgiving Day, and some of the others will follow speedily. The period of bloom may be made to extend from Thanksgiving to May-day by bringing pots from cellar or closet at intervals of ten days; to make assurance doubly sure, delay potting part of a collection until late in November. To know which plants are first fit to be brought to the light, turn the pots upside down, supporting the top earth by the fingers of one hand, and strike the edge of the pot gently on something hard; the entire ball of earth will come out unharmed, if properly moist, and if growth is sufficiently advanced, a number of white roots will be seen coiled around the bottom soil.

Most printed directions are at fault in indicating pots smaller than should be used for bulbs. A pot five or six inches in diameter at the top is as small as should be used for a hyacinth or narcissus; such a pot will accommodate three Roman hyacinths (which are small), as many tulips, six or eight jonquils, or a dozen crocuses. These smaller bulbs may be grown in smaller pots, with corresponding decrease of number; with smaller dimensions, however, comes increasing risk of dryness. The common red clay pot is the best, and the handsomely glazed pots the worst, for bulb culture; but the porosity of rough red clay makes countless avenues of evaporation. On the other hand, through the

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pores the roots manage to obtain much desirable nutrition or stimulus from the air. This last-named benefit is withheld when the surface becomes incrusted in dust, as it frequently does in rooms where the broom is properly used; to obviate this discouraging influence it is well to bring to the window about once a fortnight a pail of lukewarm water, in which the pots can be successively immersed, and have their faces scrubbed. After the common flower-pot, a wooden box is preferable to any earthen, glass, or metallic vessel; if empty fruit cans are the only available substitutes, they can be improved by punching a number of tiny holes in their bottoms.

When the flower decays, the stalk should be cut away. About this time the leaves attempt to make good the beholder's loss by increasing the luxuriance of their growth. Usually they are pretty enough to be cherished for their own sake, but if they occupy space needed by plants coming into bloom, the pots can be removed to cellar, attic, or any room in which the thermometer does not fall below freezing-point. They should not be watered as freely as before, and in mid-April they may be turned out-of-doors, in some shady place, and allowed to ripen. When the leaves have entirely decayed, the roots also will be dead. The pots may then be emptied, the earth shaken off, and the bulbs placed in a dark, dry place for use in the following season. The hyacinth is not as good the second season as the first, but tries to atone for its deficiency by blossoming earlier; the narcissus is generally better the second year, for it will have increased by offsets, which should remain attached to their parents as long as they like. The hyacinth's offsets are robbers, and should be removed, but they may be grown to full-sized bulbs in two or three years if their attempts to bloom are discouraged by pinching out as soon as possible any flower stems that may appear. On breaking the rusty outer coat, when entirely dry, of a tulip that has bloomed, the owner is generally gladdened by the sight of two bulbs, each as clean and glossy as a chestnut just escaped from its husk.

In ordering, the beginner will save money and lose nothing by not attempting to make his own selections from bulb families. "Best mixed varieties" is an expression found in all catalogues, and indicates plants good enough for any novice. Additions of named sorts may be made from year to year, but value should not be assumed from high prices, for the more costly varieties, as a rule, are merely the newest; the bulb dealer, like the merchant in any other commodity, has the habit of putting a high price on "novelties." In each variety there is room for choice among the bulbs themselves, the heaviest (which are not always the largest) yielding most bloom. Most of the dealers advertise in-door "collections" which are better than any beginner can select for himself.

THE WAY.

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

There is a noble truth concerning the way which leads to the destruction of sorrow.—*Oriental Books.*

I LAY within a little dusky wood,
Withdrawn from men; the noonday sunlight faint
Peeped rarely down through the o'erhanging hood
Of interlacing boughs; yet there the saint,
He who has passed beyond sensation's bound,
Beyond ideas that haunt our earthy round,
Came from the dim unknown to visit me.

"How shall I find the way?" I said to him:
Thus without words my heart o'erfreighted spoke.
He answered: "In the tide of being swim,
Borne by its waves, thy every anchor broke;
Thus, far beyond self-feeling and self-thought,
Into the mighty peace of spirits brought,
Ye shall behold new mornings and be glad."

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A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

AN ARTIST'S SKETCH.

BY VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN.

LAST summer I passed a few weeks in a village—a small settlement of some fourteen or fifteen houses—that had been burnt out about a year before, and was just being built up anew.

Right behind the village corn-kilns passed the Moscow-Jaroslav Railroad, as well as the causeway, the latter being well kept and bordered by four rows of birches.

The village's chief adornment is the old wooden church dedicated to St. John the Baptist. It had also taken fire at the



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

time of the conflagration, but was saved by the combined efforts of all the peasants. This church was built in the second half of the seventeenth century, in the reign of the Tsar Alexeï Mikhaïlovitch. It is very original and interesting outside as well as inside. A short time ago it almost toppled over to one side, which was not to be wondered at, since its foundation was as narrow as the keel of a boat. Happily, though, the church-warden, a clever peasant, did not hesitate to spend his own money to save the church. He interfered in good time, put the church on a brick foundation, erected brick supports, and now the building is good for another two hundred years.

It is true that the new foundation has raised the church somewhat, that the whitewashed brick supports are unsightly, and that the iron sheets covering the roof and cupola are entirely out of place, and are decidedly worse than the ancient wooden tiles which they have replaced. But we must still be grateful that this monument of the seventeenth century has not been levelled, that another structure has not been erected in its place—one of those imitations of Roman architecture, with porticos, Corinthian pillars, and such like absurdities now so dear to the hearts of the Russian clergy and nobility. All the repairs and renovations in the church are, besides, seen very plainly, so that it will be very easy to restore its original form.

A peculiar odor of antiquity lingers about this church. First of all there is the church-warden's old woman, who with some primitive hook begins to pick at the hole in the entrance door; whether it is that the old woman is somewhat blind or the mechanism faulty one cannot say. Anyway she picks and picks at it long and persistently, until the bolt springs up; then she unlocks a padlock, and grumbling, no one knows at whom or at what, lets you in to the staircase. These stairs lead not to one of those delightful porches that in the stone churches of Jaroslav are ornamented and painted over, but to a wooden gallery that borders the building on its northern and western sides. Here it is that such people as have come too early for service remain waiting; here it is that any one tired or taken unwell in church comes out to get rested; here it is, again, that the local peasants, as well as wanderers and pilgrims, assemble for a talk at the end of the service. Along the gallery there is a great number of little lifting windows, which make the place very fresh and breezy in the summer; in short, this is one of the testimonials to the delicate attention with which former builders treated the worshippers—an attention that has gone out of fashion.

As a sample of the ancient way of building we may take, for instance, the porch of the stone church of John the Baptist in Jaroslav. That porch borders the church on three sides; everywhere along the arched windows run benches

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with colored designs; the vaults as well as the walls are painted over with instructive scenes from the Old and the New Testament, accompanied by fitting inscriptions. All those benches are occupied long before the beginning of services on the eve of great holidays, while at the feast of the patron saint of the church the porch is chock-full of worshippers come from afar. These people pass even the night there, sleeping on carpets and mats furnished by the church. Some come on the eve of the holiday from a distance, say, of fifty versts,* and bring their children and folks along, their chief care being not to miss the matins. Is it handy for such people to put up at an inn, to get up almost at midnight, disturbing others, and exposing themselves to hardship? Here on the porch they take their nap on some matting spread on the floor, then get up in time to attend divine service. Now let any one try to enter a modern church out of the hours of service, even be it in stormy weather, and he will certainly be turned away without ceremony.

But let us return to the village church. The door leading to the church is of a very remarkable form, resembling a holy images case surmounted by a Byzantine ogive arch, which is composed of a yellow garland in relief on green background. The door itself is also painted green, and has an immense lock of a delightful design nailed on red leather. The enormous key is turned thrice in the lock, giving out a sound each time to the accompaniment of the grumbling of the old woman.

One would now expect to enter the church; but no, there is yet another large padlock, put up for safety's sake.

* About thirty-three miles.

The ceiling of the church, one discovers on entering, is an ancient one in ogive style. The walls likewise have escaped renovation. The *ikonostass* separating the altar from the main church has not the *naïveté* of shelves with holy images that we find yet in many old wooden churches of the north of Russia; but still this one is simple enough: it consists of four ranges of holy images running along the wall, and joined by narrow boards quaintly painted.



AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

Some of the holy images here are of good enough execution; therefore it is to be regretted that they are almost covered with offerings of gold cloth, silk,

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beads, false stones, and all kinds of rubbish, that does not enrich the church, but only serves to hide the images of Christ, the Virgin, and the saints. The entire character of the *ikonostass* is affected by these offerings, which convert it into a giddy display of multicolored pieces of goods bestowed on the images in accordance with the well-known precept, "Offer to God what you do not need yourself." The absurdity of adorning holy images in this way is strikingly illustrated by a crucifix which is stationed to the right hand of the choir. The crucifix is a large one—almost of natural size—and one of the zealous champions of church gorgeousness had the body covered with gold cloth from the belt down to the feet, so that now the Crucified is hanging literally in petticoats. It was also an excess of zeal on the part of the warden to varnish the images too abundantly.

"Fairly good holy images thou hast here, granny; keep them in good order," said I to the old woman.

"I know it—I know it, benefactor," answered she. "Others have been here before thee—'old believers,' I heard they were. They offered me a thousand apiece for these two if I would only give them up. 'But where is the purse to hold so much money?' I answered."

Behind the right choir is the prior's place, the church formerly having belonged to a monastery. Therefore, very likely, even now at service men occupy one side of this church, and the women the other.

It must be said, however, that divine service is very seldom held in this church —never more than a few times each year— as the church has no priest of its own, but is annexed to a neighboring parish.

"If he would only come and sing a little to us now and then, our Father Nicholas," complains the granny about the priest. "But no, he would not sing to us—not he. What is to be done with him? Taken all in all, he would not sing here even ten times a year; that is the kind of priest he is." But immediately after this complaint, in direct contradiction of it, granny would state that "nothing but pecuniary loss comes from the service here, because the men of the village are more apt to go to church in town, where the saloons are side by side with churches; and, with women alone, where is the income? . . . Just see: coal must be provided for the service, and incense, and red wine for the communion. . . . Well, then, how are you to make both ends meet? . . . Now conduct service if you can!" To that "communion wine" the old warden treated me once: I found it to be pure.

The warden, Pietr Mikhaïlovitch, an old man of seventy-eight, was at death's door a short while ago. On my arrival I found him taking some sort of innocent mixture of the kind ordinarily prescribed by physicians in order to humor the patient or quiet their own consciences. Following my advice, the old woman made her husband drink a hot decoction of dried raspberries, covered him up well, got him in a perspiration, rubbed him thoroughly down, and the old man felt so much better after the treatment that he soon went about as usual, complaining of nothing but deafness and an occasional headache.

Yet not long ago the old man made up his mind that he wanted to take a steam bath; nothing would dissuade him from it, and he did. It was with great difficulty he dragged his feet off. I went to see him as soon as I heard that he had been brought out of the steam bath half dead. "Look here, grandfather," said I to him, "why didst thee go to the steam bath before thee recovered entirely?"

"What is to be done? could not stand it; I had to get steamed," mumbles the old man.

"Well, many are the things that thee would like to get at. . . See, now, thy feet don't carry thee."

"Could not be helped; a long, long time I had it on my mind, and now I did it," replies grandfather, in his weak, broken voice.

Occasionally I would send a small quantity of Don wine to the old man, and he enjoyed it so well that once, under its influence, he smartly drove out on a cart to the hay fields. "Here we are! . . . Good is thy wine," would he say to me, "but the price must also be a good one."

Pietr Mikhaïlovitch is not of poor peasants. He was quite well off before the first conflagration, some fifteen years before, and he used to go every year to Petersburg, where his children carried on a business of their own.

Pietr Mikhaïlovitch is not on good terms with his priest, and he never lets slip an opportunity to indirectly reproach Father

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Nicholas with greediness, to which the other—also a very respectable man—from his side responds by calling the warden a caviller, accusing him of having drawn away in favor of the church some seven hundred rubles (nearly $350), the interest from which formerly reverted to the local clergy.

"He got the wheels greased up, you know, in the Consistorium; he is a master-hand at that, is Pietr Mikhaïlovitch; so he got the money drawn away from us; and such a good lump of money as it was! I alone used to get eight rubles [four dollars] a year for my part; no trifling sum that, considering our condition!" . . .

I watched this priest as he was going the rounds of the peasants' houses, collecting sour cream and eggs, on the last day of the Lent* preceding St. Peter and St. Paul's day.

I could not understand at first what it was he was doing. Clad in an old cassock, the white underwear plainly exposed beneath it, the old man carried a pail in one hand and a wooden bowl in the other; going from house to house, he would knock at the door of each, and peep in at the windows. At first I thought he had been kept out late and was asking for a night's lodging. But no; after knocking vainly at one peasant's house, he passed on to another, and then still to a third. Eventually women carrying trifling donations began to come out from the back yards, some making gestures which seemed to explain why it was that the donation was so small; some to kiss the priest's hand; some others to simply bow to him and pour their sour cream into his pail, laying down a couple of eggs in the bowl. The priest did not once lose patience, and such peasants as did not answer his summons at his first knock brought out their offerings to him on his return trip. In place of sour cream I sent him out a ruble of money; and the good man put down his pail, and taking off his hat, crossed himself thrice at the church.

Father Nicholas did not complain of the peasants, but remarked to me that they were much weighed down by poverty. "No little money is spent on drink, and that is a truth," he would say; "but then, if we let the holidays out of the count—the only days when they might be taking a drop too much—one has to wonder, indeed, what it is that they only live upon. Poorly, very poorly off are our peasants!"

One would not be far amiss, though, in setting down this poverty to the general drinking, which in this village is as firmly rooted and as thoroughly carried on as in other points of Russia.

The people here mostly raise vegetables; very little grain is sown; as to potatoes, peas, and chiccory, there are large quantities of them here. This village is only three versts distant from the city of Rostov, and all over this neighborhood chiccory is called the "Rostov coffee," and dealers in that kind of product are known as the "chiccory kings."

Labor in this locality is still more of a heavy task than is grain harvesting in other places. Here the pea crop and the hay crop are at the same time ripe. These parts are renowned for their peas. They must be not only gathered, but shelled, and all this must be done on time, because small sweet-peas fetch as much as forty and fifty kopecks* a pound, whereas the price of full-grown peas is a trifling one—some five or ten kopecks.

In the year of my visit dealers paid forty-three kopecks a pound at first for the best kind of peas; later on, they gave forty and thirty-eight kopecks a pound; and if we judge by the example of previous years, when all the peas were ripe the price would have to come down to twenty-five kopecks a pound. Then the peasants are glad to sell even at this small figure, since the whole business of buying peas and sending them off to Moscow is in the hands of a few persons, who usually agree between themselves not to pay more than a certain price; and no matter how a peasant woman tries to get a better price, no matter how many buyers she applies to, she will nowhere get a kopeck more for her peas than the dealers dictate.

If only the peasants were able to come to an understanding among themselves—were they to agree to work together, to combine in harvesting as well as in selling—they would surely be able to force the dealers to pay them the highest current price at the time being. Unluckily, though, no agreement of such a kind is to be thought of where peasants are con-

* The Greek Church prohibits the use of milk and eggs no less than that of meat during Lenten times.

* A kopeck—half a cent.

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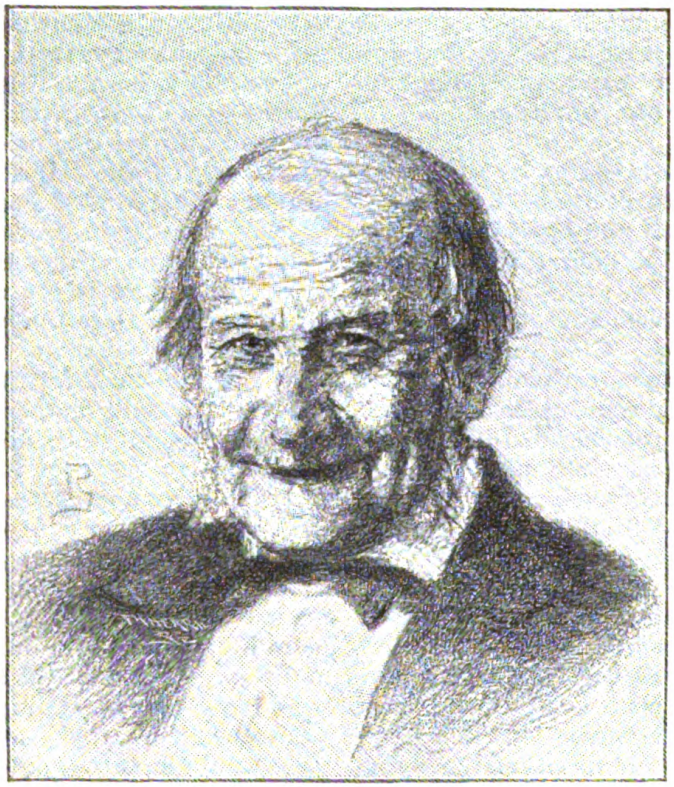
cerned; they are sure to quarrel over the business, and then to throw up the whole thing. Thus it comes about that goods selling in Moscow, say at eighty kopecks, can be got by dealers at half this price, and that only a few hours from the capital.

Quarrels prevail not only between different households, but even in the very midst of families living under one roof. Now in our house, for instance, the grandmother—a brisk and still lively old woman of seventy-five—sided with one of her daughters-in-law against another, and they went so far that eventually nothing would do but they must divide all their possessions; even the iron sheet serving to dry peas was cut in two—spoiled on purpose—so that it should not serve any one. If one party to the quarrel gets its peas burnt a trifle, its opponents are happy; if a young ox belonging to one dies, the others rejoice, saying, "See now how God chastises him!" Yet at the same time they are all of them really good and very considerate people.

There is no little work over the preparation of the peas; first they are scalded, then they are dried three times over—and here great care is to be taken that the peas do not get yellow, and lose their green color. If they turn yellow, they immediately come down in price.

Of evenings all sit down before the house and get to work shelling peas, with the help of two hired women assistants, who usually sing all the while. The men generally gather together and engage in the same work of shelling peas by the bailiff's house, on which occasion whiskey is served—to brace them up to work, probably. The result of it, however, is that oftentimes, as the peasant women are singing, the young folks joking and laughing, there will break in the noise and shouts of half-drunken men; then it requires hard work to pull asunder such as are most boisterous, and even with this it is not always possible to avert an occasional blow on somebody's face.

Generally all work assiduously, except children, who eat peas unceasingly: if a child happens to come across a large pod



A RUSSIAN TYPE.

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containing a dozen peas and more, "What a large pod!" he says; "I must eat it"; then, striking a pod of two or three peas, he says, "There's a small one; surely it must be disposed of." A puffy pod, maybe, comes along, and then a flat one—each one in turn finds its way to the child's mouth. Many are the jokes in the circle; these mostly originate with granny, who, among other things, used to say, "No matter how much land a man gets, he will not get rich on it, but only hunchbacked."

Although the people get up early, they go to bed rather late. Work ceases only at dusk—generally when the shepherd is driving off the horses to pasture for the night. That last task is by no means a light one; it is so easy for the shepherd to go to sleep a wink or two, to get a little careless, and let the horses stray away a bit;* and see! before you know it, they will be sure to get into the fields. One night, it was said, much wheat was trodden down. Of course the owners of the damaged fields bring in a complaint. Who shall be made to pay them? This is matter for the Mir to decide.

Among the horses there is one spotted in yellow and white—a somewhat frisky animal. From the time when that horse was bought he would let no one manage him; the only way to overcome him was to ride him into deep water; but as soon as he set foot on firm ground again, that horse was sure to throw his rider and hurt him. It was found, later on, however, that the young rider's mother knew how to master this horse. In her hands the animal would give himself up willingly. When the old woman would catch that horse, though—we saw it with our own eyes—she would stroke him, caress him a long time, even talk to him. Was not that, after all, her secret for taming him?

The summer of this year in its first part turned out to be very rainy. The peasants, who wanted to get to haying, as well as myself, with my sketches begun by sunlight—all of us were looking forward anxiously to every coming day. Usually I tried to guess the weather by the way the sun would set and the clouds would be disposed, and sometimes my guesses would be amiss. Yet the peasant women of our house generally guessed aright by watching what cow would walk in foremost as the herd would be driven home of an evening: if a red cow would be walking in front of the others, a fine day was to be expected; did a dark cow take the lead, the next day would hardly turn out to be a clear one. As there are no popular signs without some reasonable foundation, so it must be supposed that this one is also backed up by some hidden reason. It is possible that the impressionability, nervousness, and briskness of a cow's movements must be to some extent regulated by the cow's color, which, in countries with perfected methods of cattle-breeding, is always adapted to the climate and the general conditions of the soil. Thus in travelling over Holland one does not see in that damp, foggy climate any other than black-and-white cows.

I was living with my wife in a roomy house, where at first we were somewhat annoyed by vermin, but with the aid of Persian camomile powder we soon got rid of the nuisance; as to the other unavoidable fellow-lodgers in a village house, the water-bugs, we got used to them: they don't sting any one. Concerning the rest, we got on quite well and comfortably, and the daughter of one of the mistresses of the house waited on us with so much zeal and such thorough attention that it would indeed be rare to find anything that would come up to it in towns nowadays.

Provisions had to be brought over from the town of Rostov, but fish we could get on the place. In our river Ishnia eel-pouts were caught as well as crucians and crawfish; the last tumbled of themselves in the weels set for them, or into ordinary baskets, while the eel-pouts, when not caught in the same manner, were hit with harpoons, or else simply caught by hand. "The principal thing to do is to take good hold of the eel-pout's head," our laborer, Alexander, who was also our principal fisherman, used to say in answer to my inquiries as to how does he succeed in catching such a lively fish with his hands. Yet still it was not clear to me how I was to "take good hold of the eel-pout's head"; to me it looked very much like the proverbial catching of a bird by "putting salt on its tail."

The fish and crawfish were delicious, and not at all dear; thus, for instance, for twenty kopecks we used to get several eel-pouts, one of which would bring the scales down

* There are no fences about fields in Russia.

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at two or three pounds, say; large crawfish could be had at two kopecks apiece. As to the milk, we could not have fared any better; we used it in all kinds of preparations, a bowl of it, holding a couple of quarts, costing but five kopecks. Communication with town was somewhat troublesome, since there was but one cabman in the place, and though he lived next door to us, he liked to make difficulties, so that we generally had to send a boy for a cabman to town, and that was very agreeable to the youngster, who for some ten kopecks went on his errand running and jumping.

Our house was one of the few that escaped burning at the time of the conflagration, and most likely it was saved by the shady willows that grow all around it. This was one of many occasions on which the usefulness of trees was demonstrated, yet still the peasants are very unwilling to bother themselves about trees; even if they plant them, they won't water and look after them, and so the trees perish.

The fire occurred at night, and, as usual, from a trifling cause. A tipsy peasant, lighting his pipe, set fire to his house and the whole village. Probably that peasant felt his guilt very keenly; at least he disappeared from the village right after the fire, went to earn his living elsewhere, and was not seen for a whole year, although he still sends occasional remittances in support of his wife and children. It is interesting to note that on that very day this same peasant, in common with others, helped to put out a fire in a neighboring village. Together with the rest, he got drunk there on the wine to which they were treated in gratitude for their assistance; and having saved their neighbors', this peasant came home and set fire to his own village.

As stated already, there was another conflagration in this same village some fifteen years previous to that; and at that time the peasants lost still more than they did lately. Every summer and fall "the red cock" (as they call a conflagration) sweeps along unrestrainedly all over the northern part of Russia, and so used is the peasant to this fact that, noticing the smoke or reflection of a fire in the distance, he only scratches himself and says, "There, now! the fires have set in already."

As I have mentioned, right behind the village passes the railroad, and the wedding of the railroad watchman, which took place this summer, was an event indeed for the whole village. And what gossip was set on foot by the occurrence! At first all were in a flurry because the wedding was intended to take place in the Church of St. John; then the priest of the bride's parish set everybody talking because he refused to comply with certain formalities, so as not to let such a good thing slip out of his hands; and after all, the young people had to be married at that priest's church. Again there was something else that set tongues a-wagging. The bridegroom, a brave workman receiving twenty rubles a month salary, had a defect in one eye, whose lids presented such an unattractive appearance that the young man constantly wore dark goggles. It turned out that the bride happened to thoroughly find out that defect in her spouse only on the day following their marriage, and had the foolishness to complain of it to her girl companions. How people laughed then at the bride's tardy fastidiousness! There was not a house in which her mortification was not laughed at and talked over threadbare. Our granny, for instance, in shelling peas once launched such a cutting and funny joke concerning the squeamish bride that we could not restrain ourselves from laughter.

Not far from the railroad passed the causeway, which swerves here toward Perejaslav-Zalieski—a place not reached by the railroad. It is a pity that the birches bordering the causeway are so neglected. No one ever thinks of replacing a dead tree, so that empty places run sometimes from six to twelve hundred feet along the roadway. Large numbers of people of all descriptions pass along this causeway; a good many of them are pilgrims of both sexes, who take this road going north and returning as they proceed to the Solovetskoi monastery. It is at this point also that people turn off to the side when going to visit the holy places of Rostov.

I myself loved the causeway chiefly because under the birches here I used to gather mushrooms, my wife making a delicious soup of them. There were not many mushrooms to be found this summer, since the ground in all the neighboring small woods was thoroughly submerged. Berries were not very plentiful either.

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Provisions were not high with us, nor were they as low as in other country places. For instance, we had to pay from thirty to forty kopecks for a fowl; beef was ten kopecks and fish four kopecks a pound. Of course prices would have been still lower were it not for the railroad, which swallows up all the place produces, and carries it off to such large centres of consumption as the neighboring city of Jaroslav and the somewhat more distant Moscow.

All work in the fields is carried on in common by the village Mir, and many are the disputes and even quarrels on such occasions. Mowing time comes on, say. On the eve of the day when the work is to begin, the bailiff makes the call, blowing his horn, and all the peasants assemble at his house in the evening. Here they hold a council, at which everything is talked over and settled: at what point to set out, where each man is to work, and all that kind of thing. Nevertheless, when morning sets in, there is again much discussion over the question as to where each one is to stand, and where to begin mowing. But once work is started, all becomes still, and it does one's heart good to see how not only men, but women and girls, swing their scythes. Once in a while one would notice some exceptionally smart mower, who, having distanced all his companions, would stand grinning and cracking jokes at the slowness of the laggards, or with some passer-by that had stopped to look at them.

There is no school in the village, and children used to go to school to a neighboring village; but that school has also been closed, so that there is now no place where children may be taught. There are a good many illiterate people among the grown-up folks, chiefly among women, and consequently there is much superstition; great is the faith in signs and charms. On one occasion, for instance, a swallow flew in at our entrance door, and began beating against the walls and the ceiling, trying to find an outlet; seeing this, our girls got in a flutter, so great was their certainty that some misfortune was impending. As to the patron saint of the Church of John the Baptist, the people hold him outright to be the father of thunder, and no sooner does a storm draw near than all turn to him with prayers to avert lightning, to cast off his wrath, and exert his good-will on the people's behalf. With the first peals of thunder our housewives hasten to light the image lamps before the "ikons," so as to pacify God and the interceding saints.

What tricks cannot be played on these people of ours! what are not the devices at hand to frighten them! Our landlady told us once herself how she and her daughter were scared by a passing gypsy. "She got at us and began to bother us as we were sitting before the house. 'I can do anything with you,' says she. 'I can make you either happy or unhappy. I can this very minute call down fire from heaven on you. I can make cold water boil at my bidding... Don't you believe me, now? Well, then, let me have a glass of water; I will show you,' says she. Well, we gave her a glass of water, and she began blowing at it and mumbling over it; then, we notice, she takes a pinch of something with her fingers out of her pocket and throws it into the water, and sure enough that very moment the water gets to boiling and boiling!... Now we have seen it with our own eyes, so we tell you the truth. The gypsy ordered that water thrown away; 'otherwise,' says she, 'it may set the house on fire.' Well, she asked then if I had not some dress to give her, and so I gave her an old 'sarafan' of mine, and Sasha here gave her a kerchief for the head. I gave her twenty kopecks besides. But, would you believe it? this would not satisfy her. 'Give me sixty kopecks more,' says she, 'otherwise dire misfortune will befall you.' I wellnigh lost my head then; did not know what to do with her, and so sent Sasha for granny, hoping the other would help us out. Granny came, and sure enough she straightway set out to drive off the gypsy. And how mad that gypsy got then! 'You will remember me,' says she. 'You would not give me a trifle now, yet there will come a time when you will be ready to give up much, but it will be too late then.'"

Even in telling us of that occurrence our worthy landlady was evidently still under the influence of the gypsy's threats, and was dreading revenge at her hands. But when we put some Sedlitz-powder in water in her presence, causing the water to effervesce, then only, and not before, she believed our assurance that the gypsy played a trick on her, and that no dire misfortune is to befall her for refusing the sixty kopecks.

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THE WORK OF JOHN RUSKIN.

ITS INFLUENCE UPON MODERN THOUGHT AND LIFE.

BY DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

IT must be confessed that the claims of criticism to practical utility are not established beyond a doubt. Every thoughtful person in running his eye over a list of books about books, of critical reviews and commentaries on the published works of remarkable men, which every day seem to grow in bulk, must at times have asked himself: "Is it not a mistake thus to block up the way between the reading public and the great books, and to occupy any portion of the small amount of time which the most studious can hardly find sufficient to devote to the reading of the great works themselves?" Even in cases where the abstruseness of the subject or the obscurity of style in the writer might make some commentary acceptable, it may fairly be questioned: whether it be not better for the reader to be forced to make the salutary effort at grasping the meaning of any author (in himself worth listening to) unaided by paraphrasing, in the process of which much of the original author may be lost, while much may be acquired from the transcriber, not always to be considered gain?

And as regards the critical review of the works of great men, in which an attempt is made at assigning to each work its position in the general series of similar efforts, of throwing light upon the origin and surrounding causes of its existence and its form, and finally of pointing out what is good and what is bad, what is ephemeral and what is lasting, what ought to be confirmed and prolonged in its existence or refuted and hastened to its descent into oblivion—in one word, the sifting of the literary wheat from the chaff—the utility of even this function of literary criticism may be questioned. For it may be held that *time* and the *general reading public* are the surest and fairest judges. The good and true have in themselves the power of vitality and persistency; while the negative character in the bad and the untrue is the weakness at the very heart of such work, and necessarily, from its own nature, leads to annihilation. And it is held that no one man in one given period of time can be an adequate substitute for the judgment of the reading public in the course of ages. However many instances may be adduced in support of this doubt, careful consideration will not confirm it in its absolute form. When we come to consider what is meant by "time" and the "general reading public," instances abound in which the verdict referred to them cannot be recognized as unquestionably just. Time is a very elastic term; and merit has been known to sleep unacknowledged for centuries, until at last it was brought into recognition by the trumpet of quickening truth and justice. We cannot help realizing that centuries are a very long time; and it must make us shudder in our conscience when we face the possibility that there are many works and men whose merits at the present lie thus unrecognized, and may be so forever. And when we inquire how the trumpet thus awakened them from sleep, we find that it was sounded by one man. The reading public does not represent a unity of spirit with initiative power; but it, for the most part, only receives recognizable consistency in its judgment through the leading or summarizing power of one critical writer. We must further realize that often it is one striking fault or one palpable and salient virtue which engrosses the attention of the readers who judge, the adherents who follow, and the opponents who combat the whole varied and multiform life work of some great man. This one feature is then substituted for the whole play of his intellectual physiognomy: for praise or for blame the isolation and consequent exaggeration of one side of a man's work, that may be accidental and not essential, counteract just appreciation, or at best retard it indefinitely. Finally, the workers themselves are not always able to indicate by due proportion and emphasis what in their life work is essential and what is accidental. When we carefully consider and weigh all that these questions suggest, we cannot help thinking that there is a call upon those who conscientiously feel themselves qualified for the task, to lead or to direct the judgment of the reading public, and to interfere with the course of fatalistic and indifferent time.

Still graver doubts may be felt as regards the propriety or advisability of dealing critically with the work of a living man. Here good taste and justice are en-

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dangered by the personal character which might be assumed by contemporary criticism; while, on the other hand, the claim of time might be still more strongly urged as a necessary agent in giving due proportion to merit and influence. Yet even here we feel that historical fatalism and intellectual *laissez faire* may retard the certainty of progress. It will, in every case, greatly depend upon the amount of obvious importance which such work actually has, before we determine whether it is desirable to fix and to confirm its existence by insisting upon what is good and by pointing out what is not. The price of immortality is contemporary criticism. If only criticism is not personal, but dispassionate and sincere, it can but lead to a strengthening and a support of good work.

This is the spirit in which the writer proposes to approach his subject, which (considering the general spread of a desire for artistic education, and the important position which in this respect Mr. Ruskin has held, holds, and will hold) appears worthy of critical treatment in the present day.

In dealing with John Ruskin at all, we must, from the very outset, be aware that we are dealing with a striking personality and with a great life work. To sum these up positively and shortly, we should say that the central feature of the greatness of the personality consists in the bold instance he presents of a man who has dared to *live* his thoughts. And if we should feel that there are inconsistencies in his life, these do not arise from the usual cause of such inconsistency, namely, the discrepancy or contradiction between practice and profession, between the actual course and the theory of life: when mystical, ascetic, and other-worldly preachers shine in the ballroom and speculate on the stock-exchange; when philosophers, historians, and scients, whose vision penetrates down to the principles of all things, soars over countless ages in the history of nations, and traces the links that bind things animate and inanimate together, crouch before an ephemeral prejudice or fashion of a petty locality; and when economists and social reformers pen the gospel of socialism over oysters and champagne. If Ruskin's life appears inconsistent, the contradictions are to be sought for in his thoughts and theories.

The positive aspect of his work, and the debt which England, and through it the civilized world, owes to him, might be summed up in the following survey:

The great change which appears to have been effected in the history of contemporary civilization in England during the generation preceding our own is to be found mainly in the diffusion of culture, or at least of a desire and need for it, among the mass of the middle and lower classes, owing to changes in the conditions of these classes, physical, political, and social, which in their previous state maintained the aristocratic constitution of British society. Culture, in its refined form, was in England the possession of one section of the nobility and of the higher professional and literary classes; and its possession was here more exclusively confined to this limited group than in any other of the occidental countries of Europe. The other sections of the community, as well as those members of the nobility and gentry in the country who were addicted chiefly to field sports, or whose means did not permit of the acquisition of a library and of frequent visits to the metropolis, as well as the bulk of the merchant class and the tradesmen, whose type Dickens has fixed (not to mention the laboring classes), only possessed for the satisfaction and sustenance of their spiritual and intellectual life of higher emotions the ministrations and usages of the Church. And the higher educational institutions, such as the universities, which in Germany, together with the national theatres, developed the secular side of moral life and supplemented the religious education from their completely emancipated position, were in England, if not quite an ancillary appendage to the Church, at least directly subject to her influence. While, on the one hand, this absorption on the part of the Church of the higher side of moral and artistic life, and the exclusive sway which she exercised for centuries, have retarded the domestication of these independent forms of civilization as such, she has, on the other hand, in her own modified form, nurtured these needs in the hearts of the people. We must, for instance, recognize that the Puritanic wave, which might have completely submerged and dissipated the current of popular music among, what I venture to consider, a naturally musical people, was to a certain degree arrested in its destructive advance by the opportuni-

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ties which the Church offered for the continuous study and progressive flow of English church music. Thus while popular and secular music have continuously degenerated, and have been repressed into the shallow regions of vulgarity and false sentiment to our present day of a promising revival, the compositions of English church music manifested an unbroken strong vitality, in which not even the tyrannical and exclusive reign of the giant Handel could quite extirpate a native characteristic force. At the same time, furthermore, under its protection, with all classes of Englishmen the appreciation for music (though narrow) has been fostered, and the ability to sing intelligently has been given to vast numbers in whom otherwise such an accomplishment would not have been expected. The same may apply to the interest in architecture, which appears to me to be more wide-spread in an intelligent form among all classes of Englishmen than in any other country. While it is thus undoubtedly the case that the Church in England has been, and is still for the greater part of its population, the only means of sustaining or reviving the higher needs of culture and of providing a flower-garden amid the endless monotony of fields for the production of bread-stuff and moors for grouse-shooting, the fact remains that, owing chiefly to her influence, the classes referred to have been and are still, in their intellectual education, in the variety and diversity of their moral resources, and in their appreciativeness of the products of literature, science, and art, far below the *bourgeoisie* of Germany. Within the last decades a marked change has taken place in this respect. The middle classes in the country and in the towns, and even large portions of the laboring classes, have in every direction manifested their desire for the acquisition of the higher fruits of culture, and have made heard their claim to share in the birthright which previously had been assigned but to the few. Nay, the strength of the movement has been so great, its impetus has been so powerful and rapid, that, as is so often the case, it may temporarily have overshot its proper mark, and landed in the district that lies beyond the boundaries of sincerity and moderation, the sphere of the grotesque and ridiculous. Yet we may venture upon the paradox that no movement is really progressing unless it can occasionally be laughed at, that no social or political innovation can be made unless the rapidity of its advance has been occasionally checked in a salutary degree by the powerful pages of that important teacher *Punch*. Amid the numerous causes which might be adduced for the consummation of this great change in English life the direct efforts of individual men must be noted, and among these I hold that no two have been as efficient in their work as Matthew Arnold and Ruskin. Of the nature of Mr. Ruskin's work in this direction, of its faults, and at the same time its peculiar effectiveness, I shall treat in the succeeding portions of this essay.

Another distinctive characteristic marking the life of the English people in the present day is the growing feeling of economical responsibility. It manifests itself in the extension of the laws of morality, which had hitherto, as it were, been only valid for and applicable to the domestic life, or the life of disinterested social intercourse, to the spheres of economical life. And this movement has penetrated into the body of economical theory itself, and has made those views of writers on this subject, who, but a short time ago, put economy and ethics as absolutely distinct, if not opposed, spheres, appear completely antiquated. But though the inner development of economical study and the reaction against the Manchester school may have contributed to this salutary change in economical doctrine, the change is not entirely the outcome of theoretical study, but has mainly been caused by the final introduction into theory of what practically has been a constant growth in the moral organization of social life in England. Here again the causes for this change have been numerous and varied, but the efforts of individuals can be discerned; and among them we may (in spite of some of his economical theories) point to the spirit in the work of Mill himself, to the influence of Kingsley and Maurice, to the works of George Eliot, and to the main spirit of the preaching of Ruskin.

As he has been a contributor to the general advance in the intellectual and social life of England, he has, to a still higher degree, been an active factor in producing a change in the more special sphere of art. It is here that he of all men has been the most prominent in bring-

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ing about a diffusion of the taste for art among the classes previously referred to, and that he has greatly elevated the standing of the art profession itself. On the one hand we must consider (judging from past personal experience, or present inference based upon the study of the picture the literary records give us, and the extant traces and survivals) the dryness and joylessness of the domestic life among the greater number of the English people fifty years ago, the vulgarity of taste, the meanness or tawdriness of domestic architecture and decoration, the wanton ravages and destruction of the great monuments of man's life and artistic efforts in past ages. On the other hand we must become aware of the fact that now, at least, the desire for artistic decoration (not always rightly guided), for the adornment of houses, for the preservation of artistic remains, has penetrated through all classes; that the homes of the merchant, the tradesman, the city clerk, and even the artisan, all make some pretence and manifest some desire toward the raising of their tastes, and the consequent embellishment of their surroundings; that even the athletic undergraduate haunts the curiosity shop; that not only the Academy exhibition in London but those of provincial towns form an important staple of conversation (not always judicious or even sincere) for so large a portion of the community. When we compare these facts we cannot help but realize the great change that has come over English life. And this, again, is in great part due to the efforts of John Ruskin, and of some other workers, like William Morris.

Ruskin has done much in raising the appreciation of art in general, more especially the art of painting, most in bringing into proper prominence the department of landscape-painting. This department was not appreciated sufficiently, and even now is not valued enough by the greater number of people as compared with third-rate works of historical and of *genre* painting.

It is difficult to estimate how much Ruskin has done directly for the artists themselves in the pursuit of their vocation. But there can be no doubt that he has powerfully impressed upon them the seriousness and responsibility of their life work, and has raised their enthusiasm; that he has done much to deepen and elevate the general tone prevailing among them, which often, among the followers of that high craft, tends toward social dissonance. He has waged relentless warfare against the fetich of false genius erected on the central height of the international country of Bohemia. He has opposed the fatal superstition that the positive power of artistic inventiveness was increased and intensified by an unsocial indulgence, by a life that differed in its appearance and in its laws of conduct from those that hold good for all members of a well-organized society possessed of dignity—the superstition which caused a second-rate painter to taunt the simple violin-maker Stradivarius with the comparison of their pursuits—in mouthing that

> "higher arts
> Subsist on freedom—eccentricity—
> Uncounted inspirations—influence
> That comes with drinking, gambling, talk turned wild,
> Then moody misery and lack of food—
> With every dithyrambic fine excess:
> These make at last a storm which flashes out
> In lightning revelations. Steady work
> Turns genius to a loom; the soul must lie
> Like grapes beneath the sun till ripeness comes
> And mellow vintage."

He has thus contributed his share in giving to the painter of England the somewhat exceptional social position which he holds, owing to the general estimate the public has of his profession, which makes him a highly respected member of the community.

A further great merit of Ruskin, and one for which the world cannot be sufficiently grateful to him, is found in the fact that he has opened out to many, who would otherwise not have been possessed of it, the appreciation of Turner. It may perhaps be wrong to suppose that the merits of Turner were unrecognized when Ruskin wrote his brilliant defence of him. That this could not have been entirely the case is perhaps borne out by the simple fact of the material success he had as a painter, coupled with the exceptionally early age at which he was admitted into the body of the Royal Academicians, and the two hundred and forty paintings he exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy. Still the fact remains that the newness and boldness of the departure in landscape-painting did not, and does not always even now, make him easily accessible to the greater number of people whose standards of taste are based upon and developed by the canons of art con-

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tained in the landscapes of previous masters, and who are not in the habit of carefully and lovingly observing nature in her broad features and in her varied changes. Yet, I hold that no man, not even he who is by nature and circumstance prepared to appreciate works of art, and in the habit of so doing, can approach the works of Turner after he has read Ruskin without having his perceptive sense quickened, so that new beauties and truths are manifest to him that were before hidden. And this faculty of appreciating Turner, which becomes a lesson in the more careful observation of all landscape-painting—nay, all pictures and works of art—has been strengthened and widened by Ruskin in the guidance which he gives for a revived and intensified observation of nature herself in a new spirit and with a new method.

It is here that I believe Ruskin's greatest achievement is to be found, and one with which his name will ever have to be associated. He has endowed man with a new habit of mind, and has laid the foundation for a new class of observation, which I believe to be midway between science and art, or rather overlapping into both. I shall call this new intellectual discipline Phænomenology of Nature. It is the summing up of a scale of effort beginning with Byron, passing through Shelley and Wordsworth, and leading to Ruskin, strongly modified and directed, on the one hand, by the predominant wave of observation in modern natural science, and, on the other hand, by the development of landscape-painting, especially since Turner. I do not mean that in Ruskin the ultimate consummation of this method of observing nature has been reached; on the contrary, I consider his merit to consist in the founding of it. But I believe that the promises it gives, if pursued in the course he has indicated, while perhaps it may never be accompanied by the power and beauty of his eloquence of exposition, has not been fully realized by those who have considered it purely from the point of view of art or purely of science.

This power of eloquence and expression brings us to the last point in which the undoubted virtue of Ruskin will always call for the gratitude of the English-speaking nations. He appears to me the greatest of English prose poets. And if his writing be criticised as prose for its being too much like poetry, and as poetry for evading its definite forms in being clad in the apparel of prose, this merely means, as has ever been the case, that our criteria of what is admissible or praiseworthy are too narrow or not sufficiently numerous, that new tests will have to be applied to new things, and that those whose tastes have been formed exclusively on old standards will have to enlarge their sympathies and to adapt themselves to the new objects they would appreciate or judge.

These are to my mind the main positive deeds and works for which the world is indebted to Ruskin, and, as such, they have the power of prevailing, and it is to be hoped will be justly recognized. I have here singled out what I consider to be the main features of the good he has done, and I have not attempted to weigh accurately the influence which his work has had and may have upon contemporary life and thought. To do this at all adequately requires a fuller critical examination, which, from its difficulty, must call forth the diffidence of him who undertakes it. There is hardly a figure in the history of contemporary thought in England the intellectual and social influence of which it is so difficult to gauge as that of John Ruskin. This difficulty is owing to the complex nature of his work and of his personality. With the latter we are only concerned in so far as it throws light upon the work, as the knowledge of it is merely derived indirectly from the character of his work, or more directly in what he himself has permitted us to see in his published confessions, and in so far as through his work or in connection with it it influenced men.

The difficulty of forming a just estimate of the influence of this important figure from the complexity of his work is to be found, first, in the variety of subjects with which he has dealt, ranging over most of the important spheres that actuate human life; secondly, in the fact that, within this width of range, the marked distinction which generally serves to classify intellectual workers into two broad groups, namely, the practical and theoretical, does not hold good in his case. For his activity lays claim to both spheres. And the complication is increased by the fact that, when he himself claims to be theoretical or scientific (and in the superficial appearance of it is so),

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there is an actual predominance of the practical or ethical aim, not only as the immediate motive and ultimate goal of his endeavor, but constantly interfilleted and interwoven with the theoretical tissue, and often interfering with and confusing its consistency, and diminishing or destroying its unity of structure and effective service. On the other hand, the manifestly practical works often suffer from an apparent and obtrusive predominance of preconceived general maxims, resting upon foundations the materials for which seem to be drawn out of the domain of pure theory, and thus have not upon them the impress of the sympathetic observation of practical life. In addition to these broader recognizable causes of complexity, there are, in each separate department and individual instance of his work, similar intricacies and often confusions in the detailed elaboration of tasks and problems, which at times make any attempt at a just appreciation of the work (not to speak of an estimate of its influence) appear almost hopeless. There is much that is good absolutely; still more that is good when severed from its general context; more still that is admirable when considered as an individual flash of inspiration or thought or description; and much that is bad merely because of the false position in which it is put; even some things that are bad absolutely. And, throughout, the student or sympathetic reader (and the two ought to be synonymous) feels that he ought constantly to shift his position and alter his focus in viewing and considering the connected portions of any given work, looking upon a part as a piece of sober criticism and philosophy, while the apparent next link in the chain ought, if real justice were done it, to be considered a painting transcribed into words, or a poem, or a portion of a sermon, or a fairy tale. And one must feel that true justice would only be done to the works of Ruskin if, with infinite labor, some sympathetic and congenial spirit, possessed of much sobriety and system, were to rearrange the whole of the works, and to distribute passages taken from them all under new heads, with a simple, intelligible, and orderly classification.

In attempting to estimate Ruskin's influence we must needs be critical of his work. Nor do I in any way propose, even if I were fitted for it, to attempt the task of reorganization suggested above. But for our purpose it is necessary to view the man and his work under several heads.

First, then, I shall consider Ruskin as a writer on art; second, as the founder of the phænomenology of nature; third, as a writer and prose poet; fourth, as a writer on social, political, and economical questions; and finally, I shall endeavor to give a summary of the influence of his work and of the example of his life as he has made them manifest to the public.

I.—*Ruskin as a Writer on Art.*—Before we begin to consider Ruskin's general theory of art, I must point to two accidental impediments which would increase the difficulty of his constructing a sound theory of art. The one is to be found in the accepted common meaning or denotation of the term art in England; the other, in the accidental origin and restricted purpose of Ruskin's first general book on art, perhaps his greatest work, namely, *Modern Painters.*

Many people in England when they speak of art merely have in their minds paintings and painters, many include sculpture, many architecture; but few go beyond this. It is perhaps due to the concrete and inductive spirit of the English people, which has also manifested itself, I believe harmfully, in the restricted use of the term science in ordinary parlance, commonly used as synonymous and coextensive with natural science, including, perhaps, the so-called exact sciences. That art includes not only the formative arts, such as painting, sculpture, and architecture, but also all forms of music and poetry, down to the very novel—in fact all man's work so far as it is directly meant to produce æsthetic pleasure—is not present to the minds of most people when they use the term. At all events, the predominance which is given to painting in any consideration of art is very marked, and this general use of the term, which has not been effectively altered by those who have written on the theory of art, has limited and narrowed and often distorted the range of vision of critics, and has vitiated the soundness of general theory at the very first approach to the main problems.

The accidental fact that Ruskin's general and most fundamental work on art dealt predominantly, not only with painting, but chiefly with one side of painting, and that it had a fixed immediate apolo-

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getic aim of vindicating the right, not only of modern painters in general as opposed to their classic predecessors, but of one great modern painter in especial, Turner, has, I believe, hampered him in his general views on art ever after, even if, by disposition and training, he had been more fitted to solve with the sublime sobriety of well-balanced, systematic thought the great problems of æsthetics.

The first fact which he who would attempt to elaborate a systematic theory of art must constantly bear in mind is that he is dealing with the theory of art, and not with art itself; that he is aiming at the complete and systematic apprehension of facts which are to satisfy the need and craving for truth, and not with the creation of that which is to produce æsthetic pleasure and satisfy man's need for beauty. The confusion of the spirit in which we are to approach the theory of a pursuit with the spirit of the pursuit itself is most easily made and most fatal in its results. In other words, the temptation is always great on the part of the art theorist or critic (and the expectant attitude of the public with regard to his work increases this danger) to cast aside the measured sobriety of analysis required for criticism and the establishment of theory the moment the subject with which he is dealing happens to partake of the emotional nature of artistic creation. It must be confessed that the attitude of mind of a writer on the theory and criticism of art is no more that of a painter, poet, or musician than that of a historian carefully sifting his facts from all available records is that of a general fighting a battle, or than that of a zoologist studying the nature and development of animal form is that of a breeder of cattle. Yet the main attitude of mind actuating the writer on the theory of art is to be the same as that of the sound historian or biologist, however different the objects with which they deal may be among each other, and he must equally guard—nay, from the nature of his subject, must be more on his guard — against the easy insinuation of alien interests and tempting forms of inaccurate diction. He must study carefully and minutely the nature of man's æsthetic feelings and the causes which produce them, and must consider with equal thoroughness the common features of man's works whose chief purpose it is to appeal to these feelings. He may have to ask himself whether there are any universally accepted and intelligible causes for these feelings, whether art and the beautiful are not purely a matter of more or less individual taste or opinion, whether æsthetics is not purely what Plato called δόξα, or whether there is any universally admitted ground for it, making it what Plato would call ἐπιστήμη. Then, having ascertained that art does not rest upon mere individual taste and opinion, but is grounded upon the fundamental constitution of man's senses and emotion and intellect in their normal and sane development, he must set to work, by a very wide but none the less careful and exhaustive analysis, induction, and even experiment, to examine man's nature and his work in their relation to harmony, beauty, or art; and he must, above all, always hold before his eyes the supreme aim, upon which all his powers ought to be jealously concentrated, of arriving at the truth, and nothing but the truth, independent of all other or further considerations. This will in itself be a high moral act pleasing to God.

Now it is in this necessary, fundamental, and leading attitude of mind that Ruskin fails, from the very outset, in dealing with the theory of art; and the radiation from this false centre of vision has put out of focus many of the points with which he deals in detail.

According to him all art is revelation and all art is praise. This at once gives a religious bias to scientific investigation. I call it bias, because considerations that might be introduced ultimately, when the main facts have been established, are here prematurely presented, thus fatally retarding and distorting the just apprehension of the facts themselves. From a purely religious point of view all actions may be and ought to be viewed in their relation to eternity, to the wholeness of the universe, and to God; and it may be right, for some habitually, and for others occasionally, to dwell upon and to ponder over this higher interrelation of things and acts. But this is none the truer of art than it is of science or politics, or even of the acquisition of wealth. Yet our progress would surely be retarded if we distracted our attention from the individual thing we were doing, and directed it toward the ethical, metaphysical, or theological considerations of its possible ulti-

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mate bearings. The task, in itself arduous, of the scientific apprehension of relations that subsist, or that may exist, between a complicated variety of things, is, to say the least, not furthered by the introduction of that which is still remoter, more incomprehensible, and incapable of demonstrable test. And we must, above all, be ever mindful of the fact that the insinuating obtrusiveness of the *personal equation* is more likely to assert itself successfully in these remote and ultimate regions of thought than in the nearer and more familiar fields of pure scientific inquiry. The solution of the main problems of art is as little advanced by the introduction of theological considerations as the cause of biology or chemistry would be furthered by it. George Eliot's violin-maker, in the pride of his humble craft, was fully conscious of the godliness of his good work when he said:

"My work is mine,
And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked
I should rob God—since He is fullest good—
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
I say, not God himself can make man's best
Without best men to help Him. I am one best
Here in Cremona, using sunlight well
To fashion finest maple till it serves
More cunningly than throats for harmony.
'Tis rare delight: I would not change my skill
To be the Emperor with bungling hands,
And lose my work, which comes as natural
As self at waking."

But, on the other hand, he knew that whatever his hand found to do he was to do it with his might, and not to dissipate his strength by looking for praise or revelation; and as the aim of his art was to make the best violins from the point of view of violin-making, or, at most, violin-playing, the praise was contained in the good violins as violins, and not in any way as indirect and obscure sermons or songs.

"And as my stomach, so my eye and hand,
And inward sense that works along with both,
Have hunger that can never feed on coin.
Who draws a line and satisfies his soul,
Making it crooked where it should be straight?
An idiot with an oyster shell may draw
His lines along the sand all wavering,
Fixing no point or pathway to a point;
An idiot one remove may choose his line,
Straggle and be content; but God be praised
Antonio Stradivari has an eye
That winces at false work and loves the true,
With hand and arm that play upon the tool
As willingly as any singing bird
Sets him to sing his morning roundelay,
Because he likes to sing and likes the song."

I therefore say that Ruskin prematurely introduces religious and ethical considerations, and in dealing with the theory of art he does not direct all his concentrated forces toward the answering of the question "what is true," but "what is holy," or "good," or "good for," or "better," or "worse."

The results of this make themselves felt from the very outset. He will not go dispassionately to the foundation of human feelings and the earliest and simplest sensations of man, not only in his highest state of civilization, but in his crudest stage of intellectual development. He appears to dwell with reluctance upon the nature of sensation, and he dislikes the very term itself, substituting *theoria* for *aisthesis*. For him the early sensations are not the simple fundamental factors with which the theorist has to deal dispassionately; but they are viewed in the light of the moral teacher to whom they are the lower as compared with the higher thoughts and feelings, which latter often really are mystical and fanciful rhapsodies. His fundamental and introductory chapters on the theory of art, in Part III. of the second volume of *Modern Painters*, are either rhetorical (often very beautiful) preachings, or attempts at defining "the distinctions of *dignity* among pleasures of sense." The really fundamental questions concerning the nature of our sense-perceptions in their relation to our feelings of form and beauty he slurs over hastily in a few pages, and then takes up his favorite strain in dealing with "the *temper* by which right taste is formed," rather than with the real question, what right taste is or ought to be. It surely brings us no further to say that "we may indeed perceive, as far as we are acquainted with the nature of God, that we have been so constructed as in a healthy state of mind to derive pleasure from whatever things are illustrative of that nature." If he could undertake soberly and adequately to define the nature of God, we might then test the healthy state of man's mind by it. But this he does not do. In the same chapter (Book II., cap. iii.) he brings the problem to a point: "Hence there arise two questions, according to the sense in which the word right is taken—the first, in what way an impression of sense may be deceptive, and therefore a conclusion respecting it untrue; and the second,

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in what way an impression of sense, or the preference of one, may be a subject of will, and therefore of moral duty or delinquency." To the first of these (a really fundamental one) he devotes a short paragraph, referring us to "the common consent of man" (which man, or men, or race, or age?). But the second question admits of preaching, and he dwells upon it with fervent eloquence.

This religious bias manifests itself furthermore in the mystical tendency apparent in his headings and subdivisions. Take, for instance, his types of beauty: "Infinity, or the Type of Divine Incomprehensibility; Unity, the Type of Divine Comprehensiveness; Repose, the Type of Divine Permanence; Symmetry, the Type of Divine Justice; Purity, the type of Divine Energy" (why not Divine Purity?); "Moderation, the Type of Government by Law." This mystical admixture vitiates the character of his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, in which much is said of real value, while in the "Lamp of Sacrifice," forming the first chapter, it leads him to the most absurd jugglery, from the artistic and historical point of view. Nay, we cannot help feeling that, even from a theological point of view, his formalistic mysticism has often led him away from the moderation of good taste into serio-comic niceties which remind us of one of the class of injudicious preachers who thought he had found a good example of gratitude in the brute creation when he referred to the duck that looks up to thank its Maker when drinking water, whereas this involuntary movement depends entirely upon the formation of its throat. But it makes itself felt in its disturbing influence even in his definite estimate of technical aspects of landscape-painting, as, for instance, the importance he attaches to luminous backgrounds of pictures as suggestive or expressive of infinity. This leads him to say (*Modern Painters*, II., cap. v.) that he knows "not any truly great painter of any time who manifests not the most intense pleasure in the luminous space of his backgrounds, or who ever sacrifices this pleasure where the nature of his subject admits of its attainment, as, on the other hand, I know not that the habitual use of dark backgrounds can be shown as having ever been consistent with pure and high feeling, and, except in the case of Rembrandt (and then under peculiar circumstances only), with any high power of intellect."

It is owing to this theory of art as a revelation that I believe Ruskin has formulated his own theory with regard to the relation between art and nature; though, perhaps, the zeal with which he defended Turner against the charge of violating in his paintings truth to nature, which gave a stimulus to his first effort in his art writings, may have had some influence in thus fixing his views. To Ruskin the function of art is to be the intermediator between man and nature, or rather is to reveal to man the divine spirit in nature. The great artist is he who can thus perceive most fully this divine spirit which pervades the world, and who has the power of reproducing adequately the revelation thus made to him, and of enabling other denser souls to be pervaded with, and illumined by, this heaven-born light.

It is exceedingly difficult to ascertain exactly what is Ruskin's theory of the relation of art to nature. It would be easy to show that he holds different views at different times, continually contradicting one another. But I believe it would be fairest to him and to his work to put in simple terms what I consider his principal view, and the one most in keeping with the best he has said on other topics.

To him nature is pervaded with the divine spirit, and there is no evil in her. He is distinctly teleological. There is, he believes, always a divine spirit in nature, provided only we do not interfere with her, and, as artists, have the power of discerning it. Now the true artist is he who can thus perceive the divine element in nature most fully, and his function is to enable others, by means of his work, to perceive this spirit, which otherwise they could not apprehend. The artist is most likely to fulfil this supreme function if he studies nature simply, earnestly, and truthfully, reproduces adequately what he thus sees, and does not cast the "dark shadow of himself and his personality over her," attempting "to improve upon nature."

Now, even granting his teleological premise that all nature is pervaded with this divine spirit, which is ever good and beautiful, and that the supreme task rests with the artist in discerning and reproducing it, we are then but at the beginning of the whole problem of art and its relation to nature. For the different artists, in

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search of this divine spirit, will see it in different parts and lights and aspects, according to their personal, moral, intellectual, or artistic characters; and even the same artist will see a different spirit in the same scene in his varying moods, or under the different aspects which he chooses to accentuate. A Titian, a Rembrandt, a Turner, a J. F. Millet, may all have believed, or claimed, to have seized the divine revelation in the nature they reproduced. But surely the spirit of the work lay in this personal element which they added or infused, the unity of soul which welded together into a necessary whole the infinite multiplicity of phenomena before them and the innumerable possibilities of scenes to be reproduced. What makes it art is this human organization of the facts of nature. Or may not this be considered the really *divine* element, breathed by God through man's best effort into inanimate or insentient nature?

Ruskin and many others have made the mistake of attempting to solve the fundamental principle of all art in dealing with painting or with any *imitative* art. Ruskin himself (*Modern Painters*, II., cap. i.) has once stated that architecture is not so pure an art as sculpture and painting, because of the alien considerations of construction and utility mixing with the "theoretic" or æsthetic side of art. On similar grounds I maintain that, for the discovery of the principles of all art, those arts which reproduce known forms of nature, such as sculpture and painting, and must thus appeal fully and powerfully to man's sense of truthful apprehension and comparison before they can act upon or satisfy his sense of form and harmony, are not so likely to yield satisfactory results as the more purely decorative arts and the early forms of music, and are not so clearly expressive of man's artistic instinct. But to this sober, and on the face of it humble, point of departure Ruskin's impetuous or impatient flights of inspiration and enthusiastic rhetoric will not descend. To ascertain the fundamental principle of art we proceed more safely the less the art is imitative, and appeals to truth as well as beauty, or to beauty through truth. I do not mean to say that art ends there; on the contrary, it rises and grows more complex, appealing to all the highest thoughts and aspirations as it mixes with truth and goodness. But for the discovery of its fundamental principles, the early traces of man's creative artistic efforts—nay, their origin in the constitution of the human senses—are the only safe field of investigation. It is only as these are studied dispassionately and thoroughly that we arrive at the true principles underlying our highest artistic experiences.

Ruskin is thus necessarily not quite clear in his conception of the distinction between art and science when he illustrates their difference in saying that "science informs us that the sun is ninety-five millions of miles distant from and one hundred and eleven times broader than the earth, that we and all the planets revolve round it, and that it revolves on its own axis in twenty-five days, fourteen hours, and four minutes. With all this art has nothing whatever to do. It has no care to know anything of this kind. But the things which it does care to know are these: that in the heavens God has set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." Art, according to him, does not only deal with truths of aspect, but its main function is to discover truths of essence, and hence it is much vaster in its field and scope, as the soul is larger than the material creation. This is fair neither to science nor to art. Science *is* chiefly concerned with the truths of essence, the inner constitution, causes of change, origin, future destiny of objects that lie below what can actually be perceived by the senses. Above all, the causes of existence and change are the true province of science. Art, on the other hand, does, above all, deal with the form and aspect of things; and there is a soul and spirit to be found in this æsthetic side of things, as it is to be found in their scientific, philosophical, ethical, and religious side.

This being Ruskin's conception of the relation between art and nature, we can quite understand how he sets as the supreme task of the artist the realization of truth; and though he widens out the term truth to comprehend much that would ordinarily be summarized under a different head, still he is enabled often to go to the very root of things, and to destroy many superstitions and fallacies that have pre-

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vailed in criticism, and that have misdirected practice. Still, the fact remains that the ultimate aim of science is truth, the ultimate aim of art is the production of æsthetic pleasures by means of what we must at present call harmony or beauty. This harmony, corresponding to a fundamental need and longing for design and order in the human mind, rooted in the nature and development of man's simplest sensations, and growing and flowering into his highest spiritual aspirations, man wishes to project into nature, and to realize in the confused web of the multitudinous disordered events in life that crowd in upon his attention. In his artistic efforts he is thus driven to select, rearrange, or compose things and facts in nature in accordance with the need of this essential quality of his own mind. But we can quite well understand how Ruskin is strongly opposed to this view of its being the function of art to select, or, as he would call it, to improve upon nature; and it is one of the leading features of his personality, no doubt influencing also his social and political views, that he has a sacred horror of the act of man's hand in defiling nature as she is. Still, as regards art, it would be nearer the truth to say that man's artistic efforts have their origin in his opposition to nature than in his following her, though both would be overstated. But should Ruskin's view of the position of truth in art hold good, however he may choose to define truth, the necessary and consistent consequence would lead him to minute and accurate photographic reproduction as the highest consummation of art, however much he would be the first to shrink from and condemn such a result. He would certainly be astonished to find that the same fundamental principles are adopted by Zola, and have served him as the theoretical justification of the aberrations in his work. Zola makes his author speak with a fervor and a largeness of vision and power of diction which do justice to that view. "No, no; they do not know; they ought to know.... I, every time that a professor tried to force truth upon me, felt the opposition of mistrust in thinking, 'He is mistaken, or is misleading me.' Their ideas exasperate me; it appears to me that truth is wider than all that.... Ah! how beautiful it would be to give one's whole existence to a work in which one would endeavor to put things and animals and man, the immense arc, not in the order of the philosophical manuals, according to the stupid hierarchy in which our pride cradles itself, but in the full flow of universal life, a world in which we should only be an accident, where the dog that passes, nay, down to the stone on the road-side, would supplement and explain our existence, in short, the great all, without high or low, without soiled or clean, just as it lives and has its function!... Surely to science the novelists and poets must turn; she is to-day the only possible source. Ah! but what are we to take from her, how walk beside her? I immediately feel that I flounder.... Ah! if I knew how, if I knew how, what a series of books I should fling at the head of the mob!" Yes. indeed, if one knew how to deal with truths. But here begins the whole task of art. And he makes his truth-loving painter say: "Ah! life, life! To feel her give herself in her reality, to love her for her own sake, eternal and ever changing, not to have the foolish idea of ennobling her in enfeebling her, to realize that the would-be uglinesses are only juttings forth of character, and to cause to live, and to make men, the only way of being a god!"

Be all this as it may, with regard to Ruskin's general theory and much of its application, the fact remains that in his chapters on truth he has succeeded in setting a new standard in many departments of what with a barbarous word we might call the typology of nature. He has shown for all times, for instance, that man and animals and costumes and buildings are not the only subjects which deserve careful observation and adequate rendering by the painter, but that the configuration of the soil, and the profile of mountains, and the different trees and shrubs and flowers, nay, leaves and twigs, have all a distinct character that has a claim upon our careful attention, and ought to be adequately rendered, and not caricatured, in a painting.

He justly calls our attention to the fact that we all turn in indignation from a painter who draws a horse, even in the background of his picture, so that we might mistake it for a man or a cow or a rock, while in many much-admired pictures by old masters trees and rocks have not only been robbed of their individuality, but endowed with a monstrous compound character made up of the unintelli-

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gible confusion of traits belonging to different bodies. We must feel that the more the observing power of the public grows in this direction, fostered by the higher standards of truth in the landscape-painters, or forcing them to raise their standard, the higher will the art of landscape-painting grow in this direction, not only with regard to correct drawing, but also with regard to the treatment of light and shade and color, freeing these from the restricting bondage of a uniform studio light.

The introduction of the elements which thus disturb the purely scientific spirit of his inquiry (all of which may be summed up in the phrase, the intrusion of the personal equation) has also diminished the value of Ruskin as a historian of art. In fact it is here that his range of sympathies is particularly narrow—narrowed by those views of personal predilection which he himself would suppose were directed by his general ruling passion for moral and religious principles. But even if we admit the justness of the introduction of these considerations into the sober work of a true historian, it remains possible and even probable that many false steps will be made in the application of these moral and religious tenets to the remote facts of past history (in themselves difficult to apprehend in truth and clearness); and it appears to me, for instance, to require a great deal of imaginative skill to summarize much of Venetian history and art under definite moral heads, even if the facts were clearer than they really are. I venture to believe that in his dealings with history, as well as with art, he has unconsciously, owing to these preconceived unscientific interests and motives, clipped and arranged and forced facts into a grouping for which these facts had not the remotest natural predisposition or elective affinity. This unhistoric and unscientific prejudice of mind, one of Bacon's *idols*, manifesting a desire to see facts in the order in which his personal moral consciousness would like them to have been, is often patent and naïvely manifest; as when, for instance, he says, in a passage on Venetian history in *Stones of Venice:* "I sincerely trust that the inquirer would be disappointed who should endeavor to trace any more immediate reasons for their adoption of the cause of Alexander III. against Barbarossa than the piety which was excited by the character of their suppliant, and the noble pride which provoked the insolence of the Emperor."

When a historical age, or an old master, or one of their works, or one side and feature of the age, master, and work, correspond to the leading feature of Ruskin's moral nature, then his sympathy grows deep and searching, and he is enabled to discover hidden beauties that were not evident before, and to shed a brilliant and glowing light over that which was wrapped in cold gloom. In other words, Ruskin must admire in order to be just in his treatment. His mind is thus diametrically opposed to the ideally scientific mind summarized epigrammatically by Spinoza in the words, *neque flere, neque ridere, neque admirari, neque contemnere — sed intelligere* — "neither to weep nor to laugh, neither to admire nor to despise, but to understand." And I cannot help believing that Ruskin's treatment of history, more especially of the history of art, as far as it has had influence, has retarded the progress of the really scientific investigation of the past, which in other countries, especially in Germany, has been fully established and developed, and has produced such rich harvest. Great as has been the share which England has had in the establishment of scientific method in the natural sciences, the historical sciences, with some notable exceptions of individual efforts, have traditionally been retarded in their growth by the intermixture of interests, literary, political, or ethical, foreign to and destructive of the supreme end of the acquisition of methodical knowledge. With regard to the study of the history of art, the result has been that those who have been inspired by Ruskin have thus spurned sober historical inquiry and scientific observation, while the really scientific inquirers in other departments of knowledge have not credited the subject with the capability of sober methodical treatment, and so, for instance, the introduction of these studies into the recognized homes of inquiry—viz., the universities—as topics of serious thought has been delayed.

Though, as we shall see, Ruskin in the main drift of his treatment of nature is not romantic, in his treatment of man and his works in the present and in the past he distinctly is. I think it important for the understanding of what follows that this term "romantic," used so

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loosely and frequently, should be more clearly defined.

The romantic spirit has ever arisen in times when people were discontented with the then existing state of affairs. It primarily manifests itself in its negative character, in the spurning of what is living and present, and in the attempt at blinding the eye to what is actual, and in so far ungainly. There is therefore always a touch of unreality about the romantic. This negative repulsion from the actual and present also gives essential color to its positive features, namely, in making whatever comes within its pale essentially different from what is habitually present in the living. The romanticist thus looks upon the past because it is past and not present, and upon the works of fancy because they are fanciful and not real; but both must have the power of carrying him away from the oppressive reality to that which is different from it.

Another essential attribute of the romantic spirit is the desiring attitude of mind. Though the romanticist looks for the past because it is past, and upon the fanciful because it is not real, he does not look upon them dispassionately, but longingly, with the futile desire, of which he is half conscious, to make them present and actual. And while, on the one hand, disporting himself in Rousseauesque nudity, or wrapping himself closely in the sable cloak of Werther, he robs the present and actual of its vitality by means of his morbidly powerful imagination, on the other hand, his desires have not diminished the remoteness of the past and of the realms of fantasy. Having shed over both the particular light natural to him personally in his fervent longings, and having destroyed his clearness of sight with regard to the present, and disturbed its just proportion, he has not gained in the power of penetrating into the past, which he has also robbed of its true consistency in emasculating his energy of dispassionate retrospection.

The romantic must not be confounded with the historical. I believe that it is not very long that we have emerged out of the romantic period, and that one of the main intellectual features of the age of which ours is the beginning will be the historical habit of mind. It has often been said that ours is a scientific age, chiefly marked by the habit of mind produced and encouraged by the careful inductive observation of the living things that surround us. Though this be true, it appears to me none the less true that our age is intellectually equally marked by the consideration of the past, and is historical as much as it is scientific and humanitarian. We also look to the past, perhaps more than any preceding age, yet distinctly not in the romantic spirit. There is no desire mixed up with this interest in the past, no attempt at fleeing to it, away from the present; for we have made the past ever present, a real and actual part of our mental possessions, in which we can take purely intellectual or emotionally sympathetic delight as much as in the living realities before us. More and more the feeling is spreading among all people that the knowledge of the past is a common heritage, and it is becoming an essential part of the consciousness of all thinking people, without which no mind will be considered completely developed and educated. To instance poetry, the nearest field where romanticism has disported itself, it appears to me that Robert Browning in his treatment of the past strongly marks the turning-point of this new historical attitude. To him the past with its life is a great mine, from which treasures may be brought to the surface of the present, adding to the intellectual and artistic wealth of our own days without diminishing the working capital of our moral and useful mental industry. And because he thus breaks through the gates of the past, unburdened by the melancholy weight of morbid desires, he can really penetrate to the depths, whence he returns with genuine jewels, and not with the potsherds and bits of glass and paste that lie this side the gate in the vague unreality of the misty land of romanticism. The less we are romantic, the less we are thus fearful of or opposed to the present, and misled by our desires in seeking for the recognition of the past, the more likely are we to do justice to history.

Now it appears to me that Ruskin is still strongly enslaved by romanticism, as well in his want of real sympathy with the present, with that which actually is, as in his incapacity to throw off his personal predilections when dealing with past ages or with ancient works of art. So, for instance, he seems to me incapable of appreciating, and wilfully closes his eyes to, the spirit of ancient Hellas. The

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moral and intellectual life of the Greeks does not appear to him to furnish that which he personally desires to find, and therefore he has not been able justly to appreciate their history nor to feel their art. And when, as in the *Queen of the Air*, he does deal with one of their religious works, he transforms, and I must say often caricatures, it into a lay-figure hung all over with mystical tinsel. The healthy brightness and cheerfulness of this artistic race have not increased his rich treasure-house with any of its resplendent jewels. Nay, it appears to me that it is partly owing to this want of historical sympathy that, in architecture, his powerful yet exclusive praise of the Gothic should at the same time have driven him to the abuse of the Hellenic elements in Renaissance building. The same feeling has led him to draw such arbitrarily hard and fast lines between, what he considers, periods of high development and periods of absolute decline in the life and arts of political communities, as it has also in part been effective in blinding him to the great beauties in the art of whole nations, such as the Dutch. It has led him, and with him many others, because they see the undoubted beauty in childlike simplicity (which the healthy mind can appreciate as well as the romanticist), to exaggerate and to hold up for odious comparison, distorting truthful relation, the merits of the early struggling efforts of incomplete art—incomplete not only in execution, but often (but for the suggestion of simplicity contained in the effort, and not in the work itself) even in loftiness of true artistic conception. And it is the romantic projection of his personal religious bias which makes him consider imperfection as such, which undoubtedly prevails in all things terrestrial, an artistic virtue, as he does in § 25, cap. vi., Vol. II., in *Stones of Venice*. We meet with much misguided judgment and superficial cant nowadays with regard to the qualities of more *savage* art, and the beauty in the imperfections of technique, and this turbid wave of taste has had a deleterious effect upon art production and manufacture. There may be some rude quality in the early stages of more "savage art," and we may admire these qualities, but in *so far as they are "savage,"* we must never forget they are imperfect. The early or archaic periods of art are full of interest and a certain kind of beauty; but considered from the highest artistic point of view they are certainly inferior to the most developed forms. However capable, for instance, we may be to appreciate the qualities of the work of an early Greek sculptor, such as Onatas, the highest spiritual expression of this current of human effort is still to be found in the works of Phidias, toward which the earlier endeavors tend. This is the case in the works of all branches and periods of art. And the fashion which has existed and is still current of paradoxically magnifying the merit of the quaint forms of less perfect art, at the cost of the works belonging to the advanced stages, is either due to insincere cant or a mistake in assigning the proper place and proportion to some individual virtue or cause of preference. Still more common appears to be the favor which imperfections of technique find. If certain pieces of Venetian glass-work are undoubtedly superior to the machine-work of the present day, it is not due to the "imperfection" of the work of the hand, nor to the obtrusion of man's labor in executing it, but because the lines are less hard, and the work of man really appears to produce finer linear effects and more beautiful refractions of light. But to reproduce actual faults of structure, which the benighted workers in past ages would gladly have improved upon if they had had the implements and known the processes, to vitiate the healthy life of architecture in new buildings by the wanton reproduction of pathological accidents of time in ancient edifices, constantly to dilute the "architectural" by a superficial infusion of the "pictorial"—as is so frequently done now—is a morbid state of taste in support of which the misguided public and artists can find many a passage in the writings of Ruskin. In dealing with the history of art, with the works of nations and periods and individuals, the golden rule for the general treatment of Ruskin's works applies more powerfully than ever—follow him when he admires, and fly from him when he disapproves.

II.—*Ruskin as the Founder of Phœnomenology of Nature.*—The term romantic is also applied to nature, and here it fundamentally has the same meaning as when applied to history. The romantic attitude of mind with regard to nature is again distinguished by the shunning of the reality that

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immediately surrounds man; and though in the case of nature it is not possible, as it is in the case of history and of the world of imagination, to modify or distort what bears its testimony in itself and is present to the senses, still this negative tendency of romanticism manifests itself in the *selection* which is made among the scenes of nature. And this romantic scenery is selected because it has something out of the common, something that differs from the actual surroundings of man in his daily life, and in so far leads him away from the reality which he dislikes or fails to appreciate. The gentle rolling pasture, the stretches beyond the trim flower-garden, reverberating with the busy life of the village close at hand, are not romantic, excepting, perhaps, by relative gradation, to the dweller in the metropolis; they are too familiar and actually living. But the distant lonely crag and ravine, with the uncommonness of their jagged outline, set in a scene of desolation, without any suggestion of actual human life, are, apart from the quality of sublimity which they may possess, and the undoubted specific charm of novelty which they may add to their intrinsic form, more likely to be considered romantic. This is because of their antithesis to the scenes that are associated with familiar life, and their admixture of unreality, owing to their unfamiliarity, and the absence of associations which tie the imagination of the present-weary romanticist in his flight away from what is before him.

There is, furthermore, the element of the desiring attitude of the mind in the romanticist's appreciation of nature. It here manifests itself in that he must needs project himself—that is, man—into the nature that he thus admires. As he did not give an unprejudiced ear to the voice of the past, so he does not permit nature to give the fulness of her story in purely her own language. There is a predominance of human associations, be it with regard to man's fate in the present or in the past, in this view of nature; and the romanticist is not able to receive completely and unalloyed all the impressions of form and color and concentrated life which give a distinct spiritual organization to natural scenery undisturbed by alien considerations.

Both these elements in the romanticist's selection of natural scenery have added to them the further factor that he admixes with his appreciation of nature those associations from the sphere of human interest that we have before defined as romantic, that he prefers those scenes and effects of nature which, in so far as they do suggest human associations, recall those that are not of the present, but belong to the desired and preferred section of the past. Then it is not the rock jutting over the sea that is admired in itself, but this only claims his attention as a firm foundation for the ruined castle in which proud and chivalrous knights and fair ladies dwelt; not the field, with its waving ears of corn and its hedge-rows with all the delicate colors and the world of graceful lines of the growth within it, belted by wood and dale, but the field upon which Roundheads and Cavaliers fought for the Parliament or King Charles; spring-tide is not dressed in its potent and rich transformation for its own inner beauty, but it is the season of love; autumn is at most likened to man's incipient decay; clouds only harbor under their swelling robes the shafts of lightning that bode destruction; and the atmosphere is bright, is clear or dismal, as it best suits the lonely horseman muffled in his cloak.

But in Ruskin we have indeed a revelation of nature in a new light; and this attitude of mind is distinctly modern, and in its main development has been chiefly English. Perhaps, as running parallel with Wordsworth, the American poets Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and, above all, Thoreau and Burroughs, with their intercourse with nature, and their love for and intimacy with the wealth of beautiful trees in which the New England and Middle States abound, may be quoted. But they, as well as Keats, Southey, and Tennyson, do not form the distinct landmarks which the four names here following indicate. The Greeks, though they were in no wise romantic—in fact were distinctly opposed to that frame of mind—were so thoroughly and pronouncedly human in their whole mental organization that they did not develop this form of appreciation. They constantly projected man—though actual, present man—into nature, and endowed her with life like their own, so vivid that they could always hold friendly communion with her. Further, she harbored the life of their gods, and their gods were

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thus familiarly present to them. But to study and admire her for her own inner beauty of form and color, as they studied and admired the human form for its own pure sake, was a stage of æsthetic development to which they did not attain. And in the whole range of literature down to our own days, so far as I am acquainted with it and as I have been able to recall its treatment of nature, there is no manifestation of the habitual and sustained effort of describing and dealing with nature for her own sake, independent of human associations. Spring and summer, valleys and mountains, meadows and flowers, rain and sunshine, are indeed dealt with; but in the dealing with them there is no manifestation of real observation of their form, nor is there a pure and concentrated interest in them for their own sake. If they are not themselves anthropomorphic, historical, or romantic, they are at most bucolic or idyllic in their treatment.

The beginnings of this new epoch are quite recent, and they are, as I believe, to be found in a writer who in his main features is considered the arch-romanticist, namely, Byron, in one of his works, "Childe Harold." Of course in this poem we have much description of scenery which would be classed under the head of romantic, and I only mean that in him we have the beginnings of a designed and concentrated desire of dwelling upon the scenes, making their own inner harmony the chief point of artistic interest. The next stage in this development I find in Shelley; and though in him the warmth of his humanitarian interest, which gives its stamp to his lyrical genius, always makes its strength felt, especially in the human imagery he uses in describing nature, still we feel the genuine touch of the true sympathetic observer, whether it be in the awful stillness of the mountain heights, or in the rush of the west wind driving the withered leaves, or even in the fantastic description of Alastor's mountain chasm. And the next marked step is made by Wordsworth, who trains the eye to watch and perceive even the petals of simple little flowers; though in him, again, there is a preponderance of the didactic habit. But the highest stage yet reached in this direction, a new departure, in fact, in the character of man's observation, is made by Ruskin. These four men appear to me to mark the advance. The claims of many have been considered, and have been rejected as either not falling under this head at all, or not marking distinct steps in this progression. I have carefully considered, for instance, the claims of Scott; but I have felt that his descriptions are either romantic, or, at least, that they are always marked by a subordination to some main human interest or event in the poem or story. And it is especially curious to note that I have not been able to include among their number any of the German, French, or Italian poets known to me. And though Goethe is less romantic in his description than Schiller or Uhland, his descriptive lyrics are more directly expressions of moods evoked by, or casting their light over, the objects described; while Lamartine and Victor Hugo strike me as romantic, idyllic, or didactic. The chief developers of this habit of mind are thus all English; and when the important position which England has held in the development of the art of landscape-painting in its highest form is taken into account, I may venture to give my individual experience in a case where it is difficult to collect data to a degree sufficient to warrant the formulating of a generalization with any pretence to scientific weight of evidence. Having directed my attention to the question, I have found in my travels that, whereas the non-English travellers I met would only comment upon more striking and uncommon scenes, and would generally be seeking for and dwelling upon historical associations or features of human or poetical or scientific interest, the English travellers corresponding to them would manifest a more penetrating interest in all classes of scenery, and a more habitual power of observing, and thus of appreciating, forms themselves. They seem to have in their memory a store of lines and colors and trees and plants and cloud forms and days of various qualities of light which enable them to differentiate more intelligently what is before their eyes. This may be due to the fact that the more educated classes of Englishmen have in great numbers been bred and lived in the country, where the occupation in the garden, and especially the familiar frequent accomplishment of water-color drawing, where the walks of the women and the field-sports of the men, have encouraged such observation. Furthermore, the fact that the English are a travelling

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nation must have contributed to this power; and finally, perhaps, also the importance which atmospheric changes have in a country where they are as frequent as they are expected, and are of importance to the leisure occupations of the dwellers in the country, may have directed their attention to these facts, and led to the formation of a habit and to the growth of a faculty which could be utilized in a purely artistic spirit without any further interest of personal comfort or use.

As the true landscape-painter has given us pleasure in the new harmonious soul he has infused into the nature he presents by his truthfully executed composition, and has added a new genus of pictorial art to sacred, mythical, historical, genre, and portrait painting, so Ruskin has insisted upon and developed a new form and habit of observation of nature which can make of us landscape-painters for the nonce, gaining all the delight which is inherent in great pictures themselves, without any of the painful effort necessary for the execution of these works by the brush or the pencil. He has thereby increased our capital of ennobling pleasures, opening out to us fields of delight in the things that are before us, without diminishing their inherent virtue or utility, and without thereby infringing upon the possible good which our neighbors may derive from them. I feel confident that whoever has read the works of Ruskin will thereafter approach nature with a new faculty of appreciation, will have his attention directed to what he before passed by with indifference, and will discover what before was hidden, and that even those who possessed this habit of mind before will have it intensified and enlarged by the guidance which he will have given them. And this will not be only with regard to the beauties of the Alps or the stormy sea, but they will be able to extract elevating pleasure out of each flower that blooms before their window in the summer, and even out of the graceful tracery-work of the bare branches of the tree, deadened by the cold winter, that stands in dreary loneliness at the back of their town house or in the city square. And whether it be bright or misty, whether it mean sunshine or rain, each cloud will become to them a fountain of unselfish joy, having before merely been the source of anxiety or anticipation.

"It is a strange thing," he says, "how little in general people know about the sky; it is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days or thereabouts a great, ugly, black, round cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and was left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from the other sources of interest or beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them, he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is it is not 'too bright, nor good, for human nature's daily food'; it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal or essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness or insipidity we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell one of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the

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horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the dry and the calm and the perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood—things which the angels work out for us daily and yet very eternally, which are never wanting and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given. These are what the artist of highest aim must study; it is these by the combination of which his ideal is to be created; these, of which so little notice is ordinarily taken by common observers that I fully believe, little as people in general are concerned with art, more of their ideas of sky are derived from pictures than from reality, and that if we could examine the conception formed in the minds of most educated persons when we talk of clouds, it would frequently be found composed of fragments of blue and white reminiscences of the old masters."—*Modern Painters*, Vol. I., sec. iii., cap. i.

Thus it is, despite the didactic strain introduced here and elsewhere, that Ruskin can make non-painting painters of every man and woman. In our leisure walks, as well as in proceeding from one task to another through fields, and, for that, even through streets (and he and others with him would devoutly wish that the hand of man would give more opportunity for this pleasure in the streets of towns), man can create for himself these pictures within his own mind. It is true, it can only give him pleasure—except so far as he will transmit this habit to those about him, and be a unit of what may be formed into a national characteristic—still it does not diminish the pleasure-giving capacity or use of what has thus caused him delight, nor does he thereby interfere with the pleasure and activity of his neighbor.

All this concerns the purely artistic attitude of mind with regard to nature. But original and fundamental as may have been Ruskin's work in this direction, it is still more so in the further outcome of this line of thought, in which, it appears to me, he has made the beginning for a quite new sphere of mental discipline—a sphere that lies, as I have before said, on the border line between art and science, overlapping into both. For want of a better term, I should call this Phænomenology of Nature. The main drift and character of this observation is perhaps artistic; yet it is also markedly cognitive and wittingly systematic, and thus within the range of science. It differs from science not only in that it has the essential attribute of producing æsthetic pleasure, but especially in that it is concerned, above all things, with the actual appearance and form of what presents itself to man's perceptive faculties as he uses them in ordinary life, unaided by the mechanical devices which are to strengthen them beyond their ordinary capacity, such as the microscope and telescope (and, for that, even instantaneous photography), and in not making his perception ancillary and subservient to the primarily scientific aims of discovering laws and controlling causality. It is thus not Nooumenology, but Phainomenology; and if it should advance to the establishment and recognition of "laws," these laws, or rather the generalization from individual experiences and the recognition of constancy within multiplicity and variety, will always be essentially concerned with the form and appearance as such, and not in any way primarily with the process of origin, growth, and development. Ruskin, as far as his work in this sphere is concerned, would consider the nature of the configuration of the earth's surface, the relation between the valley and the mountain and the plain and the shore, endeavoring to discover what is constant within its manifoldness with regard to its form and appearance as such, not as the geologist would, whose chief attention must be directed toward the apprehension of the causes which underlie changes. And wherever Ruskin has unwittingly deserted this chief vocation to which his genius has called him for the world's good, and has confused the clearness of his own new attitude of mind by the feeble interfilleting of that of the geologist and the man

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of science in general, he has tarnished his own pure metal, and has desecrated the shrine of true science, and he has created an artificial antithesis between his own view of things and that of the professed and conscientious man of science, which has lowered the sphere of each in the eyes of the followers of either. So also Ruskin can examine the form and color of rocks and stones, and can dwell upon their constancy, without in the least being a mineralogist, nor deserving censure when judged as such, in spite of his own deeds to deserve it; and so with regard to plants, animals, and man, without being a scientific botanist or biologist or an anthropologist.

And as regards the sky, he turns his and our observation to its phenomena, not as the physicist nor as the meteorologist would do, not to prognosticate fine or fair weather, or to record the causes of its changes, nor to rob the universe of the secret of its unseen fundamental laws of motion, not to deal with atoms and molecules; but to discover, if such there be, the laws of harmony and of continuousness in the changes of its form as such, and carefully to use in all this, if it be fitting to do so, the knowledge which science gives from its own deeply moral point of view.

I am not justified, from lack of sufficient observation on my own part, to estimate critically the exact degree in which in every instance Ruskin's observations in this respect are thorough and careful; and from the general tenor of much of his reasoning in other spheres, I cannot help fearing that he may at times have been carried away in his recording of general phenomena, for the perception of which he undoubtedly has such exceptionally favorable predisposition. But be this as it may, so much is clear to me, that he has pointed out to the observer a fertile field of inquiry of a new order and a new department of knowledge; and there is no reason why, in the future, those whose pursuits lie absolutely in the spheres of science, yet who thus have exceptional material opportunities for observation, such as geologists, biologists, and still more the workers of our meteorological stations, should not take up and follow out this class of observation in the main spirit of Ruskin. Take, for instance, his division of the clouds into their three regions of the sky, the upper region of the cirrus, the central region of the stratus, the lower region of the rain cloud, and his classification of their distinctive forms and colors, and their movement and change as he beautifully describes them in section iii. of the first volume of *Modern Painters*, which will fully exemplify what I here mean. His work in this department alone will secure for him a position in the company of the world's great benefactors which will have vitality to outlive and outlast all the shortcomings which block his way to the gates of unreserved approbation and acceptance; and the sooner we can dissipate the dross of his failings from the gold of his virtues, the sooner will the world realize its own gain. And it is thus even in this sphere of his greatest work that I must again point to a limitation, again consisting in the inopportune introduction of his religious and didactic bias, which darkens the lucidity of his observation, and often counteracts the good effects his teaching would otherwise have. I have before pointed to the good which every reader of Ruskin must derive from his works in having his eyes turned toward a fuller appreciation of nature. But I cannot help feeling the danger which his rapid and lawless incursions into the province of science may have in encouraging that great vice of the general public, namely, dilettanteism in the study of the phænomenology of nature. I cannot help feeling also that much good as may be done to children in producing in them the love and faculty of observing, and in reading to them selected passages from his works (among which I should carefully avoid all those that have the morbidly didactic tone in his books for children and girls), one must guard against the danger of blunting their faculty for and reverence of accurate truthfulness, in mixing up fancy with systematic truth, as is done, for instance, with regard to flowers in his *Proserpina*. An undisguised fairy tale on the one hand, and a botanical primer, or, still better, an intelligent and sympathetic companion in the garden and in country walks, on the other, would avoid the danger I apprehend. But with these reservations, which I have thought it right to make, this portion of his work remains of the greatest value, and its value is increased by the opportunities it has afforded him for the production of those works of literary power seen at its fullest height

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in his treatment of nature as a writer and prose poet.

III.—*Ruskin as a Writer and Prose Poet.*—It may be felt by superficial readers of his works that his power of diction and unsurpassed command over words and their musical quality has been used at the expense of his power of describing with accuracy. Yet it is one of the most astonishing and admirable qualities of his best passages that, with all their alliteration and the harmony of sound which pervades his ordered array, the description is most minute and accurate; and no better words, no words encircling and penetrating the meaning of things more fully and promptly, could have been chosen. We are inclined to approach such passages with the primary doubt that they are too good to be true, that they are too fine in form, too much adorned and bedecked, to serve the hard every-day use of adequate transmission of meaning. Yet if we compare any one thing we know familiarly with Ruskin's description of it, if we attempt beforehand to transcribe it into sober accurate words, devoid of form and rhythm, and then compare our own description with that of Ruskin, from the point of view of their respective adequacy of transmission of meaning, we shall find that Ruskin's description, in addition to the beauty of form, has also a more exhaustive enumeration of attributes, and a better selection of the features that give distinctive essence to the thing described. In the range of all his writings I can hardly think of a more illustrative passage than one, published quite recently in his *Præterita*, describing the Rhone:

"For all other rivers there is a surface, and an underneath, and a vaguely displeasing idea of the bottom. But the Rhone flows like one lambent jewel; its surface is nowhere, its ethereal self is everywhere, the iridescent rush and translucent strength of it, blue to the shore and radiant to the depth.

"Fifteen feet thick, of not flowing but flying water; not water, neither—melted glacier, rather, one should call it. The force of the ice is with it, and the wreathing of the clouds, the gladness of the sky, and the continuance of Time.

"Waves of clear sea are, indeed, lovely to watch, but they are always coming or gone, never in a taken shape to be seen for a second. But here was one mighty wave that was always itself, and every fluted swirl of it constant as the wreathing of a shell. No wasting away of the fallen foam, no pause for gathering of power, no hopeless ebb of discouraged recoil; but alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plunge, and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper, and while the sun was up, the ever-answering glow of unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet blue, gentian blue, peacock blue, river-of-paradise blue, glass of a painted window melted in the sun, and the witch of the Alps flinging the spun tresses of it forever from her snow.

"The innocent way, too, in which the river used to stop to look into every little corner. Great torrents always seem angry, and great rivers too often sullen; but there is no anger, no disdain, in the Rhone. It seemed as if the mountain stream was in mere bliss at recovering itself again out of the lake sleep, and raced because it rejoiced in racing, fain yet to return and stay. There were pieces of wave that danced all day as if Perdita were looking on to learn; there were little streams that skipped like lambs and leaped like chamois; there were pools that shook the sunshine all through them, and were rippled in layers of overlaid ripples, like crystal sand; there were currents that twisted the light into golden braids, and inlaid the threads with turquoise enamel; there were strips of stream that had certainly above the lake been mill-streams, and were looking busily for mills to turn again; there were shoots of stream that had once shot fearfully into the air, and now sprang up again laughing that they had only fallen a foot or two: and in the midst of all the gay glittering and eddied lingering, the noble bearing by of the midmost depth, so mighty, yet so terrorless and harmless, with its swallows skimming instead of petrels, and the dear old decrepit town as safe in the embracing sweep of it as if it were set in a brooch of sapphire."

Critics of the stereotyped order may doubt whether such lyrical prose is at all justifiable, or whether alliteration is not a blemish in prose writing. They may measure with their joiner's rod and weigh in their chemist's scale; but the fact remains that so far as written words have a justification, their sound and sequence have or ought to have a function in conveying adequately the meaning, as much as their immediate grammatical symbolism.

Lessing, in his fundamental, though somewhat narrow, work on criticism, *Laokoon*, in which he defines the province of the various arts, especially painting and poetry, has drawn attention to the chief distinctive means of expression of the various arts, which necessarily define and modify their different provinces. Painting and sculpture find expression by means of material form and color, literature and poetry by means of words. The

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pictorial and plastic arts are the arts of space-continuity, and thus differ essentially from the literary arts, which deal with time-succession, in which words are read and heard. Whereas the chief characteristic of pictorial art in its description is the harmony of things as they actually coexist at any given time, the chief element of description in words is succession, and this succession can only inadequately reproduce the complete impression of actual coexistence. Lessing thus maintains that, in conformity with this essential nature of word description, the best and most successful endeavors must correspond to it; and whereas sculpture and painting are not most adapted to the rendering of movement and action, and can only attain this by the most expressive and life-suggesting moments of repose, poetic description is not best adapted, on its side, to the conveyance of images the essence of which is the complete unity of their parts in the repose of each moment. When poetry does attempt to describe things in repose, it does it best by means of the manifestation of the unity of the body or scene, and the interrelation of their parts in movement and action. He is no doubt right when he considers the dramatic form of description most naturally adapted to literature; but he appears to me to overshoot the mark in too emphatically excluding the enumeration of the individual features of the object described, which can be done in a really literary and poetic manner. We must not forget that the habit of looking upon paintings has, in the course of ages, given a pictorial faculty to our mind as a whole, and that modern man, without an effort, can reconstruct into a new picture of the inner eye the detached portions of the image which are transmitted to him through the ear, provided there is added another sensuous vehicle, tending toward this solidification, and directly producing unity in his general mood, in the color of which the disjointed sound units will naturally be united. This accompanying sensuous element I should characterize in one word as the lyrical factor, whether in poetry or prose. It is this element which supplies the requisite insisted upon by Lessing in his "dramatic character of word description" when he points out that we are, for instance, more likely to receive an adequate impression of the appearance of a man if, as poetry can best do, the impression which his person and his actions make upon others is given, rather than the enumeration of his individual features, such as the color of his eyes, the shape of his nose, and the proportions of his figure. In this dramatic form of description the element of sympathy is called into play, which produces definite moods in us, and sensualizes and solidifies the vague units of sounds in time and succession into the actual consistency of an image. Now I hold that with regard to scenes in nature in especial this sympathetic chord of inner mood (*Stimmung*) is supplied by that element of sound in which the quality of the word and the expressive harmony of the context, together with general rhythm and structure directly, sensuously (like a musical accompaniment), create a sympathetic mood, which lasts through the succession of time in which the description is read or heard, and gives its bodily unity and tangibility to each word-unit that would otherwise die the moment its actual sound is ended. I think that one of the model instances of the poetic power in description of nature with all these elements combined is contained in the short yet powerful description of Moldavian scenery in the opening of Browning's "Flight of the Duchess." Ruskin in his best descriptions of nature does also use movement as the central energy of his descriptive motive. Clouds are not merely square or round or multiform, but they move, swing, sweep, or hang to and in their various shapes; their colors are growing or fading in intensity, or asserting some relation to one another; nay, even the shape of each rock and stone and leaf and twig is described in the varied motion of its lines. He also appeals to dramatic sympathy in recalling the analogies of human or animal life. But above all he has succeeded in breaking into Lessing's forbidden boundaries of enumeration, because his progressive account is fixed and chained into unity and harmony by this lyrical character of his prose. Take, for instance, his poetic rendering of Turner's *picture* of Babylon, and in this accurate enumeration we feel that there is a justifiable and adequate transliteration of the details of a scene.

"Ten miles away, down the Euphrates, where it gleams last along the plain, he gives us a drift of dark elongated vapor, melted beneath into a dim haze which embraces the

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hills on the horizon. It is exhausted with its own motion, and broken by the wind in its own body into numberless groups of billowy and tossing fragments, which, beaten by the weight of storm down to earth, are just lifting themselves again on wearied wings, and perishing in the effort. Above these, and far beyond them, the eye goes back to a broad sea of white illuminated mist, or rather cloud melted into rain, and absorbed again before that rain has fallen, but penetrated throughout, whether it be vapor or whether it be dew, with soft sunshine turning it as white as snow. Gradually, as it rises, the rainy fusion ceases; you cannot tell where the film of blue on the left begins—but it is deepening, deepening still—and the cloud, with its edge first invisible, then all but imaginary, then just felt when the eye is *not* fixed on it and lost when it is, at last rises keen from excessive distance, but soft and mantling in its body as a swan's bosom fretted by faint wind, heaving fitfully against the delicate deep blue, with white waves, whose forms are traced by the pale lines of opalescent shadow, shade only because the light is within it and not upon it, and which break with their own swiftness into a driven line of level spray, winnowed into threads by the wind, and flung before the following vapor like those swift shafts of arrowy water which a great cataract shoots into the air beside it, trying to find the earth. Beyond these, again, rises a colossal mountain of gray cumulus, through whose shadowed sides the sunbeams penetrate in dim, sloping, rain-like shafts, and over which they fall in a broad burst of streaming light, sinking to the earth, and showing through their own visible radiance the three successive ranges of hills which connect its desolate plain with space. Above, the edgy summit of the cumulus, broken into fragments, recedes into the sky, which is peopled in its serenity with quiet multitudes of the white, soft, silent cirrus, and under these again drift near the zenith disturbed and impatient shadows of a darker spirit, seeking rest and finding none." — *Modern Painters*, Vol. I., cap. iii., sec. 16.

No doubt the effectiveness of such a description depends to a great extent upon the movement which he puts into every part of his description; but besides that, the whole is transferred from lifeless enumeration to a vivid image before the eyes of the spectator, because of the assistance of that lyrical element in which the quality of the words, such as, "drift of dark elongated vapor," "billowy and tossing fragments," "film of blue," "keen from excessive distance," "swan's bosom fretted by faint wind," "broad burst of streaming light," "quiet multitudes of the white, soft, silent cirrus," gives sensuous consistency to the momentary sound-suggestion of a word. Further, the very succession of sounds themselves is used to evoke actual emotional sympathy in the hearer with unemotional nature; so that when after the rain the rainy fusion melts into blue, and he introduces the parenthetical phrases telling us of its "deepening, deepening still," this repetition causes the reader, by the effort of catching the same sound twice over, to experience an inner process corresponding to the gradual gradation in the tone and color which Turner gives at once in material presence. Furthermore, the general rise and fall and cadence of the rhythm help in the same way to express sensuously what the words themselves could only give in their inadequate disjointed manner; as when, in the sentence with regard to the background beginning, "Above these and far beyond them," the first two-thirds move upward in a stronger impetus, suggesting the varied restlessness in line and color of rain clouds, the movement is, as it were, turned downward again toward repose, and conciliated in the rhythm of the ending parts of the period beginning, "but penetrated throughout"; and this downward movement or lower notes that complete the whole of this description harmonize with the final image of the "darker spirit seeking rest and finding none." If one were further to analyze passages like this, one would find that in the structure of the whole, in the rise and fall of rhythm, and the composition of these continuous waves of sound, they correspond to and enforce the definite meaning and import of the thoughts and scenes conveyed.

Yet, in my opinion, in no passage has he succeeded so completely in giving artistic organization and life to the phenomena of nature as such, as in his description of the sky's history during one day, viewed from the Alps.

"Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak, when the night mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away; and down under their depths the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantis between the white paths of

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winding rivers, the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain. Wait a little longer and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up toward you along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above, in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below. Wait yet a little longer and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapors, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray net-work, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves together; and then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over his prey. And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapor swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go. And then as the sun sinks you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rays of capricious vapor, now gone, now gathered again, while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood. And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter, brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them. And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downward, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each its tribute of driven snow-like altar smoke up to heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them or above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of all this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men!"—*Modern Painters*, Vol. I., end of cap. iv.

Ruskin as a writer of English stands unrivalled, except perhaps by Shelley, for the completeness and wealth of his vocabulary (which we must marvel at still more when we are told by him in his *Præterita* that he always wrote easily, without any struggle), and for his feeling for the quality of words. It is to be regretted that he sometimes chooses to give paradoxical significance and restricted denotations of his own to ordinary words, especially in his more sober and theoretical expositions, as when, in chapter iii. of Vol. I., *Modern Painters*, he calls the words *mystery* and *inadequacy* elements of power, or uses the word *particular* where he means essential; or speaks of historical truths where he means essential truths, or defines excellent or pretty or any other ordinary term in an extraordinary manner. But these irritating confusions, which also apply to the titles of his books, generally occur in his more scientific disquisitions, where, it is true, they do incalculable harm in misleading him as well as his readers; and I feel certain that the use that he makes of the word *imperfection* or *particular* and many others is at the bottom of many

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fallacies into which he has been led and leads others. But where he is purely descriptive this does not happen to the same degree.

Within the variety of rhythmical changes which he introduces in harmony with the meaning he conveys, there is one general rhythm peculiarly his own; it has, if I may so say, a gentle undulating character, swelling gradually to a point of general position, and then dying away into what almost appears a minor key in a negative limitation, with which minor key his periods generally end. That there is such a general character to the rhythm of his writings can here be illustrated by comparing in this respect parts of the passage, from which I have quoted, on the open sky with some in the description of the Rhone. Compare, for instance, with regard to their rhythmical arrangement, the passage on the Rhone beginning, "For all other rivers there is a surface," etc., and then its limitation down to "radiant to the depth," with the passage on the sky beginning with, "The noblest scenes of the earth," and ending with "purifying it from its dross and dust." Compare, again, this last passage, from its beginning down to "what is mortal or essential," with another paragraph in the Rhone description beginning with "Waves of clear sea are," and ending with "forever from her snow," and I am sure my meaning will be clear. This beautiful rise and fall of cadence is probably due to his early and constant reading of the Bible, and especially the rhythmical responsion in the Psalms; and there is no doubt that his feeling for words and much of his grand style originally flowed from the same source. He is often quite biblical in the character of his diction, especially when he is preaching. Take, for instance, the passage from paragraph 5 to 8 in the chapter on the Theoretic Faculty in the second volume of *Modern Painters*, where he inveighs against "the vine-dressers and husbandmen who love the corn they grind and the grapes they crush better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew and the water they draw are better than the pine forests that cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and than the great rivers that move like His eternity," etc. No doubt he owes much of the beauty of his style to his early Bible-reading, and we feel its powerful influence especially where he is solemn or divinely simple in his description. Even his simplicity is thus biblical and weighty. But its influence has not always been for the good; for it has sometimes counteracted clearness and sobriety of diction in ordinary language, and in its quasi-archaic character it is not really simple in the modern sense, though it be simple in its primitive weightiness. And often when he means to be sober and analytical, his mood becomes exalted, and is carried to a high pitch, leading to a diction that is too strongly lyrical and antithetical, when he ought to be merely simple, lucid, and sober. His apparent sobriety is then almost ironical sobriety, and has the appearance of trembling with sustained emotion. This habit is not conducive to the best work when he means to be purely theoretical. On the other hand, there are passages of powerful sober antithesis, such as we find in his warning to young artists against brilliancy of execution or efforts at invention in the 20th paragraph of chapter iii., section 6, Part II., of *Modern Painters;* and here also he manifests his power of epigram, which the more diffuse character of his writings would not lead us to expect. But when he does indulge in aphorisms they are very good, as, for instance, his epigrammatic definition of symmetry as contrasted with proportion: "Symmetry is *opposition* of *equal* quantities to each other, proportion the *connection* of *unequal* quantities with each other." Or another: "All copyists are contemptible, but the copyist of himself is the most so, for he has the worst original." The latter epigram also has a touch of ironical humor, which he often manifests, as when he reviles Gaspar Poussin's picture of a storm: "Storms, indeed, as the innocent public insist on calling such abuses of nature and abortions of art as the two windy Gaspars in our National Gallery, are common enough—massive concretions of ink and indigo wrung and twisted very hard, apparently in a vain effort to get some moisture out of them, bearing up courageously and successfully against a wind whose effects on the trees in the foreground can be accounted for only on the supposition that they are all of the India-rubber species." But genuine light humor is not made to his hand, and there

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are more traces of it in his latest work, *Præterita*, than in any of his previous writings. For this he has not sufficient sympathy with the real healthy life that surrounds him; and in spite of his noble humanitarian preaching and his still nobler philanthropic life and example, his works do not manifest a man of wide and real sympathies with the life about him. The publication of his *Præterita* shows how deficient his education was in encouraging this side in him. This makes his deeds all the greater; yet this must have hampered him frequently in the just consideration of social, economical, and political questions.

IV.—*Ruskin as a Writer on Social, Political, and Economical Questions.*—In the field of practical ethics and politics Ruskin's preaching propensities find a more suitable and just scope than in the more theoretical spheres of his literary activity. And his great literary power of diction has enabled him to give new form and emphasis to principles that have almost been adopted by us as moral commonplaces, however little they may have been acted upon, and do show in glaring light the contradiction which obtains between the higher moral and religious tenets and the ordinary working traditions of modern society. He has thus become one of the foremost writers on what might be called practical sociology or economic ethics. And there does appear to be a great and ever-growing need for this form of activity. At present we only have the spiritual guidance of the clergy, or the theories of scientific and philosophical writers. On the one hand, we have the ministers of religion, who claim the basis of their theory and practice to be directly inspired and supranatural, and who appeal to the highest human emotions, namely, the religious feelings. The result is that, in the minds of those who are to be influenced, the step from the loftiness of these thoughts and emotions to the humbleness and minute multiplicity of the ordinary acts of daily life is not always readily or efficiently made; while the ministers of the inspired Word, speaking from their elevated position, are not always credited by the plain and practical listeners with experience of the needs and demands of daily life to be able to guide them soundly and soberly within this realm. On the other hand, students of theoretical ethics have hitherto been too much taken up with the purely theoretical principles of human action, more especially with the broadest fundamental principles of right and wrong, to have produced a really practical guide to the conduct of modern life. Even those writers on ethics and sociology who claim to follow the inductive method have directed their observation either toward the psychology of man, or have examined him historically or politically in large groups; but they have never ventured, in their attempts at generalization, to attack the actual social and domestic ethics of the life that is before us, entering into the duties of definite professions and occupations, of the employer to the employed, the master to the servant, the housewife to the household, and other similar relations, the materials for the observation of which are constantly before our eyes. Ethical inquiry seems chiefly to rotate round the fundamental principles of transcendentalism and utilitarianism, egoism, altruism, and other problems concerning the actual or desirable motives to human action in general. It may be that these complex facts of simple daily life are as yet beyond the reach of sound classification and scientific apprehension; yet we cannot help feeling their great practical use. However imperfect it may at first be, we cannot doubt the gain to scientific ethics of an attempt at exposition or codification of the principles and rules that guide or ought to guide our immediate conduct, based upon the careful and systematic observation of this daily life, if made by one trained in theoretical ethics, and otherwise qualified by sympathy, experience, and power of exposition to observe, and to record the results of his observation in, this sphere of ethical induction. Much that is now scattered among the writings of our essayists and in the religious and secular maxims of wise men, much of the writings of the casuists among the schoolmen, all brought together under the continuous and concentrated effort of one line of systematic thought, would then become the work of this modern ethician and sociologist. He would be a bold man who would undertake the task; but, if at all well done, however far from presenting us with an absolute canon, it would undoubtedly be a great profit to mankind.

Between the priest, on the one hand, and the theoretical ethician, on the other, lies the activity in the sphere of sociology

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and economics of writers like Ruskin. He has, like Carlyle, whose disciple he claims to be, boldly attacked the leading vice of our age, which he would consider to be the predominance of the mercenary and commercial spirit, and a corresponding consequent lowness of all our ideals of life. Against this persistent vicious force nothing, however lofty, however holy, can hold its ground in the estimation of our majorities as a chief incentive to action. In his drastic manner he has described this spirit of cupidity in the most powerful terms, but in none more pithily than in the passage in *Fors Clavigera* relating to the benevolence leading to railway enterprise: "The benevolence involved in the construction of railways amounts exactly to this much and no more—that if the British public were informed that engineers were now confident, after their practice in the Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels, that they could make a railway to hell, the British public would instantly invest in the concern to any amount, and stop church building all over the country for fear of diminishing the dividends."

There can be no doubt that the ideals arising out of this predominant mercenary and commercial spirit have eaten at the marrow of many of the cardinal virtues of the past, of those demanded by the tasks of the present, and of those to be hoped for in order that we may create a progressive future. There are numberless people who consider themselves virtuous, and are recognized to be so by their neighbors, to whom the "getting on" ideal is ultimately the highest and leading motive of their life. Stories of exceeding parsimony, of the continued resignation of all other aims in life to the toilsome wrestling with untoward circumstance, until step by step men shall have advanced in the social scale and in wealth (or rather in wealth, and therefore in the social scale), at the cost of all other instincts of human life, that are repressed or extirpated in view of the one golden or gilt beacon-light of success, are, in the simplicity of a low moral standard, held up as instances of virtue worthy of emulation; while cringing public honor and consideration are based upon those signs and tokens which are impressed upon the metal by a mint recognized in the market-place. However much insincere cant there may often be in those who inveigh against the industrial life of modern times in a romantic spirit comparing it with the life of the past, there does appear to me to be one symptom of disease marking our moral life in which we differ from other periods. It is perhaps the necessary concomitant of this period of transition in which we live. It is to be found in the want of clearness and singleness in our moral ideals with regard to the position of wealth, and the vacillation in our standard of moral approbation as professed and as followed by our ruling majorities. In more barbarous ages, or in the periods of chivalry, personal valor, however brutal in its results, was recognized as a virtue actuating the efforts and filling the life of the aspirant to honors. This the striving man honestly and fully believed to be good, and public esteem followed the realization of his virtuous effort.

In our highest moral moods we consider the "man's the gowd for a' that," and affect contempt for worldly goods and advancement, admiring the unworldly worker who substitutes the wealth of his own moral or intellectual life for the dross of riches; while the general public estimation, the public consciousness, as the Germans call it, still shows its approval of social consideration to the acquisition or possession of great wealth. This contradiction in our moral life is a feature distinguishing our age from those that have preceded us. The future will work out this problem either by reconciliation of the two contending factors or by dissolution of the one or the other. It is against this idol that Ruskin hurls his most powerful invective, and he preaches with convincing strength and directness on the inner virtues which outshine the false light of the "getting on" ideal. He urges strongly and forcibly that the excellence of man does not depend upon the standing or scale of his profession or occupation, but upon his standing in his profession or occupation, whatever it may be; and he impresses upon every man the duty not to rise out of his profession into another supposedly higher one, but to make himself and his vocation better and higher by his noble efforts within its sphere. In his domestic life he has, before all, to find his house and fix his home, embellishing it and enlarging it, if needs be, but not shaking its moral foundations by an ever-present degrading hope of

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moving to a larger one. Whatever elements of communism or socialism there may be in Ruskin's writings, there is in this side of them a strong individualistic ground, in which the domestic life of the family is held by him to form one of the main pillars of social and political welfare. He also endeavors to define the province of woman in this well-regulated life; and though his manner here often has a touch of flowery condescension or unsimple simplicity, he assigns to her the deeply important function of the true woman and mother.

But his ethical teaching does not only apply to the life of individuals; he has also turned his attention to the life of the nation as a whole, and in this national life he has also pointed out the predominance of the mercenary and commercial spirit. He has shown what undue proportion and engrossing interest are given to the mere commercial and financial aspect of a country; and he has levelled his satire and invective against the "period of unprecedented prosperity" which formed the staple of the speeches of statesmen touching upon the inner national life of a people. He has pointed out at what cost this commercial prosperity may be bought, not only to the advancement of the nation as a whole, but to the citizens who produce this prosperity, in their moral and intellectual as well as their physical life. He has pointed out the vicious one-sidedness of the political economists who form the only theoretical and scientific groundwork for the practical politician of the day, and he has denied to these economists the designation of political economists, distinguishing between political economy, which "consists simply in the production, preservation, and distribution, at fittest time and place, of useful and pleasurable things," . . . . and mercantile economy, which signifies "the accumulation in the hands of individuals of legal and moral claim upon or power over the labor of others, every such claim implying precisely as much poverty and debt on one side as it implies riches or right on the other." It is not possible here, even if the writer felt himself better qualified to enter upon the discussion of definite problems of political economy, to consider his views of co-operation, distribution, usury, etc. Suffice it to say that Ruskin has been one of the most powerful exponents of the view now admitted into the most sober and technical systems of political economy: that this science or art is not only concerned with the human motive power and incentive to action which lies in the immediate possessing and accumulating instinct of man, and the blind working of these forces in contending interests (a view which takes man in a monstrous and one-sided aspect), but, as it deals with the life of man, it must also and primarily take into account, and weigh and balance, as far as this is possible, the moral desires and needs of civilized human beings. In one word, he has reconciled morality and economy, which the old school of economists had divorced.

It appears to be a natural phase of every young science in modern times, arising out of a desire to approach in method the exact sciences, whether pure, such as mathematics, or experimental, such as chemistry and physics, to follow them in their process of isolation of facts and phenomena, which no doubt facilitates the exactness of their results and the sureness of their advance. But at later phases they will have to recognize that, where with mathematical figures or with chemical elements it is possible to isolate phenomena without impairing their essential quality, as we rise to the scale of organic life, and even to human thoughts and feelings, the isolation of phenomena does not in the same way insure certainty of scientific proceeding, but, from the very organic or moral nature of the factors with which the moral and historical sciences have to deal, alters, disfigures, and vitiates the essence of the phenomena thus isolated. The new life which has been given of late to the study of political and constitutional history may have led to this youthful exaggeration of so-called scientific method; and it may have to be recognized that, in dealing with the life of the past, the isolation of certain aspects within one period, such as the commercial life, or the foreign policy, or the party influence, when carried out in anything like the manner in which this is done with regard to the physical properties of solid or elastic bodies, may distort and disfigure facts and their relation. This is so because in the events of political life varied other interests, often of a very different nature, are inseparably interwoven with these broad currents of national action; and the pleasures of a prince or the intrigues of a woman, or, happily, a

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moral or religious idea, may modify and strengthen the course or divert the current of economical or foreign policy. To assume that in political economy moral considerations have not, and will not have, a great regulating influence, is as false to fact, as the views of many doctrinaires, who would entirely eliminate the moving power of material interest, are Utopian. There can be no doubt that the one-sidedness with which the old schools of economy proceeded in this direction only had to lead to a reaction within the body of the economists themselves, and the main elements of this reaction are to be found strongly put among all the writings of men like Mill, whom Ruskin would regard as one of the chief culprits in this one-sided development of the study. And though the works of many modern writers dealing directly or only remotely with such questions, such as the Comtists, Kingsley, Maurice, George Eliot, and many others, have paved the way for this healthy revulsion, Ruskin's merit in this direction is incontestably great, and may in the future grow in the recognition of those who can look more dispassionately upon his exaggerations, and with more patience upon his violent petulance.

He has attacked the vicious fallacies in the very localities of their growth, the manufacturing centres of England, and has preached powerful sermons, which have undoubtedly had the effect of converting a few, of stimulating the moral fibre of many, and of causing many more to seek for some justification in the course they had before been following under the assumption that what they were doing was wholly right. He has shown to many what the real humanitarian spirit of Christian charity in its present form is, and how far it differed from their convenient belief that it was ordained by Providence that the circumstances of their lives should be so favorable to happiness, whereas those of their neighbors were so pregnant with misery. He has shaken the merchant and manufacturer out of their lazy and convenient dulness, in which their vocation had but the one goal of increasing their personal wealth, and has made them realize that they are also an integral member of organized society and the state, in which their function and duty in every stage of their vocation tend to effect the well-being of the whole organization. He has insisted upon the fact that they have duties beyond the mere increase of their personal wealth in the following of their own vocation, as much as the soldier or the doctor or the teacher or the priest, who could not consider their efforts to be exclusively directed toward the acquisition of their pay or fee or salary. He considers that the merchant and manufacturer have primarily the duty as masters to the servants whom they employ, the master necessarily becoming in the course of his business the overseer and governor of large masses of men in the most direct way, so that upon him falls in a great part the responsibility for the kind of life they lead. After this primary duty is seen to, the main task of the merchant is to provide for the proper distribution of goods and wealth, and of the manufacturer to produce the best and most serviceable goods. Nay, according to him, the manufacturer exists for the sake of the workmen employed by him, and is responsible to a considerable extent for the bodies and souls of his employés, as well as for the fabric they produce. The overstatement of this aspect of duty, which may be a literary quality, and may in its strong colors serve to attract attention, is nevertheless to my mind fatal in its influence, as, on the one hand, causing the votary who naturally would tend in this moral direction to become unbalanced in his enthusiasm, and unable efficiently to cope with the practical exigencies of life; and on the other, from its exaggerated inaccuracy, strengthening the doubt of the hardened self-seeker, and giving him justification for a disbelief in such "unpractical ideals."

These principles of the regard of mutual happiness and dignity, and of the furthering of the common social aims, ought certainly to be a negative guide in checking the positive current of individual interest, or they may even be raised into great positive ideals. But the self-interest of the merchant and manufacturer in gaining their own livelihood, and in increasing the possibilities of their own efficiency and happiness, circumscribed by the due regard for public honesty and the welfare of those with whom they are to co-operate or to deal, ought to be recognized as an important and legitimate incentive to effort. It might be said that this is self-evident, and need not be preached. We need not preach it, but we do desire that it be acknowledged and accredited as being wor-

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thy of admission within the recognized code of social ethics. The misfortune has been and ever is, as it appears to the writer, that the natural instincts of self-preservation, physically, morally, and æsthetically, are taken for granted as being self-acting, and only requiring to be repressed; they are never raised within the respectable company of moral tenets. When they obtrude themselves upon the attention, their existence and active power being thus taken for granted, a disingenuous attempt is ever being made by well-meaning preachers and moralists, either to ignore their existence, or to hasten by them with a sigh at the unfortunate necessity of their existence and their claims, or to take notice of them only by repressing or combating them where they appear to assert themselves too vigorously, or stand in the way of what is considered better. We are untruthful to ourselves, and turn the whole of conduct into most harmful dissonance, in thus ignoring and shirking to deal with the natural instincts and desires for self-preservation and delectation as worthy to be admitted into our rules of conduct; whereas we ought to train them into the proper relation and proportion to our more altruistic duties, and ennoble them into a virtue by the countenance morality gives them as one of its tributary provinces, instead of degrading them to the position of foreign and barbarous regions outside the boundaries of the land of morality, with a superadded falsehood of the feigned negation of their existence.

So in the case of merchants and manufacturers we ought to dwell and insist upon the just motive of self-preservation and delectation, but we ought to add the other altruistic duties, now barely recognized at all in practice, because the really active motive of individual gain has been absolutely discountenanced by the high moralists, and the people remain satisfied with considering these vocations as outside the pale of the higher occupations, with no laws whatever to govern them.

In the youthfulness of our moral awakening we seem inclined to exaggerate the claims of morality, as our predecessors exaggerated the claims of utility; and we shall have to introduce into political economy, as well as into wider spheres, the consideration of the playful and artistic side of life, if we wish to be truthful to fact, and if we would not lead to an impoverishing and drought of the chief springs of an elevated human existence. We shall have to recognize that the elevating pleasures and delights, physical and intellectual, in so far as they are not essentially unsocial, and destroy or stand in the way of common advancement, are not only (and will be for incalculable time) important motives to human effort, but ought to be maintained as such, and thus recognized within the province of all serious consideration of social matters.

Nay, I would go further, without wishing to discuss the fundamental principles of ethics, and maintain that the present altruistic wave of humanitarianism which we can trace in the lives of the good people among us is unbalancing the lives of these earnest people, and may lead to justified reactions which will retard sane progress. Our duty to our neighbors, and the duty of fully constituting ourselves as fit and useful members of organized communities, are insisted upon to the exclusion of any claim to self-indulgence, without any acknowledgment of a well-founded duty to self. And in the ideal of these earnest people we have presented a picture which, in its fantastic and hazy distortions of unreality, has a profoundly tragic element. It is a world in which the centrifugal efforts of restlessly active good men and women for the pleasure and gratification of their neighbors are directed into empty space, seeking for consistent bodies upon which they are to spend their beneficent virtue; but they never reach them, because each individual is surrounded by an impenetrable circle of the same centrifugal force of altruism, and the circles and forces emanating from each personal centre clash and absorb each other in the vain endeavor at reaching the consistent centre of a human being that can feel and be delighted, and not only act and distribute blessings. And meanwhile the angels that contemplate things human are weeping bitter tears at the virtuous folly of their human counterparts, who, in the emulation of their angelic sweetness, have mistaken their shadows for their essence, because of the glowing light of goodness that prevails in their bright abode; and the ugly little gnomes of hatred and selfishness, that dog the steps of even good men, are chuckling with suppressed titters of ironical laughter at the general misery which unselfishness

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can produce. Surely we can and ought to train, or at least not to ignore in falsehood, the more passive life of man's soul, in which we can appreciate and feel delight in the good and great things that others provide for us, and that we can produce for ourselves and in ourselves. And perhaps this appeal may come home to the stern moralist if he realizes that one great virtue, gratitude, will die of inanition if we cut off its main food of the grace of receiving favors in this world, and that pride is likely to come where gratitude has no home.

Ruskin has taken a great part in bringing people to lead more unselfish lives, but he has also done much to give this one-sided tendency to moral activity, especially in his efforts to counteract the idea of play which happily still exists in England. To put it in the form of a pleonasm: If play loses its playfulness, it has lost its spirit and virtue; and if playful occupation is to be absorbed in the usefulness of its outcome, its own spirit and the salutary effect of training and feeding the passive side of mind is destroyed. The idea of finding our recreation in the production of some useful object thus in itself destroys the essence of play. Ruskin's opposition to the athletic pastimes and sports of England can be accounted for more readily in his own education than it can be justified in its effect. We do not mean to maintain that there are not many forms of it that in themselves are degrading in their influence, many that are unsocial in character, many, though good in themselves, that have accidentally developed into forms that undermine the moral health of the nation; and against these it is right that good men should bring their influence to bear. But in themselves they are one of the heirlooms which the Englishmen of old have handed down to their children, though in many cases, from the exclusiveness of the love bestowed upon them, they led to a more or less brutal form of life. And this heirloom ought to be cherished and purified rather than impoverished and destroyed. And if we examine into the judgments of Ruskin and similar writers on these matters we shall find that they have their own forms (though they may be few) of play, in which they would indulge and have others indulge, and that ultimately it depends upon their personal predilections upon which form they would put the signet of their moral approbation. You will find some, whose physical vitality is low by nature or education (or its want), who would only admit spiritual enjoyments within the rightful recreations of men and women. Others look with extreme and self-satisfied displeasure and disapproval upon him who expends some of his time and substance upon the adornment of his person in the way of clothes that correspond to the modern standard of taste, and not to that of the ancient Greek, mediæval Frank, or the Norwegian Viking, whose dress he would like to revive; while they would feel justified in expending the same time and substance upon the binding of their books (apart from their contents) or upon the choice of their dinner-service. It is no doubt desirable to encourage good book-binders, but why not good tailors? Others, again, will rightly expend considerable sums upon their pictures and other works of art, yet will disapprove of the expenditure devoted to the acquisition of beautiful horses. They do not recognize the legitimate pleasure to be derived from the sight as well as the use of an animal, and as far as their action is concerned they would make the world the poorer by the extirpation of one of its most beautiful creations.

Perhaps it would be wise and just if moralists, economists, social reformers, and political philosophers, of whatever shade of opinion, would write in a conspicuous place in their studies the monk's *memento mori:* "Do not make the world poorer, materially, intellectually, morally, and artistically, by anything your writings or preachings may lead men to do." And much of the wholesale condemnation of whole spheres of life and activity, in which one side or aspect has, from one point of view, been recognized to be bad, may be checked before it is hurled into the market-place.

A harmful outcome of the efforts, partly justified, of all such moralists as Ruskin and Carlyle in the England of to-day has been the stereotyping of differences in various sections of the social community. Among these I would except the most moderate and right-minded social reformer of the day, Matthew Arnold, whose influence must be, as it has been, ultimately for the world's good. They have created a marked antithesis between, on the one side, a class of people who are sup-

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posed (or sometimes only suppose themselves) to have serious and engrossing moral aims in life, and, on the other, those who apparently are carried on in the broad current of ordinary life without any consciousness, or at least any assertion, of higher social duties and moral ideals. The result is the creation of not only an unnatural and unjustifiable gulf between these two sections which counteracts a proper fusion and mutual influencing of their currents, but it has led to a mutual contempt for one another, implying much self-glorification on either side, and it has confirmed and hardened each of the two sections in the peculiar vices and shortcomings to which it is prone. The thoughtless or fashionable man retaliates the moral haughtiness of the world-reformer by the assertion of his superiority in his own domain, and either by a vain contempt for, or at least an apathetic desistence from, mixing into the sphere of his activity; and he is met in the same way by the votaries of the other section. Occasionally it may happen that the extremist on the worldly side finds that his social opposite is not entirely devoid of sympathy with and capacity for the life which he considers a desirable one; while the world-reformer may realize that his fashionable friend is neither a fool nor a bad man, and has often thought, and acted up to his thoughts, upon the problems and duties of our life.

It thus appears to me that the real nature of recreation and its position in a well-regulated life has not been properly conceived by Ruskin, and it is, I believe, owing to this want that he and other social reformers have somewhat overstated the abuses inherent in the occupation of the modern factory hand. It is to be found in the powerful invective against the thought-killing work of the mass of our laboring classes — work in which there is food for neither their intellectual nor moral qualities. "You must either make a tool of the creature or a man of him," he says; "you cannot make both." "Men were not intended to work with the accuracy of tools, to be precise and perfect in all their actions. If you will have that precision out of them, and make their fingers measure degrees like cog-wheels, and their arms strike curves like compasses, you must inhumanize them. All the energy of their spirit must be given to make cogs and compasses of themselves. All their attention and strength must go to the accomplishment of the mean act. The eye of the soul must be bent upon the finger-point, and the soul's force must feel all the invisible nerves that guide it, ten hours a day, that it may not err from its steady precision, and so soul and sight be worn away, and the whole human being be lost at last—a heap of sawdust so far as its intellectual work in the world is concerned; saved only by its heart, which cannot go into the forms of cogs and compasses, but extends, after the ten hours are over, into fireside humanity.... It is verily this degradation of the operative into the machine which more than any other evil of the times is leading the mass of the nations everywhere into vain, incoherent destruction, struggling for a freedom of which they cannot explain the nature to themselves.... It is not that men are ill fed, but that they have no pleasure in the work by which they make their bread, and therefore look to wealth as the only means of pleasure.... We have much studied and much perfected of late the civilized invention of the division of labor, only we give it a false name. It is not, truly speaking, the labor that is divided, but the men—divided into mere segments of men—broken into small fragments and crumbs of life; so that the little piece of intelligence that is left in a man is not enough to make a pin or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin or the head of a nail. Now it is a good and desirable thing, truly, to make many pins in a day; but if we could only see with what crystal sand their points were polished—sand of human soul, which has to be magnified before it can be discerned for what it is—we should think there might be some loss in it also. And the great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this—that we manufacture everything there except men."

And this misery, he says, can only be met "by a right understanding on the part of all classes of what kinds of labor are good for men, raising them and making them happy, by a determined sacrifice of such convenience or beauty or cheapness as is to be got only by the degradation of the workmen, and by equally determined demand for the progress and results of healthy and ennobling labor."

Now noble as is this appeal to our con-

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sideration of the dignity and happiness of our fellow-men, and desirable as it may be that we should ever bear these duties in mind, I believe that there is much begging of the main question in these eloquent words, which may finally result in fatal conclusions. The one important question that will have to be considered carefully, and cannot be met by rhetoric, is the conception of *ennobling* and *degrading* work. In itself the attempt at acquiring "the accuracy of tools, to be precise and perfect in all their actions," is not degrading, however unattainable it may be; nor is it a "mean act" in itself "to bend the eye of the soul upon the finger-point, and the soul's force feel all the invisible nerves that guide it, that it may not err from its steady precision." The true point perhaps really lies in the "ten hours a day" of such occupation. It is a question of degree, not of kind. And if the amount of such work is deleterious to body and mind, it is against it that the crusade ought to be waged. Nor is there anything especially degrading in the division of labor, if it also tends to encourage, or at least not to destroy, the possibility of the desirable division of man's conscious life into work and positive effort and relaxation from work and more passive recreation. It is practically impossible, and perhaps ideally undesirable, that work should be completely purified from the element of constraint and continuous effort which distinguishes it from play. Its real spiritual vitality and ennobling incentive it will ever provide in the consciousness that the immediate results of the effort meet the need of society. Now if we are justified in believing, as Ruskin does, that "it is a good and desirable thing truly to make many pins in a day," this consciousness ought to prevent the laborer's moral effort from tending toward his own degradation. Nay, the subjugation and discipline of his own faculties and instincts for unbounded freedom would ever be a type to him of the great and inspiriting law which holds a perfectly organized society together, always provided that the duration of this effort does not exceed the limits of the proper conditions of physical and moral health, and that time and opportunities for the culture of the recreative side of his existence are offered. There is hardly any occupation seriously carried on which we can at present conceive of, that does not necessarily carry with it that which in plain words is called drudgery. The writer has known students and literary men who, in choosing a vocation, preferred to the immediate profession representative of their favorite studies the drudgery of an office in the civil service, where their business chiefly consisted in adding up or controlling the additions of the small salaries of soldiers and officers in the army and navy. But it may be added that this their daily pursuit, which at no too great cost gave them the feeling of having done their legitimate day's work, and furnished the grateful prospect of subsequently prosecuting their favorite studies, was not too long in duration of time; and I may add that it was the very mechanism and thoughtlessness of their occupation which constituted one element of their preference.

Without wishing to deny the existence of much misery and of much that is wrong among the factory hands, or the general desirability of making work as interesting as its efficient production will admit, it appears to me that the mainspring of Ruskin's opposition to factory work lies in his opposition to the mechanical production, more especially steam-manufactured goods. Let us at once touch and meet the central doctrine by stating a proposition which may, to many, appear as evident as it undoubtedly is directly opposed to the chief views expressed or implied in most of the writings of Ruskin and his allies and his disciples, namely: that if the best is good, the second best is not necessarily bad; and that if the production of the best is in every way to be encouraged, this encouragement does not necessarily absorb or exclude the desirability of fostering the production of the second best, which is not to be confounded with the second rate. If a bronze repoussé or chased casket the making of which took an artist-craftsman five years of his most skilled labor could only be bought by a petty prince four hundred years ago, and to-day perhaps only by a national museum, then let this casket be made, and be made as well as human hands guided by an inspired imagination can make it. But if, by the galvano-plastic process, and by calling in the aid of steam machinery, this masterpiece can be reproduced at a trifling cost, so that, where only the princeling could pos-

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sess such a work four hundred years ago, in hundreds of humble households the reproductions could adorn the room or sanctify use by beauty, there can but be much gain in every direction. And even if the lines be not quite as precise and sharp in the reproductions as they are in the original, and the work is thus not best,* the best still exists in the original, and what so closely approaches it can only be elevating to the artistic taste of humble people when constantly before their eyes; and the universal growth of public appreciation, needs, and demands in this direction, arising out of the distribution of such second-best gems, will naturally lead to the increased demand for the best originals. Let us suppose (which is hardly conceivable) that the advance of mechanical skill should enable us to dispense entirely with human intelligent work, then it will be right for such human activity to become an interesting matter of historical contemplation and study, and this, to all but romanticists, will justly be considered as a blessing. No healthy mind really concerned about the welfare of humanity need ever be appalled at the Promethean advance in human skill. The reasoning of many of these Ruskinians, earnest men or shallow exquisites, in this half-moral, half-æsthetic realm, is misleading and insidious, because it flavors of high morality and refinement. So, for instance, I have heard the antique system of casting bronze known as *à cire perdu*, in which a mishap in the casting would destroy the wax model, and with it all the beauty, the result of so much inspired effort, commended as manifesting the high artistic earnestness and enthusiasm of the artists of old, as contrasted with the mercenary timidity or cowardice of modern artists, who, at best, would adopt means, while using the wax model, to assure the possibility of its reproduction. There was not only praise for the artistic enthusiasm of the artist of old, but blame to the modern artist for his desire to obviate, if possible, the absolute loss of his model. This is one of the worst forms of practical romanticism. Now if this process of casting *à cire perdu* does produce a more beautiful surface in the bronze work than any other form (which it does), we ought by all means to possess such works, and to revive the process. But the loss of a beautiful statue by Donatello or Cellini is a loss to the world; and it is an unsocial feeling which leads us to admire less an artist who will strive to discover, or will be gratified at the discovery of, some means of avoiding the complete destruction of his ideas and labor as materialized in his model. The perfecting and cheapening of reproductive art, whether good hand-made or mechanical copies, will invariably tend toward the increase for the demand of the original artist's work in every direction.

There is at bottom an unsocial element in this whole class of feelings among these exquisites; it is artistic pharisaism. The main enemy in Ruskin's warfare against modern industry is the steam-engine. And it is here that his romanticism and the unconscious workings of an unsocial exclusiveness are the main motive powers to his opposition. How much, from an economical point of view, there may be of truth in his idea that it would be best, after using human hands, to exhaust nature's power of wind and water, and only in the utmost extremity, after these have been properly used, to turn to more artificial aids, I am unable to judge. But we cannot help feeling that in his absolute condemnation of the factory and railway there is a strong element of romanticism, which on the one hand wilfully blinds its vision against the good that lies in one great side of actual modern life, while it is longingly directed toward a past which to the people living in those ages was undoubtedly fraught with great evils and miseries, and which we cannot even discern in our days as having existed as the romanticist depicts it. The constant juxtaposition of the life of the Swiss or the Tyrolese peasant with the English farmer or laborer, giving rise to a comparison in his words so much to the detriment of the physical and spiritual welfare of the modern toiler, strikes us as being as far removed from the reality of things as many romantic descriptions in old-fashioned novels of the happiness of the rural life of old, or the depiction, or rather costume-painting, of the "*Salon*

* The price and limited editions of Ruskin's books have, in spite of all he may say, appeared to me a grave contradiction, which is, however, to be accounted for by the fallacious reasoning here pointed out. The destruction of engraved plates, the advertisement of limited editions of books and engravings, appear to me to mark an appeal to one of the most unsocial, and thus immoral, instincts of modern society.

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Tyroler" is removed from truth. Happiness and simplicity, if they really did or do exist in these regions, may be confounded with animal restriction of wants and brutal limitation of the means of satisfying them. And it is well for us carefully to question ourselves, when we complain of the loss of picturesqueness which modern improvements bring in their train, whether unconsciously we are not speaking from gross selfishness, in which the lives and happiness of living human beings are looked upon by us, in the consciousness of our intellectual or artistic refinement, as scenes over which we smack our lips as if we were reading a book or seeing a play. And as it is with the comparison of lives, so it may also be with the comparison of institutions and things. The preference which is given to the windmill over the factory chimney may, to a great extent, be purely romantic. We can conceive of a romantic knight some centuries ago issuing from his castle gate and complaining of the disfigurement to the good scene of old caused by the suggestive structure with outspread wings cutting the horizon line that bounded his vast domain, as centuries hence we can conceive of another romanticist who, longing with praise for the restoration of the good old factory chimneys, complains of the new structures erected to meet the new wants of an advancing civilization. The factory chimney is in itself, apart from romantic associations, not necessarily more unbeautiful in line than the windmill, and there is no reason why its form should not be still more improved.

There is a truth strongly put by Ruskin for which he would have gained more universal recognition if the statements of it had been more moderate and in conformity with fact, namely, the duty of maintaining the land we live in in the conditions conducive to health, and with the careful guarding and preservation of the natural and historical beauties, which are, to omit all their spiritual qualifications, real national possessions of the highest economical value. To allow the smoke from the chimneys to turn pure air into pestilential miasmata, to see beautiful streams and rivers defiled, to witness the most lovely and unique scenes ruthlessly robbed of their chief charms of natural beauty—these are losses which, if they do bear comparison with actual industrial loss to individual members or groups of the community, will outweigh them heavily. The day may come when one of the most important functions of the government concerned with the internal affairs of a nation will be to secure and guard the public lands for the purposes of national health and of national delectation.

But when Ruskin complains of the delightful silence that reigned in some rural districts being disturbed by the life of industry, of the vulgarizing of portions of Switzerland, that he and other kindred spirits could enjoy in comparative seclusion, by numbers of uneducated tourists, when he complains of the very facility of approach to many of these sacred haunts brought about by the railways, and the picnics which do not agree with the exquisite musings of the solitary votary of nature, we cannot help feeling that this arises not only from a romantic but from an essentially unsocial spirit. There can be no doubt that our enjoyment must be impaired by the reduction of what stimulates our highest emotions to a commonplace; but we must willingly make this sacrifice when we consider the great gain accruing to hundreds or thousands where before it but reached units.

At bottom it is one and the same spirit of exclusiveness and exquisiteness which we before traced as influencing his views on other social and economical matters, and which we can trace at once in the intensity of admiration and the violence of denunciation in matters of art. And when in his followers, or in those influenced by him, this is coupled with dogmatism, we can see how this leads to the formation of a group of people whose belief in their own infallibility of taste and judgment is in potency only equalled by the narrowness of their vision. They believe and hold that they have found the true ideals of life, and that all others are idolatrous; that they possess the true touchstone of taste, and only admire what is best, and that all else is bad or vulgar. And the worst is that apparent intensity of feeling does not always insure absolute sincerity of conviction; nay, that an unbalanced mind devoid of moderation is likely to mar the trueness of its own scales of veracity. And out of these conscious exquisites of mind and their ensuing opposition to the current of ordinary life there will naturally arise the desire and the habit of manifesting distinctions in outer appearance and conduct; and it is thus

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that it may be in great part owing to this influence that the movement which in its best sides has been productive of much good, but which has naturally and rapidly degenerated into the insincere forms that happily are dying the death of innocent ridicule, the movement the votaries of which have been called *æsthetes*, has come to life. Though at the beginning of this paper attention was drawn to the fact that it was one of the great merits of Ruskin to have successfully waged war against Bohemianism among the artist community, his influence has tended to produce a far less repulsive and obnoxious form of Bohemianism. This is a very curious phenomenon. For the essential characteristic of Bohemianism (and in this it is related to romanticism) has ever been negative, namely, its protest against existing ideals as manifested in the current habits of life among the ruling majority.

Now it depends very much upon the nature of the ideals and customs of this ruling majority what form the Bohemianism of the day will take. The Philistine of the German student, and that of the dishevelled gentleman of the Latin Quarter, and that of the modern æsthete, are all very different people—nay, sometimes they are diametrically opposed to one another. The modern English Bohemian may be the Philistine *pur sang* in the estimation of the Bohemian of Heidelberg, or of the streets abutting on the Paris Pantheon. From a positive point of view he certainly has a more moral or artistic origin in his opposition to the Philistine. There are three shadings which we can distinguish among them, all more or less degenerated practical caricatures of the theories of their intellectual parents. The first, deriving its intellectual stimulus from Matthew Arnold, is more closely related in its antipathies to the Continental prototype, especially that of Germany, inasmuch as the Philistine here marks an uncultured *bourgeois*, or the unintellectual country squire. The second, arising out of Carlyle, is the anti-Belgravian Bohemianism, and is more directly opposed to the gilt world of fashion. And the third, the Ruskinian form, comprising elements of both the previous bodies, is anti-athletic, and draws its visible inspirations chiefly from the picturesque side of art. The great good as incentives that these extreme movements were capable of doing, they have perhaps already done, and the desirable part of their vitality has probably spent itself. Every Bohemian movement has the germs of decay in itself, because of its essentially negative nature. Very soon the ideals, in so far as they were positive, lose consistency; and only the dissenting forms remain. The mass of this community generally groups round some originator who dissents from strong inner motives; but these motives have not their root in the inner life of the followers, who tend toward formal exaggeration. And furthermore, the conventionality to which they oppose themselves has one strong central support, the very obtrusion of which the Bohemian struggles against, namely, its laws; while the opponents, on the other hand, have not this to sustain them, and thus readily run riot. An analogous case is presented in the history of some religious sects of which the founder may have been a fervent mystic; but the sect, as such, has often degenerated into weakness, and becomes a malignant excrescency when constituted into an organized body, making a rite and convention of the very unconventionality of its spiritual founder, and the mystical fervor has often degenerated into a frenzied luxurious dissipation, leading to the very opposite extreme of the spirit which moved the leader. So here it would not be astonishing if æstheticism were gradually to degenerate into a form of coarseness, the very opposite of its refined origin.

This possible danger of Ruskin's influence, far removed from the intended purport of his books, is not counteracted by a prominent tone of sobriety in his own works; nay, it is here that the dogmatic exquisite will find many instances of a prevailing spirit of narrow dogmatism. But in the life of this great man it can be accounted for and morally justified, which cannot be said of the unintelligent followers. It is the result of a life too much shut up in itself, and not sobered down by the constraint of fixed discipline, and widened out by continuous intercourse with people of equal calibre following different pursuits, and not necessarily responsive to his own views. It is a mind too much concerned with its own substance, revolving too much round one centre, and reflecting too much its own inner lights, rather than the direct lights from without. No doubt in his autobiography and in his works he

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dwells upon himself with an apparent impartiality most remarkable, and in so far unselfish; but still it is never free from egotism, and may be the height of it. He almost smacks his lips over himself as a thing to be studied, and appears at times touchingly humble and modest; but he is, after all, constantly busied about himself, and cannot forget it for work or in work. This is not only the case in *Præterita*, or to be noticed in the introduction of biographical matter into the *Fors* and many other of his writings, but smaller side lights show the same failing: as when he thinks it worth printing that a poem was written on New-Year's Day, 1828, in the *Queen of the Air;* when he thinks it proper to remark that he has a finer appreciation of nature than most people. His proffering remarks as to the extent he has worked upon a subject, how convinced he is of the truth, or the weight it has or ought to have, and the degree of earnest consideration it deserves—in short, the frequent mention of "I" where it should be "it"—all this is the result of a mind which, shut up in itself, drops into a kind of intellectual provincialism.

This exaggeration of the importance of one's own thoughts is often due to the neglect of reading what others have written on the very subject of our thoughts. Now a doubt must often have come to the original student or writer as to whether it can be of much advantage, if he has anything to say, to spend much time in seeing how others have said it, and to quote their views and encumber his own with foot-notes and the other customary forms that characterize a scholar's work. It may perhaps be better at times to work straight on and write what one has to say, for fear of otherwise never writing at all. Still it will be found that the student becomes wider in following this old plan, and generally without the loss of originality; he becomes maturer, clearer, and more condensed. Besides this, there is the question of honesty and moral regard for previous work; for it must be remembered that general progress would be retarded if each student and writer would have to begin anew, and not consider the successful efforts of previous generations and individuals. And I venture to think that if Ruskin had followed this more, and had been more like the German professor he appears to despise, we should not have lost much of his originality, while I certainly hold that we should have had more system, more careful deliberation, and more moderation. There would have been fewer instances of dilettanteism in his works, and the great good that is in them would have stood out clearly, not bedimmed by the hasty exaggerations of a fatally facile pen and the immoderateness of a self-indulged imagination. But this painful tendency toward eccentricity, turning to habitual, and thus unconscious, exaggeration of mind and diction, is often fostered by the vicious influence of a selfish society, especially of idle and fashionable dilettanti. Just as (and here with more justification, perhaps) they will force a painter who has successfully drawn one kind of dog to paint nothing but this dog, so, seeing a new striking side in a literary man, they will, urged by their unassuageable thirst for amusement, gradually force him to produce that side in his ordinary intercourse, and thus turn originality into mannerism, to the stereotyped epigrammatic exaggerations, until they may succeed in producing the worst and most tragic form of a hypocrite, namely, the unconscious actor of a part, the dupe of a thumping insincere conscientiousness, of rude eccentricity. The result in many cases is the loss of dignity in many good men of some native power, who are often thus converted into serious jesters by the selfish requirements of a thoughtless society. One of the greatest dangers to all genius is that of being robbed of its vital strength by velvety-pawed lion-hunters.

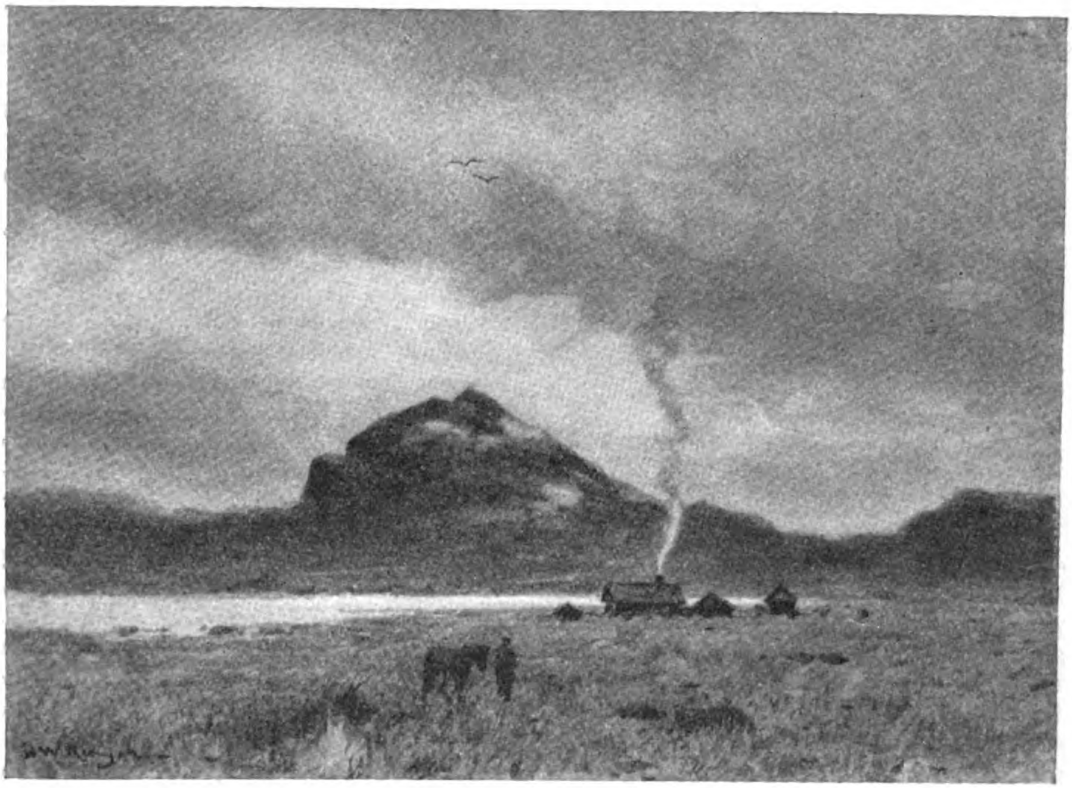
In the case of Ruskin, and in the case of his master in some departments, Carlyle, the prevalence of the relentless, exaggerated, denunciatory frame of mind and form of expression has often beguiled them away from the noble course of sober and conscientious search after truth, absorbing much of the energies that are painfully needed to reduce to order the tangled web of the innumerable facts that crowd round the narrow gateways of conclusions justified by truth. It has kept them from curbing subjective impulses, strong desires and passions and prejudices, into the service of the stern-browed goddess, and has lured them on to the riotous chase of the mænad whom they mistake for a muse. The prophetic denunciatory tone in its resounding flow may prove to be an easy means of shirking and avoiding the great task of declar-

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ing to men the hard-won truths that are announced in simple, diffident, nay, halting words, but still penetrate and endure in their far-reaching quality of sound. And ultimately the result upon such men themselves, and a baneful influence upon all who come within the circle of their power, is a general blunting of the keen edge of what we must call intellectual morality, that moral and mental habit which makes it impossible for any man to state as an undoubted fact whatever he has not conscientiously tested and examined in all its bearings.

Ruskin has often allowed his feelings to run counter to the workings and injunctions of this higher duty. In the preface to the *Seven Lamps* there are "cases in which men feel too keenly to be silent, and perhaps too strongly to be wrong"; he ought to have guarded most jealously against the strong feelings as often making it more probable that we may go wrong. The use of superlative adjectives condemning or praising, with him and with Carlyle, points to the same bluntness of intellectual morality. One thing or work is wholly "bad," another at once all that is "good." He passes judgment not only upon all forms of art, but upon the works of great and sober men of science, on the problems of these departments of science themselves, whether it be the works of an Agassiz or of a Darwin, the purport of whose work he had never trained himself to realize. Such exaggerations may, alas, from a literary point of view appear to be innocent, but in their effect they certainly are not. He will, for instance, in *Præterita* II., page 298, tell us, with the emphatic terms of a convinced authority, speaking of Sydney Smith's *Elementary Sketches on Moral Philosophy*, that "they contain in the simplest terms every final truth which any rational mortal needs to learn on this subject." We must ask what right his reading of that vast subject called philosophy has given him to pass judgment in any way upon it. And so; in almost every chapter of all his books, we cannot help feeling that this is a positive blemish, the influence of which cannot be good; and we turn with pure gratitude to his descriptive passages, where there is no scope for this intellectual vice, and where the good that is in him has brought forth fruit that will be the delight and profit of all the ages in which the English language is read. If, as far as intellectual example is concerned, we turn from the prophetic and denunciatory violence of Carlyle and Ruskin to the charitable and unselfish statement of a great continuous effort in a long laborious life, beautiful as it is simple, we cannot help feeling that, besides the results of the actual research of Charles Darwin, his literary and scientific example as a writer can but have a lasting and elevating influence upon the minds of all those who read him for generations to come. No amount of denunciatory sermons can replace the unconscious preaching contained within the work and its results of the student who has honestly mastered a subject, however narrow its range. This is the highest form of preaching, if only for the supreme effect, the suppression of impulse and passion for an end that has no immediate bearing upon our own interests, and does not flatter our vanity in the elevation of our own position to that of a direct teacher or chastiser of foolish humanity, and above all in the jealous custody and possible refinement of our feeling for truth. The development of this intellectual morality as a habit in individuals, and as a tradition in a nation and in an age, is intimately connected with practical morality and truthfulness; and there appears to me to be a strong moral and disciplinary bearing in the methods of research as applied to the natural sciences within our days, to which Charles Darwin has chiefly contributed. It is true, the inductive method was recommended by Bacon and insisted upon by Hume; but it has only become a fact in Darwin; and through his efforts and those of his numerous followers and co-operators the general habit of mind which is developed by their methods of work has not only penetrated into other regions of thought and study, but it is modifying and raising our general standard of truth even in our practical daily life. It appears to me one of the greatest blemishes in the work of men like Ruskin and Carlyle that, however high the position they may themselves assign to truth in their moral scales, the actual tenor of their work has counteracted rather than favored this desirable consummation. Bearing this in mind, we can recognize the good that is in Ruskin's work, and there will be enough of merit remaining to make him one of the great benefactors of mankind.

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LONELY FARM ON A MOUNTAIN WASTE.

NORWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

First Paper.

IN Norway man carries on a hard struggle with nature, often to the danger of his life. This, and the feeling of belonging to a great race, which especially is characteristic of the inhabitants of the broad valleys, has left its imprint upon their character, and explains the latest development of their political history. It is here we must seek the people in their life work.

The arable land of Norway is small in proportion to its extent. The climatic conditions are not favorable for corn-growing, as the summer is short and uncertain; nor is the soil in all places of the best quality, the country belonging geologically, for the greater part, to the older or oldest formations. The country has only 740 English square miles of ploughed land, but there are large meadows which are never ploughed.

The expense of opening up new land for cultivation is nowhere greater than in Norway; the ground is full of stones, both upon and under the surface, and abounds also in trees, which must be taken up by the root. All the water which runs down the mountain-sides must be carried off by an expensive system of drainage. Therefore much love for the soil and the spot itself is needed to take up this struggle, and a deal of energy is required from generation to generation to carry it through.

As the greater part of the corn and pasture land is situated on the hill and mountain sides, its cultivation is necessarily arduous and expensive; and for every five years the farmers generally count upon one bad year, sometimes two. Either too much rain spoils the crops or early frost nights destroy the corn and potatoes. But the people do not lose heart; they try again. When they have forests or fishery, they make good their losses from these sources, or they carry

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WOMAN FROM VOSS.

on more extensive sheep and cattle farming by means of their great mountain pastures than the farm otherwise could support. The Norwegian peasants live frugally, but, notwithstanding this, their farms are generally mortgaged. They cannot compete with the great corn-producing countries, especially since America has begun to supply the markets of the world with its enormous production of corn and pork. Many are now trying to confine themselves to sheep and cattle farming only, but the change involves much expense, and the character of the people does not dispose them to easily relinquish the labor of tilling the soil; it is the noblest.

There is little flat land in Norway; there are, however, considerable stretches of it in the southern parts of the country —in the districts around Lake Mjösen, in Ringerike, in the Christiania Valley, and to some extent on both sides of the Christiania Fjord, on the Jæderen near Stavanger, and in the Trondhjem district. The most populated parts of the country are the valleys. In the broad valleys the farms are generally gathered around a lake or along the river, and here and there a few are seen climbing up the slopes; in the narrow valleys a rushing river usually winds its way along, while the farms here are dotted over the steep hill-sides. But often, especially in districts rich in forests, they are situated on the mountain ridges or the highlands, generally separated from each other by forests, or the farmsteads lie side by side, each on its own ground, while woods and forests all around stretch far away across the mountain ranges. One parish is seldom connected with another except in the flat parts. In the interior of the country they are separated by mountains or forests, and on the coast by the fjords. The Norwegian fjords cut deeply into the country, and are far more numerous than in any other part of the world.

As each parish generally is isolated from the neighboring ones, and as the farms in each parish, again, are at some distance from each other, and as, besides, there are no villages or country inns in Norway, the people are greatly accustomed to solitude. Generally they only seek each other when they have errands, or on Sundays at church. The children form an exception; the children from neighboring farms play together and accompany each other to and from school. The young people also meet on Saturday and Sunday evenings on the country roads or at one of the farms for a dance. But after the heyday of youth is over they live quietly at home, and in this solitude they dwell happily and content; that is to say, if it may be called living in solitude when the farmer, his wife and children, servants and tenants, live and work together from year to year.

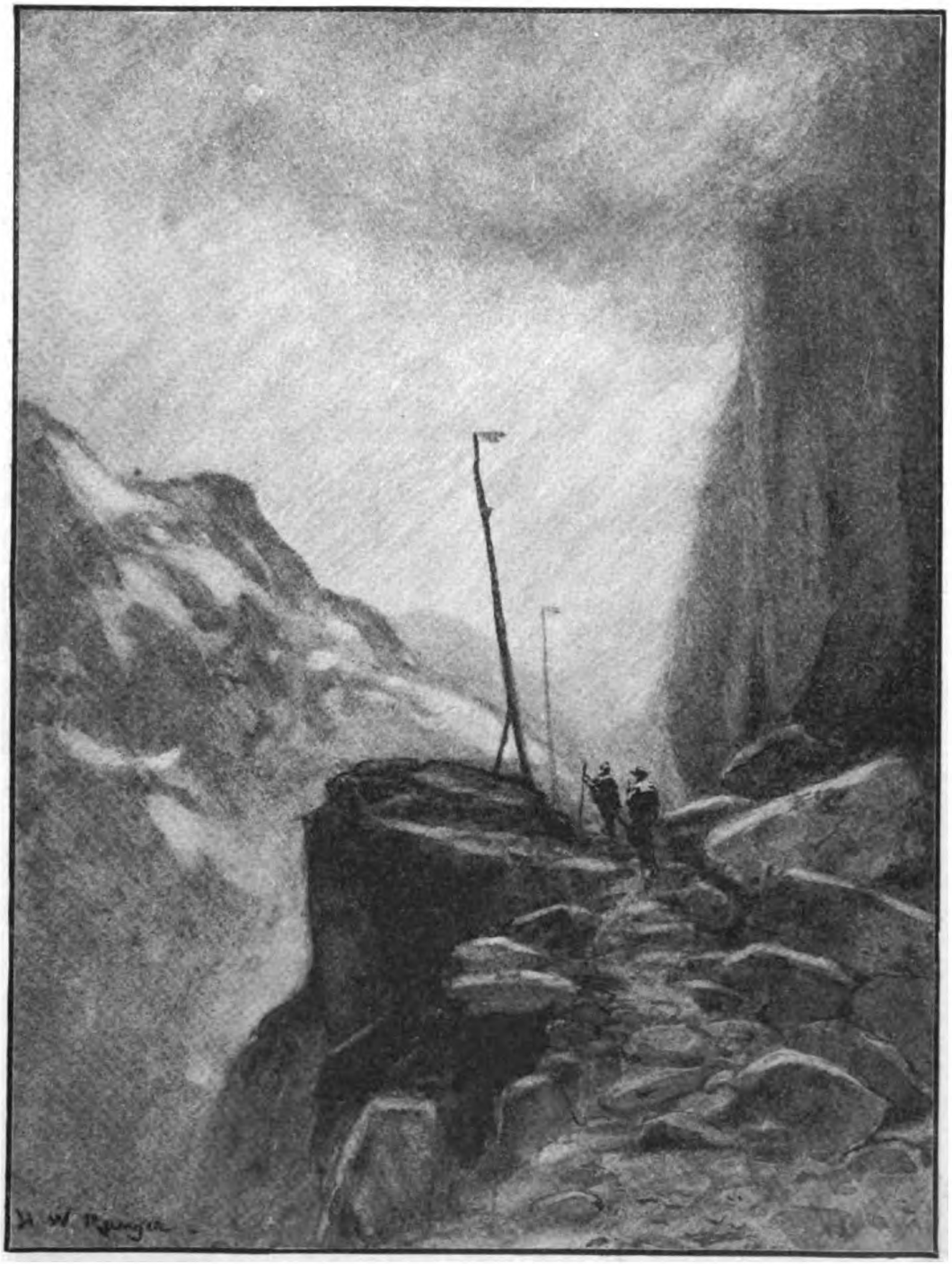
A Norwegian farmstead consists of many buildings. The Norwegians like plenty of room and comfort, and they have abundant building materials close at hand in the forests. When the dwelling-house becomes old, they build a new one,



WOMAN FROM THE VICINITY OF BERGEN.

but let the old one remain. On the coast, with its bare cliffs and barren islands, the people must content themselves with a single small house and tiny rooms.

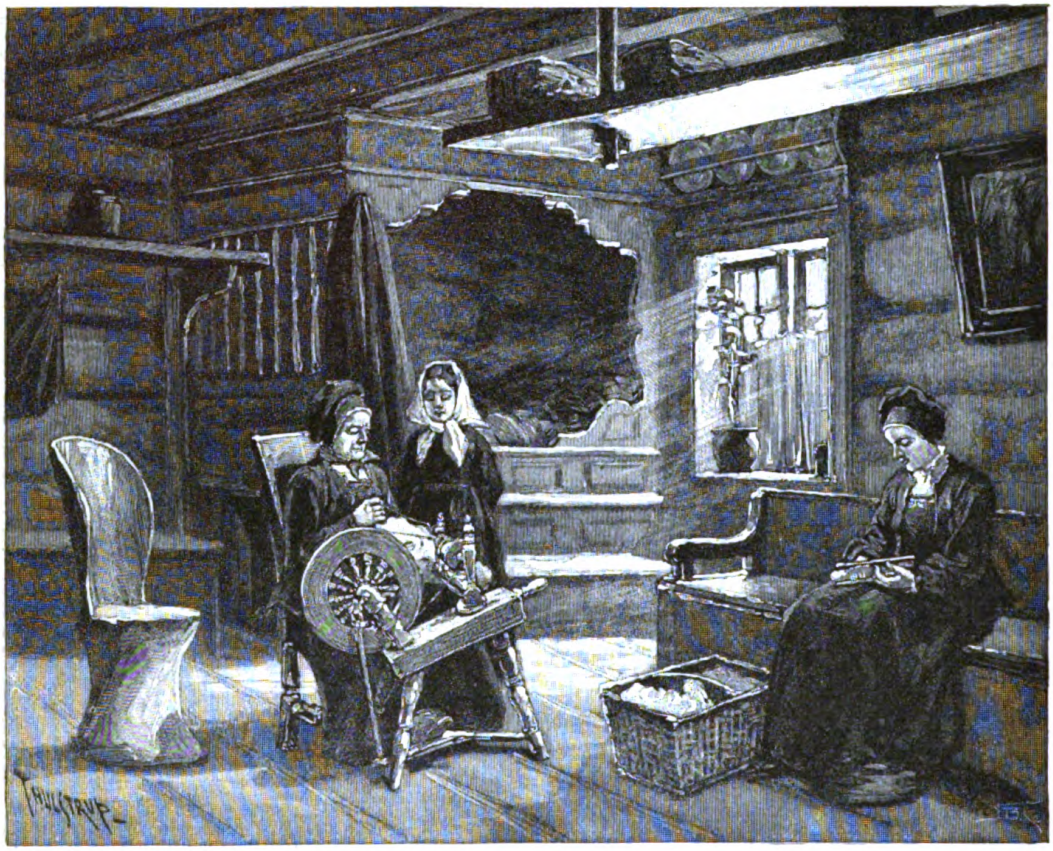
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FROM VALLEY TO VALLEY IN NORTHERN NORWAY.

An ordinary farmstead has a good substantial dwelling-house. The principal room is the kitchen, which is large and spacious, and where the family generally assembles after meal-times, and for all in-door work during the winter; it also serves as a sleeping apartment for the children and the servant-girls. On the smaller farms the master and the mistress of the house also sleep there; on the larger ones they occupy a *kammers* (a small room next to the kitchen) as bedroom, and where they also retire when they desire to be alone. There are generally one or two bedrooms upstairs for the rest of the household.

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INTERIOR OF A NORWEGIAN FARMSTEAD.

The house has a passage in the middle, on one side of which a door leads to the kitchen, and on the opposite side another leads to the *gjæstestue* (the room for guests), which is generally kept in very good order. It is also used as a store-room for various household products at times when guests are not expected. On the smaller farms the beds for the guests are also in this room, but on larger ones they have separate bedrooms upstairs.

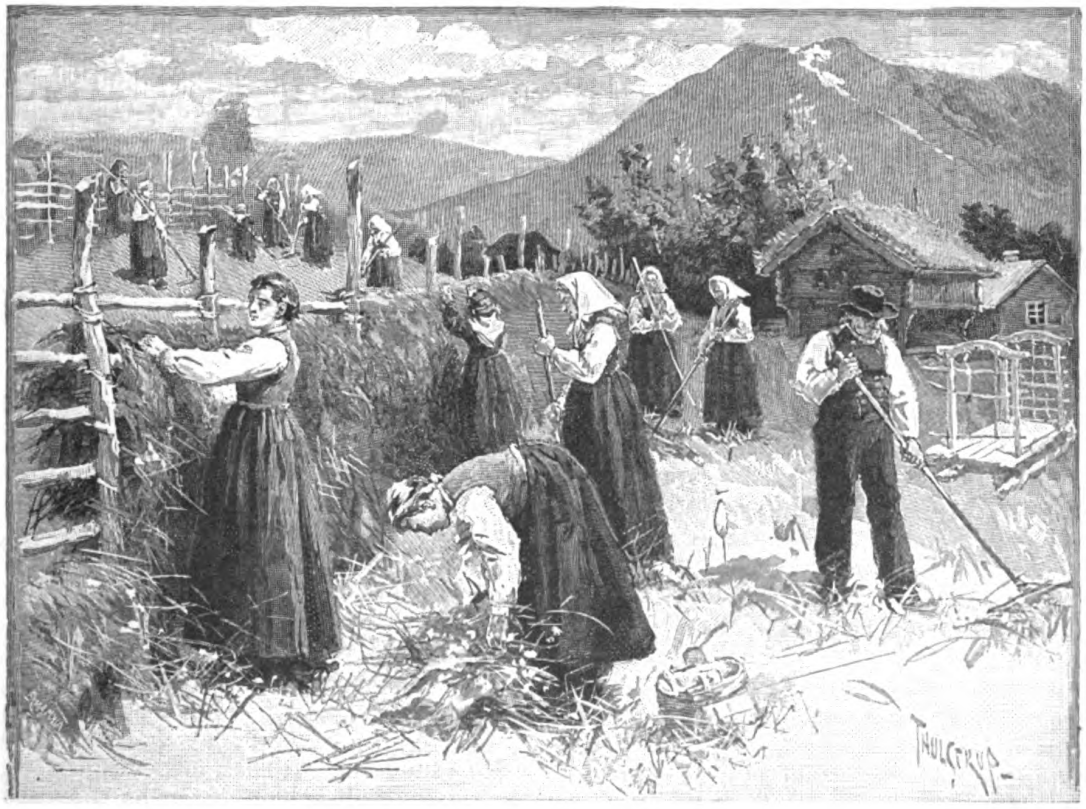
Besides the dwelling-house there is always an *ildhuus* (house for firing) on the farmstead. It must originally have obtained its name at the time when it was used as a dwelling-house, and was the only building in which any fire was lighted. The fire was made in the middle of the floor, and the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof. Later on, a small open oven, something like that of a baker, was built in a corner of the room; there was no funnel from the oven: the smoke curled up under the ceiling and out through the hole. The embers were raked out on to a large hearth in front of the oven. Around this the family used to gather; on top of the oven clothes and wood were dried. Sometimes people used to sleep there. At present the *ildhuus* is used on "great washing days," or for brewing, baking, and for boiling *enerlaug*, a lye made from juniper, and used for scouring milk pans and other utensils which require a good cleansing.

Nowadays they have chimneys, built of stone or brick, with proper hearths, baking ovens, and stoves. In front of the great hearth in the kitchen a woman will generally be found for a considerable part of the year baking *fladbröd* (thin, crisp bread made from oat, barley, or rye meal). The dough is rolled out on a large board till it becomes as thin as a wafer and quite round—two to three feet in diameter—when it is baked on an iron griddle of the same size, which is placed on the hearth by her side, and kept warm by glowing embers beneath. The making and baking of the bread is an art, not understood by all; it is the most important and inevitable article of food of the peasantry, is unfermented, crisp, and of excellent taste.

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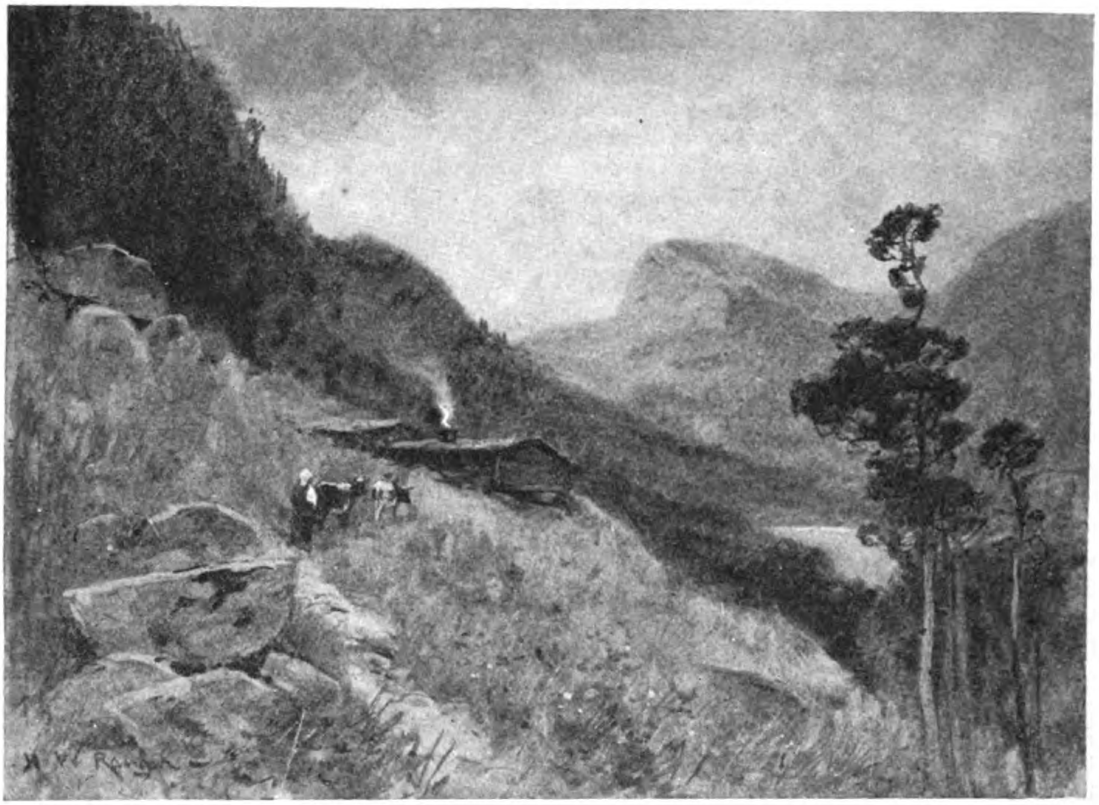
The other out-houses—cow-house, stable, and sheep-sheds—are still being built separate from one another, but they are now beginning to combine them under one roof. The pigs are, however, kept in a separate building. The hay-loft is generally situated above the cow-shed and the stable, the hay being pushed down through a large opening. But as the farms frequently have large expanses of half-redeemed fields at some distance from the farmstead, only used for growing hay and grazing, and as the hilly ground makes transport difficult, they build barns on these fields and keep the hay there during the short, busy summer-time, till the winter comes, when it is carted home to the farmstead on sledges. The corn is seldom stored in any special building, but in some spacious loft adjoining the hay-loft. Gradually as the corn is threshed it is carried up to the *stabur* (a small granary or storehouse), built on short piles about four feet above the ground, not far from the dwelling-house. If there is only one *stabur* on the farmstead there is generally one compartment for flour-bins, and another for salted beef, pork, polonies, and dried meats and hams, as well as for the year's supply of *fladbröd* ranged along the walls in great piles. In a room to themselves are the sheepskin quilts which are not in use. The peasantry sleep on calf-skins, with sheepskins over them, both softly prepared, and with the hair or the wool toward the body. All the woollen blankets and quilts, which have been prepared for years to come, and other household articles of value, are also kept here. Lately, however, they have begun to keep such things in one of the large rooms upstairs in the dwelling-house.

We have not yet enumerated all the various buildings on the farmstead. A smithy is generally to be found at some little distance from the other houses; moreover, a *badstue* (bath-room), so called from the period when the people used vapor baths—a custom which went out with the introduction of Christianity into the country, when the priests and the monks set themselves against it. Now the building is used for drying corn and raw materials of wood which the craftsmen on the farm may have use for.



HAYMAKING.

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A SÆTER (MOUNTAIN DAIRY) IN TELEMARKEN.

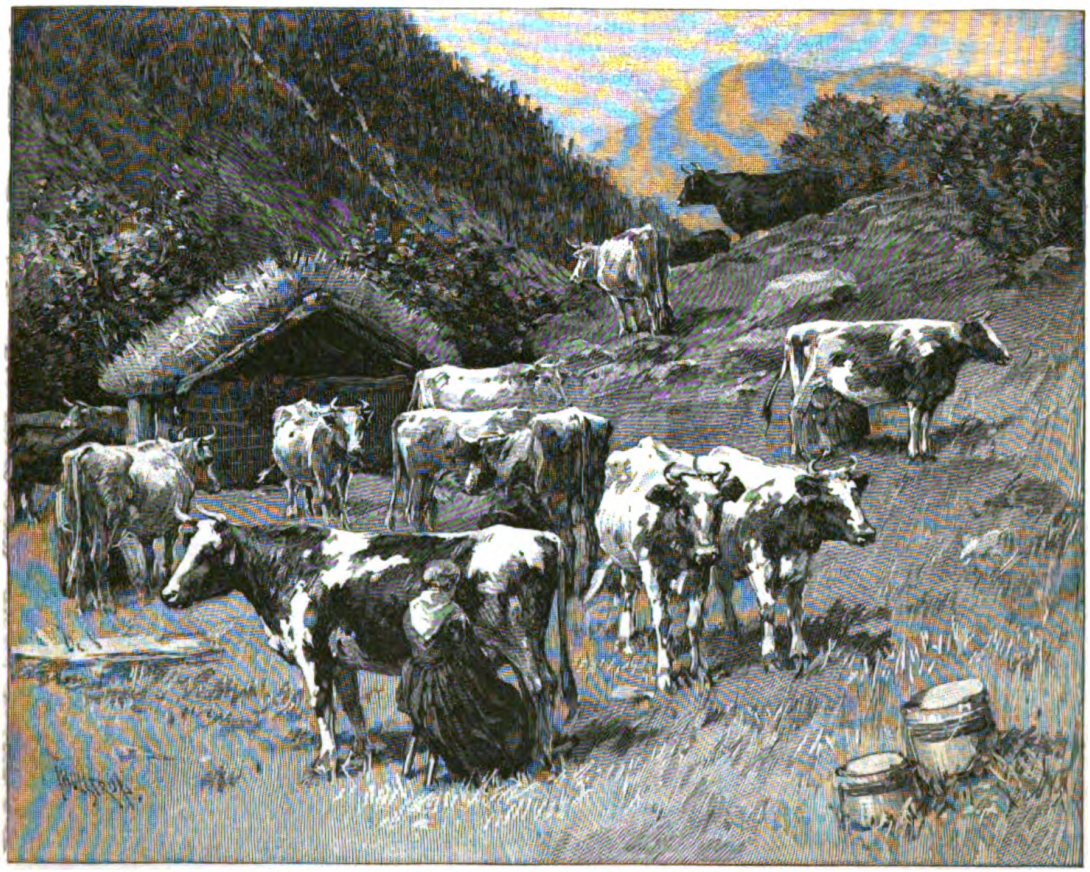
Not very far from the farmstead may be seen, in proportion to the size of the farm, one or more of the cottages of the tenantry. The houses on the tenants' plots belong also to the farm. If there is much grazing land appertaining to the farm, whether consisting of stretches of uncultivated ground fenced in or of pastures in the woods, there is generally a *sommerfjös* (a summer byre or cow-shed), better ventilated than the ordinary one on the farmstead. Most farms have a *sæter* (a mountain dairy), which generally consists of one room, in which the butter is churned, the cheese made, the food cooked, the dairy utensils washed, and where the dairy-maids sleep after their hard day's work. Besides this cottage there is sometimes a separate building or shed for the cattle and the sheep. To the *sæter* generally belongs a large fenced-in field, well stubbed, on which the manure from the cattle is spread. Here grows the finest grass on the whole farm. It is stored in a barn during the summer months, and is brought down to the farmstead in the winter. The life up there in the vast solitude, with the snow-capped mountains in the distance, often with a mountain lake close by, with the cow-bells, the baying of dogs, the sound of the mountain horns, and the hallooing of the girls—life up there with its peaceful work and the solemn stillness of the evening after work is done—is the happiest a Norwegian peasant knows.

In some districts nearly the whole of the population move to the *sæter*, often one or two days' journey distant. But as a rule it is only the oldest daughter on the farm, with a female assistant and the herd-boy, who goes there. Of late the women have in some parts been replaced by men, as in the Tyrol and Switzerland. Those who have been accustomed to the life in the *sæter* become ill from longing, when the summer comes and they are not going up with the cattle. The same thing happens to the cows. If one accustomed to going to the mountains is kept at home on the farmstead, she will wander about waiting and longing to get away; and if the cattle are not well looked after in the spring they will all rush off to the *sæter*, led by the bell-cow, as soon as they are out of their winter-quarters.

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Norway has excellent roads. Comparatively speaking, no country has so many and such good roads. But as soon as you turn off from the main roads to get to the farmsteads on the hill-sides they are inferior, and if any one has to cross the mountains to a *sæter* or on a tour, he meets with very bad and difficult roads, often only a narrow path across marshy moors or endless stony mountain wastes. The horses in these districts are not large, but nimble, sure-footed, and strong. For the mountain journeys they are fitted with a kind of panniers, in which they carry everything that has to be taken across the mountains. It requires a deal of practice to be able to pack things safely in such panniers. The horses show a wondrous dexterity in proceeding along the mountain paths and roads, which must be seen to be realized. The vehicles on the farm are necessarily like the horses, light and small, both inland and on the coast. Most vehicles have but two wheels, whether for transport of goods or persons. The sledges used in the winter are also small. For transport of timber they use very small sledges, about two feet long, on which two or three logs are placed, with the heavy end resting on the cross-bar of the sledge, while the other end is dragged along the ground in the snow. Sometimes a similar sledge is placed under the ends of the logs instead of letting them trail along the ground.

The use of agricultural machinery in Norway is confined to the flat lands. The ploughing of fields on the hill-sides loosens the soil, which is gradually carried down by the water from the melting ice or the heavy rain-showers, and collects in the furrows of the fields below, which slowly rise, until the soil with great trouble must be carted up again load by load. From this it will be understood that the cultivation of the land in these districts is laborious, and that it requires a greater number of hands than in the flat lands.



MILKING COWS ON THE SÆTER.

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The people in the mountain districts could not therefore compete with the lowlanders but for the forests, which they have to fall back upon. And even then it is only sufficient to keep soul and body together. The tenantry are comparatively better off; they have sufficient land to keep one or two cows, sometimes more. While his family look after the place, the tenant himself works on the farmstead for the landlord at a fixed small wage, and as a rule they manage to make both ends meet. If not, they get tickets from relatives in America—it has come to this that every family amongst the peasantry have relatives over there—and they leave their homes and their country with a fortitude which reminds one of what far-travelling folks the Norwegians have been from olden times. I do not think there is any other nation which travels as much as my countrymen—as sailors to all parts of the world, as fishermen on their great fishery and whaling expeditions, as artisans, students, or men of science seeking knowledge and experience abroad, as merchants seeking new markets, and last, though not least, as emigrants.

It is a general custom all over the country among the peasantry that the heads of the household and their children take their meals together at the same table with the servants and those of the tenantry who work on the farm. Only on some of the very large farms do the master of the house and his family live by themselves; the servants then live in a separate building, called the *borgestue*. The way of living is very plain; their food consists principally of porridge and milk, fish, potatoes, and bread, with some kind of soup to it, salted herring and potatoes with sour milk or rye meal soup, salt beef and bacon with pea soup (fresh meat is seldom used), polonies made of blood and barley, dried meats, cheese and butter, and with nearly all these dishes they use the above-named *fladbröd*.

Such briefly are the material conditions and life of the peasantry in Norway.

Norway has some of the greatest fisheries in the world, and we now know the reason why.

Some Norwegian men of science had some time ago a ship in command of a naval officer placed at their disposal by the state for scientific researches in the Norwegian seas and along the coast.

In 1877 they found in the sea around Jan-Mayen, and especially in those parts of the Atlantic where the low temperature indicated its being mixed with ice-water, endless masses of a brown-yellowish mucilage, an organic matter which colored the seas around for miles, an amorphous but apparently living protoplasm. Further south, near the Vigten Islands, they met with a similar glutinous matter, which consisted solely of colored microscopical organisms, principally a peculiar kind of *diatomaceæ*. Professor George Ossian Sars, the discoverer, maintains that both are links in a series; that the former accounts for the latter. This floating matter from the Northern polar seas (the same has also been met with in the Southern polar seas) furnishes food to millions of myriads of animalcules which fill the ocean, and which again become food for larger and yet larger animals. It thus seems as if it is from the apparently barren polar ice and the influence of the summer sun upon it that the wealth of animal life in the seas in the temperate zone derives the conditions for its existence.

On the North American coast this glutinous matter is carried with the polar stream from the sea around Greenland down toward Labrador and Newfoundland. The Norwegian coast lies for the greater part outside the current of the polar stream, under the influence of the warm northeasterly Atlantic stream, so the supply of this matter is less here, but the meeting of the currents seems to be the advantage of the fisheries.

The small animal upon which the Norwegian herring largely feeds is an *astacus* (called *sildaat* by the Norwegians). They are carried in enormous masses toward the coast by the current, till they run against a ridge or a steep subterranean mountain in the valleys of the ocean, which with occasional interruptions runs along a considerable portion of the Norwegian coast; in the Lofoten district it runs through two degrees of latitude, and here the cold stream, meeting the warmer current and being the heavier, is forced down as much as four hundred feet under the surface. But toward the surface of the water, where the streams mingle, the *astacus* gathers in enormous masses, followed up by the herring shoals, which sometimes extend over an area of several hundred miles. The sea inside the ridge is spacious enough to serve as spawning-

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A NORWEGIAN PEASANT AND HIS HOUSEHOLD AT DINNER.

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ground for still larger numbers, the fish being attracted by the milder temperature. There the codfish in immense masses chase the herring, and there man pursues both at their various spawning times or when they go there for food.



PEASANT BOYS OF THE WEST COAST.

The crews of the fishing-boats consist of four to six men, each of whom has his *lod*, or share, in the catch; the owners of the boat and the fishing-gear also have their shares. The most experienced of the crew is chosen as "skipper," though his position ashore may be only that of a servant. Even if the owner of the boat and gear accompanies it as one of the crew, he, like every one else, is bound to obey the skipper. He steers the boat, and superintends the fishing. A fisherman's outfit consists of a chest containing provisions (flour, bread, cheese, salted and dried meats and pork, coffee, sugar, salt, etc.), one change of clothes, sea boots, and the usual overalls for bad weather. The fishing has hitherto principally been carried on in open boats, but now deck boats and smacks are more and more being used in deep-sea fishing, whereby its character has somewhat altered. In these vessels the fishermen have the advantage of the convenience and shelter of the cabins, a comfort to which they had not previously been accustomed.

But the life of the fishermen in the open boats is a hard one, and often when they assemble at some fishing station in unusually large numbers, they cannot all obtain lodgings, and half of them are not able to get their food cooked, but must content themselves with eating it cold and with a "dram," and with sleeping in their stiff frozen clothes, packed closely together, like herrings in a barrel, along the floor, or even standing, one leaning against the other, in a close and stifling atmosphere, which only over-tired people can endure, and not always even they.

Sometimes they cannot get shelter inside a house, and they must then go back to their boats, cover themselves up with anything they can find, and shivering from cold, spend the night under the arctic sky, trying to get some sleep. In this way many a one catches an illness, which often proves fatal. A greater number, however, lose their lives in stormy weather or through some accident. The loss of life along the western coast of Norway is as great as if this part of the country was in the midst of war.

The hope of great and immediate profit carries them through all discomforts and dangers, and tempts generation after generation to follow on the same path. Even if the fishing has turned out badly and they return home in debt, or if they have lost both boat and tackle, they do not lose courage. They go at it again next year.

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HERRING FISHERY ON THE WEST COAST.

It is not the gain alone which tempts them; the life itself is so adventurous; they have heard accounts of it from boyhood, and have had some experience of it too on the fjord near their homes, and are restless until they are off to the great fishing-grounds to try their luck. Those who once have been there, and see others getting ready for any of the fisheries, cannot easily withstand the temptation to join them.

Formerly they sailed all the way to the fishing-grounds in their own boats, or sometimes in a *jægt* (fish-carrier or big smack), which would take several boats and their crews on board, but now boat and crew go by steamer, and once on board the latter, the merry, exciting life begins. Formerly the boats sailed from harbor to harbor looking for the herring or the cod, but now the telegraph flashes the news to the various stations along the coast where the fish is to be found, and off starts steamer after steamer, full of boats and fishermen, to reap the harvest of the deep. On these occasions the fishermen are sure to meet old friends and comrades at the different fishing stations, when the memory of old times is revived by lively, briny conversation, enlivened by drink, card-playing, betting, and dancing with the girls, who on Sundays come long distances for a "swing-round," or with the "gutter lasses," who during the herring fishery obtain employment by gutting the fish. There is a wonderful attraction about the herring fishery, when thousands of shrieking sea-gulls follow the shoals on their way into the fjords, chased by the whales, whose spouting and blowing fill the air. The boats set off from the shore, and then the work begins.

Besides the large fisheries, a quieter and more steady fishery takes place in the fjords; each season brings its own kind of fish, and every family on the coast catches sufficient for its own use. This fishing is generally carried on both by line and by net.

The impressions of the grand natural surroundings on the mind of these sturdy fishermen, especially during the light summer nights, have such an attraction that Norwegians whom I met during my visit to America a few years ago, and who had been settled for some time in the interior of the States, told me they were yearning to return home, if only to be able to experience this life once more. And many of these were people who when at home in Norway must have been poor tenants or owners of a small plot of ground, and whose boats and gear were but according to their means.

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PULLING UP FISHING-BOATS, WEST COAST.

The *jægts*, or coasting smacks, used for the transport of fish from the fishing stations to the towns, are still built on almost the same lines as those of the old Viking ships. Some of the fishing-boats resemble perhaps still more those ancient vessels, as may be seen from the old Viking ship dug out at Gokstad some years ago, and now preserved in the University Museum at Christiania.

The deck of the *jægts* consists of large loose boards, which are often taken away to allow the dried fish, *klipfisk* or *stokfisk*,* to be piled a long way up the mast. These vessels seldom venture into the open sea; they generally sail inside the numerous skerries or islands on the Norwegian coast; otherwise the cargo could not be stowed and conveyed in this way. The greater part of the fish caught and cured in the North is sent to Christiansund and Bergen, where it is reshipped for Spain, Italy, and other Catholic countries in the Mediterranean and South America. Sometimes you may meet fleet after fleet of a hundred or more of these *jægts* sailing along the coast or lying in the harbor of Bergen, side by side—a unique sight.

The Norwegians also hunt the seal and the walrus, and send large whaling expeditions to the polar seas, which give employment to many people. Several of the promoters of this industry, especially those of Tönsberg, a town on the Christiania Fjord, have become rich men. The whale fishery is carried on exclusively by steamers, which carry guns loaded with short harpoons. For seal and walrus hunting both sailing vessels and steamers are used. On the top of one of the masts a great barrel is fixed as a lookout as soon as the vessel arrives in the ice. When the man on the lookout discovers through his spy-glass the animals with their young ones lying upon the ice, usually in large numbers, he gives the signal, and the boats, manned with hunters, set out on the chase.

There is considerable danger attached to these expeditions; the ships may be frozen up in the ice, or the crew may have to leave the ship, when their fate,

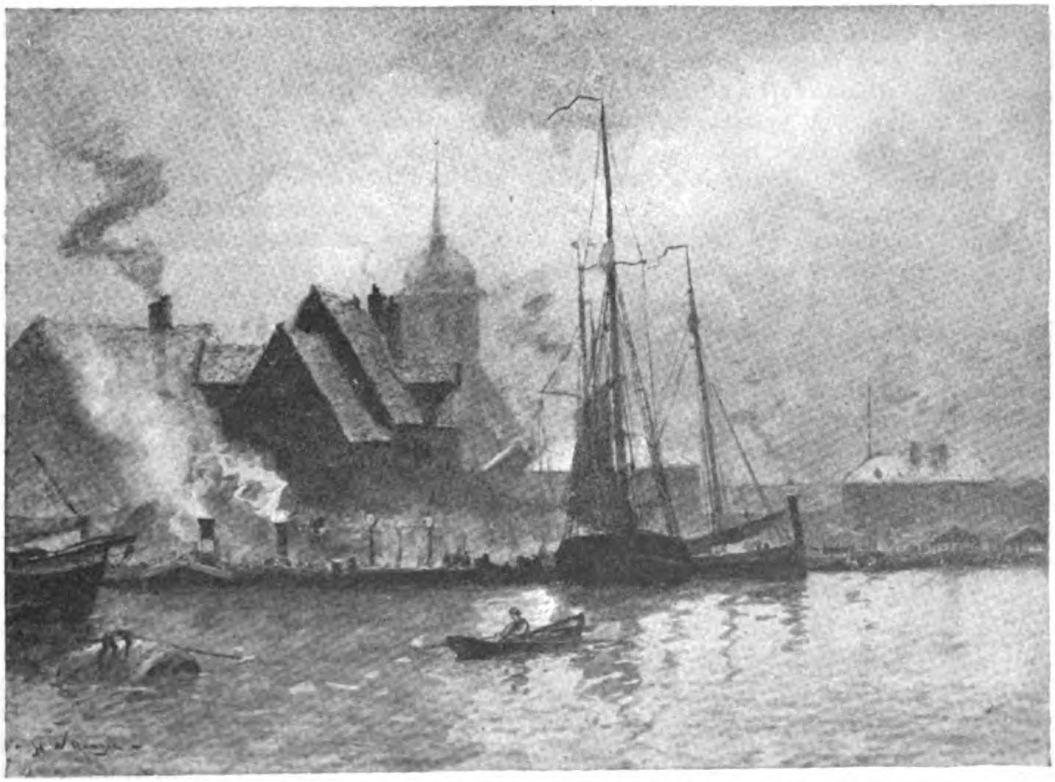
* *Klipfisk* is the codfish split open, spread-eagle fashion, dried on the rocks (*klip*—cliff); while *stokfisk* or *rundfisk* is the cod, coal-fish, or ling, which, after being "drawn," is hung up, unsalted, and dried in the air, when it becomes as hard as a stick (*stok*). The heads are cut off in both cases, and are used for the manufacture of fish-guano.

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whether they are able to reach the coast of Spitzbergen or have to take to their boats, is very uncertain. In violent hurricanes ships have been crushed in the ice, hunters have landed from their boats on the ice-flakes and met with polar-bears, that have come on the same errand as the hunters, and will not suffer any intrusion. Sometimes the hunters meet the bears when they have used their last cartridges and are busy dragging their spoil to the boats, or perhaps they only wound the animal, or the bears may be too numerous; it has also happened that the bears have pursued the boats and tried to upset them.

The shipping employs between sixty and seventy thousand men; a considerable number of these take part in the fisheries during the winter months. It is generally estimated that from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty thousand people are engaged in the fisheries, but of course not during the whole year.

One of the chief industries is forestry and the timber trade. The trees are felled in the winter. In the great timber districts, the valley along the Glommen River and neighboring mountain ranges, this industry demands an outfit almost the same as for the great sea fisheries. The woodman, however, must not take with him more than he can carry in his *nœverkout*, a kind of knapsack, plaited so closely from the bark of the birch-tree that it is water-tight. In this he carries a small bag of flour, some salt, a piece of bacon, some salted herrings, *lefser* (a kind of oatmeal cake), a haunch of dried mutton, some butter, cheese, coffee, and sugar. Projecting from the knapsack may be seen the handle of his axe and the feet of a pair of boots, and on the outside are tied up a coffee-kettle and an iron pan. The woodmen often start for the forests in companies of two or more, either on foot or on snow-shoes, and have generally a journey of many miles before them, far away into the forests. There is often no house in the neighborhood where they can get night quarters. They are then obliged to build a plain hut of rough-hewn logs, about eight by twelve feet, the interstices between being filled with moss. The roof consists of split logs and pine bark, and is thatched with moss. The door is only just large enough to creep in at. In one corner a stone slab is



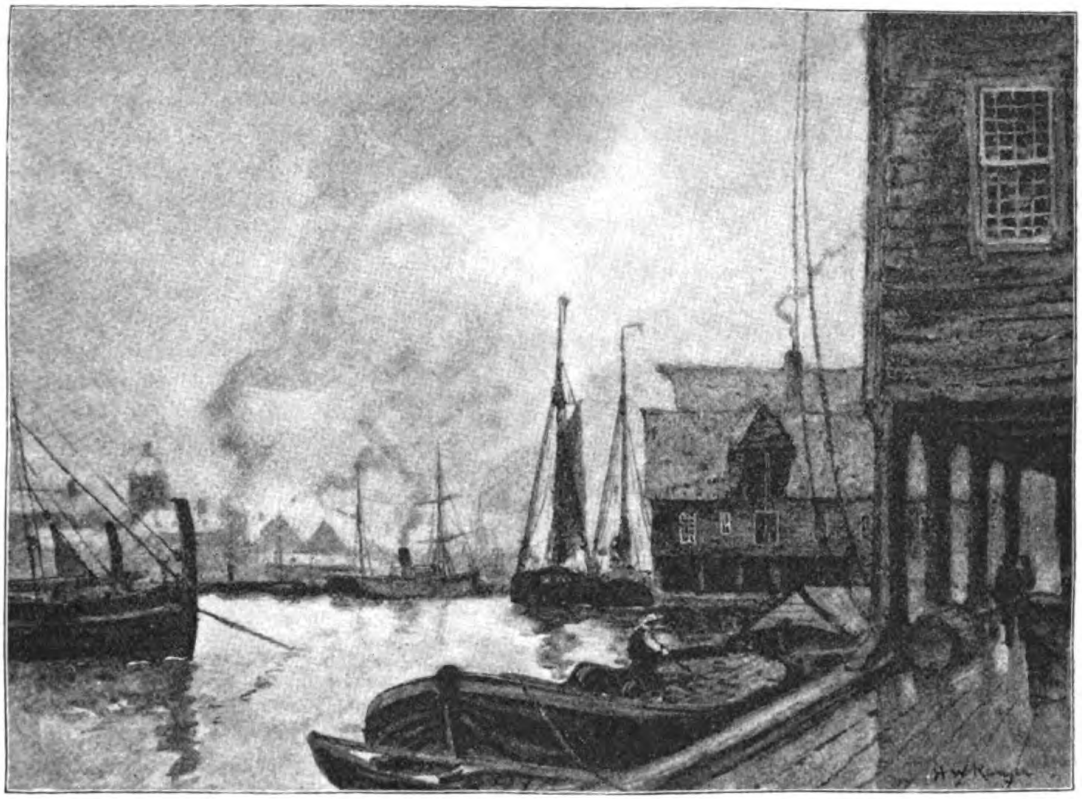
BERGEN HARBOR, WITH THE CATHEDRAL AND FISH-MARKET IN THE BACKGROUND.

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placed upon the ground, and on this they build up a rough kind of chimney. On this primitive fireplace they boil their porridge, soup, and coffee, and fry their bacon. A fire is always kept up when the men are in-doors: we are now in the coldest part of Norway. The door and chimney are open, and the hut exceedingly draughty. On the side opposite to the door they place some logs, on top of which are spread hay and moss. Here they sleep, with their knapsacks under their heads for a pillow; they seldom have any bedclothes. They never undress; in the evening, however, they pull off their boots and stockings, which they dry while sitting with their bare feet before the fire. But they put both stockings and boots on again before lying down. In very severe weather it often happens that the clothes on that side of their body which is turned toward the rime-frosted wall become frozen fast to it, while the other side, which is turned toward the fire, is smoking hot and steaming. During the time the timber is transported to the rivers, which generally takes place later on in the winter, they build a cottage of fir branches for the horses, who must be well attended to. In the early morning the men must turn out in the bitter cold to look after the animals. Timber-felling requires a deal of practice and strength: a full-grown man must be able to fell a certain number of trees a day. A spirit of emulation prevails: the one does not like to be behind the other. Their life is a hard one, and the living far from good. They suffer much in health in consequence of their exposure to the weather. The horses also suffer very much. The logs are dragged to the brink of the mountain-side, whence they slide down of themselves to the river, or they have to be carted on sledges down steep roads, the load pressing so much on the horses that they often have to sit down on their haunches and slide down the road with the load after them. The horses are often injured by this rough work and become useless. But, strange to say, the people long for this life in the forest, and many a one, who has no need of taking to such hard work, seeks it voluntarily.

Now comes the floating. All the timber has to be floated down the rivers in the early part of the summer, when the rivers are full. The logs are constantly being driven into creeks and corners by the strong current, or being piled up against the piers of the bridges. To release the logs and send them on their course, gangs of *flötere* ("floaters") are employed all along the river. In the great rivers, especially in the Glommen, the "floater" has to wade out in the water, often to his shoulders, to cut loose with his axe the logs which have stuck fast, or to send them into the current with his boat-hook. The "floating" generally takes place in the summer, and although the men do not change clothes, as their knapsacks will not hold anything beyond the necessary food—and besides it would be of little use changing, for the very next moment they may have to go out into the water again—in the large rivers it cannot be said to be a dangerous calling. In the tributary rivers, however—and it is in these that the greater part of the timber is floated down to the great water-courses—the "floating" is a dangerous and health-destroying occupation. Here the "floater" begins his work as soon as the rivers commence to swell from the melting snow and ice, and he has then to wade out into the river, walking about, wet far above the knees, for weeks, without being able to change his clothes. Often the "floaters" fall into the water and become wet all over, or they go for days in clothes saturated with rain-water, frequently in parts that are quite uninhabited. Sometimes they lose all feeling in their feet, and are then obliged to take off their boots and stockings and rub them until feeling is restored, and often they have to lie down to get a little sleep on the cold ground, with nothing over them but branches of the pine-tree as a covering. When sleeping in the open they generally make a fire—*nying*, as they call it—which is so ingeniously made that it keeps burning all night; they then turn, now one side and then the other, to the fire, to keep their body warm, and with these interruptions they sleep on till they can stand the cold no longer; they have then to get up and move about, and off they start further down the river. Where the river permits it they take a small boat with them, which they at night pull ashore and turn over and sleep under. The most critical moments, and the severest test of the "floater's" craft, are when one or more logs are blocking the river crosswise and

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IN THE HARBOR OF BERGEN.

have to be released. The "floater" has to venture out on the logs to discover the one which binds them together. When this has been cut through, and the logs, set free, are whirled and tossed about in the surging and roaring waters, it becomes a question of life or death to the "floater" to get ashore across the rolling logs. One wonders how he escapes, and that there are not a greater number of deaths in this dangerous avocation. It is this life of peril and adventure, and the solitude in these lonely parts of the country, that attract the Norwegian peasant to it; for every smart lad or man who succumbs to it—either slowly from what he has endured or through meeting his death in the cataract, whirled and tossed about against the sharp rocks—there are only too many ready and willing to take his place.

Norway has seven hundred and fifty saw-mills, most of which are driven by water-power. From seven to eight thousand people are employed in these mills. It will thus be seen that the Norwegians themselves prepare the raw material as far as possible. It is exported almost entirely in Norwegian ships. Norwegians have also bought up large forests in Sweden and Finland, and these enterprises have become exemplary in those countries.

Some other of the industries of Norway, such as mining, manufacturing, etc., are of considerable importance, and will become more and more so, but as they have not as yet impressed any special stamp and character on the people employed therein, I will pass them by.

A description of the sport to be obtained on the Norwegian mountains in hunting ptarmigan, capercailzie, hares, and reindeer would, no doubt, prove interesting, but I have not the space at my command which would be necessary to do justice to the subject.

I also feel tempted to describe the Lapps in the north of Norway—their life in the mountains and on the coast, wandering about with their large herds of reindeer, on whose flesh and milk they live, and in whose skins they dress themselves, but they do not strictly come within the scope of these articles. During the last few years tame reindeer have been introduced

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on the mountains in the south of Norway; thus, at Nystuen, on the Fillefjeld, an attempt on a large scale has been made, and has so far succeeded that a new branch of industry seems here to have arisen. The flesh of the reindeer finds a ready sale both for home consumption and for export, and the pastures are large enough to allow of the reindeer being bred to any extent.

SCOTCH SONGS.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

I.—MY LADDIE.

OH, my laddie, my laddie,
I lo'e your very plaidie,
I lo'e your very bonnet
Wi' the silver buckle on it,
I lo'e your collie Harry,
I lo'e the kent ye carry;
But oh! it's past my power to tell
How much, how much I lo'e yoursel!

Oh, my dearie, my dearie,
I could luik an' never weary
At your een sae blue an' laughin',
That a heart o' stane wad saften,
While your mouth sae proud an' curly
Gars my heart gang tirlie-wirlie;
But oh! yoursel, your very sel,
I lo'e ten thousand times as well!

Oh, my darlin', my darlin',
Let's gang amang the carlin,
Let's loll upo' the heather
A' this bonny, bonny weather;
Ye shall fauld me in your plaidie,
My luve, my luve, my laddie;
An' close, an' close into your ear
I'll tell ye how I lo'e ye, dear.

II.—LOVE'S GHOST.

THE wan moon luiks fu' patiently
From oot a scarf o' rainbow licht,
Like a woman pale wi' mony a grief
Drest oot in colors bricht.

The stars are eyes, sad, sad wi' tears,
The clouds are faëry winding-sheets,
The trees grim han's reached up in prayer,
An' the wind a ghaist that greets.

Anither ghaist gangs at my side,
Wi' eyes like stars, sad, sad wi' tears,
His wastit han's reach up in prayer,
His sobs torment my ears.

Pale ghaist o' luve, gang on, gang on;
Why will ye ever haunt me sae?
Ye are a part o' hours fled,
A piece o' yesterday.

I know ye not. Flit, flit awa';
Your eyes like fires burn in my heart.
Wraith o' fause luve, haunt not the leal;
In true luve's name, depart.

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JUPITER LIGHTS.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

V.

"OUT rowing? If you are doing it to entertain me—" said Eve.

"I should never think of trying to do that; there's only one thing here that entertains you, and that's baby," Cicely answered. She spoke without insistence; her eyes had their absent-minded expression.

"Cicely, give him to me," Eve began. She must put her wish into words some time. "If I could only make you feel how much I long for it! I will devote my life to him, and it will be a pleasure, because I am so alone in the world. You are not alone; you have other ties. Listen, Cicely: I will make any arrangement you like. You shall always have the first authority, but let me have him to live with me; let me take him away when I go. I will acknowledge everything you have said: my brother was much older than you were, and it is natural that those months with him should seem to you now but an episode—something that happened at the beginning of your life, but which need not go on to its close."

"I *was* young," said Cicely, musingly.

"Young to marry—yes."

"No; I mean young to have everything ended."

"But that is what I am telling you; it must not be ended. Your husband will come back to you."

"He may," answered Cicely, looking at her companion for a moment with almost a solemn expression.

"Then give baby to me now, and let me go away—before he comes."

Cicely glanced off over the water; they were standing on the low bank above the sound. "He could not go North now, in the middle of the winter," she answered, after a moment.

"In the early spring, then?"

"I don't know; perhaps."

Eve's heart gave a bound. She was going to gain her point.

Having been brought up by a man, she had learned to do without the explanations and the details which are dear to most feminine minds; so all she said was, "That's agreed, then. Yes, I should like to go out very much, if the men can be spared," she added, returning to the subject of the proposed excursion. She was so happy that a bright flush had risen in her cheeks, and her smile, as she spoke these last words, was very sweet; those lips, which Miss Sabrina had thought so sullen, had other expressions.

Cicely looked at her. "You may marry too."

Eve laughed. "There is no danger. To show you, to make you feel as secure as I do, I will tell you that there have been one or two—friends of Jack's over there. Apparently I am not made of inflammable material."

"When you are sullen—yes, perhaps. But when you are not?"

"I shall always be sullen to that sort of thing. But we needn't be troubled; there won't be an army. To begin with, I am twenty-eight; and to end with, every one will know that I have willed all my property to baby, and that makes an immense difference."

"How does it make a difference?"

"In opportunities for marrying, if not also—as I really believe—for falling in love."

"I do not see what difference it makes."

"True, you do not," Eve replied; "you are the most extraordinary people in the world, you Southerners. I have been here nearly a month, and I am still constantly struck by it; you never think of money at all. And the strangest point is that although you never think of it, you don't in the least know how to get on without it. You cannot improve anything or change anything; you can only endure."

"If you will tell Dilsey to get baby ready, I will see to the boat," answered Cicely. She was never interested in general questions.

Presently they were afloat. They were in a large row-boat, with Pomp, Plato, Uncle Abram, and a field hand at the oars; Cicely steered; Eve and little Jack were the passengers. The home island was four miles long, washed by the ocean on one side, the sound on the other; on the north, Singleton Island lay very near; but on the south there was a broad opening, the next island being six miles distant. Here stood Jupiter Light, for this channel

* Begun in January number, 1889.

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was a sea entrance not only to the line of sounds, but also to towns far inland, for here opened on the west a great river-mouth, through which flowed to the sea a broad slow stream, coming from the cotton country. They were all good sailors, as they had need to be for such excursions, the sounds being often rough. The bright winter air, too, was sharp; but Eve was strong, and did not mind it, and the ladies of Romney, like true Southerners, never believed that it was really cold, cold as it is at the North. The voyages in the row-boat had been many; they had helped to fill the days, and the sisters-in-law had had not much else with which to fill them. They had remained as widely apart as in the beginning, Eve absorbed in her own plans, Cicely in her own indifference. Little Jack was always of the party, as his presence made dialogue easy. They had floated through the salt-marshes between the rattling reeds; they had landed upon other islands, whose fields, like those of Romney, had once been fertile, but which now showed submerged expanses behind the broken dikes, with here and there an abandoned rice-mill or dwelling-house. Sometimes they went inland up the river, rowing slowly against the current; sometimes, when it was calm, they went out to sea. To-day they crossed to the other side of the sound.

"What a long house Romney is!" Eve said, looking back. She did not add, "And if you drop anything on the floor at one end, it shakes the other."

"Yes, it's large," Cicely answered. She perceived no fault in it.

"And the name: you know there's a Romney in Kent?"

"Is there?"

"And your post-office, too; when I think of your Warwick, with its one wooden house, those spectral sand-hills, the wind, and the tall white light-house, and then when I recall the English Warwick, with its closely built little streets, and old stone houses, and the great castle looking down into the brook, I wonder if the first comers here didn't feel lost sometimes. All the rivers in central England put together would be drowned out of sight in that great yellow stream of yours over there."

But Cicely's imagination took no flight toward the first comers, nor toward the English rivers; and in another moment Eve's had come hastily homeward, for little Jack coughed. "He is taking cold!" she exclaimed. "Let us go back."

"It's a splendid day; he will take no cold," Cicely answered. "But we will go back if you wish." She watched Eve fold a shawl round the little boy with tender care. "You ought to have a child of your own, Eve," she said, with her odd little laugh.

"And you ought never to have had one," Eve responded. "You were too young. But I could not love little Jack more if he really were my own child; understand that."

"You think so."

"I know so," rejoined Eve, perfectly sure of herself.

As they drew near the landing they saw Miss Sabrina on the bank. "She has on her bonnet; where can she be going?" said Cicely. "Oh, I know; she will ask you to row to Singleton Island, to return Mrs. Singleton's call."

"But Jack looks so pale!"

"You're too funny, Eve! How do you suppose we have taken care of him all this time—before you came?" Eve's tone was sometimes abrupt, and even rough; but Cicely's was never that; the worst you could say of it was that its sweetness was sometimes mocking.

When they reached the landing, Miss Sabrina proposed her visit; "that is, if you care to go, my dear. Dilsey told me that she saw the boat coming back, so I put on my bonnet on the chance, as it's early still."

"Eve is going," remarked Cicely, stepping from the boat. "She wants to see Rupert; he is such a sweet little boy."

Dilsey took Jack, and presently Miss Sabrina and her guest were floating northward. Eve longed to put her triumph into words: "The baby is mine! In the spring I am to have him." But she refrained. "When does your spring begin?" she asked. "In February?"

"In March, rather," answered Miss Sabrina. "Before that we take counsel of our hopes rather than our certainties. I myself have never been one to put on thin dresses with the pinguiculas."

"To-day is the 15th. It will be six weeks, then, exactly."

"Six weeks to what?"

"To spring."

"I don't know that it begins on the very first day," remarked Miss Sabrina, mildly.

"Mine shall," thought Eve.

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Romney was near the northern end of the home island; the voyage therefore was a short one. The chimneys of Singleton House came into view. But the boat passed on, still going northward. "Isn't that the house?" Eve asked.

"Yes; but the landing is farther on. We always go to the landing, and then walk back through the avenue."

But when the façade appeared at the end of the neglected road—a walk of fifteen minutes—there seemed to Eve hardly occasion for so much ceremony; the old mansion was in a far worse condition than Romney; it sidled and leaned, and one of its wings was a roofless ruin, with the planking of the floor half tilted up, half fallen into the cellar. Miss Sabrina betrayed no perception of the effect of this upon a stranger; she crossed the veranda with her lady-like step, and said to a solemn little negro boy who was standing in the doorway: "Is Mrs. Singleton at home this evening, Boliver? Can she see us?—Miss Bruce and Miss Abercrombie."

An old negro woman came round the corner of the house, and cuffing the boy for standing there, ushered the visitors into a room on the right of the broad hall. The afternoon had grown colder, but the doors and windows all stood open. After old Blanche had gone, a negro girl, who bore a strong resemblance to Powlyne, entered, and chased out a chicken that was prowling about over the matted floor; then she knelt down, with her long thin black legs stretched out behind, and tried to light a fire on the hearth. But the wind was evidently in the wrong direction for the requirements of that chimney; white smoke puffed into the room in clouds.

"Let us go out on the veranda," suggested Eve, half choked.

"Oh, but surely— When they have ushered us in here?" responded Miss Sabrina, remonstratingly, though she too was nearly strangled. "It will all blow away in a few minutes, I assure you."

Much of it still remained when Mrs. Singleton entered. She paid no more attention to it than Miss Sabrina had done; she welcomed her guests warmly, kissing Eve on both cheeks, although she had never seen her before. "I have been so much interested in hearing that you are from England, Miss Bruce," she said, taking a seat beside her. "We always think of England as our old home; I reckon you will see much down here to remind you of it."

Eve looked about her—at the puffing smoke, at the wandering chicken, that still peered through one of the windows. "I am not English," she said.

"But you have lived there so long; ever since you were a child. Surely it is the same thing," interposed Miss Sabrina. A faint color rose in her cheeks for a moment. Eve perceived that she preferred to present an English rather than a Northern guest.

"We are all English, if you come to that," said Mrs. Singleton, confidently. She was small, white-haired, with a sweet face, and a sweet voice that drawled a little.

"Eve is much interested in our nigroes," pursued Miss Sabrina; "you know to her they are a novelty."

"Oh dear yes, our poor, poor people! When I think of them, Miss Bruce, scattered and astray, with no one to advise them, it makes my heart bleed. For they must be suffering in so many ways. Take the one instance of the poor women in their confinements; we used to go to them, and be with them to cheer their time of trial. But now, separated from us, from our care and oversight, what *can* they do? If the people who have been so rash in freeing them had only thought of even that one thing! But I suppose they did not think of it, and naturally, because the abolitionist societies, we are told, were composed principally of old maids."

Eve laughed. "Why can't they have nurses, as other people do?"

"You don't mean regular monthly nurses, of course?"

"Yes; why not?—if they can afford to pay for it. They might club together to supply them."

"Oh, I don't think that would be at all appropriate, really. And Eve does not mean it, I assure you," said Miss Sabrina, coming to the rescue. "Her views are perfectly reasonable, dear Mrs. Singleton. You would be surprised."

"Yes, you would!" Eve thought.

They talked no more of nig-roes.

"How is Miss Hillsborough?" Miss Sabrina asked.

"Right well, I am glad to say. My dear aunt Peggy, Miss Bruce; and what she is to me I can hardly tell you! You know I am something of a talker"—here

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Mrs. Singleton laughed softly. "And we are so much alone here now that were it not for Aunt Peggy I should fairly have to talk to the chickens!" (One at least would be ready, Eve thought.) "Don't you know that there are ever so many little things each day that we want to *say* to somebody?" Mrs. Singleton went on. "Thinking them is not enough. And these dear people, like Aunt Peggy, who sit still and listen: it isn't what they answer that's of consequence; in fact they seldom say much; it's just the chance they give us of putting our own thought into words and seeing how it looks. It *does* make such a difference."

"You are fortunate," Eve answered. "And then you have your little boy too. Cicely has told me about him—Rupert. She says he is such a dear little fellow."

"Dear heart!" exclaimed Miss Sabrina, distressed. "Cicely is sometimes—yes—"

But Mrs. Singleton laughed merrily. "I will show him to you presently," she said.

"Mr. Singleton is extraordinarily agreeable," said Miss Sabrina, with enthusiasm.

"Oh yes, he is wonderful; he is a statesman; he is a second Patrick Henry. But then as regards the little things of each *day*, you know, we don't go to our husbands with *those*."

"What do you do, then?—I mean with the husbands," Eve asked.

"I think we admire them," answered Mrs. Singleton, simply.

Lucasta, the negro girl, now appeared with a tray. "Pray take some Madeira," said their hostess, filling the tiny glasses. "And plum-cake."

Eve declined. But Miss Sabrina accepted both refreshments, and Mrs. Singleton bore her company. The wine was unspeakably bad; it would have been difficult to say what had entered into its composition; but Madeira had formed part of the old-time hospitality of the house, and something that was sold under that name (at the small country store on the main-land opposite) was still kept in the cut-glass decanter, to be served upon occasion.

Presently a very tall, very portly, and very handsome old man (he well merited the three verys) came in, leaning on a cane. "Miss Bruce—little Rupert; our dear little boy," said Mrs. Singleton, introducing him. She had intended to laugh, but she forgot it; she gazed at him admiringly.

The master of the house put aside his cane, and looked about for a chair. As he stood there, helpless, for an instant, he seemed gigantic.

Eve laughed.

Miss Sabrina murmured, "Pleasantry, dear Mr. Singleton—our foolish pleasantry."

After the old gentleman had found his chair and seated himself, and had drawn a breath or two, he gave a broad slow smile. "Nanny, are you in the habit of introducing me to your young lady friends as your dear little Rupert?—your little Rupe?"

"Rupe? Never!" answered Mrs. Singleton, indignantly.

"Only our foolish pleasantry," sighed Miss Sabrina, apologetically.

"It was Cicely," Eve explained.

"If it was Cicely, it was perfect," the lame Colossus answered, gallantly. "Cicely is heavenly. She is dulcet. She is engaging."

He then ate some plum-cake, and paid Eve compliments even more handsome than these.

After a while he imparted the news: he had been down to the landing to meet the afternoon steamer, which brought tidings from the outside world. "Melton is dead," he said. "Of course you know whom I mean? Melton, the great manufacturer; one of the richest men living, I suppose."

"Oh! And where is his soul *now*?" said Mrs. Singleton. Her emotion was real, her sweet face grew pallid.

"Why, I have never heard that he was a bad man, especially," said Eve, surprised.

"He was sure to be, making all that money. Oh, what can his thoughts be at this moment!"

"That Riches take to themselves Wings," quoted Miss Sabrina, shaking her head.

"And Fly away," added Mrs. Singleton, in the deep tone of a dirge.

But Rupert did not sympathize with all this mournfulness. "Miss Bruce," he said, turning toward Eve—he was so broad that that in itself made a landscape—"have you ever noticed the appropriateness of 'County Guy' to this neighborhood of ours?"

"No," Eve answered. But the words brought her father to her mind with a rush: how often, when she was a child,

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had he beguiled a dull walk at a duller post with a chant, half song, half declamation:

"Oh, County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea."

She looked at her host, but she did not hear him; a mist gathered in her eyes.

"'Oh, County Guy, the hour is nigh,'"

began the Colossus, placing his plum-cake on his knee provisionally,

"'The sun has left the lea;
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark his lay who trilled all day
Sits hushed his partner nigh.
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour;
But where is County Guy?'

"The orange flower perfumes the bower—that is what I mean; here we have the orange flower and the lea, the bower and the sea; and it's very rarely that you find all four together. The lark his lay who trilled all day—what music it is! There's no one like Scott."

His lameness prevented him from accompanying the ladies on their walk back to the boat; he stood in the doorway leaning on his cane and waving a courtly farewell; while the chicken, with high, slowly considering steps, crossed the veranda and entered the drawing-room again.

"Miss Sabrina, tell me what you know of Ferdinand Morrison," Eve began, as soon as a turn in the road hid the old house from their view.

Miss Sabrina had expected to talk about the Singletons. "Oh, Mr. Morrison? we did not see him ourselves, you know."

"But you must have heard."

"Certainly. We heard. The Singletons are delightful people, are they not? So cultivated! Their house has always been one of the most agreeable on the sound."

"I dare say. But about Ferdinand Morrison?" Eve went on. For it was not often that she had so good an opportunity: at Romney, if there was no one else present, there were always the servants, who came in and out like members of the family. "Cicely met him first in Savannah, didn't she?"

"Yes," answered Miss Sabrina (but giving up the Singletons with regret); "she went to pay a visit to our cousin Emmeline; and there she met him. From the very beginning he appeared to be deeply in love with her, Cousin Emmeline wrote. And Cicely too—so we heard—appeared to care for him from the first day. At least Cousin Emmeline received that impression; Cicely, of course, did not take her into her confidence."

"Why of course?"

"At that early stage wouldn't it have dimmed the sweetness of those first dear faint uncertainties? It seems so at least to me. Mr. Morrison used to come for her every day, and take her out for a drive: I have been in Savannah myself, long ago; and I have often thought that probably they went to Bonaventure—*so* delightful! At last, one evening, Cicely told Cousin Emmeline that she was engaged. And the next day she wrote to us. She did not come home; they were married there at Emmeline's."

"And none of you went to the wedding?"

"There were only father and I to go. We have not always been able to do as we wished," replied Miss Sabrina, gently.

"Mr. Morrison had money, I suppose, as they were married immediately?"

"I think not. We have never been told so."

"Didn't you ask?"

"That was for Cicely, wasn't it? I dare say she knows. We could only hope, father and I, that she would be happy. But I fear she has not been, ah—no, no." And Miss Sabrina sighed.

"But we must not give it up so, she is still so young. Why don't you write to Mr. Morrison yourself, and tell him to come back?" suggested Eve, boldly.

"But—but I don't know where he is," answered Miss Sabrina, bewildered by this sudden attack.

"You said South America."

"But I can't put 'Ferdinand Morrison, Esquire, South America.'"

"But some one knows. His relatives."

"Yes; there is his brother, and a most devoted brother, we are told," responded Miss Sabrina, speaking more fluently now that she was launched upon family affection. "Yes, indeed—from all we have heard of Paul Tennant we are inclined to think him a most excellent young man. He may not have Ferdinand's beauty (we are told that Ferdinand is remarkably handsome); and it is probable, too, that he has not Ferdinand's cultivation, for he is a business man. Besides, he has always lived at the North. I beg your pardon, my dear, I am sure," said the South-

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ern lady, interrupting herself in confusion.

"It doesn't matter a straw; the North won't die of it. If you know where this brother is— But why has he a different name?"

"The mother, Mrs. Tennant, who was a widow with this one boy, Paul, married one of the Maryland Morrisons—I reckon you know the family? Ferdinand is the child of this second marriage. His father and mother are dead; his only near relative is this half-brother, Paul."

"Write to Paul, then, and find out where Ferdinand is."

"Surely—this is a plot, isn't it?" answered Miss Sabrina, smiling. "But I like it; it's so sweet of you to plan for our poor Cicely's happiness."

"You needn't thank me! Then you will write?"

"But I don't know where Mr. Tennant is either. I dare say Cicely knows."

"If you ask her, she will be sure to suspect something; and if I ask her, it will be worse still. Doesn't anybody in the world know where this Paul Tennant is?" said Eve, irritably.

"I think we heard that it was some place where it is very cold—I remember that. It might have been Canada," suggested Sabrina, reflectively.

"Canada and South America—what a family!" said Eve, in despair.

The wind had risen; the homeward voyage was rough. They reached Romney to find little Jack ill; before morning he was struggling with an attack of croup.

VI.

"Cicely, what did you say to those people, that they stared at us so when they passed?"

"Oh, they asked me if you were the man who went round with the panorama—to explain it, you know. So I told them that you were the celebrated Jessamine family—you and Miss Leontine; and that you were going to give a concert in Gary Hundred to-night; I advised them to go."

"Bless my soul!—the celebrated Jessamine family? What possessed you?"

"Well, they saw the wagon, and they thought it looked like a panorama. They seemed to want something, so I told them that."

Eve broke into a laugh. "And what did they take us for, baby and me? The Infant Phenomenon and his nurse?"

The Judge put on his spectacles, and walked round the wagon with indignant step. "It *is* an infernal color," he declared, angrily.

"Our good Dickson had that paint on hand—he told me about it," explained Miss Leontine. "It was left over"—here she paused. "I don't know what you will think, but I believe it really was left over after a circus—or was it a menagerie? At any rate, the last thing that was exhibited here before the war."

The vehicle in question was a long-bodied, two-seated wagon, with a square box behind, which opened at the back like the box of a carrier's cart; its hue was the liveliest pea green.

"Dickson had no business to give it to us; it was a—a da"—(snort) "r-r-r-r-r-r impertinence!" said the Judge, in a fury.

"Don't spoil your voice, when you've got to sing to-night, grandpa," remarked Cicely. "And you will have to lead out Miss Leontine, who will sing 'Waiting.'"

The Judge glanced at Miss Leontine. He could not repress a grin.

But tall Miss Leontine remained amiable. She had never heard of "Waiting." In any case she seldom penetrated jokes; they seemed to her insufficiently explained, often, indeed, abstruse. She was fifty-two, and very maidenly; her bearing, her voice, her expression, were all timidly virginal, as were also the tints of her attire, pale blues and lavenders and faint green. Her face bore a strong resemblance to the face of a camel; give a camel a pink and white complexion, blue eyes, and light brown hair coming down in flat bands on each side of its long face, and you have Miss Leontine. She was extraordinarily tall; she attained a stature of nearly six feet. Her step, as if conscious of this, was apologetic; her long narrow back leaned forward as though she were trying to reduce her height in front as she came toward one. She wore no crinoline; her head was decked with a gypsy hat, from which floated a blue tissue veil.

The little party of four, with Master Jack, had driven from Gary Hundred to Bellington; their hostess, Cousin Sarah Cray, had an old blind horse, and this wagon had been borrowed from Dickson, the village grainer (who had so mistakenly saved the circus paint); it would be a pleasant excursion in itself, and it would

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be good for Jack—which last was the principal point with them all.

For the much longer excursion from Abercrombie Island to this inland South Carolina village had been taken on Jack's account; the attack of croup had left him with a harassing cough, a baby's little cough, which is so distressing to the ears of those who love him. Eve had walked about, day and night, carrying him in her arms, his languid head on her shoulder; she could not bear to see how large his eyes looked in his little white face; she did not sleep; she could scarcely speak.

"We might go to Cousin Sarah Cray's for a while, away from the coast," Cicely suggested. She was always present when Eve walked restlessly to and fro, but she did not interfere; she let Eve have the child.

Eve had no idea who or where was Cousin Sarah Cray, but she agreed to anything that would take Jack away from the coast. For it was very cold now at Romney; the sounds were dark and rough all the time; the sea boomed; the winds were bitter. They had therefore journeyed inland, Jack and Eve, Cicely and her grandfather, leaving Miss Sabrina to guard the lonely island home.

When they reached Gary Hundred, and in the softer air Jack began to revive, Eve too revived; she came back to daily life again. One of the first things she said was: "I ought not to be staying here, Cicely; you must let me go to the hotel. Your cousin is not my cousin."

"She's Jack's."

"Do you mean by that that Jack must stay, and if he does, I shall? But it isn't decent. Here we have all descended upon her at a moment's notice, and filled up her house, and tramped to and fro. She doesn't appear to be rich."

"We are all as poor as crows. But we always go and stay with each other just the same. As for Cousin Sarah Cray, she loves it. Of course we take her as we find her."

"We do indeed," was Eve's thought. "It is all very well for you," she went on, aloud. "But I am a stranger."

"Cousin Sarah Cray doesn't think so; she thinks you very near—a sister of her cousin."

"If you count in that way, what families you must have! But why shouldn't we all go to the hotel, and take her with us? There's an idea."

"For one reason, there's no hotel to go to," responded Cicely, laughing.

They continued, therefore, to stay with Cousin Sarah Cray; they had been there ten days, and Jack was so much better that Eve gladly accepted her obligations for the present. She accepted, too, the makeshifts of the rambling house-keeping. But if the house-keeping was of a wandering order, the welcome did not wander—it remained fixed; there was something beautiful in the boundless affection and hospitality of poverty-stricken Cousin Sarah Cray.

Bellington was a ruin. In the old days it had been the custom of the people of Gary Hundred and the neighboring plantations to drive thither now and then to spend an afternoon; the old terraces and fish-ponds were still to be seen, together with the remains of the Dutch flower-garden, and the vine-clad walls, and great underground kitchens of the house, which had been built of bricks imported from Holland a hundred and twenty years before. In the corner of one of the fields bordering the river were the earthworks of a Revolutionary fort; and in a jungle a quarter of a mile distant there was a deserted church, with high pews, mouldering funeral hatchments, and even the insignia of George the Third in faded gilt over the organ-loft. Bellington House had been destroyed by fire accidentally in 1790. Now, when there were in the same neighborhood other houses which had been destroyed by fire not accidentally, there was less interest in the older ruin. But it still served as an excuse for a drive, and drives were excellent for the young autocrat of the party, to whom all, including Miss Leontine, were shamelessly devoted.

The Judge did his duty as guide; he had visited Bellington more times than he could count, but he again led the way (with appropriate discourse) from the fish-ponds to the fort, and from the fort to the church, Miss Leontine, in her floating veil, ambling beside him.

When the sun began to decline they returned to their pea-green wagon. The Judge walked round it afresh. Then he turned away, put his head over a bush, and muttered on the other side of it.

"What is he saying?" Eve asked.

"I am afraid 'cuss words,' as the darkies call them," answered Cicely, composedly. "He is without doubt a very desperate old man."

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Miss Leontine looked distressed; she made a pretext of gathering some leaves from a bush at a little distance. As she walked away, her skirt caught itself behind at each step upon the tops of her prunella boots, which were of the pattern called "Congress," with their pink straps visible.

"She is wretched because I called him that," said Cicely. "She thinks him perfect. Grandpa, I have just called you a very desperate old man."

But the Judge had resumed his grand manner; he assisted the ladies in climbing to their high seats, and then, mounting to his own place, he guided the old horse down the uneven avenue and into the broad road again. The cotton plantations of this neighborhood had suffered almost as much as the rice fields of Romney; they had been flooded so often that much of the land was now worthless, disintegrated, and overgrown with lespedeza. They crossed the river (which had done the damage) on—or rather in—a long shaking wooden bridge, covered and nearly dark, and guarding in its dusky recesses a strong odor of the stable. Beyond it the Judge had an inspiration: he would go across the fields by one of the old cotton tracks, thus shortening the distance by more than two miles.

"'The pea-green wagon, the wagon of green,
Lillibulero, bullen-a-la,'"

chanted Cicely on the back seat.

"Cecilia!" said the Judge, with dignity.

Eve sat beside him; courteously he entertained her. "Have you ever reflected, Miss Bruce, upon the very uninteresting condition of the world at present? Everything is known, mapped. Where can a gentleman travel now, with the element of the unexpected as a companion? There are positively no lands left unvulgarized save the neighborhood of the poles."

"Central Africa," Eve suggested.

"Africa? Ah! I think I said for gentlemen."

"You turbulent old despot, curb yourself, curb yourself," said Cicely, *sotto voce*.

"In the old days, Miss Bruce," the Judge went on, "we had Arabia; we had Thibet; we had Cham-Tartary; we could arrive on camels at Samarcand. Hey! what are you about there, boy? Turn out!"

"Turn out yourself."

The track had passed down into a winding hollow between sloping banks about six feet high; on the other side of a curve they had come suddenly upon an empty hay cart, which was approaching from the opposite direction, drawn by two mules; the driver, an athletic young negro with an insolent face, was walking beside his team. His broad cart filled every inch of the track; it was impossible to pass it without climbing the bank. The Judge, with his heavy wagon and one horse, could not do this. But it would have been easy for the mules to take the light cart up the slope, and thus leave room for the wagon.

The old planter could not believe that he had heard aright. "Turn out, boy!" he repeated, with the imperious manner which only a lifetime of absolute authority can give.

The negro brought his mules up until their noses touched the nose of the old horse; then, putting his hands in his pocket, he planted himself, and called out, "W'at yer gwine ter do 'bout it?"

In an instant the Judge was on his feet, whip in hand. But Cicely touched him. "You are not going to fight with him, grandpa?" she said, in a low tone. "For he will fight. He isn't in the least afraid of you."

The Judge had now reached the ground. In his rage he was white, with his eyes blazing. Eve, greatly alarmed, clasped little Jack closer.

Cicely jumped lightly down. "Grandpa," she said, under her breath, "he is a great deal stronger than you are, and after he has struck you down we shall be here alone with him—think of that. We will all get out, and then you can lead the horse up the bank, and go by him. Dearest, it is the only way. This isn't our island; this is South Carolina."

Eve, seeing the speechless passion of the old man, had not believed that Cicely would prevail; she had closed her eyes with a shuddering, horrible vision of the forward rush, the wrested whip, and the silver-haired head in the dust. But with a mighty effort, trembling like a leaf with his repressed rage, the Judge put up his hand to help her in her descent. She accepted his aid hurriedly, giving Jack to Cicely. Miss Leontine had climbed down alone, the tears dropping on her cheeks behind her veil. The Judge then led the horse up the bank and past the wagon,

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the negro keeping his position beside his mules. The ladies followed the wagon, and mounted to their places again when it had reached the track, Cicely taking the seat by the side of her grandfather. Then they drove off, followed by the negro's jeering laughter.

The old planter remained perfectly silent. Eve believed that, after he had deposited them safely at home, he would go back in search of that negro without fail. She and Cicely tried to keep up a conversation. Miss Leontine joined them whenever she was able; but the tears constantly succeeded each other on her long face, and she was as constantly putting her handkerchief to her eyes in order to repress them, the gesture much involved with her long veil. On the borders of the village they passed the little railway station. By the side of the station-house there was a new shop, which had a broad show-window filled with bureaus.

"This is the shop of Thomas Scotts, the tar-and-turpentine man who is in love with Matilda Debbs," said Cicely. "How is that coming on now, Miss Leontine?"

Miss Leontine took down her handkerchief. "The family do not consent."

"But there's nothing against the man, is there?"

Miss Leontine took down the handkerchief again—she had already replaced it. "As regards his character, n-nothing. But he is a manufacturer of bureaus. It appears that it is the business of the family; his father also manufactures them. In Connecticut."

"If Thomas Scotts should make a beautiful new bureau for each of the Misses Debbs, it wouldn't be at all a bad idea. There are twelve or fourteen of them, aren't there?"

"Ner-nine," replied the afflicted maiden lady, with almost a convulsion of grief. "But two of them are yer-young yet."

"And seven are not. Now the bureau man—"

"Cecilia, let us have no more of bureaus," said the Judge.

It was the first time he had spoken; Cicely put her hand behind her and furtively pinched Eve's knee in token of triumph.

They came into the main street of Gary Hundred. It was a broad avenue, wandering vaguely onward amid four rows of trees; there was no pavement; the roadway was deeply covered with yellow sand. The spacious sidewalks which bordered it on the right and the left were equally in a state of nature. The houses were at some distance back from the street, surrounded by large straggling gardens. Further down were the shops, each with its row of hitching-posts across the front.

Coming from one of these shops was a cart, to which was attached a horse so marvellously lean that Eve exclaimed; a fat negress, seated in a chair, was driving with an air of importance, brandishing a sapling wand.

"Yes, I am afraid indeed that it *is* Aunt Martha-Jo," said Miss Leontine, in a troubled voice. "She feeds him on chaff, in spite of all we tell her; she will not believe that it is not food; she thinks it is grain. I will go round and speak to her again this very evening. We have already spoken to her a number of times."

"Dear me! I will buy the poor horse, if she doesn't ask too much for him," said Eve.

They left Miss Leontine at her own door, and went on toward the residence, not far away, of Cousin Sarah Cray.

"Here comes Miss Polly's bread cart, on the way back from Mellons," said Cicely. "Grandpa, wouldn't it be a good idea to buy some little cakes?"

The Judge stopped the horse; Cicely beckoned to the old negro who was wheeling the covered hand-cart along the sandy road. "Uncle Dan, have you any cakes left?"

Uncle Dan touched his hat and opened the lid of the cart; there, reposing on snowy napkins, were biscuit and bread and little cakes of inviting aspect. While Cicely made her selection, Eve bent down and took one of the circulars which were lying, neatly piled, in a corner. It announced, not in print, but in delicate handwriting, that at the private bakery, number ten Queen Street, Gary Hundred, fresh bread, biscuits, and rolls could be obtained daily; muffins, crumpets, and plum-cake to order. The circular was signed "Mary Clementina D. Wingfield."

"They have names enough, those sisters," Eve commented. "Miss Leontine's is Clotilda Leontine Elizabeth; I saw it in her prayer-book."

Cousin Sarah Cray's residence was a large white house, with verandas encircling it both upstairs and down. The palings of the fence were half gone, the

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whole place looked pillaged and open. The Judge drove up to the door and helped Cicely to descend; and then Eve, who had little Jack, fast asleep, in her arms. (She liked especially to hold him when he was asleep, a helpless, warm, nestling little burden; and when Cicely said, "But he is heavy," she answered, triumphantly, "So much the better. I love it.") Cicely now motioned to her to go into the house; she herself followed her grandfather as he led the horse round to the stables. Eve went in, carrying Jack and the cakes. Cousin Sarah Cray, hurrying down the stairs to meet her, took the child affectionately. "Dear little fellow, he begins to look right rosy." She was delighted with the cakes. "They will help out the tea be-u-tifully; we've only got waffles."

Instead of going to her room, Eve took a seat at the window; she was anxious about the Judge.

"Miss Polly's cakes are always so light," pursued Cousin Sarah Cray, looking at them. "She never makes a mistake; there's never the tinetiest streak of heaviness in *her* little pounds! And her breads are elegant too; when one sees her beautiful hands one wonders how she can do all the kneading."

"Does she do it herself?"

"Every single bit; their old Susannah only heats the oven. It was a courageous idea, Miss Bruce, from the beginning. You know they are among our best people, and after the war they found themselves left with nothing in the world but their house. They could have kept school in it, of course, for they are accomplished beyond everything; Miss Leontine paints and draws sweetly—she was educated in France. But there was no one to come to the school; the girls, of course, could not afford to go away."

"You mean the pupils?—to leave their homes and come here?"

"Oh no; I mean the girls, Miss Polly and Miss Leontine; they could not open a school anywhere else—in Charleston, for instance; they had not the money."

"I beg your pardon—it was only that I did not recognize them as 'the girls,' that's all."

"Well, I suppose they really are not quite girls any longer," responded Cousin Sarah Cray, thoughtfully. "Polly is forty-four and Leontine fifty-two. But I reckon they will always be 'the girls' to us, even if they're eighty," she added, laughing. "Well, Polly had this idea. And she has been so successful—you can't think! Her bread cart goes over to Mellons every day of your life, as regularly as the clock. And they buy a great deal."

"It's the camp, isn't it?—Camp Mellons?"

"No; it has always been Mellons; Mellons Post-office. The camp is near there, and it has some Yankee name or other, I believe. But of course you know, my dear, that *we* never go there."

"You only sell them bread. I am glad, at least, that they buy Miss Polly's. And does Miss Leontine help?"

"I fancy not. Dear Miss Leontine is not as practical as Miss Polly; she has a soft poetical nature—much like that of a young fawn. But the Judge prefers Miss Polly."

"Does he really admire her?" said Eve, with a sudden inspiration.

"Beyond everything!" answered Cousin Sarah Cray, clasping her plump hands.

"Then will you please go out and tell him that she is coming here to tea, that she will be here immediately?"

"Mercy! But she won't."

"Yes, she will: I will ask her. Do please go, Mrs. Cray. We are so afraid, Cicely and I, that he will try to whip a negro."

"Mercy!" said Cousin Sarah Cray again, this time in alarm. Stout as she was, she ran swiftly through the hall and across the veranda, her cap strings flying, and disappeared on the way to the stables.

Eve carried little Jack upstairs, and gave him to Deely, the house-maid; then, retracing her steps, she went out through the side gate, and up the street to the home of the Misses Wingfield. The door stood open; Miss Polly was in the hall. She was a handsome woman, vigorous, erect, with clear blue eyes, and thick sandy hair closely braided round her well-shaped head. Eve explained her errand. "But perhaps Miss Leontine told you?" she added.

"No, Lonny told me nothing; she went straight to her room. I noticed that she had been crying; but she is so sweet that she cries rather easily. Whip, indeed! *I'd* rather shoot."

"We must keep the Judge from being whipped," Eve answered.

"Yes, I suppose so; he is an old man,

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though he doesn't look it. I will go with you, of course. Or rather I will follow you in a few moments."

The post-office of Gary Hundred was opposite the Wingfield house. As Eve crossed the broad street on her way back, the postmaster appeared at his door, and beckoned to her mysteriously. He was a small elderly negro, with a dignified manner. He wore blue goggles. Eve knew the man slightly; she had paid several visits to the post-office, and had been treated with deferential attention. When she reached the sidewalk, therefore, she paused.

"Would yer min' droppin' in fer one brief momen', miss? Guv'ment premises. 'Portant marter."

Eve stepped over the low sill of the small building—it was hardly more than a shed, though smartly whitewashed, and adorned with bright green blinds—and the postmaster immediately closed the door. He then cautiously took from his desk a letter.

"Dere's sump'n' rudder quare 'bout dishyer letter, miss," he said, glancing toward the window to see that no one was looking in. "Carn't be too pertikler w'en it's guv'ment business; en so we 'lowed to ax de favior ef you'd sorter glimpse yer eye ober it fer us, bein' so quare, yer know."

"Read a letter?" said Eve. "Whose letter?"

"Not de letter, but him outside, miss. Whoms is it? Dat's de p'int. En I wouldn't have you s'pose we 'ain't guv it our bes' cornsideration. We knows de looks ob mos' ob 'em w'at comes yere; but dishyer one's diffunt. Fuddermo', de stamp's diffunt too."

The postmaster's wife, a little yellow woman, was looking anxiously through the small window in the partition of the real post-office, a space six feet by three.

Eve took the letter. "It's an English stamp. And the name is plainly written, 'Henry Barker, Esquire, Gary Hundred.'"

"No sech pusson yere. Dat's w'at I tol' Mister Cotesworth," said the yellow woman, triumphantly.

"Do you mean to tell me that you cannot read?" said Eve, surveying "Mister Cotesworth" with astonishment.

The government official had, for the moment, an abashed look. "We 'lowed," he began, "dat as you's fum de Norf—"

But his wife interrupted him. "He reads better'n mos', miss, Mister Cotesworth does. But his eyes done got so bad lately—dat's w'at. Take de letter, Mister Cotesworth, and doan' trouble de lady no mo'. Fine wedder, miss." She came round and opened the door officiously; "seem lak we 'ain't nebber see finer."

Miss Polly arrived. She walked with apparent carelessness round toward the stables, where the Judge was superintending the rubbing down and the feeding of the horse. A saddle had been brought out, and was hanging on the fence. Cousin Sarah Cray hovered anxiously near.

"Grandpa is going out for a ride," explained Cicely. "But I told him that the poor horse must be fed first, in common charity; he has been so far already —to Bellington and back."

"Oh, but the Judge is not going, now that I have come," said Miss Polly; "he wouldn't be so uncivil." She went up to him, smiling very handsomely; she put out her beautiful hand.

The Judge was always gallant. He took the fair hand, and bending his head, deposited upon it a salute.

Miss Polly smiled still more graciously. "And is a stable-yard a place for such courtesies, Judge?" she said, in her rich voice, with her luscious, indolent, Southern pronunciation. "Oh, surely not—surely not. Let us go to Cousin Sarah Cray's charming parlor; I have something to tell you; in fact, I came especially to see you." Looking very handsome and very straight, she took his arm with a caressing touch.

The Judge admired Miss Polly deeply.

And Miss Polly kept a firm hold upon his arm.

The Judge yielded.

VII.

"Sea-beaches," said Eve—"such people; you can trace the line of their last high tide by the stranded shells. Along the Judge's line one finds Rogers, Sontag, and so forth. He really has no idea that there have been any poets or singers since."

"But we have always thought Horatio so literary," protested Cousin Sarah Cray. "That's his step now."

The Judge came in, little Jack on his shoulder. "I think he has dropped some —some portions of his clothing on the stairs," he said, helplessly. "It's astonishing—the facility he has."

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"And he has pulled off his shoes," added Eve, taking the little reprobate and kissing him. "Naughty Jack. Tacks!"

"Esss, tacks!" repeated Jack, in high glee, drumming on her shoulder with his fists. That was all he cared for her warning legend.

The Judge sat down and wiped his forehead. "I have received a shock," he said.

"Pity's sake!—what?" asked Cousin Sarah Cray, in alarm. Poor Cousin Sarah dealt in interjections. But it might be added that she had lived through times that were exclamatory.

"Our old friend Roland Pettigru is dead, Sarah. He died in Charleston; but the news came to us in this—this Sheet, which, I am told, is published here." He drew a small newspaper from his pocket. "With your permission, ladies, I will read to you the opening sentence of an obituary notice which this—this Sheet—has prepared for the occasion. It is considered, I suppose, neighborhood news, as Pettigru Hill is but fifteen miles from here." He put on his spectacles, and holding the paper off at a distance, read aloud, with slow, indignant enunciation, as follows: "'The Great Reaper has again descended amongst us. And this time he has carried back with him brilliant sheaves. For his arrows have been shot at a shining mark' (arrows for a reaper!" commented the Judge, surveying his audience over his glasses), "'and the aim has been only too true. Gaunt Sorrow stalks abroad. We mourn with Pettigru Hill. We say—and we repeat—that the death of Roland Pettigru has created a vortex among us.' Yes, vortex, ladies—neither more nor less than that—the death of a quiet, cultivated gentleman a vortex! It's positively indecent."

At this moment Deely, the house-maid, appeared at the door, and giving her calico skirt a violent twist by way of "manners," she announced, "Miss Wungfy."

Miss Leontine entered, carrying five books standing in a row upon her left arm as though it had been a shelf. She shook hands with Cousin Sarah Cray and Eve; then she went through the same ceremony with the Judge, but in a confused, downcast way, and seated herself on a slippery ottoman as near as possible to the door.

"I hope you liked the books? Pray let me take them," said Eve, for Miss Leontine was still balancing them against her breast.

"Ah—literature?" remarked the Judge, who also seemed embarrassed. He took up one of the volumes and opened it. "A novel."

"Yes, but one that will not hurt you," Eve answered. "For Miss Leontine prefers those novels where the hero and heroine are married to begin with, and then fall in love with each other afterward. Everything on earth may happen to them during the process—poisonings and murders and shootings; she does not mind these in the least, for it's sure in any case to be moral, don't you see, because they were married in the beginning. And marriage makes everything perfectly safe; doesn't it, Miss Leontine?"

"I am sure I don't know," answered Miss Leontine, still a prey to nervousness. "But—but I have always *supposed* so. Yes, really. We read them aloud," she added, turning for relief to Cousin Sarah Cray; that is, I read to Polly—in the evenings."

"These modern novels seem to me poor productions," commented the Judge, turning over the pages of the volume he had taken.

"Naturally," responded Eve.

"May I ask why 'naturally'?"

"Oh, men who read their Montaigne year after year without change, and who quote Charles Lamb, never care for novels, unless, indeed, it may be Tom Jones, Montaigne, and Lamb; a few Latin quotations, a glass of good wine with his dinner, and a—a certain convexity of person—these mark your non-appreciator of novels, from Warwickshire to Gary Hundred."

"Upon my word, young lady—" began the Judge, laughing.

But Miss Leontine, by her rising, interrupted him. "I think I must go now. Yes. Thank you."

"But you have only just come," said Cousin Sarah Cray.

"I stopped to leave the books. Yes; really; that was all. Thanks; you are very kind. Yes; thank you." She fumbled ineffectually for the handle of the door, and when it was opened for her, with an embarrassed bow she passed out, her long back bent forward, her step hurried.

"I can't imagine what is the matter with her," said Cousin Sarah Cray, returning.

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"I am afraid, Sarah, that I can inform you," answered the Judge, gravely, putting down the volume. "I met her in her own garden about an hour ago, and we fell into conversation. I don't know what possessed me, but in relating some anecdote of a jocular nature which happened to be in my mind at the time, by way of finish—I can't imagine what I was thinking of—but I up and chucked her under the chin."

"Chucked Miss Leontine!" exclaimed Cousin Sarah Cray, aghast, while Eve gave way to irrepressible mirth. "Was she—was she deeply offended?"

"She was simply paralyzed with astonishment. I venture to say"—here the Judge sent an eye-beam toward the laughing Eve—"I venture to say that Miss Leontine has never been chucked under the chin in all her life before."

"Certainly not," answered Cousin Sarah Cray; "she is far too dignified." Then, with a desire to be always strictly truthful, she added, "Perhaps when she was a baby."

But even this seemed doubtful.

Not long after this the Misses Wingfield (it was really Miss Polly) gave a party.

"Must we go?" said Eve.

"Why, it will be perfectly delightful," answered Cousin Sarah Cray, looking at her in astonishment. Every one will be there. Let me see: there will be ourselves, four; and Miss Polly and Miss Leontine, six; then the Debbses, thirteen—fourteen if Mrs. Debbs comes; the Rev. Mr. Bushey and his wife, sixteen. And perhaps there will be some one else," she added, hopefully; "perhaps somebody has some one staying with them."

"Thomas Scotts, the bureau man, will not be invited," remarked Cicely. "He will walk by on the outside. And look in."

"There's nothing I admire more than the way you pronounce that name Debbs," observed Eve. "It's plain Debbs; yet you call it Dessss—holding on to the s, and hardly sounding the b at all—so that you almost make it rhyme with noblesse."

"That's because we like 'em, I reckon," responded Cousin Sarah Cray. "They certainly are the *sweetest* family!"

"There's a faint trace of an original theme in Matilda; the others are all variations," said the caustic Miss Bruce.

They went to the party.

"Theme and variations all here," said Cicely, as they passed the open door of the parlor on their way upstairs to lay aside their wraps. "They haven't spared us a trill."

"Well, you won't be spared either," said Cousin Sarah Cray. "*You'll* have to sing."

She proved a true prophet. Cicely was called upon to add what she could to the entertainments of the evening. Her voice was slender and clear; to-night it pleased her to sing straight on, so rapidly that she made mince-meat of the words of her song, the delicate little notes almost seeming to come from a flute, or from a mechanical music-bird screwed to a chandelier. Later, however, Miss Matilda Debbs supplied the missing expression when she gave them:

"Slee—ping, I *Dreamed*, love,
Dreamed, love, of thee;
O'er—ther—bright *Waves*, love,
Float—ing were we."

Cicely seemed possessed by one of her wild moods. "I've been to the window; the tar-and-turpentine man is looking over the gate," she said, in a low voice, to Eve. "I'm going out to say to him, 'Scotts, wha hae!' Send in a bureau."

Presently she came by Eve's chair again. "Have you seen the geranium leaves in Miss Leontine's hair? Let us get grandpa out on the veranda with her alone; she has been madly in love with him ever since he chucked her under the chin: it's often so, you know. What's more, grandpa knows it, too, and he's abjectly terrified; he always goes through the back streets now, like a criminal."

There was a peal at the door-bell. "Tar-and-turpentine man coming in," murmured Cicely.

Susannah appeared with a letter. "Fer Mis' Morrison," she said.

There was a general laugh. For "Mister Cotesworth," not sure that Eve would keep his secret, and alarmed for the safety of his official position, had taken to delivering his letters in person. Clad in his best black coat, with a silk hat, the blue goggles, and a tasselled cane, he not only delivered them with his own hands, but he declaimed the addresses in a loud tone at the door. Not finding Cicely at home, he had followed her hither. "Fer Mis' Fer'nen Morrison. A *ferwerded* letter," he said to Susannah in the hall, at the top of his voice.

The Judge had gone to the dining-room with Miss Polly, to see her little dog, who

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was ailing. Cicely put the letter in her pocket.

After a while she said to Eve, "I never have any letters hardly."

"But you must have," Eve answered.

"No; almost never. I am going upstairs for a moment, Eve. Don't come with me."

When she returned, more music was going on. As soon as she could, Eve said, inquiringly, "Well?"

"It was from Ferdie."

"Oh! Is he coming back, then?"

"Yes," responded Cicely, unmoved.

Eve's thoughts had flown to her own plans. But she found time to think, "What a cold little creature it is, after all!"

At that moment they could say no more.

About midnight, when Eve was in her own room, undressing, there was a tap at the door, and Cicely entered. She had taken off her dress; a forlorn little blue shawl was drawn tightly round her shoulders.

She walked to the dressing-table, where Eve was sitting, took up a brush, and looked at it vaguely. "I didn't mean to tell any one. But I have changed my mind; I am going to tell you." Putting down the brush, she let the shawl fall back. There across her white breast was a long purple scar, and a second one over her delicate little shoulder. "He did it," she said. Her eyes, fixed upon Eve's, were proud and brilliant.

"You don't mean—you don't mean that your *husband*—" stammered Eve, in horror.

"Yes, Ferdie. He did it."

"Is he mad?"

"Only after he has been drinking."

"Oh, you poor little thing!" said Eve, taking her in her arms protectingly. "I have been so hard to you, Cicely, so cruel! But I did not know—I did not know." Her tears flowed.

"I am telling you on account of baby," Cicely went on, in the same unmoved tone.

"Has he dared to touch baby?" said Eve, springing back.

"Yes, Eve; he broke poor baby's little arm; of course when he did not know what he was doing. When he gets that way he does not know us; he thinks we are enemies, and he thinks it is his duty to attack us. Once he put us out-of-doors—baby and me—in the middle of the night, with only our night-gowns on; fortunately it wasn't very cold. That time and the time he broke baby's arm (he seized him by the arm and flung him out of his crib) we were not in Savannah; we were off by ourselves for a month, we three. Baby was so young that the bone was easily set. Nobody ever knew about it. I never told. But—but it must not happen again." She looked at Eve with the same unmoved gaze.

"I should rather think not! Give him to me, Cicely, and let me go—at least for the present. You know you said—"

"I said 'perhaps.' But I cannot let him go now—not just now. I tell you because you really seem to care for him."

"I think I have showed that I care for him."

"Well, I have let you."

"What are we to do, then, if you won't let me go away?" said Eve, in despair. "Will that man come here?"

"He may. He will go to Savannah, and if he learns there that I am here, he may follow me. But he will never go to Romney. He doesn't like Romney. Even in the beginning, when I begged him to go, he never would. He—" She paused.

"Jealous, I suppose," suggested the sister, with a bitter laugh—"jealous of Jack's poor bones in the burying-ground. Your two ghosts will have a duel, Cicely."

"Oh, *Ferdie* isn't dead!" said Cicely, with sudden terror. She grasped Eve's arm. "Have you heard anything? Tell me—tell me."

Eve looked at her.

"Yes, I love him," said Cicely, answering the look. "I have loved him ever since the first hour I saw him. I loved the ground he walked on."

"You never said that of Jack."

"No; for it wouldn't have been true."

The two women faced each other—the tall Eve, the dark little wife.

"Oh, if I could only get away from this hideous country—this whole horrible South!" said Eve, walking up and down the room like a caged tigress.

"You would like him if you knew him," Cicely went on, gently. "It seldom happens—that other. And when it doesn't happen, Eve—"

Eve put out her hand with a repelling gesture. "Let me take baby and go."

"Not now. But he will be safe at Romney."

"In Heaven's name, then, let us get him back to Romney."

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"Yes, to-morrow."

Little Jack was asleep in his crib by the side of Eve's bed, for she still kept him with her at night. Cicely went to the crib and looked at her child; Eve followed her.

The little boy's night-gown had fallen open, revealing one shoulder and arm. "It was just here," whispered Cicely, kneeling down and softly touching the baby flesh. She looked up at Eve, her eyes thick with tears.

"Why, you care?" said Eve. "Care for him?—the baby, I mean." She spoke her thoughts aloud, unwittingly.

"Did you think I didn't care?" asked Cicely, with a smile.

It was the strangest smile Eve had ever seen.

VIII.

Early spring at Romney. The yellow jasmine was nearly gone; the other flowers were coming out; Atamasco lilies shone whitely everywhere; the long line of the islands and the opposite main-land were bridal with white blossoms; the salt-marshes were freshly green; shoals which had wallowed under water since Christmas lifted their heads; the great river came back within its banks again.

Three weeks had passed since their return to the island. They had made the journey without the Judge, who had remained in South Carolina to give his aid to the widow of his old friend Roland Pettigru, who had become involved in a lawsuit. The three weeks had been slow, safe, and anxious—anxious, that is, to Eve. Cicely had returned to her muteness. Once, at the beginning, when Eve had pressed her with questions, she said, as general answer, "In any case, Ferdie will not come here." After that, when again—once or twice—Eve had asked, "Have you heard anything more?" Cicely had returned no reply whatever; she had let her passive glance rest upon Eve and then glide to something else, as though she had not spoken. Eve was proud; she too remained silent. She knew that she had done nothing to win Cicely's confidence. Women understand women, and Cicely had perceived from the first, of course, that Jack's sister did not like her.

But since that midnight revelation at Cousin Sarah Cray's, Eve no longer disliked Cicely; she was attracted toward her by a sort of unwilling surprise. Often when they were with the others she would look at her twenty times in a half-hour, endeavoring to fathom something of the real nature of this little girl (to Eve, Cicely always seemed a school-girl), who had borne a tragedy in silence, covering it with her jests, covering it also with her coldness. But was Cicely really cold? She was not so, at least, as regarded her child; no one who had seen her on her knees that night beside the crib could doubt her passionate love for him. Yet she let Eve have him for hours at a time; she let her have him at night, without even Dilsey to look after him; she never interfered, constantly as Eve claimed him and kept him.

In spite of her confidence in her own perceptions, in spite of her confidence, too, in her own will, which she believed could force a solution in almost every case, Eve Bruce was obliged to acknowledge to herself that she was puzzled.

Now and then she would be harassed by the question as to whether she ought not to tell Miss Sabrina what she knew, whether she ought not to tell the Judge. But Cicely had spared them, and Cicely had asked her to be equally merciful.

At night, when lying awake, the horror of the poor baby's broken arm would come to her so vividly that she would light the candle in haste to see if he were safe. At last she had new bars adjusted to the windows and across the door. To Cicely she said nothing of this; to Miss Sabrina she explained, "I am timid at night; I am not accustomed to sleeping on the ground-floor."

Cicely made no comment. But one evening, when all had been completed, and Miss Sabrina had come in to say, "How nice, my dear!" Cicely also entered, coming on some errand for Jack. Miss Sabrina was trying the bars at the windows with gentle little pulls. "Have you seen these, Cicely? Such a good *i*-dea! So safe; so very nice all round!"

Cicely glanced at the bars; then she turned and gave Eve a look. It carried a scorn that scorched. Eve flushed violently. But the next time they were alone together she found that she did not dare to say—to explain: "I should never be afraid if he were himself, Cicely, no matter what he might do. It is the irresponsible madness I am barring out."

And why did she not dare to say this?

Because she had begun to fear, since that brief glimpse of her love for her

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child, that Cicely loved Ferdinand in the same passionate way. She had acknowledged it in words. But the words had not impressed Eve half so much as the expression of her little white dark-eyed face as she knelt beside the crib.

To Eve, after all that had happened, it seemed a possession almost as terrible as the homicidal deliriums of the husband.

As to these deliriums, she sometimes tried to picture what they must be. But the scenes always remained cloudy to her, on account of the strange fact that Cicely loved him in spite of them. She remembered that once, when inwardly exasperated by Cicely's fresh fairness, she had accused her of never having known what it was to be really tired in all her life. Cicely had answered, rather hesitatingly, "I don't know that I have ever been *tired*, exactly." She had not been tired—no. She had only been half killed.

The poor little girl's muteness, her occasional outbursts of wild sport, her jests and laughter, her abstractions, and the coldness sometimes seen in her beautiful eyes, were these the results of suffering? She questioned Miss Sabrina a little.

"She has always been the same, except that since her second marriage she is much more quiet," replied the unconscious aunt. "Until then she was like quicksilver; she used to run through the thickets so swiftly that no one could follow her, and she used to play ball by the hour with—" Here the speaker paused.

"With Jack," Eve added, her face contracting with the old pain.

Miss Sabrina had at last perceived these contractions, and the discovery had stopped her affectionate allusions. But she did not forget; Eve often found her carefully made wreaths laid upon Jack's grave. As for Eve herself, she never brought a flower; she walked to and fro beside the mound, and the sojourn generally ended in angry thoughts. Why should other people keep their loved ones and she be bereft? What had she done, what had Jack done, that was so wrong? God was not good, because He was not kind. People did not ask Him to create them, but when once He had done it for His own pleasure, and there they were, helpless, in His world, why should He torture them so? To make them better? Why didn't He make them better in the beginning, when He was creating them? Or else not make them at all!

One afternoon early in the fourth week she was on her way back with Miss Sabrina from Singleton Island. The two had been dining there, the Southern three-o'clock dinner, and now at sunset the row-boat was bringing them home. To Eve the visit had been like a day's truce, a short period when one merely sat still and waited, half asleep. The afternoon was beautiful, the sound like a mirror; the home island when they left it had been peacefully lovely, the baby from his wagon kissing his hand to them, and Dilsey squatting on the bank by his side, a broad grin of contentment on her dusky face. Cicely had declined the invitation, sending a jocular message to "little Rupert," which inspired him with laughter all day.

The dinner had been excellent as regards the succulence of its South Carolina dishes. The damask table-cloth was thin from age, the dinner-service a mixture of old Canton blue and the commonest, thickest white plates; coarse dull goblets stood beside cut-glass wineglasses; the knives were in the last stage of decrepitude, and there was no silver at all, not even a salt-spoon; it had been replaced by cheaply plated spoons and forks, from which the plate was already half gone. Blanche, the old negro woman, waited, assisted by the long-legged Lucasta and by little Boliver, who was attired for the occasion in a pair of trousers which extended from his knees to his shoulders, over which they were tightly strapped by means of strings. Boliver's part was to bring the hot dishes from the outside kitchen, which was in a cabin at some distance—a task which he performed with dignity, varied, however, by an occasional somerset on the veranda, when he thought no one was looking. Rupert was genial, very gallant to the ladies; he even carried his gallantry so far that he drank to their health several times, the only wine being the main-land Madeira. Mrs. Singleton was hospitable and affectionate, remaining unconscious (in manner) as to the many deficiencies. And Eve looked on admiringly, as though it had been a beautiful half-pathetic little play. For to her it was all pictorial—these ruined old houses on their blooming desolate islands, with the ancient hospitality still animating them in spite of all that had passed.

The short voyage over, the row-boat

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stopped at Romney landing. There was no one waiting for them; Abram assisted Miss Sabrina, and then Eve, to step from one of the boat's seats to the dock. Eve lingered for a moment looking at the sunset; then she too turned toward the house. The path winding under the trees was already dusky; Miss Sabrina was a dozen yards in advance. As she approached a bend, Eve saw some one come round it and meet her. It was a figure too tall to be the Judge; it was a young man; it was a person she had not seen. She made these successive discoveries as she drew nearer. She decided that it was a neighbor from one of the southern islands, who had taken advantage of the lovely afternoon for a visit and a sail.

When she came up she found Miss Sabrina half laughing, half crying; she had given the stranger both her hands. "Oh, Eve, it is Ferdinand. And I did not know him!"

"How could you expect to know me, when you have never seen me in your life?" asked the young man, laughing.

"But we have your picture. I ought to have known—"

"My dear aunt, never accuse yourself; leave that to your best friends. I dare say my picture doesn't half do me justice."

He spoke jestingly; but there was still twilight enough to show Eve that what he had said was simply the truth. The photograph was handsome, but the real face had a greater charm; the features were beautiful, the eyes blue and piercing; the figure was tall and strong.

"This is Cicely's sister Eve," said Miss Sabrina. "She has come out—so kindly—from England to pay us a visit."

Ferdinand put out his hand with a bright smile. He had a smile which would have been a fitting one for a typical figure of youthful Hope.

Eve could not refuse, conspicuously, to give him her hand in return. It all seemed to her a dream—his sudden appearance in the dusky path, and his striking beauty. She did not speak. But her muteness passed unnoticed, because for once in her life Miss Sabrina was voluble; her words tumbled over each other. "Such a surprise! *So* nice! *so* delightful! How little we thought this morning, when we rose as usual, and everything was the same—how little we thought that it would be such a sweet, such a ger-lorious day!"

Ferdinand laughed again, throwing back his handsome head a little—a movement that was habitual with him. He gave Miss Sabrina his arm, drew her hand through it, and held it in his own, as they moved onward toward the house. On the veranda Cicely was waiting for them, her cheeks flushed with pink. Eve expected a defiant look, a glance that would dare her to express either her surprise or her fear. Instead of that, Cicely's eyes, meeting hers, were full of trust and sweetness, as if she believed that Eve would fully sympathize with her joy, as if she had entirely forgotten that there was any reason why Eve should not share it. But Miss Sabrina sympathized, if Eve did not. She kissed Cicely with a motherly tenderness, and then, as she raised her wet eyes again toward Ferdinand, she looked so extraordinarily pleased that the young man, in his turn, bent and kissed her faded cheeks. "There, auntie," he said, "now we've made acquaintance. You must take me in as a genuine nephew. And improve me."

"Oh, improve," murmured Miss Sabrina, gazing at him near-sightedly. She put on her glasses (without turning her back) in order to see him more clearly. It marked a very great emotion on her part—the not turning her back.

Eve went to her room; she thought that Cicely would follow her. But no one came until Powlyne knocked to say that tea was ready. At first Eve thought that she would not go to the dining-room, that she would send an excuse. The next moment she felt driven not only to go, but to hasten; to be always present in order to see everything and hear everything. This would be her office; she must watch for the incipient stages of what she dreaded. Cicely had said that it happened rarely. Would to God that the man would be touched by poor Miss Sabrina's loving welcome, by the solitary desolateness of the island, and by little Cicely's deep joy, and refrain! but perhaps these very things would excite the longing that led to the madness? These undecided thoughts passed through her mind while Powlyne waited. But there was one thing about which there was no indecision: she sent for Dilsey. "Bring the baby, Dilsey, and stay here with him. Do not let him leave the room, and do not leave the room yourself, until I return." To cover the peremptoriness of her order, she added, "Now that Mr. Morrison is here, there will be

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more coming and going, with open doors and draughts of air; I am afraid baby will take cold; he is still delicate." She got the words out. It was the first lie that had ever passed her lips. It did not trouble her.

She waited until Jack was brought in; the little fellow was very full of glee, playing bo-peep with Dilsey; Eve took him for a moment, and as she held him, his soft baby breast against her own, she felt that she was trembling.

When she reached the dining-room and saw the bright faces at the table, Miss Sabrina looking younger than she had looked for years, and wearing the white lace cape, Cicely too freshly dressed, and Ferdinand, they seemed to her like phantasmagoria. Or was it that these were the realities, and the phantasms the frightful visions which had haunted her nightly during these slow waiting weeks?

As Ferdie talked (already Miss Sabrina had begun to call him Ferdie), it was impossible not to listen; there was a frankness in what he said, and in his sunny smile, which was irresistibly winning. And the contrast between these and his height and evident strength—this too was attractive. They sat long at the table. Eve felt that she was the foreign element, not he; that she was the stranger within their gates. She had made no change in her dress. Suddenly it occurred to her that Ferdie must hate her for her mourning, which of course would bring Jack Bruce to his mind. As she thought of this, she looked at him. His eyes happened to meet hers at the moment, and he gave her a charming smile. No, there was no hate there. In the drawing-room, later, he told them comical stories of South America; he took Cicely's guitar and sang South American songs. The three women sat looking at him, Cicely in her mute bliss, Miss Sabrina with her admiration and her interest, Eve with her perplexity. His hand, touching the strings, was well-shaped, strong; was that the hand which had struck a woman? And a little child? As the evening wore on, she almost began to believe that Cicely had invented the whole of her dreadful damning tale, that the baby's arm had never been broken, and that her own hurts had been received in some other way. She looked at Cicely. But there was something very straightforward in her pure little face.

At ten o'clock she rose. Cicely made no motion; she was evidently not coming with her.

"Can I speak to you for a moment, Cicely?"

"Oh yes," answered Cicely, with alacrity. "What is it?" She followed Eve into the hall.

Eve closed the door; then she drew her into the dining-room, which was still lighted. "You said he would not come here."

"Oh!" with a long breath; "he never would do it for me before, though I asked him, and asked him. And yet he has done it now! Think of that!"

Eve put her hands on Cicely's shoulders as if to keep her, to call her back to realities. "Have you forgotten all you said that night at Mrs. Cray's?"

Cicely gave a joyful laugh. "Yes." Then, more defiantly, "Yes, I have forgotten the whole!" But her tone changed back swiftly to its happy confidence again: "Nothing will happen, Eve. You needn't be afraid."

"Has he told you so?"

"Oh, we never *speak* of it," answered Cicely, looking at her with large, surprised eyes. "Did you think we *spoke* of it—of such a thing as that? A husband and wife—people who love each other? But you needn't be troubled. It's over forever." She disappeared.

Eve waited a moment; then she went to her room. Before she reached her door Cicely overtook her; she had run swiftly after her down the long corridor. She put her arms round Eve from behind, and whispered, with her lips against Eve's throat, "I ran after you to say that I hope that *you* will have, some day, as much happiness as mine this minute." Then she was gone, as swiftly as she had come.

To wish her a love like her own—so infatuated, so unreasonable, so mad—seemed to Eve like a malediction. But fortunately there was no danger that she should ever fall a victim to such insanities.

She dismissed Dilsey, barred her door, and went to bed. But before long she moved over to the side of her couch, and supporting herself on her elbow, she lifted Jack from his crib. He stirred a little, sleepily. She lay down again, holding him in her arms. It was fortunate that he was a baby, and did not know that she was crying. She could give no reason, even to herself, for her tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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SINGING FLAME.

BY COATES KINNEY.

A PÆAN, Science! Thy cunning has found
(Cunning Science, a pæan to thee!)
Singing Flame, where the forces agree
In all their marvellous protean round,
Where light is to hear and sound is to see.

Song and the soul of the world are the same:
Motion, the winged beginning of things;
Is heat by the sudden stop of its wings,
And heat is motion replumed with flame,
And song is flame that quivers and sings.

As motion to heat, and heat to light,
And light to flame of music is whirled,
So the very flight of the stars is hurled
Into song from the secrets of night,
And song keeps touch with the life of the world.

Ay, the soul of sound from the heart of fire
Utters a flame, and the spirit hears
Therein the light of a million years
Ago, sung down from the shining choir
Of the morning stars' jubilant spheres.

This is the light that old Wordsworth felt,
Or dreamed with a vision keen and strong,
Whose rays nor to land nor to sea belong,
But into a flame of melody melt—
Song that is flame, and flame that is song.

This is the light that was pillar of smoke,
Or only pillar of fire at most,
To the marching, camping, carousing host;
But when to the Red Sea singer it spoke,
Was a flaming tongue of the Holy Ghost.

This is the light that Dante pursued
Through all the lurid regions of hell;
That Milton saw in his blindness well;
That our miraculous Shakespeare indued
With a glory no mortal can tell.

But the thin blue flame of these cultured years,
That shrinks and faints at the lilt of a breath,
What is it this pale blue ardor saith
Of fears that are hopes, and hopes that are fears,
And of deeps that are deeper than death?

Little it saith, and it singeth naught,
But it creeps the ground along and about
With delicate wreathings in and out,
And flickers away in a swoon of thought,
And dies in a dainty dream of doubt.

And sometimes, too, it is hard to be told
From lifted smoke, so it takes from Art
Alone its aimless ethereal start,
For it has no flaming and singing hold
On the core of fire at Nature's heart.

O soul of that fire, O issue from night,
And fuse all the twinklers, name by name,
And melt to thy gold their azurine fame,
And pour down the heavens in wine of light,
And fill all the world with Singing Flame!

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THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN'S VOICES IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY EMILIE CHRISTINA CURTIS.

CONSIDERABLE attention is given in our public schools throughout the country to the instruction of pupils in vocal reading, and fair results are attained by various systems. But it is to be feared that too little is being done toward the proper training of the children's voices. The exercises and songs which they learn to sing by note are almost invariably sung in a quality of voice to which it is extremely disagreeable for a cultivated ear to listen. Why should this be allowed? Why should the fundamental idea of music be entirely ignored? *Music* implies *sweet sounds*. If there are no sweet sounds, where is the music? What satisfaction can a musical ear possibly find in hearing even unusual feats of vocal reading if they be performed in a voice which reminds one of the circular saws in a lumber-mill? For my own part, I would rather listen to the saws. The noise which they make is only the result of the functions they are performing in their own natural manner (if the manners of a saw may be called natural); but the noise which school children make in performing the function which they call singing is the result of a very unnatural contraction of the throat muscles. I say an unnatural contraction, not because it is rare (it is nearly universal after a certain age), but because a child that has not yet learned to scream in the street will, when unconsciously singing at its play, use a voice which is entirely different from this, and which is really musical. This bad quality of voice is heard more in boys than in girls, and among the latter it decreases with the growth of the children; but more or less of it is almost invariably heard when a number of children sing together. To make this noise (it is not music) requires such an effort, such a cramping of the throat, that the given pitch can rarely be sustained. Even when led by an instrument, such voices are constantly inclined to flat.

I do not mean to say that no public-school children ever sing well individually, or that so-called good chorus singing is not sometimes heard. But where this is so, unless special care has been taken, the good voices can almost always be traced to the larger girls. This terribly unmusical music is not confined to the public schools, where little pretence is made of training the voice. What a tax upon one's musical nerves is involved in listening to one of those boy choirs that are made to strain their chest voices up to D and D sharp, and then, if a higher note should come, the only thing to be heard is a terrible break into a weak little head voice!

Must this sort of thing go on forever? Music is the youngest of all the arts, but she is certainly old enough now to have learned the proper use of that first and most wonderful of all musical instruments, the human voice. The public taste is not so bad in regard to adult voices. The real circular-saw species of voice would not be tolerated in a chorus of grown people. Why, then, should this same public not only be satisfied with, but apparently admire, these hideous noises when produced in the throats of little children who are supposed by the poets to have "voices soft and sweet"?

The remedy is simple. Train the voice down from the top, instead of up from the bottom.* Take the soft sweet tones at the very top of these strained voices of which I have been speaking, which it is a positive relief to hear when they are actually reached, and cultivate that quality down, and the voice changes its character immediately, and the high tones become strong instead of weak. A little below the middle of the child's and woman's voice, about F on the first space, is what is called the break, below which the voice is heavier and fuller than it is above that point. The heavy quality has long been called the chest voice, the light quality the head voice. An octave above this is another break, to which sufficient attention is rarely given, but which is of great importance in soprano voices. These two breaks divide the voice into three parts, which are now called by the best authorities the thick, the thin, and the small registers.

The names chest and head voice are unfortunate. They have given rise to erroneous ideas respecting the production

* The success of this method is fully illustrated in the results attained by Mr. Le Jeune in his training of boy choirs.

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of the voice. The chest and the head have nothing whatever to do with the production of a pure tone. Vocal tone is made by the vibration of the vocal chords, two minute chords, or membranes, which are stretched horizontally across the throat in the larynx, or "voice box." The low tones and the high tones are all made in exactly the same place, neither in the chest nor in the head, but in the throat. The cause of the difference between the registers is this: the tones of the thick register are the result of the vibration of the vocal chords in their entire width; in the thin register the chords vibrate along their inner edges only; in the small register the vibration is the same, but the change is made in another way. In the two lower registers the pitch of the tones is regulated by the tightening of the chords, as the strings of a violin are tightened in tuning, while the highest tones, those of the small register, are made by the shortening of the chords, as the high tones of a harp are given by short strings. These breaks are not noticeable in every voice. Where they are heard, the voice-trainer's aim should always be to so blend the registers that no change shall be apparent.

The registers overlap; if a lower register is forced too high, the change comes suddenly and the voice breaks; but a higher register may safely be carried down as low as it will go, and in this way the change is made gradually and smoothly. This is why the ordinary practice of making children sing scales up, or sing tunes which begin low, is productive of such bad results; if they sing loud, the chest or thick register is sure to be strained beyond its legitimate place.

Forcing the registers is not the only fault. Nine-tenths of our children and the majority of grown people sing with throats more or less cramped. The larynx, as a whole, is capable of rising and falling to a limited extent. If the larynx is raised, the throat cavity is lessened and the muscles are contracted; if in addition to this there is an arching up of the back of the tongue (which is almost invariably the case), then the voice is forced up through the nose, and becomes nasal. The greatest of the modern voice trainers, such as the elder Lamperti and the elder Wartel, have always inculcated the keeping of the larynx in the same low position for all tones, high and low. The reason for this is apparent. The requisites for pure tone production are a wide open throat and a flat tongue. The voice itself is made by the vocal chords; the upper part of the throat and the roof of the mouth should act as a sounding-board to render the tone full and rich, and then to throw it forward, out into the air. The quality of a voice depends upon the shape of this sounding-board. If the passage through which the voice must go be free and open—that is, if the tone be thrown directly out of an open throat through the mouth, with the tongue flat at the back and out of the way—then the voice will be pure and sweet; if this passage, and particularly the part immediately above the larynx, be contracted and cramped, the voice is either harsh and rasping or nasal, or perhaps it has both these qualities. Now there is every conceivable variation between the pure, open, smooth quality and the cramped, rasping quality in both trained and untrained voices. When the cramped, rasping quality is very strong, and the heavy, thick register is carried much too high, this combination is what reminds me of the circular saws. But the throat can be cramped more or less even in the other registers. I have always noticed that the real circular-saw characteristic, when heard in its full development, is an indication of a particularly strong and naturally good voice, often, though not always, exceptionally high. The following is the reason for this: It is supposed to be injurious for children to sing very high tones; therefore their songs rarely go above D and E, and their exercises generally consist in singing scales upward, beginning on middle C. The teacher urges the children to sing out, not to be afraid, to sing so that they can be heard. The effort to sing loud causes the cramping of the throat, and where there is considerable strength of voice a chest or thick tone is produced. (Very little children and those who have weak voices never make real chest tones.) When the singer has begun at the bottom of the scale and sings up as loud as he can, he continues to keep his throat cramped, and to use chest tones if his voice is strong, up to a certain point, where he suddenly breaks into a weak *small* voice, sometimes omitting nearly all the *thin* tones. The upper part of the voice is probably not naturally weak, but it has

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been weakened by this forcing process. The point at which this unnatural break comes varies with different individuals, and even in the same individual it generally depends upon the effort made. If the child sings softly he will break several notes lower than if he sings as loud as he can. If he produces real thick tones, this implies that his voice is strong, and that he enjoys singing because he can make considerable noise, and he will carry this thick voice up to C, D, and even D sharp—from a half to a whole octave above where it ought to have stopped! This is terrible. This particular variety of singing is more frequently heard in boys than in girls, because their voices are stronger, and because the street screaming to which they are addicted is all done in this kind of voice.

Now the fundamental cause of this pernicious habit is the fact that people in general do not recognize the difference between the speaking voice and the singing voice. (I do not speak now of men's voices; only of those of women and children.) The speaking voice is at the bottom of the scale or compass of vocal tones. The average conversational tone of women is B, just below middle C. In this part of the scale the thick tones legitimately belong. The singing voice is a very different thing, extending one and a half or two octaves above this; and the thick voice belongs only at the bottom of it. The two may be and should be blended together; but to accomplish this the only *safe* way is to begin at the top and sing down. Public-school singing at present is all done in the speaking voice. Speaking and singing are different things, and therefore should be done in different voices.

The two great faults in singing that I have described, forcing the registers and cramping the throat, can be almost entirely overcome by any ordinary school-teacher who will carry out the following directions. Begin anywhere from B flat to D, and have the children sing the scales down (never up), very softly, with the mouth wide open. Then take each successive higher scale down. Not until you have reached the small register will you be perfectly sure of getting the right tone, and then only when the tone is given softly and very low in the throat. It is those scales that begin in the small register, on F and above, that are the most useful to practise. Some children will not be able to sing these high tones at first, and they must be told to join in on a lower tone. But most children can sing F with ease when they do it properly, and many can go much higher. As to the syllables to be sung, never begin with the old-fashioned *ah*. It is a time-honored custom to sing *ah* or *la;* but I never do it with beginners, because on these syllables the tongue almost always rises at the back, and the tone, instead of coming out of the mouth, is forced up through the nose. Instead of this, make the children begin by singing *ā*, like *a* in *may*. Tell them to keep the mouth well open, to sing 'way down in the throat, not up in the nose, to keep the tongue well forward, touching the lower teeth, and to sing very softly indeed. The tone must not be confined in the mouth, but must come directly through the mouth as through a tube. Some people imagine that singing low in the throat makes a guttural tone. This is not so. A guttural tone is made when the tongue slips back into the throat and fills it up. To tell a person to sing low in the throat makes him keep his larynx from rising. Constantly urge the scholars to keep their throats wide open, to keep the tongue stretched forward out of the throat, and not to sing through the nose.

After considerable practice on *ā*, have the children sing *oo*, but be careful that the mouth be not too much closed. If it be, the voice will be confined in the mouth, and will be thin and poor. Generally when children play "steam-cars" and say *hoo, hoo*, they make a very good, full tone. The other vowels may be practised somewhat, but *ā* and *oo* are the easiest to make well. *Ee* makes a very good tone when properly sung; but the voice is very apt to be confined in the mouth. The tongue must be kept very far forward, and on the high tones the mouth must be wide open. If children do not open their throats well on the low tones, tell them to sing *in a whisper*. This almost always produces the proper result, if they have failed to understand before. Not that you want them to give a breathing instead of a tone; but the idea of a whisper seems to give them the idea of open throat and open tone. But be careful that there be no breathiness of tone. This is a fault very often noticeable in

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weak voices, and sometimes even in strong ones. It is a sound like the rustling of the leaves on the trees when the wind blows. It is caused by using too much breath.

A subject which ought to receive considerable attention is the manner of taking breath. Singers should use the lower part of the lungs as much as possible, and not puff out the chest and raise the shoulders every time they inhale. This is not only awkward, but it has a tendency to cramp the throat muscles. The best way to teach a class to breathe properly is to make them stand with their hands clasped behind their backs, with the elbows stiffened, and then to tell them to draw their shoulders down and back. In this position it is easier to breathe low down and keep the chest from rising. Never urge the scholars to take a long breath, and never allow them to take breath audibly. The singer who breathes so that he can be heard all over the room makes a great mistake.

When it is desired to give the children songs to sing, do not choose low songs, as has always been the mistaken custom. Choose high songs always, and if possible those that begin above G on the staff. It is better for beginners not to have songs of great compass, and they ought not to contain many notes below F on the first space; but when the children fairly understand how to sing properly, they can sing low tones perfectly well if they do not sing them too loud.

But let me protest. Teachers should not pitch tunes or allow children to pitch tunes entirely at random. The result must often be that the voices are carried too high or too low. There seems to be no reason why all teachers should not be provided with pitch-pipes, so that the tunes may be set properly. Another very serious mistake made in schools is that of allowing and sometimes forcing boys to sing after their voices begin to change. This may happen at any age between thirteen and seventeen. No boy ought to sing at this time; it may cause the ruin of his voice for life.

I am advocating a very radical change in the treatment of children's voices. It is not original with me, though many will learn of it for the first time through these pages. Many people have been unwilling to adopt this method because it seemed to them an innovation without correct foundation. One gentleman, a well-known professional musician, said to me recently: "To make children sing high songs is a great strain for their voices; it is just as bad as making them play on the piano with cramped fingers: give the hand freedom of action, and you make playing easy and pleasant." This gentleman's own comparison suggests the answer to his objection. "Cramped muscles" is the text of the whole sermon that I have been preaching. If children are to go on singing with cramped throat muscles, then singing high songs *is* as bad as playing with cramped hands. Children who sing in this way always find the high notes hard to reach, and if they succeed in reaching them at all, it is only in a very weak, though much sweeter voice, which they have been obliged to *break* into. Of course in any method voices may be taken too high. No one should sing so high that he cannot make a good pure tone. There are women, and children too, who ought not to sing higher than D (fourth line); but either they are altos or else they have very weak voices. Real altos among children are rare, though many may be allowed to sing an alto part. But the fact which ought to be recognized among teachers is that children's voices are at least as high as women's voices, while very little children's are apt to be higher. This stands to reason: the woman's voice is higher than the man's because the larynx is smaller; the little child's larynx is smaller than the woman's, with the same natural result. The fact that little children are generally made to sing low songs is no proof that they have not high voices. On the contrary, this forcing of the low tones is the chief cause of the great lack of musical voices among our children.

If it be objected that there is not time to train the voice in school, I repeat that it seems to me much more important than to teach vocal reading, for who cares to hear vocal reading in a disagreeable voice? Moreover, this teaching takes very little time. But if no time at all can be given to it, simply to make the children sing high tunes in a soft voice, instead of low tunes in a loud voice, would do much toward effecting a reform. The best Sunday-school singing that I have ever heard was the result of nothing but careful singing of high tunes. Besides the change in tone quality, the children would be able to sing in tune, which they now cannot

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do: the strain of singing at all constantly drags down the pitch.

The question of the best method of teaching vocal reading has lately excited considerable interest. There have been several series of wall charts published by different people in America for the purpose of teaching the staff notation; and recently an entirely new system has been introduced into this country from England, called the Tonic Sol-fa method. This is a system of reading music, not by the staff notation at all, which really is difficult to learn, but by an entirely new notation, consisting of the first letters of the old musical syllables *do*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, *la*, *si*; and this is exceedingly simple and easy to learn. At first it was opposed in England as a foolish innovation; but its advantages have gradually overcome prejudice to such an extent that now thousands of singers all over Great Britain, and many large vocal societies, sing from this notation in preference to the staff notation. All the great oratorios, cantatas, etc., are published in Tonic Sol-fa, and they are learned with ease by English children and people of the lower classes who would find it impossible to accomplish such results in the old way with two or three times the amount of labor. This being the case, it is an unexplained matter of surprise that this system is in many quarters absolutely unknown in progressive America. The study of Tonic Sol-fa does not prevent any one from learning the staff also, and the further a pupil proceeds in Tonic Sol-fa the more anxious he generally is to understand the staff. But if the staff is to be learned eventually, why not learn it from the beginning? Why go through the trouble of learning two notations when we only want to know one? This is the objection which forced itself upon my mind, and it has only recently been met. I am now thoroughly convinced that there is no time lost in studying Tonic Sol-fa.

TO WHOM THIS MAY COME.

BY EDWARD BELLAMY.

IT is now about a year since I took passage at Calcutta in the ship *Adelaide* for New York. We had baffling weather till New Amsterdam Island was sighted, where we took a new point of departure. Three days later a terrible gale struck us. Four days we flew before it, whither, no one knew, for neither sun, moon, nor stars were at any time visible, and we could take no observation. Toward midnight of the fourth day the glare of lightning revealed the *Adelaide* in a hopeless position, close in upon a low-lying shore, and driving straight toward it. All around and astern far out to sea was such a maze of rocks and shoals that it was a miracle we had come so far. Presently the ship struck, and almost instantly went to pieces, so great was the violence of the sea. I gave myself up for lost, and was indeed already past the worst of drowning when I was recalled to consciousness by being thrown with a tremendous shock upon the beach. I had just strength enough to drag myself above the reach of the waves, and then I fell down and knew no more.

When I awoke, the storm was over. The sun, already half-way up the sky, had dried my clothing and renewed the vigor of my bruised and aching limbs. On sea or shore I saw no vestige of my ship or my companions, of whom I appeared the sole survivor. I was not, however, alone. A group of persons, apparently the inhabitants of the country, stood near, observing me with looks of friendliness which at once freed me from apprehension as to my treatment at their hands. They were a white and handsome people, evidently of a high order of civilization, though I recognized in them the traits of no race with which I was familiar.

Seeing that it was evidently their idea of etiquette to leave it to strangers to open conversation, I addressed them in English, but failed to elicit any response beyond deprecating smiles. I then accosted them successively in the French, German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and Portuguese tongues, but with no better results. I began to be very much puzzled as to what could possibly be the nationality of a white and evidently civilized race to which no one of the tongues of the great seafaring nations was intelligible. The oddest thing of all was the

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unbroken silence with which they contemplated my efforts to open communication with them. It was as if they were agreed not to give me a clew to their language by even a whisper, for while they regarded one another with looks of smiling intelligence, they did not once open their lips. But if this behavior suggested that they were amusing themselves at my expense, that presumption was negatived by the unmistakable friendliness and sympathy which their whole bearing expressed.

A most extraordinary conjecture occurred to me. Could it be that these strange people were dumb? Such a freak of nature as an entire race thus afflicted had never indeed been heard of, but who could say what wonders the unexplored vasts of the great Southern Ocean might thus far have hid from human ken? Now among the scraps of useless information which lumbered my mind was an acquaintance with the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, and forthwith I began to spell out with my fingers some of the phrases I had already uttered to so little effect. My resort to the sign language overcame the last remnant of gravity in the already profusely smiling group. The small boys now rolled on the ground in convulsions of mirth, while the grave and reverend seniors, who had hitherto kept them in check, were fain momentarily to avert their faces, and I could see their bodies shaking with laughter. The greatest clown in the world never received a more flattering tribute to his powers to amuse than had been called forth by mine to make myself understood. Naturally, however, I was not flattered, but, on the contrary, entirely discomfited. Angry I could not well be, for the deprecating manner in which all, excepting of course the boys, yielded to their perception of the ridiculous, and the distress they showed at their failure in self-control, made me seem the aggressor. It was as if they were very sorry for me, and ready to put themselves wholly at my service if I would only refrain from reducing them to a state of disability by being so exquisitely absurd. Certainly this evidently amiable race had a very embarrassing way of receiving strangers.

Just at this moment, when my bewilderment was fast verging on exasperation, relief came. The circle opened, and a little elderly man, who had evidently come in haste, confronted me, and bowing very politely, addressed me in English. His voice was the most pitiable abortion of a voice I had ever heard. While having all the defects in articulation of a child's who is just beginning to talk, it was not even a child's in strength of tone, being in fact a mere alternation of squeaks and whispers inaudible a rod away. With some difficulty I was, however, able to follow him pretty nearly.

"As the official interpreter," he said, "I extend you a cordial welcome to these islands. I was sent for as soon as you were discovered, but being at some distance, I was unable to arrive until this moment. I regret this, as my presence would have saved you embarrassment. My countrymen desire me to intercede with you to pardon the wholly involuntary and uncontrollable mirth provoked by your attempts to communicate with them. You see, they understood you perfectly well, but could not answer you."

"Merciful heavens!" I exclaimed, horrified to find my surmise correct; "can it be that they are all thus afflicted? Is it possible that you are the only man among them who has the power of speech?"

Again it appeared that, quite unintentionally, I had said something excruciatingly funny, for at my speech there arose a sound of gentle laughter from the group, now augmented to quite an assemblage, which drowned the plashing of the waves on the beach at our feet. Even the interpreter smiled.

"Do they think it so amusing to be dumb?" I asked.

"They find it very amusing," replied the interpreter, "that their inability to speak should be regarded by any one as an affliction, for it is by the voluntary disuse of the organs of articulation that they have lost the power of speech, and as a consequence the ability even to understand speech."

"But," said I, somewhat puzzled by this statement, "didn't you just tell me that they understood me, though they could not reply, and are they not laughing now at what I just said?"

"It is you they understood, not your words," answered the interpreter. "Our speech now is gibberish to them, as unintelligible in itself as the growling of animals; but they know what we are saying because they know our thoughts. You

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must know that these are the islands of the mind-readers."

Such were the circumstances of my introduction to this extraordinary people. The official interpreter being charged by virtue of his office with the first entertainment of shipwrecked members of the talking nations, I became his guest, and passed a number of days under his roof before going out to any considerable extent among the people. My first impression had been the somewhat oppressive one that the power to read the thoughts of others could only be possessed by beings of a superior order to man. It was the first effort of the interpreter to disabuse me of this notion. It appeared from his account that the experience of the mind-readers was a case simply of a slight acceleration from special causes of the course of universal human evolution, which in time was destined to lead to the disuse of speech and the substitution of direct mental vision on the part of all races. This rapid evolution of these islanders was accounted for by their peculiar origin and circumstances.

Some three centuries before Christ one of the Parthian kings of Persia, of the dynasty of the Arsacidæ, undertook a persecution of the soothsayers and magicians in his realms. These people were credited with supernatural powers by popular prejudice, but in fact were merely persons of especial gifts in the way of hypnotizing, mind-reading, thought-transference, and such arts, which they exercised for their own gain.

Too much in awe of the soothsayers to do them outright violence, the king resolved to banish them, and to this end put them, with their families, on ships and sent them to Ceylon. When, however, the fleet was in the neighborhood of that island, a great storm scattered it, and one of the ships, after being driven for many days before the tempest, was wrecked upon one of an archipelago of uninhabited islands far to the south, where the survivors settled. Naturally the posterity of parents possessed of such peculiar gifts had developed extraordinary psychical powers.

Having set before them the end of evolving a new and advanced order of humanity, they had aided the development of these powers by a rigid system of stirpiculture. The result was that after a few centuries mind-reading became so general that language fell into disuse as a means of communicating ideas. For many generations the power of speech still remained voluntary, but gradually the vocal organs had become atrophied, and for several hundred years the power of articulation had been wholly lost. Infants for a few months after birth did, indeed, still emit inarticulate cries, but at an age when in less advanced races these cries began to be articulate, the children of the mind-readers developed the power of direct mental vision, and ceased to attempt to use the voice.

The fact that the existence of the mind-readers had never been found out by the rest of the world was explained by two considerations. In the first place, the group of islands was small, and occupied a corner of the Indian Ocean quite out of the ordinary track of ships. In the second place, the approach to the islands was rendered so desperately perilous by terrible currents and the maze of outlying rocks and shoals that it was next to impossible for any ship to touch their shores save as a wreck. No ship at least had ever done so in the two thousand years since the mind-readers' own arrival, and the *Adelaide* had made the one hundred and twenty-third such wreck.

Apart from motives of humanity, the mind-readers made strenuous efforts to rescue shipwrecked persons, for from them alone through the interpreters could they obtain information of the outside world. Little enough this proved when, as often happened, the sole survivor of a shipwreck was some ignorant sailor, who had no news to communicate beyond the latest varieties of forecastle blasphemy. My hosts gratefully assured me that as a person of some little education they considered me a veritable godsend. No less a task was mine than to relate to them the history of the world for the past two centuries, and often did I wish, for their sakes, that I had made a more exact study of it.

It is solely for the purpose of communicating with shipwrecked strangers of the talking nations that the office of the interpreters exists. When, as from time to time happens, a child is born with some powers of articulation, he is set apart and trained to talk in the interpreters' college. Of course the partial atrophy of the vocal organs, from which even the best interpreters suffer, renders many of the sounds

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of language impossible for them. None, for instance, can pronounce *v*, *f*, or *s*, and as to the sound represented by *th*, it is five generations since the last interpreter lived who could utter it. But for the occasional intermarriage of shipwrecked strangers with the islanders it is probable that the supply of interpreters would have long ere this quite failed.

I imagine that the very unpleasant sensations which followed the realization that I was among people who, while inscrutable to me, knew my every thought, were very much what any one would have experienced in the same case. They were very comparable to the panic which accidental nudity causes a person among races whose custom it is to conceal the figure with drapery. I wanted to run away and hide myself. If I analyzed my feeling, it did not seem to arise so much from the consciousness of any particularly heinous secrets, as from the knowledge of a swarm of fatuous, ill-natured, and unseemly thoughts and half-thoughts concerning those around me and concerning myself, which it was insufferable that any person should peruse in however benevolent a spirit. But while my chagrin and distress on this account were at first intense, they were also very short-lived, for almost immediately I discovered that the very knowledge that my mind was overlooked by others operated to check thoughts that might be painful to them, and that, too, without more effort of the will than a kindly person exerts to check the utterance of disagreeable remarks. As a very few lessons in the elements of courtesy cures a decent person of inconsiderate speaking, so a brief experience among the mind-readers went far in my case to check inconsiderate thinking. It must not be supposed, however, that courtesy among the mind-readers prevents them from thinking pointedly and freely concerning one another upon serious occasions, any more than the finest courtesy among the talking races restrains them from speaking to one another with entire plainness when it is desirable to do so. Indeed, among the mind-readers, politeness never can extend to the point of insincerity, as among talking nations, seeing that it is always one another's real and inmost thought that they read. I may fitly mention here, though it was not till later that I fully understood why it must necessarily be so, that one need feel far less chagrin at the complete revelation of his weaknesses to a mind-reader than at the slightest betrayal of them to one of another race. For the very reason that the mind-reader reads all your thoughts, particular thoughts are judged with reference to the general tenor of thought. Your characteristic and habitual frame of mind is what he takes account of. No one need fear being misjudged by a mind-reader on account of sentiments or emotions which are not representative of the real character or general attitude. Justice may indeed be said to be a necessary consequence of mind-reading.

As regards the interpreter himself, the instinct of courtesy was not long needed to check wanton or offensive thoughts. In all my life before I had been very slow to form friendships, but before I had been three days in the company of this stranger of a strange race I had become enthusiastically devoted to him. It was impossible not to be. The peculiar joy of friendship is the sense of being understood by our friend as we are not by others, and yet of being loved in spite of the understanding. Now here was one whose every word testified to a knowledge of my secret thoughts and motives which the oldest and nearest of my former friends had never, and could never, have approximated. Had such a knowledge bred in him contempt of me, I should neither have blamed him nor been at all surprised. Judge, then, whether the cordial friendliness which he showed was likely to leave me indifferent.

Imagine my incredulity when he informed me that our friendship was not based upon more than ordinary mutual suitability of temperaments. The faculty of mind-reading, he explained, brought minds so close together, and so heightened sympathy, that the lowest order of friendship between mind-readers implied a mutual delight such as only rare friends enjoyed among other races. He assured me that later on, when I came to know others of his race, I should find, by the far greater intensity of sympathy and affection I should conceive for some of them, how true this saying was.

It may be inquired how, on beginning to mingle with the mind-readers in general, I managed to communicate with them, seeing that while they could read my thoughts, they could not, like the interpreter, respond to them by speech. I must

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here explain that while these people have no use for a spoken language, a written language is needful for purposes of record. They consequently all know how to write. Do they, then, write Persian? Luckily for me, no. It appears that for a long period after mind-reading was fully developed, not only was spoken language disused, but also written, no records whatever having been kept during this period. The delight of the people in the newly found power of direct mind-to-mind vision, whereby pictures of the total mental state were communicated, instead of the imperfect descriptions of single thoughts which words at best could give, induced an invincible distaste for the laborious impotence of language.

When, however, the first intellectual intoxication had, after several generations, somewhat sobered down, it was recognized that records of the past were desirable, and that the despised medium of words was needful to preserve it. Persian had meantime been wholly forgotten. In order to avoid the prodigious task of inventing a complete new language, the institution of the interpreters was now set up, with the idea of acquiring through them a knowledge of some of the languages of the outside world from the mariners wrecked on the islands.

Owing to the fact that most of the castaway ships were English, a better knowledge of that tongue was acquired than of any other, and it was adopted as the written language of the people. As a rule, my acquaintances wrote slowly and laboriously, and yet the fact that they knew exactly what was in my mind rendered their responses so apt that, in my conversations with the slowest speller of them all, the interchange of thought was as rapid and incomparably more accurate and satisfactory than the fastest of talkers attain to.

It was but a very short time after I had begun to extend my acquaintance among the mind-readers before I discovered how truly the interpreter had told me that I should find others to whom, on account of greater natural congeniality, I should become more strongly attached than I had been to him. This was in no wise, however, because I loved him less, but them more. I would fain write particularly of some of these beloved friends, comrades of my heart, from whom I first learned the undreamed-of possibilities of human friendship, and how ravishing the satisfactions of sympathy may be. Who among those who read this has not known that sense of a gulf fixed between soul and soul which mocks love! Who has not felt that loneliness which oppresses the heart when strained to the heart that loves it best! Think no longer that this gulf is eternally fixed, or is any necessity of human nature. It has no existence for the race of our fellow-men which I describe, and by that fact we may be assured that eventually it will be bridged also for us. Like the touch of shoulder to shoulder, like the clasping of hands, is the contact of their minds and their sensation of sympathy.

I say that I would fain speak more particularly of some of my friends, but waning strength forbids, and moreover, now that I think of it, another consideration would render any comparison of their characters rather confusing than instructive to a reader. This is the fact that, in common with the rest of the mind-readers, they had no names. Every one has, indeed, an arbitrary sign for his designation in records, but it has no sound value. A register of these names is kept, so that they can at any time be ascertained, but it is very common to meet persons who have forgotten titles which are used solely for biographical and official purposes. For social intercourse names are of course superfluous, for these people accost one another merely by a mental act of attention, and refer to third persons by transferring their mental pictures—something as dumb persons might by means of photographs. Something so, I say, for in the pictures of one another's personalities which the mind-readers conceive, the physical aspect, as might be expected with people who directly contemplate each other's minds and hearts, is a subordinate element.

I have already told how my first qualms of morbid self-consciousness at knowing that my mind was an open book to all around me disappeared as I learned that the very completeness of the disclosure of my thoughts and motives was a guarantee that I would be judged with a fairness and a sympathy such as even self-judgment cannot pretend to, affected as that is by so many subtle reactions. The assurance of being so judged by every one might well seem an inestimable privilege to one accustomed to a world in which not even the tenderest love is any pledge

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of comprehension, and yet I soon discovered that open-mindedness had a still greater profit than this. How shall I describe the delightful exhilaration of moral health and cleanness, the breezy oxygenated mental condition, which resulted from the consciousness that I had absolutely nothing concealed! Truly I may say that I enjoyed myself. I think surely that no one needs to have had my marvellous experience to sympathize with this portion of it. Are we not all ready to agree that this having a curtained chamber where we may go to grovel, out of sight of our fellows, troubled only by a vague apprehension that God may look over the top, is the most demoralizing incident in the human condition? It is the existence within the soul of this secure refuge of lies which has always been the despair of the saint and the exultation of the knave. It is the foul cellar which taints the whole house above, be it never so fine.

What stronger testimony could there be to the instinctive consciousness that concealment is debauching, and openness our only cure, than the world-old conviction of the virtue of confession for the soul, and that the uttermost exposing of one's worst and foulest is the first step toward moral health? The wickedest man, if he could but somehow attain to writhe himself inside out as to his soul, so that its full sickness could be seen, would feel ready for a new life. Nevertheless, owing to the utter impotence of words to convey mental conditions in their totality, or to give other than mere distortions of them, confession is, we must needs admit, but a mockery of that longing for self-revelation to which it testifies. But think what health and soundness there must be for souls among a people who see in every face a conscience which, unlike their own, they cannot sophisticate, who confess one another with a glance, and shrive with a smile! Ah, friends, let me now predict, though ages may elapse before the slow event shall justify me, that in no way will the mutual vision of minds, when at last it shall be perfected, so enhance the blessedness of mankind as by rending the veil of self, and leaving no spot of darkness in the mind for lies to hide in. Then shall the soul no longer be a coal smoking among ashes, but a star set in a crystal sphere.

From what I have said of the delights which friendship among the mind-readers derives from the perfection of the mental rapport, it may be imagined how intoxicating must be the experience when one of the friends is a woman, and the subtle attractions and correspondences of sex touch with passion the intellectual sympathy. With my first venturing into society I had begun, to their extreme amusement, to fall in love with the women right and left. In the perfect frankness which is the condition of all intercourse among this people, these adorable women told me that what I felt was only friendship, which was a very good thing, but wholly different from love, as I should well know if I were beloved. It was difficult to believe that the melting emotions which I had experienced in their company were the result merely of the friendly and kindly attitude of their minds toward mine, but when I found that I was affected in the same way by every gracious woman I met, I had to make up my mind that they must be right about it, and that I should have to adapt myself to a world in which friendship being a passion, love must needs be nothing less than a rapture.

The homely proverb, "Every Jack has his Gill," may, I suppose, be taken to mean that for all men there are certain women expressly suited by mental and moral as by physical constitution. It is a thought painful, rather than cheering, that this may be the truth, so altogether do the chances preponderate against the ability of these elect ones to recognize each other even if they meet, seeing that speech is so inadequate and so misleading a medium of self-revelation. But among the mind-readers the search for one's ideal mate is a quest reasonably sure of being crowned with success, and no one dreams of wedding unless it be, for so to do, they consider, would be to throw away the choicest blessing of life, and not alone to wrong themselves and their unfound mates, but likewise those whom they themselves and those undiscovered mates might wed. Therefore, passionate pilgrims, they go from isle to isle till they find each other, and as the population of the islands is but small, the pilgrimage is not often long.

When I met her first we were in company, and I was struck by the sudden stir and the looks of touched and smiling interest with which all around turned and regarded us, the women with moistened eyes. They had read her thought when she saw me, but this I did not know, nei-

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ther what the custom was in these matters, till afterward. But I knew from the moment she first fixed her eyes on me, and I felt her mind brooding upon mine, how truly I had been told by those other women that the feeling with which they had inspired me was not love.

With people who become acquainted at a glance, and old friends in an hour, wooing is naturally not a long process. Indeed it may be said that between lovers among the mind-readers there is no wooing, but merely recognition. The day after we met she became mine.

Perhaps I cannot better illustrate how subordinate the merely physical element is in the impression which mind-readers form of their friends than by mentioning an incident that occurred some months after our union. This was my discovery, wholly by accident, that my love, in whose society I had almost constantly been, had not the least idea what was the color of my eyes, or whether my hair and complexion were light or dark. Of course, as soon as I asked her the question, she read the answer in my mind, but she admitted that she had previously had no distinct impression on those points. On the other hand, if in the blackest midnight I should come to her, she would not need to ask who the comer was. It is by the mind, not the eye, that these people know one another. It is really only in their relations to soulless and inanimate things that they need eyes at all.

It must not be supposed that their disregard of one another's bodily aspect grows out of any ascetic sentiment. It is merely a necessary consequence of their power of directly apprehending mind, that whenever mind is closely associated with matter the latter is comparatively neglected on account of the greater interest of the former, suffering as lesser things always do when placed in immediate contrast with greater. Art is with them confined to the inanimate, the human form having, for the reason mentioned, ceased to inspire the artist. It will be naturally and quite correctly inferred that among such a race physical beauty is not the important factor in human fortune and felicity that it elsewhere is. The absolute openness of their minds and hearts to one another makes their happiness far more dependent on the moral and mental qualities of their companions than upon their physical. A genial temperament, a wide-grasping, godlike intellect, a poet soul, are incomparably more fascinating to them than the most dazzling combination conceivable of mere bodily graces.

A woman of mind and heart has no more need of beauty to win love in these islands than a beauty elsewhere, of mind or heart. I should mention here perhaps that this race which makes so little account of physical beauty is itself a singularly handsome one. This is owing doubtless in part to the absolute compatibility of temperaments in all the marriages, and partly also to the reaction upon the body of a state of ideal mental and moral health and placidity.

Not being myself a mind-reader, the fact that my love was rarely beautiful in form and face had doubtless no little part in attracting my devotion. This, of course, she knew, as she knew all my thoughts, and knowing my limitations, tolerated and forgave the element of sensuousness in my passion. But if it must have seemed to her so little worthy in comparison with the high spiritual communion which her race know as love, to me it became, by virtue of her almost superhuman relation to me, an ecstasy more ravishing surely than any lover of my race tasted before. The ache at the heart of the intensest love is the impotence of words to make it perfectly understood to its object. But my passion was without this pang, for my heart was absolutely open to her I loved. Lovers may imagine, but I cannot describe, the ecstatic thrill of communion into which this consciousness transformed every tender emotion. As I considered what mutual love must be where both parties are mind-readers, I realized the high communion which my sweet companion had sacrificed for me. She might indeed comprehend her lover and his love for her, but the yet higher satisfaction of knowing that she was comprehended by him and her love understood she had foregone. For that I should ever attain the power of mind-reading was out of the question, the faculty never having been developed in a single lifetime.

Why my inability should move my dear companion to such depths of pity I was not able fully to understand until I learned that mind-reading is chiefly held desirable, not for the knowledge of others

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which it gives its possessors, but for the self-knowledge which is its reflex effect. Of all they see in the minds of others, that which concerns them most is the reflection of themselves, the photographs of their own characters. The most obvious consequence of the self-knowledge thus forced upon them is to render them alike incapable of self-conceit or self-depreciation. Every one must needs always think of himself as he is, being no more able to do otherwise than is a man in a hall of mirrors to cherish delusions as to his personal appearance.

But self-knowledge means to the mind-readers much more than this: nothing less, indeed, than a shifting of the sense of the identity. When a man sees himself in a mirror he is compelled to distinguish between the bodily self he sees and his real self, the mental and moral self, which is within and unseen. When in turn the mind-reader comes to see the mental and moral self reflected in other minds as in mirrors, the same thing happens. He is compelled to distinguish between this mental and moral self which has been made objective to him, and can be contemplated by him as impartially as if it were another's, from the inner ego which still remains subjective, unseen, and indefinable. In this inner ego the mind-readers recognize the essential identity and being, the noumenal self, the core of the soul, and the true hiding of its eternal life, to which the mind as well as the body is but the garment of a day.

The effect of such a philosophy as this —which indeed with the mind-readers is rather an instinctive consciousness than a philosophy—must obviously be to impart a sense of wonderful superiority to the vicissitudes of this earthly state, and a singular serenity in the midst of the haps and mishaps which threaten or befall the personality. They did indeed appear to me, as I never dreamed men could attain to be, lords of themselves.

It was because I might not hope to attain this enfranchisement from the false ego of the apparent self, without which life seemed to her race scarcely worth living, that my love so pitied me.

But I must hasten on, leaving a thousand things unsaid, to relate the lamentable catastrophe to which it is owing that instead of being still a resident of those blessed islands, in the full enjoyment of that intimate and ravishing companionship which by contrast would forever dim the pleasures of all other human society, I recall the bright picture as a memory under other skies.

Among a people who are compelled by the very constitution of their minds to put themselves in the places of others, the sympathy which is the inevitable consequence of perfect comprehension renders envy, hatred, and uncharitableness impossible. But of course there are people less genially constituted than others, and these are necessarily the objects of a certain distaste on the part of associates. Now, owing to the unhindered impact of minds upon one another, the anguish of persons so regarded, despite the tenderest consideration of those about them, is so great that they beg the grace of exile, that, being out of the way, people may think less frequently upon them. There are numerous small islets, scarcely more than rocks, lying to the north of the archipelago, and on these the unfortunates are permitted to live. Only one lives on each islet, as they cannot endure each other even as well as the more happily constituted can endure them. From time to time supplies of food are taken to them, and of course, at any time they wish to take the risk, they are permitted to return to society.

Now, as I have said, the fact which, even more than their out-of-the-way location, makes the islands of the mind-readers unapproachable, is the violence with which the great antarctic current, owing probably to some peculiar configuration of the ocean bed, together with the innumerable rocks and shoals, flows through and about the archipelago.

Ships making the islands from the southward are caught by this current and drawn among the rocks, to their almost certain destruction, while, owing to the violence with which the current sets to the north, it is not possible to approach at all from that direction, or at least it has never been accomplished. Indeed, so powerful are the currents that even the boats which cross the narrow straits between the main islands and the islets of the unfortunate to carry the latter their supplies are ferried over by cables, not trusting to oar or sail.

The brother of my love had charge of one of the boats engaged in this transportation, and being desirous of visiting the islets, I accepted an invitation to accompany him on one of his trips. I

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know nothing of how the accident happened, but in the fiercest part of the current of one of the straits we parted from the cable, and were swept out to sea. There was no question of stemming the boiling current, our utmost endeavors barely sufficing to avoid being dashed to pieces on the rocks. From the first there was no hope of our winning back to the land, and so swiftly did we drift that by noon—the accident having befallen in the morning—the islands, which are low-lying, had sunk beneath the southeastern horizon.

Among these mind-readers distance is not an insuperable obstacle to the transfer of thought. My companion was in communication with our friends, and from time to time conveyed to me messages of anguish from my dear love; for being well aware of the nature of the currents and the unapproachableness of the islands, those we had left behind as well as we ourselves knew well we should see each other's faces no more. For five days we continued to drift to the northwest, in no danger of starvation, owing to our lading of provisions, but constrained to unintermitting watch and ward by the roughness of the weather. On the fifth day my companion died from exposure and exhaustion. He died very quietly—indeed, with great appearance of relief. The life of the mind-readers while yet they are in the body is so largely spiritual that the idea of an existence wholly so, which seems vague and chill to us, suggests to them a state only slightly more refined than they already know on earth.

After that I suppose I must have fallen into an unconscious state, from which I roused to find myself on an American ship bound for New York, surrounded by people whose only means of communicating with one another is to keep up while together a constant clatter of hissing, guttural, and explosive noises, eked out by all manner of facial contortions and bodily gestures. I frequently find myself staring open-mouthed at those who address me, too much struck by their grotesque appearance to bethink myself of replying.

I find that I shall not live out the voyage, and I do not care to. From my experience of the people on the ship I can judge how I should fare on land amid the stunning Babel of a nation of talkers. And my friends—God bless them!—how lonely I should feel in their very presence! Nay, what satisfaction or consolation, what but bitter mockery, could I ever more find in such human sympathy and companionship as suffice others and once sufficed me—I who have seen and known what I have seen and known! Ah, yes, doubtless it is far better I should die; but the knowledge of the things that I have seen I feel should not perish with me. For hope's sake men should not miss this glimpse of the higher, sunbathed reaches of the upward path they plod. So thinking, I have written out some account of my wonderful experience, though briefer far, by reason of my weakness, than fits the greatness of the matter. The captain seems an honest, well-meaning man, and to him I shall confide the narrative, charging him, on touching shore, to see it safely in the hands of some one who will bring it to the world's ear.

NOTE.—The extent of my own connection with the foregoing document is sufficiently indicated by the author himself in the final paragraph.—E. B.

A FRIEND.

BY ANNIE KENT.

AS sang the voices in the courts above,
Moved by the Lady's shining mien and grace,
"Lo, here comes one who shall increase our love!"
So cried my heart when first I saw thy face.

I knew thy spirit was to mine akin,
Dwelling anear on some eternal shore;
Time, Sorrow, Death, their filmy threads may spin,
They bar no shining path we shall explore.

Enough, though here we may not meet, since we
Once stood together on that blessèd height,
When, through the mists that veil eternity,
Truth's flaming star burst forth upon our sight.

And though our circuits lie worlds separate,
We smile and part, for surely, O my friend,
Their lines shall intersphere or soon or late,
And move together to the journey's end.

If now we met, perchance the hateful mask
Of finite vision might obscure our eyes
And dim Truth's fixèd star. No boon I ask—
We have met once on hills of Paradise.

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NEPAUL, THE LAND OF THE GOORKHAS.

BY HENRY BALLANTINE.

NEPAUL, geographically, is a region of independent territory, 500 miles by 150, in the heart of the highest Himalaya ranges, protected and shut off from India on the south by the immense malarious Terai forest, and on the north guarded by such hoary sentinels as Yassa, Dhawalaghiri, Mount Everest, 24,000 to 29,000 feet high.

Nepaul proper, in the sense the natives use the word, applies to a little valley 4500 feet above the sea, extending 25 miles by 10; and still more definitely applied refers to the three neighboring cities in this valley, Bhatgaon, Patan, and Khatmandu, named in the order in which they were built, and in which they laid claim to being the capital city of this remarkably isolated province.

The present capital, Khatmandu, is the seat of the Goorkha dynasty, ruling over a people the bravest and most warlike in the East.

We cannot tell our readers here how we worked our way up from Calcutta to Khatmandu, a distance of some 550 miles, the last 100 on foot. Before such a journey could be undertaken it was necessary to obtain the permission of the British Foreign Office in India, the ways of which are as dark as those of the heathen Chinee, and which takes pride in mulish perversity and an autocratic obtuse aversion to any and all Europeans "airing themselves on the Indian frontier." Then, too, we must have obtained the consent of the Nepaulese Court.

When all this red tape had been successfully encountered, we were obliged to lay in a stock of tinned provisions, ammunition for sport of no mean order, the killing of tiger, rhinoceros, and bear; and lastly, it was necessary to provide what proved the most interesting feature of the outfit, our photographing apparatus.*

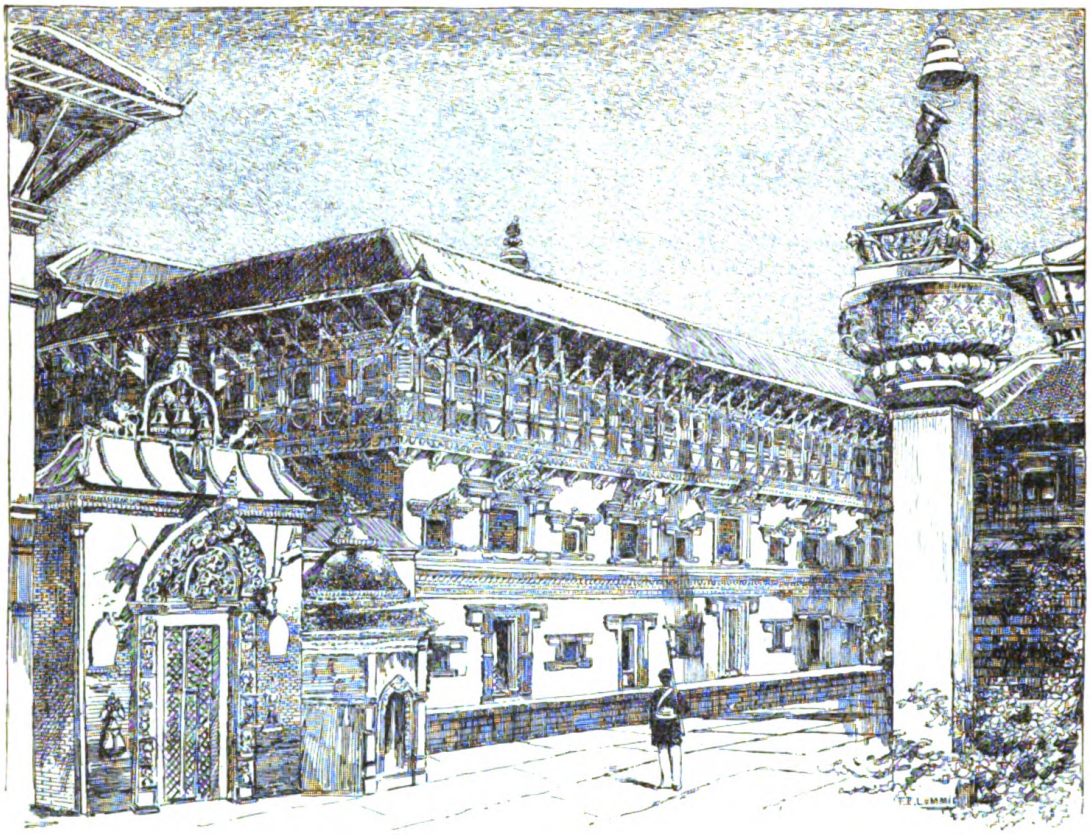


REIGNING KING, IN GENERAL'S COSTUME.

Moreover, coolies were to be negotiated for, and our days' marches prearranged. But, as before stated, we cannot here go into all these details, nor give an account of the dangers we encountered, the difficulties we had to surmount, the exasper-

* The writer was greatly assisted in his photography by Mr. Hoffman, of the celebrated Calcutta firm of Johnston and Hoffman, photographers. This gentleman made two trips up to Khatmandu, and took numerous pictures of the princes and all objects of interest.

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ROYAL PALACE, BHATGAON.

ating, mutinous spirit exhibited by our coolies, the exposures and night alarms we experienced, not to mention attacks of disease and of wild animals, from which we had miraculous escapes.

On a cold morning in November a caravan of about twenty struggling human beings, mostly coolies with burdens on their backs, could have been seen defiling up the precipitous side of Chundragiri, or Moon Mountain. After a hard struggle the top was reached at a point 7186 feet above sea-level. The ground was white with hailstones of the previous night's storm, and deep frost covered the ground, while the sun was shining its brightest. The coolies now sat down to rest, and we who were in advance of them moved along the top of the pass to its further side. Immediately in front of us was a precipice with a perpendicular fall of some 2000 feet into the valley of Nepaul proper. This valley, stretching east and west, struck us as having been in the dim obscure past the bed of a vast lake, whose waters rose and fell against the encircling sides of the world's highest mountains, until they wore for themselves an outlet by what now marks the channel of the sacred shallow stream of Bagmati.

Scattered all about at our feet, and far beyond, lay numerous thickly populated villages, whose inhabitants, after centuries of patient toil and husbandry, had transformed the valley into a beautiful fertile plain. Out of the centre rose, clearly visible to our unaided sight, the houses, palaces, pagodas, and temples of the two older cities already mentioned, and of the present capital city, Khatmandu, from twelve to fifteen miles distant. Around us were cultivated fields, which were carried in terraces a long distance up the mountain-sides. These in turn gave way to the heavy pine forests, which gradually stooped and belittled themselves as they approached the abodes of snow, and finally, having dwarfed themselves into the lowest orders of vegetable life, they altogether retired from before the presence of a perfect sea of crowned heads, culminating in that white-headed, gray-bearded monarch, old Everest himself, 29,000 feet high. This monster, though a

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hundred miles off, was distinctly visible, his bifurcated cone-shaped head piercing the blue of the sky. Running our eye along the nearer ranges, there confronted us the towering heads and shoulders of many giants flashing their brilliants in the sunlight. Fully one-third of the extensive visible horizon was required to give sufficient elbow-room to this aged royal assembly. Of those nearest us we recognized Gosain Than, 26,000 feet; Yassa, 24,000 feet; Matsiputra, 24,400; and Dhawalaghiri, 26,800 feet high. As we looked upon them from our lofty position in the grand stillness of that magnificent morning we were filled with awe at the sublime spectacle, and ceased to wonder that the Hindoo associates with each one of these tremendous peaks the abode of some one of his deities.

But we must hasten on to Khatmandu. Passing on through its guarded gateway and the narrowest of filthy streets, we reached the British Residency grounds. Here we found shelter in a little house assigned to occasional travellers.

As a matter of duty, as well as inclination, our first call was on the British Resident—an officer appointed to look after British interests in this corner of the earth. He and the doctor as his assistant are the only European residents in Nepaul, which is an exceptional feature of any country so near India, and shows how well the principle of exclusion has been maintained by the Foreign Office at Calcutta.

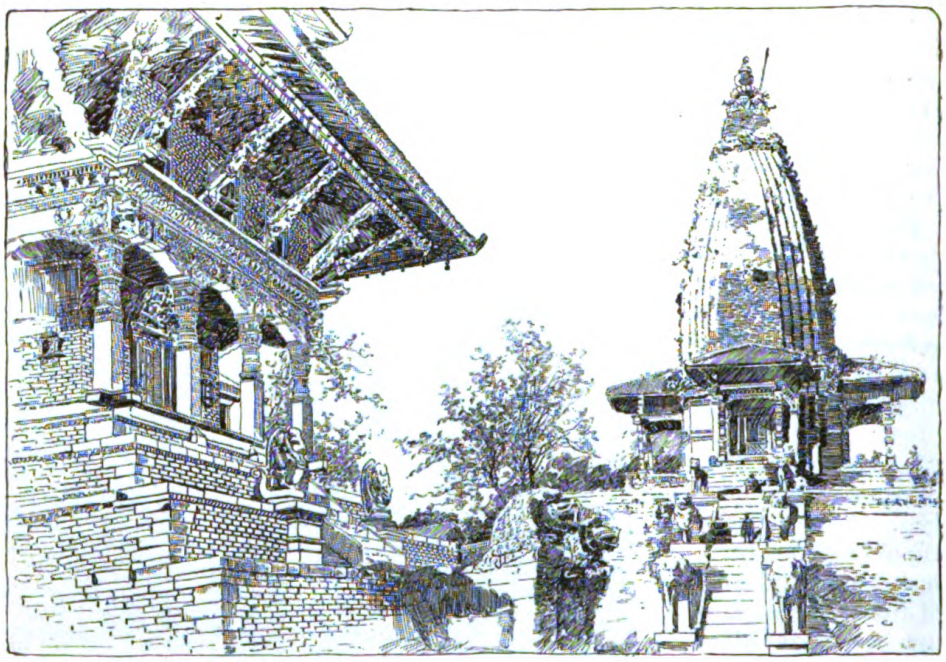
The British Resident was in India when we called, but the doctor, who was acting for him, received us most pleasantly, and insisted on our leaving our plain quarters and lodging with him in his two-storied brick house.

Our next object was to call upon the



REIGNING KING, IN COURT DRESS.

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PAGODA AND TEMPLE, BHATGAON.

Maharajah. The term Maharajah, though ordinarily meaning King, is used in an exceptional sense in this state, and signifies Prime-Minister. The King himself is called Maharaj Adhiraj. The reigning one is a mere boy of ten years, not troubled much with state affairs. Our host gave us no encouragement about meeting the Prime-Minister; in fact, considering that the latter was an old orthodox Hindoo with strong antipathy for Europeans, our prospect of securing an interview was very gloomy. However, see him we must, as we could not call on any one in the city and could not transact business with any one without making this preliminary official call, and obtaining personally the sanction of his Excellency.

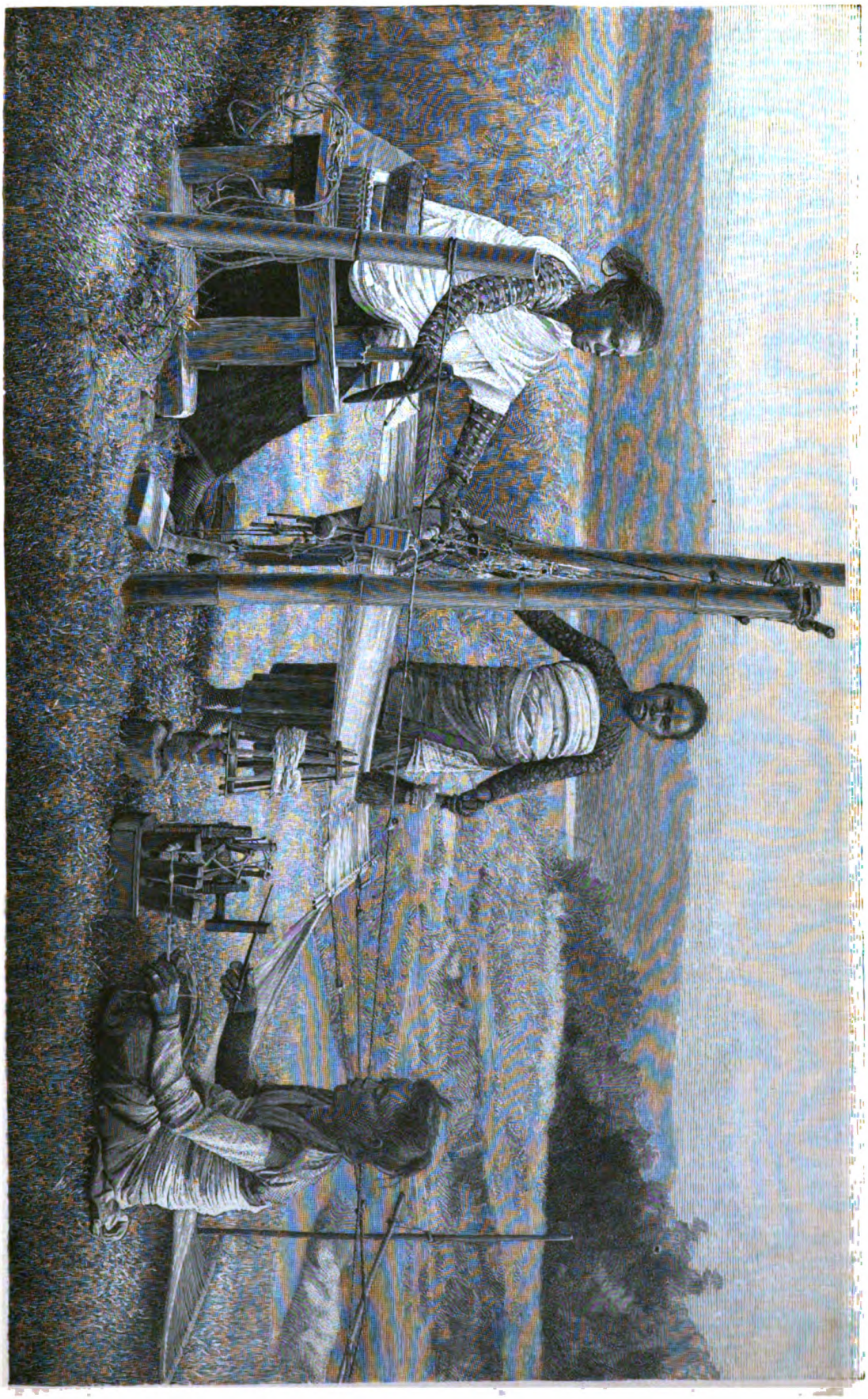
It was while waiting for this that, to avoid loss of time, we took up our camera and went about on photographic excursions. The objects to take were as numerous as they were unique. We would be followed by a gaping crowd, who were more curious than troublesome. At the same time the authorities caused us to be attended by a body-guard (though we thought it quite superfluous), consisting of two men, one, from the Nepaul government, going in front, and the other, from the British Residency guard, following behind.

The city of Khatmandu numbers about 50,000 inhabitants, about one-half of whom are Newars, of Mongolian cast of features, industrious, good-natured people, the original owners of the soil from the earliest prehistoric times down to a century ago, when the Goorkhas invaded their country and dispossessed them. They are the chief traders, agriculturists, and mechanics of Nepaul. They are Buddhists by faith, with a good deal of Hindooism mixed up in their religion. Along with them might be reckoned the Bhooteas, Limbus, Keratis, and Lepchas, though these are more distinctively Buddhists.

On the other hand, under the head of Hindoos come the dominant race of the Goorkhas, reckoned by some from a quarter to one-third of the population, and along with them must be taken the two lower castes of Majars and Gurungs.

The Goorkhas claim to be Rajpoots by descent—*i. e.*, Brahmins *par excellence*—having been driven out of Rajpootana in central India by the great Mohammedan conquerors when Delhi was in its glory. The princes themselves trace their lineage directly back to the proud royal house of Oodeypore. The Goorkhas are of light complexion. They have regular features, particularly the princes, except when descended from those who have intermarried with natives. Their language is called Parbitya, a modern dialect of Sanscrit, and written in that character, while the

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NEWAR WOMEN WEAVING.

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language of the Newars is entirely distinct, and written in a different character.

The Goorkhas, although worshipping the same idols and conforming to the same rites and ceremonies as their more southern high-caste brethren, differ from them in that they are willing to eat flesh of several kinds. The killing of a cow, however, is ranked as murder, and punishable with death. Unlike their southern brethren, further, they are of a decidedly diminutive stature, but wiry and strong, not taking kindly to work of any description, being essentially a military race. Brought up as they are in their mountain homes, they have proved themselves, under good generalship, to be of the bravest and toughest sort of soldiers in the East. It is of such metal that the British government likes to recruit its Indian armies, and it is annually supplied with a number of raw levies for this purpose through an understanding with the government of Nepaul.

Nepaul itself has a regular standing army of 15,000 men, drilled and armed (with muzzle-loading guns). Twice this number could be put into the field if necessary. To keep up this army, which is mostly infantry, a small fraction being artillery, every family is obliged to contribute one of its male members. The officers are selected from the nobility, so that as a result of autocratic government there are boy generals and gray-bearded lieutenants. These officers are all dressed in British uniforms, and can be seen every day, often from morning till night, drilling the troops on the parade-ground beside the city wall. These military manœuvres seem to be the one absorbing pastime, as no games or other manly exercises are at all popular with old or young.

The maintenance of so large a standing army, out of all proportion to ordinary needs, is Nepaul's greatest mistake, and can do her nothing but harm. For Nepaul has nothing to fear from India on the south, and with England as a sworn ally, has nothing to fear from Thibet on the north. Were Nepaul to attempt to withstand England, all her own population added to all her troops could oppose no effectual resistance, and history has already shown that though she might fight Thibet alone successfully, yet Thibet backed by China, as she would invariably be, is more than a match for all of Nepaul's combined forces. One cannot help feeling at times that England is doing her best by her bribes and presents of vast stands of arms, together with immense quantities of ammunition, to the states on her Indian frontier, to induce them to turn their attention to the demoralizing pastime of war, and to keep up a ruinous standing army, behind which she can screen herself, and which she can interpose as a buffer against the ever-growing spectre of Russian aggression.

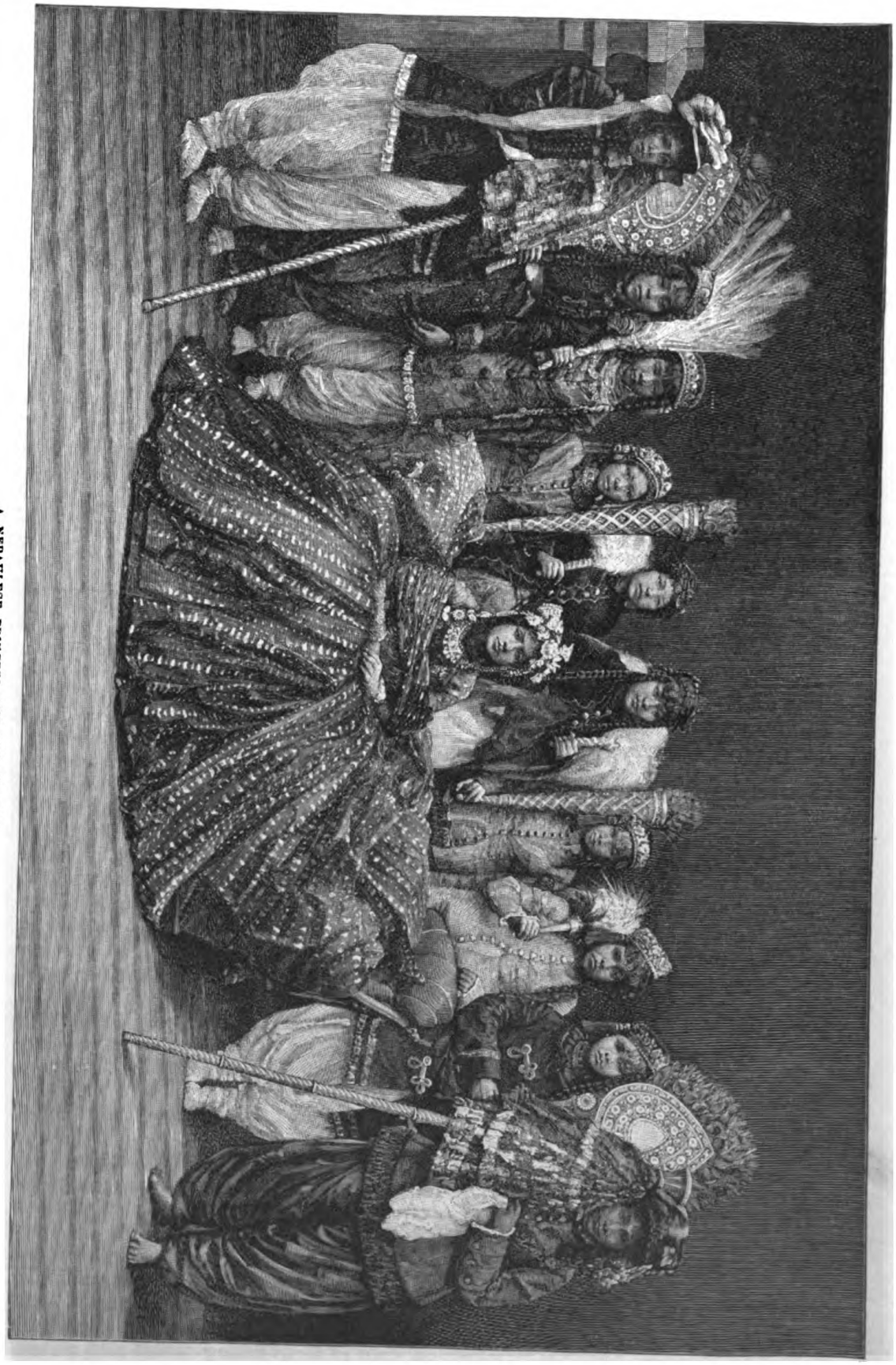
The reigning boy King,* already referred to, is the eighth royal master of the Goorkha dynasty who has succeeded to the throne of Nepaul, reckoning from Sri Maharaj Prithwi Narayana Sah, the first of that famous line. The name of "Goorkha" is derived from that of a little town forty miles west of the present capital, Khatmandu. There the founders of this dynasty, a number of high-bred, high-spirited Rajpoot fugitives, who had escaped with their faithful followers from the detested Mogul conquerors of India, obtained shelter, and finding the good-natured, peaceful Newars quite incapable of resisting their presumptuous demands, readily possessed themselves of the government, and occupied Khatmandu (A.D. 1768). Their power kept pace with their increase of territory. The government, like that of all Oriental nations, is an absolute monarchy, the throne passing from father to son, or nearest heir, whose will is supreme. In the course of constant disputes with independent states bordering its territory, Nepaul has often had recourse to arms, resulting, on the whole, in more gain than loss to herself; on the other hand, she has suffered internally from plots, cruel intrigues, and more cruel assassinations, the chief instigators and actors in which have been members of her own royal family.

During the Indian mutiny of 1857† and

* The boy King has the short name of "Maharaj Adhiraj Prithwi Bir Bikram Jung, Bahadur Sah Saheb Bahadur Sumshere Jung."

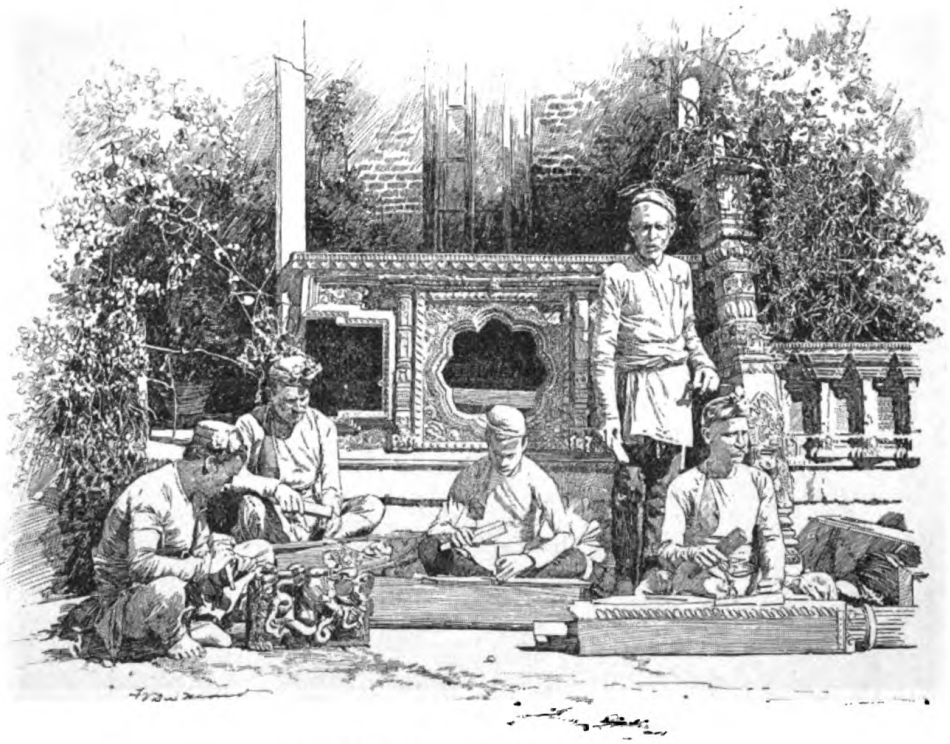
† Nepaul has for generations proved an asylum for many desperate characters, who escape from India in assumed religious garbs. This was notably the case with many during the Indian mutiny in 1857. Among the fugitives came the Nana of Bithoor, of odious fame, commonly known as Nana Sahib. After reaching the Terai forests he was overtaken by a deadlier foe than the British bullet, the ghastly jungle malaria. This information, given by General Kadar Nur Singh, Nepaul's most distinguished officer, and afterward confirmed by other officials, accounts for the failure to ever find trace

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A NEPAULESE PRINCESS AND HER SLAVES.

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NEWAR WOOD CARVERS AT WORK.

1858 Nepaul had the foresight, under the wise administration of that most able of all her princes, Sir Jung Bahadur, in his capacity as Prime-Minister (though virtually the King), to offer every possible assistance to the British government. In return the British government gave her a goodly addition to her territory, and presented her with large supplies of arms and ammunition, at the same time binding herself to be the firm ally of the Goorkha government, both for offensive and defensive purposes.

Strange as it may seem, slavery exists in Nepaul, though in a somewhat modified form. The slaves, numbering, it is said, 30,000 (though we regard this as rather too high an estimate), are used exclusively for domestic work. Most of them have been slaves for generations, and are not imported from any country outside. Their numbers are augmented at times by fresh additions from free families, who are brought into servitude as a punishment for misdeeds and political crimes. All well-to-do families possess slaves. The princes have great numbers of both sexes, whom they treat, on the whole, with consideration. A woman having a child by her master can claim her freedom. Early marriages are in vogue. The nuptials of the little King were arranged during our visit to Nepaul, with a princess half his age, who belonged to one of the old princely houses in India. The wedding actually took place soon after we came away. Polygamy is allowed and practised by the wealthier classes. A widow, like her southern Brahmin sister, cannot remarry. On the other hand, there are among the Bhooteas and kindred mountain tribes polyandrous families, in which a woman is married to several brothers, the oldest being called father by the first-born, the second brother claiming this appellation from the next child, and so on.

The dress of the Goorkha ladies of rank is very rich, and the materials are of the costliest silks, velvets, and finest muslins, brought all the way by caravan from China, or imported, *viâ* Calcutta, from European ports. In and about the house they do not wear the long, graceful *sari* of their Indian sisters, but like them have a kind of tight-fitting jacket and a skirt. The Nepaulese skirt, however, is some-

of the rebel chief, in spite of the handsome bounty placed on his head. In Khatmandu we saw his widow, Kaku Maharanee, who had for years lived on an allowance from the Nepaul government. She died October 2, 1886.

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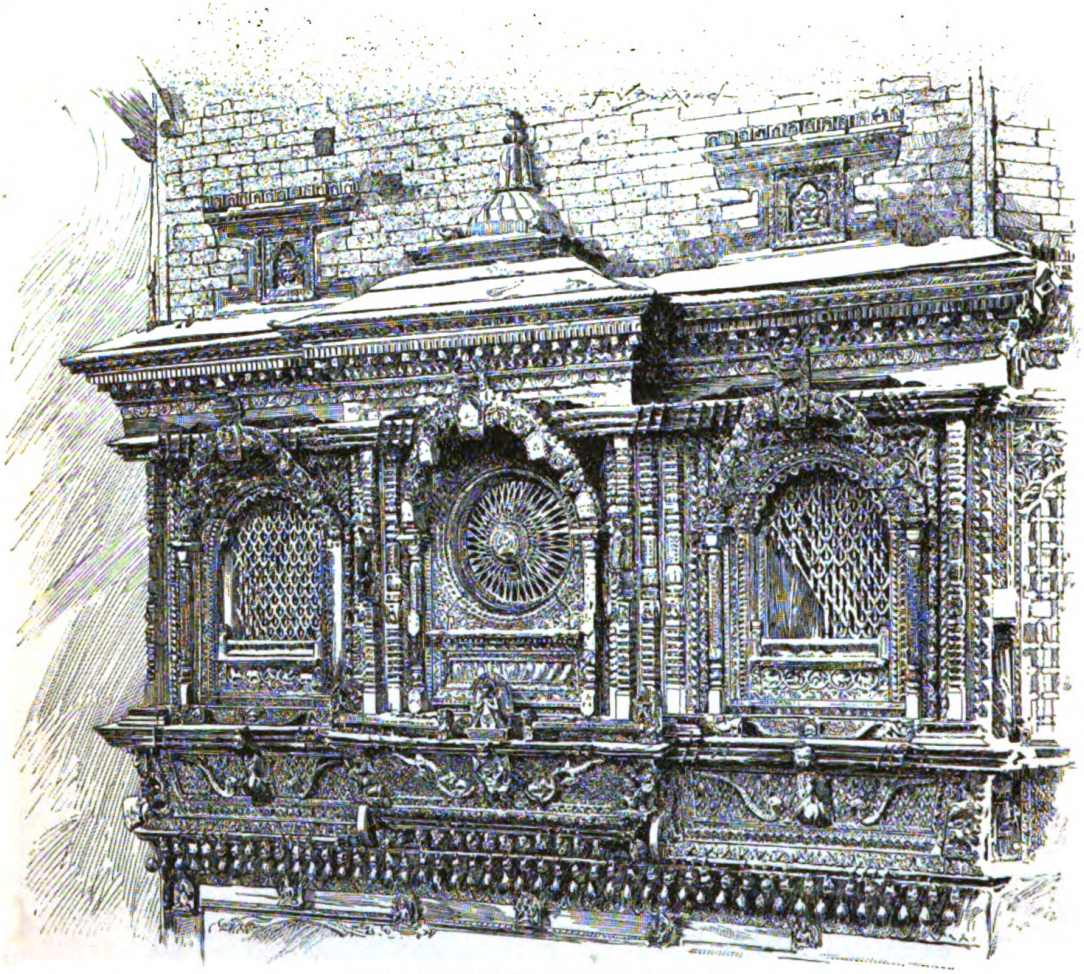
thing immense, having folds and pleats which are increased in number according to the wealth and rank of the wearer, and which sometimes require sixty or eighty yards of cloth. Their costume is in no respect European, though they have the same weakness for jewelry as their sisters the world over. The men's dress, excepting the military uniform, resembles in general that worn by the natives of northern India. Of course there are a number of the younger men who have been to Calcutta and travelled to other places (a few have even been to England); these dress like Europeans.



BLOOD-THIRSTY GOD BHAIRUB.

The inhabitants of Nepaul are principally agriculturists, and the staple crop cultivated by them is rice. Owing to the fact that the extent of arable land is small as compared with the number of inhabitants, enough rice cannot be raised to meet local consumption, so that the deficiency in this as in other necessaries has to be made good by importations on coolies' heads from India. With practically no manufactures, and with mineral and other internal resources undeveloped, Nepaul has little to export except timber from the Terai forest. The bulk of her revenue is derived from this source. But were Nepaul to improve the means of communication with India on one side and with Thibet on the other, she would greatly stimulate the trade which has been carried on between the two countries in a lame, primitive way for ages, and could reap the advantage of her natural position as connecting link in what has been from time immemorial the most popular and practicable route between the trans-Himalayan countries north and the far south. A railway might be readily constructed through the valley of the Trisul Gunga and Gunduck, or even down the

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ANCIENT SPECIMEN OF WOOD-CARVING.

valley of the Bagmati, to unite with British railways already projected to within one hundred miles of the Nepaul Valley. But such an enterprise cannot be thought of at present without causing a shudder of horror to the whole of Khatmandu.

To the stranger visiting Nepaul, among the most interesting of all objects are the elaborate Nepaulese carvings, which are executed principally in the splendid wood of the sal-tree,* from the Terai forest. Not only the temples and palaces, but also private dwellings, and often the doorways of the meanest hovels even, are loaded with ornamentation in a great variety of designs—peacocks with outspread tails, griffins, snakes, monkeys, birds, fruits and flowers, scores of fantastic beings, giants and pigmies, gods and goddesses, temples, delicate lattice-work and screens—the last-mentioned looking at a distance like gossamer lace that might be marred by the slightest breeze.

* *Shorea robusta*, Roxb., of botanists.

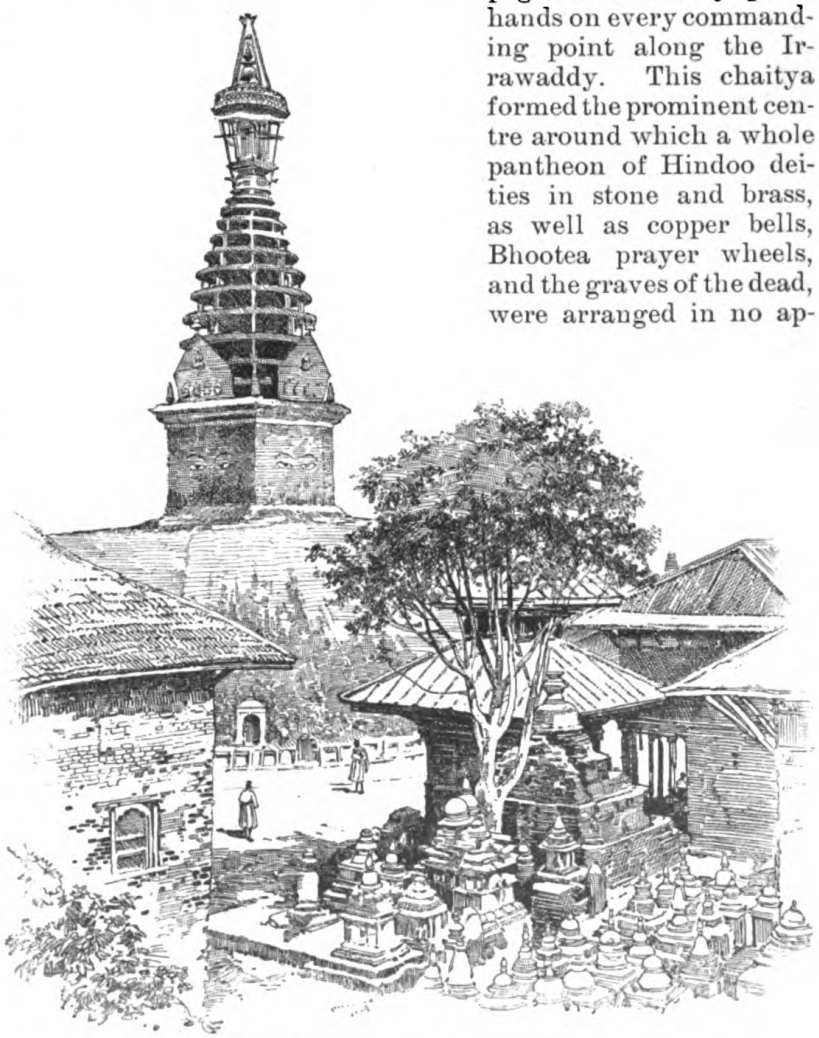
These carvings are too often disfigured, however, by obscene representations. The reason assigned for introducing these objectionable features is some mysterious magical influence they are supposed to exert in warding off evil. The makers of these carvings, who receive but three or four pence per day, are rapidly decreasing in number from lack of patronage, for the public taste has become so degenerated that it craves for the decoration of buildings a style of painting which has more the appearance of gaudy daubs than of anything artistic or attractive. All the Nepaulese carvings are of distinctly Hindoo origin, and remind one of the elaborate ornamentation in the sacred caves of Ellora and Ajuntah and other rock-cut temples which are found over India. At the same time the shape of the buildings, and particularly that of the temples, gives evidence of Buddhistic or, more properly, Chinese influence, for the pagoda form has been adopted, with

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its tapering core or centre passing through one or more truncated pyramids. These rise gracefully one above the other in contracting tiers, the whole often surmounted by a bright gilded globe, or ending in a carved chatter (umbrella) fringed with prayer bells. Two principal causes can be assigned for the building and preservation of such marvellously picturesque and elaborately ornamented structures in the Nepaul Valley. First, the encouragement this kind of labored artistic adornment received from all classes, beginning with the princes; and secondly, because of the lasting properties of the sal wood, and the nicety with which it received and kept the outlines conveyed to it by patient generations of Newar carvers. When we recollect that some of the most elaborate designs were chiselled out not less than five hundred years ago, and that nothing so delicate or profuse is produced now, we cannot but express regret at the decadence of such beautifully decorative work, and cherish the hope that something will soon be done to rescue this fast-decaying art.

The most striking ornamental work that we came across on one of our photographic excursions was some window-screens in the side of a temple perched upon a hill infested with monkeys. We passed over an unevenly paved walk, worn smooth by the feet of millions of devotees, and mounted a broad flight of stone steps, guarded at the bottom by two large stone griffins and a huge statue of Buddha. The steps became steeper as we ascended, until, reckoning some three hundred and fifty, we reached the top of the celebrated shrine of Swayambhunatha. It commands a fine view of the city two miles away, the surrounding valley, and the encircling snow-capped mountains.

At the very entrance to the collection of shrines crowded together above is an immense brass thunder-bolt of the god Indra, which is shaped like a huge hour-glass, and is laid across a pedestal or platform three feet in height. The latter is plated over with brass sheets covered with animals in bass-relief. Just back of this rises to a height of fifty feet the solid rock of the hill-top, which is cut into a colossal Buddhistic dome or chaitya, and is surmounted by a tapering wooden pagoda running up for another fifty feet. This is capped in turn by a chatter (umbrella), which, reflecting the sunlight from its gilded sides so that it is visible to the whole valley, reminds the traveller of the pagodas raised by pious hands on every commanding point along the Irrawaddy. This chaitya formed the prominent centre around which a whole pantheon of Hindoo deities in stone and brass, as well as copper bells, Bhootea prayer wheels, and the graves of the dead, were arranged in no ap-



SHRINE AND TOMBS OF SWAYAMBHUNATHA.

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CREMATION-GROUND AND SACRED SHRINES OF PASHUPATI.

parent order. Here was a spot where, beneath the shadows of the "abodes of the gods," the world's two greatest sects, forgetting their differences, had clasped hands, where Hindooism and Buddhism had bound together in one volume their Sanscrit shastras* and the writings of Confucius, and where the Mongolian from Pekin and the Malabari from Rameshwaram bent the knee side by side in the same sacred precincts, consecrated alike to Buddha and Siva. On the other hand, the "shades of the ancestors," assuming the forms of monkeys, disported themselves and made light of these hallowed scenes, defiling even the Holy of Holies, taunting the most devout with winks, smirks, and fiendish grimaces. Then, as if it was all a good joke, they would add injury to insult by daring on the sly to snatch with their sacrilegious paws the votive offerings out of the very hands of the sin-stricken penitents, would impudently retire with their booty, and sit down to eat it at their leisure, perched up beside the nostrils of the gods themselves, and wiping their whiskers on the divine heads! What was most surprising, no one seemed to take notice of them or resent their conduct, and great was the astonishment manifested by the monkeys when we went at them for trying to upset our camera, and especially when an old red-faced one, who must have once been a thorough scoundrel of a Hindoo, thought of appropriating our camera cloth!

Very different from Swayambhunatha stands at the base of a high mountain the neighboring shrine of Balaji—purely Hindoo—where the god Siva, or the Destroyer, lies upon the petals of an open lotus flower, with the venomous cobra di capello entwined around his colossal body from head to foot. The whole is carved out of rock, and is placed, as though floating, in a

* For generations the capital of Nepaul has been the favorite residence of Sadus, Upadyas, Gurus, and Lamas—priests and preachers of the Hindoo and Buddhist faith. Hence the place became a regular depository for numerous religious manuscripts and historical records. Mr. Brian Houghton Hodgson and other scholars have accomplished an important work in unearthing, collecting, and translating many of these old Sanscrit and other ancient manuscripts. An interesting and catalogued collection is that of Dr. Daniel Wright (late Nepaul Residency surgeon), at the Cambridge University library, England.

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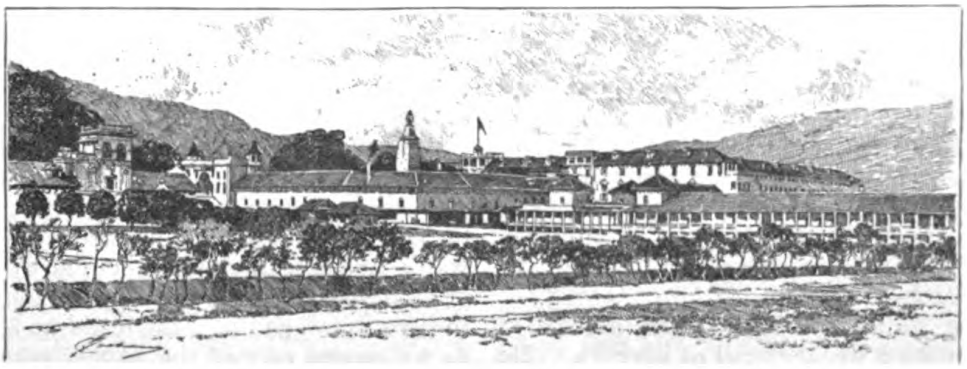
tank of water. This and other larger tanks adjoining are full of tame fish. Luxuriantly shady trees surround and arch above them, making a fitting bower for the god. There were many devotees in this secluded spot, most of them women. We found them making offerings of rice and flowers in connection with their morning devotions. They chanted their prayers in low monotones, their voices in unison with the sound of the water flowing and falling out of many carved stone spouts.

We were meditating over the picturesqueness of this scene when a trembling devotee came up and pointed out to us reddish spots on the large stone slabs surrounding the Balaji tanks—blood stains, we thought, from recent sacrifices of animals. The devotee, however, assured us that no animals were ever sacrificed here, and that these stains were drops of blood which had rained down from heaven in the last week's storm. He added, with bated breath, that this was a very bad omen; it portended an early calamity, such as had happened before in Nepaul history after this same omen had been given. We smiled incredulously, turned away from our superstitious informant, and dismissed his remark from our thoughts, little dreaming of what we were so soon to experience.

The most sacred of all Nepaul's shrines is Holy Pashupati—purely Hindoo—three miles to the east of Khatmandu city. It is crowded thick with temples, and with bathing and burning ghats (descents to the river). Its rows of stone steps leading down to the sacred waters of the Bagmati are covered with early morning bathers and devout worshippers, who face the sun and mumble over their *munthra thunthras*. Here every February come wending their way from the most distant cities of India a procession of weary pilgrims, numbering as many as twenty-five thousand. Without waiting for any special movement of the waters, but only for the time of full moon, they have a dip in the sanctifying Bagmati. Hither too the dead and dying are hurried, and laid where their feet will be washed by the sacred stream, to insure for their souls a safe and rapid passage into the realms of bliss. This ceremony over, the body (sometimes even while the fluttering spirit hesitates to wing its long flight*) is made over to the flames of the funeral pile. Here also, we were told, was a spot where the forlorn widow used to commit suttee by casting herself upon the burning pyre of her dead husband.

We had now been at Khatmandu ten days, when the long-wished-for word came that General Runoodeep Singh, the Maharajah of Nepaul, would be pleased to see us on the following day. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, we called at the palace, and after passing several sentries with loaded muskets and drawn swords, were

* I am here reminded of an incident told me by the Residency surgeon. The young wife of a well-to-do Hindoo was struck down by cholera. Our friend the doctor was called, and under his care she rallied, and bade fair to recover. What was his surprise to be told, two or three days after, that the woman was being carried at that very moment to the Pashupati burning ghat! He mounted his horse and rushed down to the place. Here he found his poor patient still alive, but laid out so that her feet touched the flowing stream, while beside her the wood was being arranged, and the cremation ceremonies were under way. The doctor expostulated with the husband and relatives, and urged them to desist at once from their murderous intentions. They were finally prevailed upon to stay proceedings, and to take the poor woman home. She survived only three days. But for her rough exposure to premature cremation she might have entirely recovered.



NARAYAN HITTI, THE PALACE OF THE MAHARAJAH, AND RAJ. GURU'S TEMPLE.

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GENERAL RUNOODEEP SINGH, THE ASSASSINATED PRIME-MINISTER.

ushered into the audience hall. It was a long room, fitted up with mirrors, chandeliers, and English furniture generally. The Maharajah was seated on a chair in the centre of a semicircle composed of a dozen of his most distinguished officers, the majority of whom were in military uniform, and all resplendent in their jewelled attire.

The Maharajah looked like a man of sixty with a decided will of his own. He had sharp eyes and a firm lip, but to judge from all accounts he was not at all equal in abilities or liberal ideas to his brother and predecessor, the late Sir Jung Bahadur. Our call, growing less formal the longer it was extended beyond all regulation limits, proved most interesting. Seated as we were next to the Maharajah, we wished to converse with him directly, and for this purpose we should have had recourse to the Hindostanee language as our medium of communication; but the nephew of the Maharajah, General Khudgo Sham Shere Jung, who had been educated at Devotion College, Calcutta, wished to air his English, and insisted on our addressing our remarks through him to his uncle. The latter, however, getting warmed up with the conversation, dispensed with his interpreter, and plied us directly with all sorts of questions about England and America, the latest inventions, and the reason for our coming to Nepaul. At length we started to take our leave, and asked permission to visit in the city, and call on any of his subjects. Our requests were no sooner made than granted, and then, as if to delay our departure, the Maharajah showed us about the palace, and finally recognized our farewell salaams by presenting us with the regular tokens of Oriental courtesy in connection with calling. They were "pan suparee," or bits of the areca-nut done up in a spicy leaf with lime, the whole covered with silver-foil, and ready for putting into the mouth. We were sprinkled with rose-water, our handkerchiefs scented with oil of sandal-wood, and we were graciously invited to call again. Little did we think, as we passed out of the palace, what an awful calamity awaited our royal host

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hardly a week from that date, and what bloody scenes were to be enacted so shortly within the apartments we had just visited.

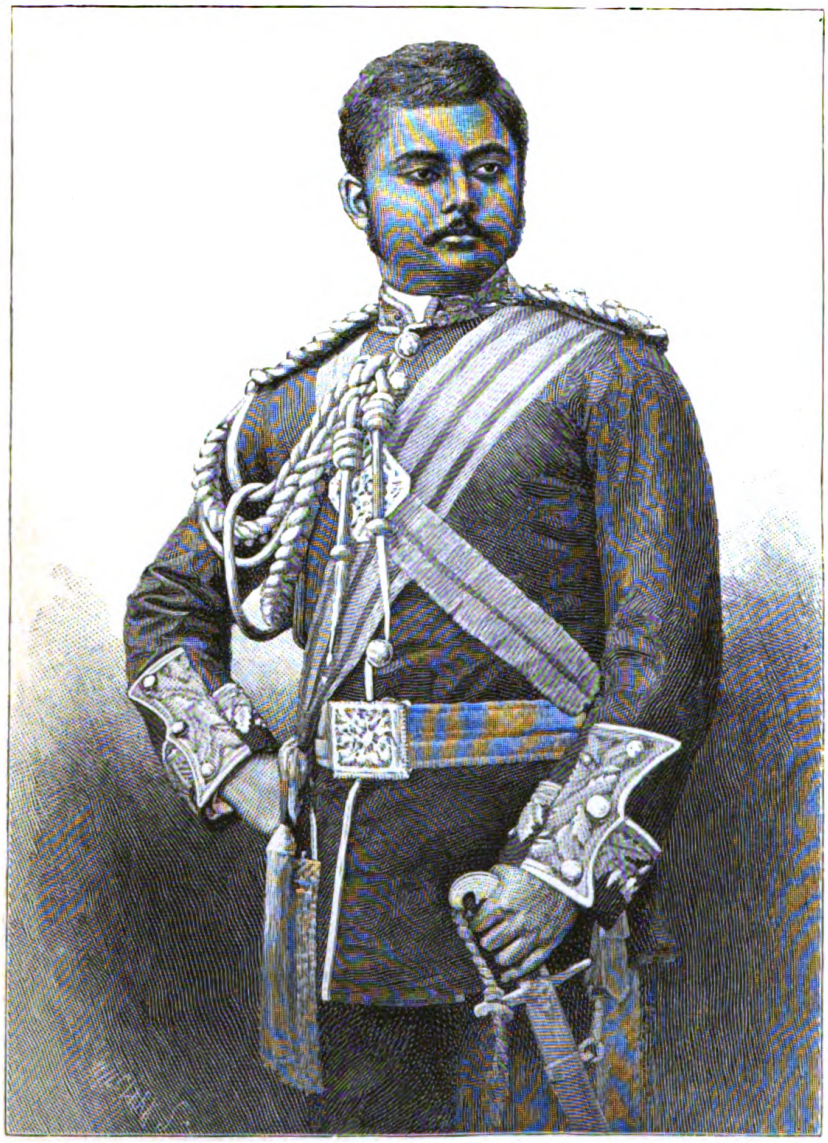
It was late Sunday night (the Sunday following our visit at the palace) that, seated around a cheery fire at the house of our host the doctor, we began discussing Bogle's and Manning's trips up into Thibet, and with what superhuman efforts they had finally reached its capital, Lassa. Clement Markham's intensely interesting narrative of these trips sets off in an unfavorable light the present apathy, if not positive opposition, of England's Indian government in regard to all private commercial efforts for opening up connections with the countries on India's frontier. It was while we were thus engaged that the faithful old Jemadar, or chief officer of the Resident's body-guard (consisting of eighty Sepoys, natives of India), burst into the room and whispered, audibly, "Hulla hai!" meaning "There's a massacre!" We went outside, and could hear the ominous low din of some great confusion, and of bodies of troops as if in motion. Then came the sharp piercing calls (reveille) of the bugle, followed by the rattle of musketry and the deep booming of cannon.

The scenes of violence, passion, and cruelty enacted that night will never be known. Though the doctor despatched spies to find out the meaning of the uproar, long before they returned, our quiet quarters had become a house of refuge for those who a few minutes before had been reckoned among the highest in the land, and whose very nod was sufficient to call whole regiments into action. Among the first to come was General Kadar Nur Singh. I had met him at my interview with the Maharajah, dressed in full uniform; now



THE PRESENT PRIME-MINISTER, GENERAL BHIR SHAM SHERE JUNG.

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GENERAL YADHA PRATAP JUNG.

he was barely covered with a thin suit of under-garments as he rushed up breathless, and begged to be sheltered from impending death. Close on his heels came, in a sad plight, General Dhoje Nur Singh, the adopted son of the Maharajah, and his little boy with him. They were not at first recognized, their appearance being wofully changed from that presented when we had last seen them at the palace, decked in royal robes and ablaze with precious stones. The brothers General Padum Jung and General Rungbir Jung, sons of the late General Jung Bahadur, followed in hot haste. Last of all, after many hair-breadth escapes, appeared one of the Queens, called Jetta Maharanee, the second wife of the Maharajah. These refugees, who, with their followers, took up a good portion of the doctor's house, confirmed the report that the Maharajah had been assassinated in his own palace by General Khudgo Sham Shere Jung, the nephew already referred to as our over-zealous interpreter at the palace. They reported other violent deaths — among them those of General Yadha Pratap Jung and his father, the latter acting as chief of the Nepaulese army. Thus in a few words is portrayed what has again and again been repeated in the course of Nepaul's history.

It was days before the political atmosphere in Nepaul became cleared. The party in the ascendant at the palace appointed General Bhir Sham Shere Jung, own brother of the assassin, as the new Maharajah, to take his turn at Nepaul's political wheel of fortune, while all the principal refugees at the Residency were safely deported, through the intervention of British influence, out of Nepaul territory into India.

And we who had been detained unwilling spectators of the above tragical scenes, laboring under a load of indebtedness to our hospitable host, Dr. Gimlette, and appreciating the kindnesses received from the most obliging of British Residents, Colonel Berkeley, were at length permitted to start out on our return journey.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

MR. LESTER WALLACK in his reminiscences speaks of Thackeray, whom he knew in New York, and recalls with admiration his simple and hearty ways. Wallack says that as he returned from acting at his father's theatre, then at the corner of Broadway and Broome Street, to his lodgings in Houston Street, he used to pass Thackeray's quarters, who was living with the late William D. Robinson in Houston Street, and if he saw a light in the window he went in, and the gentlemen finished the night together. He says that Thackeray had a boy's enjoyment of the stories that the late-comer told, and although the guest does not say it, the reader easily imagines that had he been in Thackeray's place he would have shared Thackeray's pleasure in the gayeties of his guest. Thackeray had the tastes of the town, and Charles Marlowe and My Awful Dad were sure to bring their own welcome.

Wallack also alludes to a dinner which Thackeray gave at the old Delmonico's, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, at the end of his first visit to this country. He had been most warmly received, and he had given universal delight by his lectures upon the English Humorists. The charm of these lectures is evident in the reading, but the pleasure of hearing them is quite indescribable. They were delivered in Dr. Chapin's old church, upon the east side of Broadway just below Prince Street, to an exceedingly intelligent and sympathetic audience, who knew their enjoyment to be the highest kind of literary pleasure. The thorough appreciation of the men whom he described, the sweet and sinewy simplicity of his English, of which he was a twin master with Hawthorne, the constant play of his kindly humor, and manly pathos and sympathy, with his rich voice and massive, magnetic presence, his melodious and refined inflection in speaking, and his quiet, easy, colloquial manner, thrusting thumbs and forefingers in his waistcoat pockets—all these, pleasing to the mind and sense, made him the pleasantest of lecturers, and still enchant the memory of those

"happy evenings all too swiftly sped."

Just before he sailed upon his return to England he gave the dinner at Delmonico's of which Wallack speaks, to repay many civilities, and assembled a miscellaneous party of twenty or thirty guests. They were men of various distinction, "everybody being somebody," as one of the guests remarked while he glanced around the table. Thackeray was in high spirits, and when the cigars were lighted he said that there should be no speech-making, but that everybody, according to the old rule of festivity, should sing a song or tell a story. Lester Wallack's father, James Wallack, was one of the guests, and with a kind of shyness, which was unexpected but very agreeable in a veteran actor, he pleaded earnestly that he could not sing and knew no story. But with friendly persistence, which yet was not immoderate, Thackeray declared that no excuse could be allowed, because it would be a manifest injustice to every other modest man at table, and put a summary end to the hilarity. It was to be a general sacrifice, a round-table of magnanimity. "Now, Wallack," he continued, "we all know you to be a truthful man. You can, of course, since you say so, neither sing a song nor tell a story. But I tell you what you can do, and what every soul at this table knows you can do better than any living man—you can give us the great scene from the *Rent Day*."

There was a burst of enthusiastic agreement, and old Wallack, smiling and yielding, still sitting at the table in his evening dress, proceeded in a most effective and touching recitation from one of his most famous parts. It was curious to observe from the moment he began how completely independent of all accessories the accomplished actor was, and how perfectly he filled the part as if he had been in full action upon the stage. It is only this effect that the Easy Chair recalls, but it was not to be forgotten. No enjoyment of it was greater and no applause sincerer than those of Thackeray, who presently sang his "Little Billee" with infinite gusto. The song and story went round, as Lester Wallack records, but the by-play of the dinner, which is often the best part of such a banquet, was different for each of the guests. The Easy Chair recalls one incident which was a striking illustration of the master-

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and not a triumph of the will; and it is not less the merit of Cecilia that the happiness she diffuses is as involuntary as the fragrance of the sweet-brier.

What is done without effort seems not to have been taught, and it is not easy to fancy Cecilia drudging at exercises and laboring at scales. Canaries, indeed, are trained to sing, and even young birds to fly. But the training is but showing them how to give themselves free play. To express entire facility we say that an act is done as naturally as a bird sings. Not less naturally does Cecilia play. You listen, and the song which you knew seems to sing itself, but enveloped with a richness and fulness of flowing accompaniment which is like the harping of aerial choirs. Then with others she plays the great music, concerted Bach or Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, or Wagner, Weber or Mendelssohn; now an old gavotte, now a quaint fantasia, and why not a toccata of Galuppi Baldassero? It is more than a hint or a reminiscence, although it is not an orchestra. But when those fingers kindred with Cecilia's sweep the keys together, the listener wonders whether the hearer of the orchestra has caught from it the subtle and exquisite significance of the strain which has poured from those enchanted pianos.

The piano is called an inadequate instrument. Perhaps it is, until you hear Cecilia play. Then by some secret sympathy you find yourself murmuring, "Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild, child-like, pastoral M——; a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke, which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful!"

THERE are two significant facts in this centennial year of the government which no sagacity of the fathers could have foreseen, and which, indeed, no political view of a century ago seriously entertained in the forecast of American development. The first is that women have the privilege of voting on school questions in fourteen States and four Territories, that in one State (Kansas) they can vote at municipal elections, and in one Territory (Wyoming) they enjoy complete political equality with men. The second fact is like unto it, for it is that at the late municipal election, in the very shadow of Faneuil Hall, where the pivotal doctrine of the Revolution was proclaimed, and of Bunker Hill, where it was defended in arms, nearly one-third of the total vote for the School Board was cast by women.

The spectacle of women in public life, of course, was not unknown in the mother country, where the traditions of Elizabeth are still part of the glory of England, and the reign of Anne is still described as the Augustan age. The Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., was a justice of the peace. The Countess of Pembroke was hereditary sheriff of Westmoreland. Henry VIII. made Lady Ann Berkeley a commissioner of inquiry under the great seal, and there were old English writers who held that women might hold almost any of the great offices of England. In New Jersey, under the constitution of 1776, "all persons professing a belief in the faith of any Protestant sect, demeaning themselves peaceably, were capable of being elected to office and enjoying equal privileges and immunities with others." It recognized the voting of women by specifically speaking of "his or her ballot." But in 1807 they were deprived of the right. In Canada, nearly fifty years ago, they were sternly forbidden to vote. But a very few years later, for a sectarian purpose, they were allowed to vote at school meetings.

In all such instances, however, there is no evidence of a serious purpose to enfranchise women as a constituent part of the voting force of the community, and although in New Jersey a constitution adopted in the year of the Declaration felt compelled to face the logic of the situation, and enfranchise all Protestant inhabitants upon equal conditions, a few years later the incongruity of the grant with public sentiment and with the general theory of the State led to its revocation. For about forty years the agitation for the adoption in every State of the New Jersey suffrage provisions of 1776 has been steadily prosecuted, and the question may be truly said to have passed the stage of mere ridicule. Meanwhile the changes of the laws of property in the case of women have marked the gradual disappearance of the old theory that men and women are one—namely, men; and the admission of women to a vote upon school

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questions is really the overthrow of the last barrier.

If, as lately in Boston, a woman may properly and peacefully, without insult or abatement of her modest womanly dignity, and without the least harm to her "sphere," go to the polls and drop a ballot for a member of a school committee in one box, it is only Harlequin who argues that she cannot with the same propriety drop a ballot in the next box for Mayor. In Vermont, indeed, the lords of creation are to be brought to book in an unexpected way. A petition is in circulation humbly asking the legislative sons of Revolutionary sires that the property of citizens who are deprived of representation shall not be subject to taxation. Those sons will not retort that women are already virtually represented, because they know that there is no such thing in our polity as virtual representation. A widow who pays taxes upon a property of a million dollars is not virtually represented by the man whom she pays to drive her carriage.

Yet argument however admirable, and logic however conclusive, do not avail with the English-speaking race like actual experiment. Its wisdom in declining to mould its political policy by consistent and excellent theories, its custom of repairing the old house instead of razing it and rebuilding from the foundation, are constantly justified by experience. Our own experience, also, as a people of that race, amply confirms this disposition. A hundred years ago, when our constitutional epoch was beginning, and the new scheme was the topic of universal discussion, the inaccuracy and illusions of political forecast were signally illustrated. The course and consequences of the new government which were predicted were precisely those which have not occurred. Imperfections in the constitutional system have been revealed, but they are not those that were anticipated, and the least satisfactory parts of the plan are those which were most warmly commended. Mr. Madison points out in the *Federalist* all the objections that were offered to the constitution when it was submitted to the States, and they were aimed at almost every provision except the one which failed altogether in practice—the method of electing the President. All the shrewd prescience failed to discover its impracticability or to touch the unsound spot.

Such facts are the justification of the unwillingness of the English-speaking race to trust in political exploration to any light but that of experience. The argument for granting representation to women when it was decided to tax them was irrefutable. The counter allegations were mere spectres of sentimentality. But, nevertheless, the grant was resisted as a rash experiment. Mr. Greeley said that the laws affecting the property of women which were passed in New York in 1860 had probably saved five thousand women from starvation. That was a palpable benefit. But he would not agree that, as a logical consequence, the women should be enfranchised. That was another question altogether, upon which shone no light of experiment. This has been the feeling about the general suffrage. But the demonstration at the Boston election of the perfect simplicity and feasibility of the equal mingling of men and women at the polls, not only without confusion or disagreeableness, but with entire propriety, and without the least settling of the foundations of society, which has been the gloomy apprehension of many worthy prophets who happen to have been peering into a dark closet instead of the outer air—has done more probably to hasten generally the practical re-enactment of the New Jersey constitution of 1776, enfranchising all persons upon certain conditions, excepting the religious condition, than the eloquence of many conventions and the logic of unanswerable treatises.

This centenary of the constitution will be marked by three notable events: an extension of the suffrage already accomplished beyond the prevision and confidence of the older century; the opening to women of the ancient schools of learning, not quite upon equal terms with men, but upon certain conditions whose performance will wisely depend upon experience; and the appearance of Mr. Bryce's *The American Commonwealth*, a comprehensive and philosophical survey of the political development of the country during the century of its constitutional existence. The first two must be counted among the most interesting signs of the opening century, and the last, like De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, as one of the great treatises which the progress of the American Republic is certain to evoke from the most competent political students and observers.

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Editor's Study.

I.

MR. WALT WHITMAN calls his latest book *November Boughs*, and in more ways than one it testifies and it appeals beyond the letter to the reader's interest. For the poet the long fight is over; he rests his cause with what he has done; and we think no one now would like to consider the result without respect, without deference, even if one cannot approach it with entire submission. It is time, certainly, while such a poet is still with us, to own that his literary intention was as generous as his spirit was bold, and that if he has not accomplished all he intended, he has been a force that is by no means spent. Apart from the social import of his first book ("without yielding an inch, the working-man and working-woman were to be in my pages from first to last"), he aimed in it at the emancipation of poetry from what he felt to be the trammels of rhyme and metre. He did not achieve this; but he produced a new kind in literature, which we may or may not allow to be poetry, but which we cannot deny is something eloquent, suggestive, moving, with a lawless, formless beauty of its own. He dealt literary conventionality one of those blows which eventually show as internal injuries, whatever the immediate effect seems to be. He made it possible for poetry hereafter to be more direct and natural than hitherto; the hearing which he has braved nearly half a century of contumely and mockery to win would now be granted on very different terms to a man of his greatness. This is always the way; and it is always the way that the reformer (perhaps in helpless confession of the weakness he shares with all humankind) champions some error which seems as dear to him as the truth he was born to proclaim. Walt Whitman was not the first to observe that we are all naked under our clothes, but he was one of the greatest, if not the first, to preach a gospel of nudity; not as one of his Quaker ancestry might have done for a witness against the spiritual nakedness of his hearers, but in celebration of the five senses and their equal origin with the three virtues of which the greatest is charity. His offence, if rank, is quantitatively small; a few lines at most; and it is one which the judicious pencil of the editor will some day remove for him, though for the present he "takes occasion to confirm those lines with the settled convictions and deliberate renewals of thirty years." We hope for that day, not only because it will give to all a kind in poetry which none can afford to ignore, and which his cherished lines bar to most of those who read most in our time and country, but because we think the five senses do not need any celebration. In that duality which every thoughtful person must have noticed composes him, we believe the universal experience is that the beast half from first to last is fully able to take care of itself. But it is a vast subject, and, as the poet says, "it does not stand by itself; the vitality of it is altogether in its relations, bearings, significance." In the mean while we can assure the reader that these *November Boughs* are as innocent as so many sprays of apple blossom, and that he may take the book home without misgiving.

We think he will find in reading it that the prose passages are, some of them, more poetic than the most poetic of the rhythmical passages. "Some War Memoranda," and "The Last of the War Cases"—notes made twenty-five years ago —are alive with a simple pathos and instinct with a love of truth which recall the best new Russian work, and which make the poet's psalms seem vague and thin as wandering smoke in comparison. Yet these have the beauty of undulant, sinuous, desultory smoke forms, and they sometimes take the light with a response of such color as dwells in autumn sunsets. The book is well named *November Boughs:* it is meditative and reminiscent, with a sober fragrance in it like the scent of fallen leaves in woods where the leaves that still linger overhead,

> "Or few, or none, do shake against the cold—
> Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

It is the hymn of the runner resting after the race, and much the same as he chants always, whether the race has been lost or won.

II.

> "To get the final lilt of songs;
> To penetrate the inmost lore of poets; to know the mighty ones—
> Job, Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Emerson;

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> To diagnose the shifting, delicate tints of love and pride and doubt; to truly understand,
> To encompass these, the last keen faculty and entrance price,
> Old age, and what it brings from all its past experiences"—

this is now the "good gray poet's" aspiration, and he throws it "out at the object," as Matthew Arnold says, with the syntactical incompleteness of a sigh. It is the mood and the manner of several other lyrical passages in the book, and is more important only because it bears incidentally upon the question lately asked by Mr. Edmund Gosse, "Has America produced a poet?" Mr. Gosse says he asks it rather in compliance with an editorial wish than from his own impulse, and certainly he asks it with all the grace and gentleness inseparable from his literature. In answering it negatively he confines himself to poets no longer alive, and so no longer susceptible to hurts of pride or vanity. At the same time he intimates that if it were a question of living poets it could not be a question at all; or, if he does not intimate this, he leaves the living poets to infer it from the kindness of the terms he uses toward them. He names Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats as the British worthiest; and he asks, "What dead American is worthy to join the twelve, and make an Anglo-Saxon's baker's dozen?" He thinks none, and he gives his reasons: perfectly good reasons for those who are already of his opinion; charming reasons for all; courteous reasons, respectful, even reverential reasons, but carrying conviction to no contrary mind. This is in the nature of things; for as no one can say what poetry is, so no one can say who is a poet. One may quite easily defy Mr. Gosse to say what touch in all Dryden thrills and lifts like many touches in Emerson. One may challenge him to prove the art of Pope finer than the art of Longfellow, or bid him show where and how Burns is better than Bryant. But at the end of the ends the case is what it was: he remains as unpersuaded as you do. Still, as true Americans, and as the most provincial people on the planet in certain respects, we could not leave the case as it was. One of the literary newspapers invited a symposium of American authors to sit upon Mr. Gosse and his reasons, and they all, or nearly all, declared that Emerson was worthy to be the baker's-dozenth; there might be doubts about Longfellow, or there might be doubts about Bryant, but there could not be any doubt about Emerson. The verdict was interesting as a proof that Emerson holds the first place in the critical esteem of those among us best fitted to judge him; but it seems odd that at a feast where there were so many living poets (whose worthiness Mr. Gosse refused to question) none was found ready to sacrifice either his brother or himself, and so provide an immortal thirteenth on the spot.

Though why Mr. Gosse should have demanded a thirteenth of us, when he had already counted up that number of undying fames, or why he should always speak of his thirteen British worthiest as twelve, we cannot understand, unless he is in the habit of finding but nine fingers on his pair of hands. This might well happen in Ireland, where the reckoner would begin by saying, "The two thumbs is one," but not in the more logical isle. The only explanation is that Mr. Gosse is himself too much of a poet to be a great mathematician. But even if Edward's one, and Elizabeth's two, and Charles's two, and great Anna's one, and the Georges seven made twelve, and not thirteen, as they certainly appear to do, still, if we added another, we should have that concern which none of us can escape in sitting down thirteen at table. Why should Mr. Gosse desire that thirteenth of us? If we supplied it, what dire thing equivalent to death might not happen in the fields of asphodel? One shrinks from conjecturing. One takes refuge in simple addition, and insists that there would be fourteen if we supplied the thirteenth. Still there seems a risk, and we should not be willing to convince Mr. Gosse with Emerson, chosen by universal suffrage to represent us among the immortals; for perhaps seven and six do make twelve, after all. He may have two, or three, or five poets from us, and if he cannot find them among those already dead, he may choose them provisionally among the unquestioned living; but one he may not have; and for the greater number he must wait the course of nature. There is no disposition to a happy despatch in the poets yet with us, and we cannot think of any critic who would be willing to offer them up, even for the national honor, and from the impartial motives that always actuate criticism.

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III.

We ourselves would rather part with two or three novelists, though we should not like to take leave first of Dr. Eggleston, for he seems in his latest story to have done his best work. It will be nothing against *The Graysons* if it is not so popular as *The Hoosier School-master* and the other earlier books; for it lacks the novelty which these had, and its very finish and mastery must be against it with a public which mainly loves crudity, and does not care to have its emotions truly and simply interpreted, but (under instruction from most critics) likes them served washy and mawkish. We hope that we are implying by this flattering characterization of the general taste that the texture of *The Graysons*, though the book is of every-day material and common homespun, is fine and close. The story deals with elements that lie about us like earth and water, motives underfoot like grass, overhead like leaves, every-day loves and hates, hopes and fears, crimes and sacrifices. Briefly, it tells of a poor young fellow in pioneer Illinois unjustly accused of killing his enemy, and it invites into the drama the great figure of Abraham Lincoln, then an awkward, sad-eyed country lawyer at the beginning of his career, who rights the innocent boy by his legal skill and his native cunning. The author uses a local tradition, and he uses it with skill; the historical grandeur of Lincoln suffers nothing in his hands; he is extremely well managed, and is duly subordinated in the reader's interest to Tom Grayson, whose life he saves. Grayson himself is not a personage who remains supremely endeared to the fancy for his artistic presentation; the whole group of those immediately concerned and the mere lookers-on are done with the same vivid accuracy, from the same affectionate and abundant knowledge. It is a book to be very glad of on all accounts; and it is a pleasure to praise it for qualities which one might sometimes fancy authors took pains to keep out of their books, as common honesty in dealing with human nature, a love of common beauty, a reverence for common truth.

IV.

But probably these are the very hardest qualities of all to get into a book, and the authors are not so much to blame for their absence. Most readers would not know them when they felt them, and would suppose themselves moved by something else; most critics would contemn them as vulgar and trivial. What they want is "passion," "imagination," "style," "virility"—they are great fellows for virility. We are afraid that the neatly studied selfishness of a small nature like the elder Thomas Grayson must pass for something very commonplace with them; we do not suppose they will be satisfied with a Lincoln who does not, as a young country lawyer, dramatically forecast the martyr President; a figure like big Bob McCord, in which the stalwart, shrewdly simple, rude, plebeian, good-natured, joking pioneer race is typified, must appear very unworthy of literature, inadequately moved, and wanting in heroic breadth and height.

But we take leave to like him for some of the reasons that we like the persons in Björnstjerne Björnson's drama of *Sigurd Slembe*, which we have just now in the English of Mr. W. M. Payne. It cannot have been an easy thing to put into English, for between the two tongues directness might readily get changed into bluntness, and simplicity into poverty, and those who cannot read Björnson's verse may well give thanks for Mr. Payne's English, as we do. It is mostly clear, unaffected, and unpretentious: one feels that it is faithful, and follows the poet's word without caracoling about in periphrasis, after the manner of those who believe in giving the "spirit" of an author. It is the more fortunate because the play is itself not a thing that could bear much expansion: an author who elsewhere makes his effect with a few massive strokes in narrow compass here disperses himself over a vast area of time and space. It is necessary to recognize this, but it is useless to blame it; he did his work in this way because he could not do it in another; and perhaps the very faltering and wandering in the conduct of the drama were requisite to the self-expression of the hero's halting, Hamlet-like character. In the thoroughly excellent critical preface with which Mr. Payne equips his version he tells us that the drama is founded upon historical fact, and deals with the life of an actual pretender to the throne of Norway, from the moment when he learns that he is the late king's natural son to the final hour when he falls into the hands of his enemies after a hopeless defeat. The po-

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etic solution of the situation is Sigurd's reconciliation to failure and death, after a career of violent ambition, in which the burning sense of injustice yields from time to time before the doubt of means and ends abhorrent to his higher moods. It is the old lesson of self-renunciation, so hard to learn, so insistent in the human heart, so cogent in the human reason, the only sufficient and final and eternal answer to fate. The great Scandinavian critic Georg Brandes censures the author's anachronism in attributing nineteenth-century motives to twelfth-century men, but this is a defect such as inheres in all historic fiction, whether it feigns the past in paint or in print. That is one of the reasons why we think historic fiction ought not to be; but if it must be, we would not have it impoverish itself in the vain endeavor to be strictly true to the past. The main truth in *Sigurd Slembe* is the truth at all times, and we can afford to let the temporary truth go if we cannot have the higher on any other terms.

V.

In the picture of contemporary life we can have both, if the author is wise enough to see and honest enough to tell both. This is never easy, but it is what constitutes the greatness of Björnson in the dramas of his second period, when first he turned from such unmoralized idyls of peasant life as *Arne*, *Synnöve Solbakken*, *The Happy Boy*, and *The Fishermaiden*, and began to own his responsibility to the larger life about him in *The Bankrupt*, *The Editor*, *The King*, *The Glove*. In this range he deals with commercial dishonesty; with the abuses of journalism; with the monarchical principle, surviving, archaic and outgrown, into our day; and with the impudent and cynical pretension that there can be one standard of purity for men and another for women. But this range, wide as it is, by no means describes his literary and ethical activity. In *Flags in the City and Harbor* he studies the problem of transmitted and inherited crime; in *Captain Manzana*, the acutest divination of Italian character by any foreigner that we know of, he inquires the effect of the perpetual intrusion of civic interests upon individual and domestic life; and in *Dust* he confronts with their hypocrisy those who teach the belief of immortality as a pleasing mythology to their children, while they hold it with lax insincerity or not at all themselves.

But these books, again, are indicative of his line of work rather than the extent of it in literature. In politics he has led at least as large and fearless a life: he headed the uprising against the reactionary ideas of the King of Norway and Sweden which resulted in the perfect autonomy of Norway—a country where there is no longer a nobility, and where democratic principles prevail as thoroughly as in ours. In a sketch written by Professor Boyesen some years ago there is a graphic little picture of Björnson addressing the peasants, from what we should call the stump, in his campaigns against the King. It is said that since his return to Norway from a long sojourn in Paris he has gone a step farther, and that his political radicalism has assumed the social and economic phase, apparently inevitable in the evolution of those who profoundly sympathize with the people. How thoroughly Björnson knows his own people the readers of this Magazine will be able to judge from the series of studies beginning in the present number; and we trust that the acquaintance it will enable them to make with the material and scenery of his literature will make them wish to know that too. As yet the American edition, with the exception of *Sigurd*, embraces none of his dramas, and leaves us to desire an English version of the plays which we have mentioned, and which the reader will find more fully studied by Mr. Brandes and Professor Boyesen. Their frankness can hurt no one, and can help many in America as well as Norway, for the conditions with which they deal are common everywhere in the civilization ironically called Christendom.

We have more than once spoken of Björnson in treating of that great intellectual movement so imperfectly suggested by the name of realism. His place in it is a foremost one, though his realism is of the spiritual type, like that of the Russians, rather than the sensual type, like that of the French. It would be impossible for such a man to remain satisfied with things; he must have the reason of things, for he is, above all, a poet. He is as impatient of conventionality in literature as he is of any other form of tyranny; and he is one of the chief of those

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great Norsemen of our time who have led their poetry back not only to the life but to the language of the people, and have refreshed it from the never-failing springs of the common speech.

VI.

These poets did consciously what our humorists have done unconsciously to some extent, and what all our so-called "dialect" story-tellers will, we hope, continue to do. If the American we speak and write shall incidentally become as different in its vocabulary from the English of the scholasticists as the rehabilitated Norse is from the Danish, we do not think that will be cause for grief, but the contrary. From its grammatical simplicity and inflexibility our language on the imaginative and critical side is always in danger of becoming poverty-stricken; any one who employs it to depict or to characterize finds the phrases thumbed over and worn and blunted with incessant use, and experiences a joy in the bold locutions which these writers report from the lips of the people, where it is still alive. In fact it is in our humorists that the American spirit is most truly reflected; and if they are grotesque and extravagant, it is because most Americans are mostly so. We are not so much discouraged, therefore, when Mr. Gosse denies us a great poet, as we should be if he refused us a great humorist. But this we are sure that he would never think of doing; and in our security we are tempted to turn upon him and ask, "Has England produced a great humorist?" Looking over Mark Twain's *Library of American Humor*, in which our inextinguishable laughers are democratically distributed without reference to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude, we find such unassailable renowns as Hosea Biglow, John Phœnix, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Uncle Remus, *The Burlington Hawkeye* man, *The Danbury News* man, and Messrs. Warner, Harte, Aldrich, Lanigan, and Bierce; and with these thirteen, counting as twelve, we confidently challenge England to produce the Anglo-Saxon baker's-dozenth.

But attending the symposium of Englishmen whom we expect to vote upon the matter, we are not willing to take leave of Mark Twain's compilation without some recognition of the pleasure we have had in it, apart from the gratification of our national pride. Its humorously hap-hazard arrangement is by no means unfavorable to a critical conception of the quantity and quality of our indigenous fun; and for those who like fun for its own sweet sake, the joke of coming upon something unexpected enhances the delight of whatever the thing happens to be. It happens very generally to be good; the book not only fairly represents our range, but it testifies to our accuracy of aim; it gives the best shots of our champions, and some wonderful practice on the part of our amateurs. It represents all periods and sections; and we need hardly say that as we Americans have begun to joke since most people found out that it was just as easy to be decently funny as not, there is nothing in it to make us ashamed of having laughed.

VII.

We are the less disposed to insist upon the comparison of American superiority with English inferiority in this sort because we think that any international comparison is increasingly apt to work injustice. The futility of it struck us especially in looking over those sketches of travel in the South which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has now collected in a volume, and called *On Horseback*. Here the humor which penetrates and perfumes the whole record is something that springs from the common and life-long experience of American things. No foreigner could possibly taste it as we do, with our keen delight in it, though no intelligent person anywhere could fail to perceive that it was subtle and rare. No foreigner would be qualified to judge it, or to establish the author's place. That is for his own people to do, and it is for them to decree his standing. His comparative excellence in any international competition is a matter of no consequence; it is his positive excellence which they alone can know to the last touch, and which they alone can authoritatively declare.

So we take a little courage about our poets, whether they seem to be dead or whether they seem to be alive. If we are really a nation with a tradition and an ideal of our own, and with a civilization necessarily springing from our peculiar conditions and impossible from any others, then it is inalienably for us to say whether our poets are great or small.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of December.—The second session of the Fiftieth Congress was opened December 3d. Senator Ingalls presided as President *pro tempore* of the Senate.

President Cleveland's fourth annual message was read before Congress December 3d. Regarding the tariff Mr. Cleveland reiterated his views of the year before, and saw no reason to doubt the ultimate success of tariff reform. He declared against the "communism of combined wealth and capital" as hurtful to the peace and welfare of the country. The necessity of a revision of the pension laws was suggested, and an early settlement of the fisheries question urged upon Congress. The dismissal of Lord Sackville and the trouble in Hayti were also referred to. A change in the naturalization laws and the reorganizing of the consular service were recommended.

The chief points in the department reports were as follows: There has been a marked increase of business in the postal service, the workings of which have generally improved. New ships for the navy have been built at less cost than previously; eighty millions of acres of land have been reclaimed, and the Indian problem is progressing favorably. Polygamy is reported as virtually at an end; $78,775,861 92 were paid out in pensions. The efforts of the Department of Agriculture to benefit American husbandry have met with a good measure of success. The army consists of 2189 officers and 24,549 enlisted men. Total revenues for the fiscal year were $379,266,074 76; expenditures, $259,653,958 67.

The President appointed the Hon. Perry Belmont as Minister to Spain on November 17th.

The River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, amounting to $11,906,850, was reported to the House December 12th. The direct tax bill, refunding the moneys collected from certain States and Territories and the District of Columbia under the act of Congress approved August 15, 1861, passed the House December 12th, by a vote of 178 to 96.

Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, introduced a resolution in the House, December 13th, authorizing the President to negotiate with the Dominion of Canada with reference to union with the United States.

The United States men-of-war *Galena* and *Yantic*, under command of Rear-Admiral Luce, sailed, December 12th, for Hayti, to demand the release of the captured American steamship *Haytian Republic*.

The Spanish Liberal cabinet resigned December 8th, and a new cabinet was announced December 10th, with Señor Sagasta, the late Prime-Minister, again at the head.

A new Roumanian ministry was formed November 24th.

General Sir Henry W. Norman was appointed, November 30th, to the Governorship of Queensland.

General Porfirio Diaz was inaugurated President of Mexico for the third time December 1st.

M. B. Hammer and M. L. Ruchonnet were elected, December 13th, President and Vice-President of the Swiss Republic respectively.

DISASTERS.

December 3d.—Advices received from Peru report 137 men, women, and children killed by the indiscriminate firing of the troops during the progress of a riot at La Peza.

December 8th.—The sheriff of Birmingham, Alabama, fired into a mob advancing on the jail with the intention of lynching a murderer confined therein, killing nine persons and wounding thirty.

December 10th.—An official bulletin gives the total number of deaths to date from yellow-fever in Jacksonville, Florida, as 412, and of cases as 4705.

December 14th.—Fifteen persons lost their lives by the burning of a woollen manufactory at Neumünster, Germany.

December 17th.—Advices of heavy storms in the Department of the Pyrénées-Orientales, flooding villages and causing great loss of life.

OBITUARY.

November 18th.—In New York, Rear-Admiral Charles H. Baldwin, U.S.N., aged sixty-six years.—Dr. Henry B. Sands, in his fifty-ninth year.

November 20th.—In Paris, Edmond Gondinet, author, aged fifty-nine years.

November 25th.—In London, the Duchess of Sutherland, aged fifty-nine years.

November 26th.—In Brooklyn, General Augustus Morse, aged seventy-two years.

November 27th.—In Berne, M. W. F. Hertenstein, President of the Swiss Republic, aged sixty-three years.

November 28th.—In New York, Mrs. Eleanor Boyle Ewing Sherman, wife of General W. T. Sherman, in her sixty-fourth year.

December 4th.—At Fort Hamilton, New York, Major-General Romeyn B. Ayres, U.S.A., aged sixty-three years.

December 7th.—In Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, General William N. Blair, aged seventy-six years.

December 10th.—In New York, Rear-Admiral William Edgar Le Roy, U.S.N., in his seventy-first year.

December 11th.—In Onray Agency, Green River, Utah Territory, Colorow, chief of the Southern Utes, aged seventy years.

December 13th.—In New York, General James C. Lane, aged sixty-five years.—In London, George Routledge, founder of the publishing house of that name, aged seventy-six years.

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Editor's Drawer.



HAVE we yet hit upon the right idea of civilization? The process which has been going on ever since the world began seems to have a defect in it; strength, vital power, somehow escapes. When you've got a man thoroughly civilized you cannot do anything more with him. And it is worth reflection what we should do, what could we spend our energies on, and what would evoke them, we who are both civilized and enlightened, if all nations were civilized and the earth were entirely subdued. That is to say, are not barbarism and vast regions of uncultivated land a necessity of healthful life on this globe? We do not like to admit that this process has its cycles, that nations and men, like trees and fruit, grow, ripen, and then decay. The world has always had a conceit that the globe could be made entirely habitable, and all over the home of a society constantly growing better. In order to accomplish this we have striven to eliminate barbarism in man and in nature.

Is there anything more unsatisfactory than a perfect house, perfect grounds, perfect gardens, art and nature brought into the most absolute harmony of taste and culture? What more can a man do with it? What satisfaction has a man in it if he really gets to the end of his power to improve it? There have been such nearly ideal places, and how strong nature, always working against man and in the interest of untamed wildness, likes to riot in them and reduce them to picturesque destruction! And what sweet sadness, pathos, romantic suggestion, the human mind finds in such a ruin! And a society that has attained its end in all possible culture, entire refinement in manners, in tastes, in the art of elegant intellectual and luxurious living—is there nothing pathetic in that? Where is the primeval, heroic force that made the joy of living in the rough old uncivilized days? Even throw in goodness, a certain amount of altruism, gentleness, warm interest in unfortunate humanity—is the situation much improved? London is probably the most civilized centre the world has ever seen; there are gathered more of the elements of that which we reckon the best. Where in history, unless some one puts in a claim for the Frenchman, shall we find a Man so nearly approaching the standard we have set up of civilization as the Englishman, refined by inheritance and tradition, educated almost beyond the disturbance of enthusiasm, and cultivated beyond the chance of surprise? We are speaking of the highest type in manner, information, training, in the acquisition of what the world has to give. Could these men have conquered the world? Is it possible that our highest civilization has lost something of the rough and admirable element that we admire in the heroes of Homer and of Elizabeth? What is this London, the most civilized city ever known? Why, a considerable part of its population is more barbarous, more hopelessly barbarous, than any wild race we know, because they are the barbarians of civilization, the refuse and slag of it, if we dare say that of any humanity. More hopeless, because the virility of savagery has measurably gone out of it. We can do something with a degraded race of savages, if it has any stamina in it. What can be done with those who are described as "East-Londoners"?

Every great city has enough of the same element. Is this an accident, or is it a necessity of the refinement that we insist on calling civilization? We are always sending out missionaries to savage or perverted nations, we are always sending out emigrants to occupy and reduce to order neglected territory. This is our main business. How would it be if this business were really accomplished, and there were no more peoples to teach our way of life to, and no more territory to bring under productive cultivation? Without the necessity of putting forth this energy, a survival of the original force in man, how long would our civilization last? In a word, if the world were actually all civilized, wouldn't it be too weak even to ripen? And now, in the great centres, where is accumulated most of that we value as the product of man's best efforts, is there

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strength enough to elevate the degraded humanity that attends our highest cultivation? We have a gay confidence that we can do something for Africa. Can we reform London and Paris and New York, which our own hands have made?

If we cannot, where is the difficulty? Is this a hopeless world? Must it always go on by spurts and relapses, alternate civilization and barbarism, and the barbarism being necessary to keep us employed and growing? Or is there some mistake about our ideal of civilization? Does our process too much eliminate the rough vigor, courage, stamina of the race? After a time do we just live, or try to live, on literature warmed over, on pretty coloring and drawing instead of painting that stirs the soul to the heroic facts and tragedies of life? Where did this virile, blood-full, throbbing Russian literature come from; this Russian painting of Verestchagin, that smites us like a sword with the consciousness of the tremendous meaning of existence? Is there a barbaric force left in the world that we have been daintily trying to cover and apologize for and refine into gentle agreeableness?

These questions are too deep for these pages. Let us make the world pleasant, and throw a cover over the refuse. We are doing very well, on the whole, considering what we are and the materials we have to work on. And we must not leave the world so perfectly civilized that the inhabitants, two or three centuries ahead, will have nothing to do.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A PLAIN DIRECTION.

"THEY say this new Bishop o' Lichfield be a 'mazin' clever man," said a jolly-looking farmer in a car on one of the midland railways of England. "I've heerd that you may ask him any question ye loike, and he'll answer it pat."

"Here's a story about him in to-day's paper," cried another passenger. "Listen here: 'The witty Bishop of Lichfield was recently staying at a country house, the owner of which had a mania for stuffed birds and beasts, which enriched the hall and the great staircase with a perfume like that of a first-class menagerie. "Don't you think, my lord," said he to his guest, "that this staircase seems to be rather weak?" "Well, I don't know," replied the bishop; "it certainly *smells* pretty strong!"'"

Through the burst of laughter that followed, a harsh dissentient voice suddenly made itself heard. "I could ask him a question that would puzzle him, clever as he thinks himself."

"Well, sir, now's your time for it," said a quiet voice from the opposite corner; "*I* am the Bishop of Lichfield."

The swaggerer seemed somewhat taken aback, but quickly asked, "Well, my lord, can you give me a plain direction how to get to heaven?"

"Yes," said the bishop, "turn to the *right*, and then keep straight on."

DAVID KER.



WAITIN' FER THE CAT TO DIE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

LAWZY! don't I rickollect
That 'ere old swing in the lane!
Right and proper, I expect,
Old times *can't* come back again;
But I want to state, ef they
Could come back, and I could say
What *my* pick ud be, 'y jing!
I'd say, Gimme the old swing
'Nunder the old locus'-trees
On the old place, ef you please,
Danglin' there with half-shet eye,
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

I'd say, Gimme the old gang
Of barefooted, hungry, lean,
Or'n'ry boys you want to hang
When you're growed up twicet as mean!
The old gyarden patch, the old
Truants, and the stuff we stoled!
The old stompin'-groun', where we
Wore the grass off, wild and free
As the swoop of the old swing,
Where we uset to climb and cling,
And twist roun', and fight, and lie—
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

'Pears like I 'most allus could
Swing the highest of the crowd—
Jes sail up there tel I stood
Downside up, and screech out loud,
Ketch my breath, and jes drap back
Fer to let the old swing slack,
Yit my tow-head dippin' still
In the green boughs, and the chill
Up my backbone taperin' down,
With my shadder on the groun'
Slow and slower trailin' by—
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

Now my daughter's little Jane's
Got a kind o' baby swing
On the porch, so's when it rains
She kin play there—little thing!
And I'd limped out t'other day
With my old cheer this-a-way,
Swingin' *her* and rockin' too,
Thinkin' how *I* uset to do
At *her* age, when suddently,
"Hey, gran'pap!" she says to me,
"Why you rock so slow?" Says **I**,
"Waitin' fer the cat to die!"

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A VALENTINE BY HENRY CLAY.

THE Drawer is indebted to Mr. William Cushing Bamburgh for the following interesting lines by Henry Clay, which have not hitherto been published:

TO MISS MARY.

Lady, you ask a verse, and I comply
With zeal to serve thee. Yet distrustful I,
For surely you must see I am no poet;
You've but to read these verses and you'll know it.

To yield full tribute to the worth
Of one I estimate so high,
Should call each noble effort forth,
And every ardent feeling try.

I love the unassuming grace
That dwells upon thy gentle form,
That beauty beaming from a face
Which shows the heart within is warm.

HENRY CLAY.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

Two gentlemen of color, overcome by the excitement of a political debate in a brickyard, found themselves using the bricks in place of argument. As a result one of them was severely wounded. Their employer, who witnessed the fight, was so indignant with the victor that he advised the wounded man to get out a warrant for his arrest. After the employer left the yard a colored friend of the sufferer, who had also witnessed the fight, gave this very sound advice: "Look hyar, Sam; doan' yo' git out no warrant. Yo' git yo'self two pieces of plarster, an' put one piece on yo' hade, an' de other on yo' mouf."

A DEPENDENT CITIZEN.

THE following true story is told of a well-known member of the bar in Allegany County, New York, than whom there never lived a gentler, kindlier spirit. With his scholarly attainments and profound knowledge of legal lore he possessed the simple, dependent nature of a child, and, it may be added, a child's utter guilelessness and faith in his kind.

His wife, fortunately for the worldly success of the pair, was shrewd and practical in a marked degree; upon her strong independence of character Judge C—— leaned heavily, except within the domain of his profession, where, curiously enough, his opinions were singularly prompt and infallible. In the domestic and social circles, however, he deferred to Mrs. C—— in the simplest matters, and so habitual had this state of things become that it did not occur to either of them that there was anything unusual in it. From donning his winter flannels to leading a card at the whist table he never pretended to act without "Helen's" sanction and advice.

But one day he showed his condition of mental servitude in a really astonishing way. He was suffering from toothache, and his wife sent him to the village dentist for relief. Obediently he went, got into the chair, and opened his mouth for the preliminary examination.

"Which tooth is it aches, judge?" inquired the dentist, poising the forceps.

There was a moment's hesitation; then the judge sat up from his reclining position, and looking innocently at the dentist, said, in all good faith, "Well, now, I don't know; I'll go home and ask Helen."

PHILIP H. WELCH.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A BETTER SYSTEM.

"A SYSTEM to strengthen the memory?" said the jilted young man, with a scornful curve of his upper lip. "No, thank you. No memory strengthener for me; but the man who can invent a system to enable me to forget, he is my friend for life."

A JUST CRITICISM.

A gentleman recently returned from a drive through the country towns of New York asserts that he has not very much objection to a cottage that is consistently Queen Anne all through, but he evinces a strong antipathy to those houses—and their name is legion—"that are Queen Anne in front and Mary Anne at the back."

A VENETIAN ECHO.

It rather destroys the poet's illusion to hear a good-natured old soul, returned from abroad, expatiating upon the picturesque qualities of the "*Grande Canaille* of Venice."

TRUE ENTERPRISE.

One cannot help admiring the enterprise of the manager of a travelling Hamlet company who, upon being told that no play would be well received in a certain town without a tank scene, immediately interpolated "the suicide of Ophelia," and had that lady go through the motions of drowning herself in full view of the audience.

A FLOWERY SERMON.

"Well, my dear, what did you think of Dr. Verbose's sermon this morning?"

"Why, I was very much surprised. I never knew before that the apparently simple text he chose was so hard to explain."

ASKING TOO MUCH OF HIM.

"You all remember the words of Webster," shouted the orator.

"No, we don't," interrupted a man in the gallery. "He has so many words I can't remember more than half of 'em."

TO A GREAT THINKER WITH A BAD STYLE.

Most gladly I'd clamber philosophy's ledges,
Most happily follow thee mile after mile,
But thy field is surrounded by towering hedges,
And ne'er can I hope to get over thy stile.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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A COLONIAL VALENTINE.

In the days of patch and powder—
  Dreamful days of long ago—
If the damosels were prouder
  Than to-day we may not know;
But it is no elf of fancy
  That low whispers to us how
Love's persuasive necromancy
  Then was much the same as now.

On the island of Manhattan
  Dwelt there one of beauty rare,
Where sleek beeves were left to fatten
  In the pastures broad and fair.
There, in his provincial glory,
  Ruled her sire—so stories run—
In the times of merry Tory,
  And of *Colonel* Washington.

This sweet maiden had a lover,
  Though her father kept her hid
(Trust a youth's eyes to discover
  Beauty 'neath the closet lid!),
And at every tender meeting
  Would he urge her, "Love, be mine!"
And he pondered such a greeting
  For an ardent valentine.

How he marred the virgin paper
  Ere he saw a perfect page,
Burning many a midnight taper
  In his "fine poetic rage"!

But at last, when he had penned it
  Neatly o'er, and made no blur,
By a servant did he send it,
  Waxed and perfumed, unto her.

Came the servant dashing faster,
  Faster still the highway down,
Cried, "Your lady says, my master,
  That her sire has gone to town."
"Not in vain did I implore her,"
  Thought he as he cleared the stile.
Surely happier adorer
  Never rode a madder mile.

Little at the door he tarried;
  Sought he out the fair one's shrine:
"Let us fly, love, and be married;
  Be this day my valentine!"
We will draw the modest curtain,
  For she answered with a kiss:
If she had not, I am certain
  I should not be writing this!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

PRACTICALLY UNANIMOUS.

At the beginning of our late war the secession of one of the States was being discussed in a little company one evening.

"How do the ladies feel about it?" asked one gentleman of another.

"Oh," replied the person addressed, "the ladies are for union to a man!"

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BANJOVIALITIES.

(THE FREEMASONRY OF ART.)

HE. "I beg your pardon—but—er—would you be so very kind as to give me the G?"
SHE. "Oh, certainly." (*Gives it.*)
HE. "Thanks, awfully!" (*Bows, and proceeds on his way.*)

—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

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THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, PRIME-MINISTER OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.
From a photograph by WM. I. TOPLEY, Ottawa.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVIII. MARCH, 1889. No. CCCCLXVI.

THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THE temperament of the French is characterized by a love of precision, and of the logical and artistic presentation of men, things, and ideas. It is their love of order, their delight in classification, and their sense of completeness which have engendered their street architecture, their bureaucracy, and their national Institute, whose five Academies represent the various branches of art, science, and literature. The title of Member of the Institute is the highest distinction to which a Frenchman of culture can aspire; it is the crowning honor of his career; the canonization which makes his life a rounded whole; the supreme glorification of the savant, of the sowers and propagators of ideas, of the soldiers of thought, who are esteemed to be as true representatives of the French race and genius as the peasant in his field and the soldier at the frontier.

The Institute, to quote the words of M. Ernest Renan, "is one of the most glorious creations of the Revolution—a thing peculiar to France. Many countries have academies which can vie with ours in the illustriousness of their members and in the importance of their works; France alone has an Institute, where all the efforts of the human mind are, as it were, bound into one whole; where the poet, the philosopher, the historian, the philologist, the critic, the mathematician, the physicist, the astronomer, the naturalist, the economist, the jurisconsult, the sculptor, the painter, the musician, can call each other colleagues. Two ideas actuated the great and single-minded men who conceived the plan of this novel foundation: the one idea, admirably true, is that all the productions of the human mind are jointly and severally dependent upon each other; the other idea, more open to criticism, but still grand, and in any case thoroughly and profoundly French, is that science, letters, and art are a state thing—a thing which each nation produces in a body, and which the father-land is charged with fostering, encouraging, and regarding. The object of the Institute is the progress of knowledge, the general utility and glory of the Republic."

This is the ideal. The reality is less wonderful; and, as usual, the French themselves are the first to criticise and the most eager to depreciate an institution which is, after all, one of the glories of their country. "Between ourselves," said Sainte-Beuve, in a private letter, "all these academies are mere child's play; at least the French Academy is. The shortest quarter of an hour of solitary thought, or of serious talk, tête-à-tête, in our youth was better employed; but as one grows old one becomes once more subject to these trifles—only it is well to know that they are trifles."

These two extreme expressions of opinion will serve to prepare our minds for the best and for the worst, and help us to approach our subject in an attitude of adequate impartiality.

Without going deeply into the history of the matter, we may say that the idea of organizing a sort of intellectual mandarinate in France was first conceived by Colbert, as a part of the vast scheme of centralization which Louis XIV. realized during his long reign. The idea of the "Roi Soleil" and of his great minister was to organize literature and the arts, and to associate them with grand institutions whose function was to carry everything to its highest degree of perfection. Thus were founded the Comédie Française, the Opéra, the French Academy, and the other Academies of the old régime, namely, the Academies of Sciences, of Inscriptions and Medals, of Painting and Sculpture, and of Architecture. This scheme was revived by the Directory, and

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ACADEMICIAN—SECTION OF CONCHOLOGY.

the Institute was founded on lines which have since been greatly modified, but of which the leading idea was the centralization of all branches of knowledge. The present organization of the Institute, which is in the main that given to it at the time of the Restoration, consists of five Academies, taking rank according to the order of their historical foundation, namely, the Académie Française, founded by Richelieu in 1635; the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, founded by Colbert in 1663; the Académie des Sciences, founded by Colbert in 1666; the Académie des Beaux-Arts, founded between 1648 and 1671 by the amalgamation of the three academies of painting, sculpture, and architecture; and the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, reconstituted in 1832. It is to be remarked, however, that the filiation of these Academies is purely fictitious. At the time of the Revolution all the Academies were suppressed and ceased to exist; the chain remained broken for a period of years; and the present Institute is as purely a growth of the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration as the old Academies were the growth of the monarchical régime which pensioned Corneille and refused Christian burial to the bones of Molière.

Of the five classes or Academies which form the Institute two are particularly famous, namely, the Académie Française and the Académie des Sciences. Of these we shall speak at some length, but first of all let us devote a few lines to the three others. The Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres is composed of forty members, ten unattached members, ten foreign associates, and fifty corresponding members. It derives its title, not from the study of inscriptions, but from the fact that the origin of this Academy was a commission formed in the Académie Française, and charged with composing inscriptions for the commemorative medals struck by Louis XIV.; hence its old name was Académie des Inscriptions et Médailles. The domain of this Academy is the learned languages, antiquities, monuments, Oriental literature, history both diplomatic and literary; and its chief object is to continue the execution of the vast scheme of erudition and research begun by the Benedictines in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is an Academy about which the general public hear very little, but which nevertheless does great and durable work by its publications concerning the history of France, and by preparing documentary monuments like the *Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum*, of which the guiding spirits are MM. Renan and Oppert.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts is composed of forty members, divided into five sections, fourteen painters, eight sculptors, eight architects, four engravers, and six musicians. Besides the titular members there are ten unattached members, ten foreign associates, and fifty corresponding members.

"Do you often attend the sittings of the Académie des Beaux-Arts?" I asked one of the most distinguished of its members. "What takes place at the meetings? What is the use of the Academy?"

"I attend perhaps once or twice a year," was his reply. "The sittings offer no interest whatever, and that is why



TYPE OF A MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF BELLES-LETTRES.

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I never go. The Academy is supposed to work at a dictionary of the fine arts, but this is more or less a myth. The Academy, as you know, controls and awards the Prix de Rome and a few other prizes."

"But as an Academy," I resumed, interrogatively, "one may say that it has only an honorific existence?"

"Certainly. At least so it seems to me, though I have no doubt all my colleagues would not agree with me. Some of them attend meetings regularly and read papers. Meissonier, I believe, is assiduous. I remember last year seeing the great man going up the staircase as if he was a youngster of twenty. Some of the men who have leisure like to go there to gossip."



A LEARNED MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences numbers forty members, who are divided into five sections, which deal with the subjects headed respectively Philosophy, Morals, Jurisprudence, Political Economy and Statistics, and General and Philosophical History. This Academy has six unattached members, six foreign associates, and forty-eight corresponding members, amongst whom is the historian Bancroft. It may be remarked that the above classification is not the best that could be made or the most modern. Philosophy nowadays is not so much a science by itself as the spirit of all the sciences. Morals or ethics, again, are scarcely a science. As regards History likewise, it may be asked what advantage there is in separating the study of the original documents from the literary and philosophical study of the subject. This Academy publishes Mémoires containing its official labors and reports, and a periodical Bulletin which contains the studies undertaken by members on their own initiative.

When the Institute was founded the Academy of Physical and Mathematical Sciences was called the First Class, and comprised sixty members, while the class of Moral and Political Sciences comprised thirty-six, and the class of Literature and Fine Arts forty-eight members. Thus the scientific men were assured a certain preponderance over the others in the general deliberations of the Institute—a fact which testifies strongly to the rationalist ideas of the authors of the renovation of French society. This Academy was divided into ten sections, and nowadays its organization remains very much the same as it was nearly a century ago, although in the mean time the relative importance of the different sciences has greatly changed. The present Academy is composed as follows: two perpetual secretaries; eleven sections, under the titles of Geometry, Mechanics, Astronomy, Geography and Navigation, General Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, Rural Economy, Anatomy and Zoology, Medicine and Surgery, each section composed of six members, making in all sixty-six. To this number must be added eight foreign associates, ten unattached Academicians, and one hundred corresponding members.

From the point of view of its connection with the history of the progress of science in France we may overlook the few years of interruption occasioned by the events of the Revolution, and thus we shall find that the Academy of Sciences has had a regular existence and continu-

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ous archives for more than two hundred years. Originally a group of scientific men, amongst whom were Gassendi, Descartes, Blaise Pascal and his father Étienne Pascal, used to meet privately on stated days at the house of one of their number; their works attracted public and royal attention; and in 1666 Colbert, who was then elaborating his grandiose schemes for the advancement of the arts and sciences, gave these savants an assembly-room in the King's library in the Rue Vivienne, and attached thereto certain moneys, to be devoted to pensions and to the payment of the cost of experiments. The first regular meeting of the Royal Academy of Sciences took place on December 22, 1666, and, thanks to the enlightened protection of the King, guided by Colbert, the Academy at once prospered, and began the publication of that series of *Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences* which contributed so remarkably to spread the taste and forward the development of scientific research both in France and in all other civilized countries. In 1699 his Majesty gave this Academy a definitive constitution and new rules, and also more spacious and magnificent rooms for its assemblies and its growing collections in his own palace of the Louvre, where the Académie Française, the Academy of Inscriptions and Medals, the Academy of Painting and Sculpture, and the Academy of Architects already held their meetings. The rooms occupied by the Academy of Sciences were those at present known as the Salle Henri II., the Salon des Sept Cheminées, and another room occupied by the Musée Campana. The visitor, as he passes through these rooms, where the pictorial and antiquarian treasures of the Louvre are now displayed, may amuse his mind for a moment with the souvenir that it was between these walls that the old Academy held its most glorious sittings, when it counted amongst its members men whose names were Malebranche, Fontenelle, Condorcet, Buffon, Lavoisier, Laplace, Turgot, the Cassinis, Lamarck, Jussieu; and amongst its foreign associates Huygens, Leibnitz, Euler, Priestley, Hunter, and Benjamin Franklin. It was in these rooms that the famous Mesmer attempted in vain to submit his experiments in animal magnetism to the illustrious company —an attempt which enabled him to write the only graphic description which we possess of a séance of the old Academy. The director of the Academy, Le Roi, undertook to present Mesmer, who thus narrates the incident:

"As the Academicians arrived they formed themselves into private committees, where I presume different scientific questions were discussed. I imagined that when the Assembly was large enough to be considered complete, the divided attention of the members would be fixed on one single object. I was mistaken; each one went on with his particular conversation; and when M. Le Roi wished to speak he begged in vain for attention and silence. His perseverance in this prayer was even sharply taken up by one of his colleagues, who told him that he would neither listen nor be silent, and that he might as well leave the memoir on the bureau, so that those who pleased might read it. M. Le Roi was not more successful in the announcement of a second novelty. A second colleague prayed him pass to a less hackneyed subject, for the peremptory reason that he was making himself a regular bore. Finally a third announcement was brusquely qualified a charlatanism by a third colleague. Happily there had been no mention of me in all this. I lost the thread of the séance, and reflecting over the sort of veneration which I had always had for the Academy of Sciences of Paris, I concluded that it was essential that certain objects should be seen only in perspective. Reverenced from afar, they are not much when seen in close quarters."

During the Revolutionary period the Academy, besides its usual work, was consulted by the government on all kinds of questions concerning education, finance, war, naval affairs, and agriculture, and its most considerable work was the elaboration of a new system of weights and measures, the uniformity of which had been ordained by a law passed in 1790. But finally, in 1793, the Academy of Sciences was suppressed by decree of the Convention.

Two years later, 25th October, 1795, the Institute was created, on bases which resembled in many points the grand project conceived by Colbert more than a century before, and after sitting for a few years in the old rooms in the Louvre, the different Academies were finally installed in 1806 in the Palais des Quatre Nations, or Collége Mazarin, where they now sit.

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Renan. Hervey de St. Denis. Michael Bréal, President.

A LECTURE AT THE ACADEMY OF INSCRIPTIONS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

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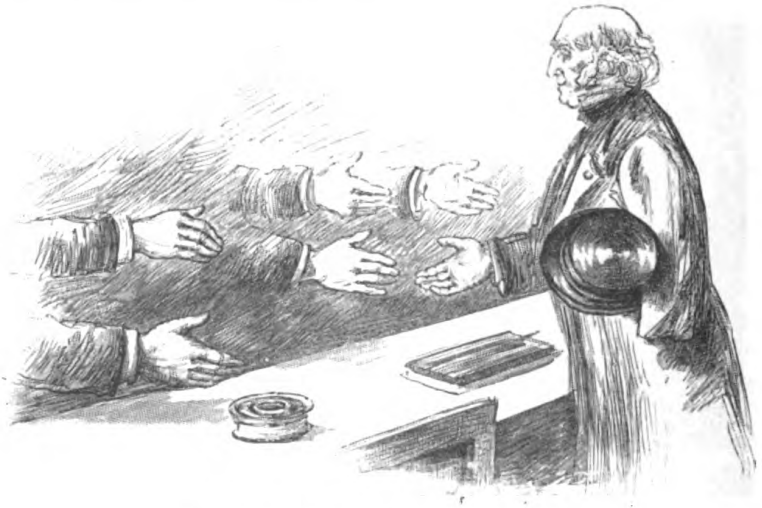
M. FAYE, ASTRONOMER.

The question may be raised: in what does the work and utility of this Academy consist? What is its collective influence on the development of science?

In the schemes of the centralization of the labors of the human mind which presided over the foundation of the Institute, the physical and mathematical sciences were allotted to the Academy of Sciences, and its object and attributions were defined thus: "To perfect the sciences and arts by uninterrupted researches, by the publication of discoveries, by correspondence with learned societies abroad; to follow up all scientific works that may conduce to general usefulness and to the glory of the Republic."

In every point this is an antiquated and quixotic conception of things. Collective researches, according to official indications, have rarely resulted in great success. The old Academy of Sciences wasted thirty years of collective efforts in the chemical study of plants by dry distillation before it perceived the nullity of its method. Afterward it devoted itself with more success to encyclopedic work; that is to say, to describing known facts and recording acquired truths. The really great services that the old Academy of Sciences rendered were above all in its astronomical and geodesic labors, which were really executed by a few specialists of genius, like Cassini.

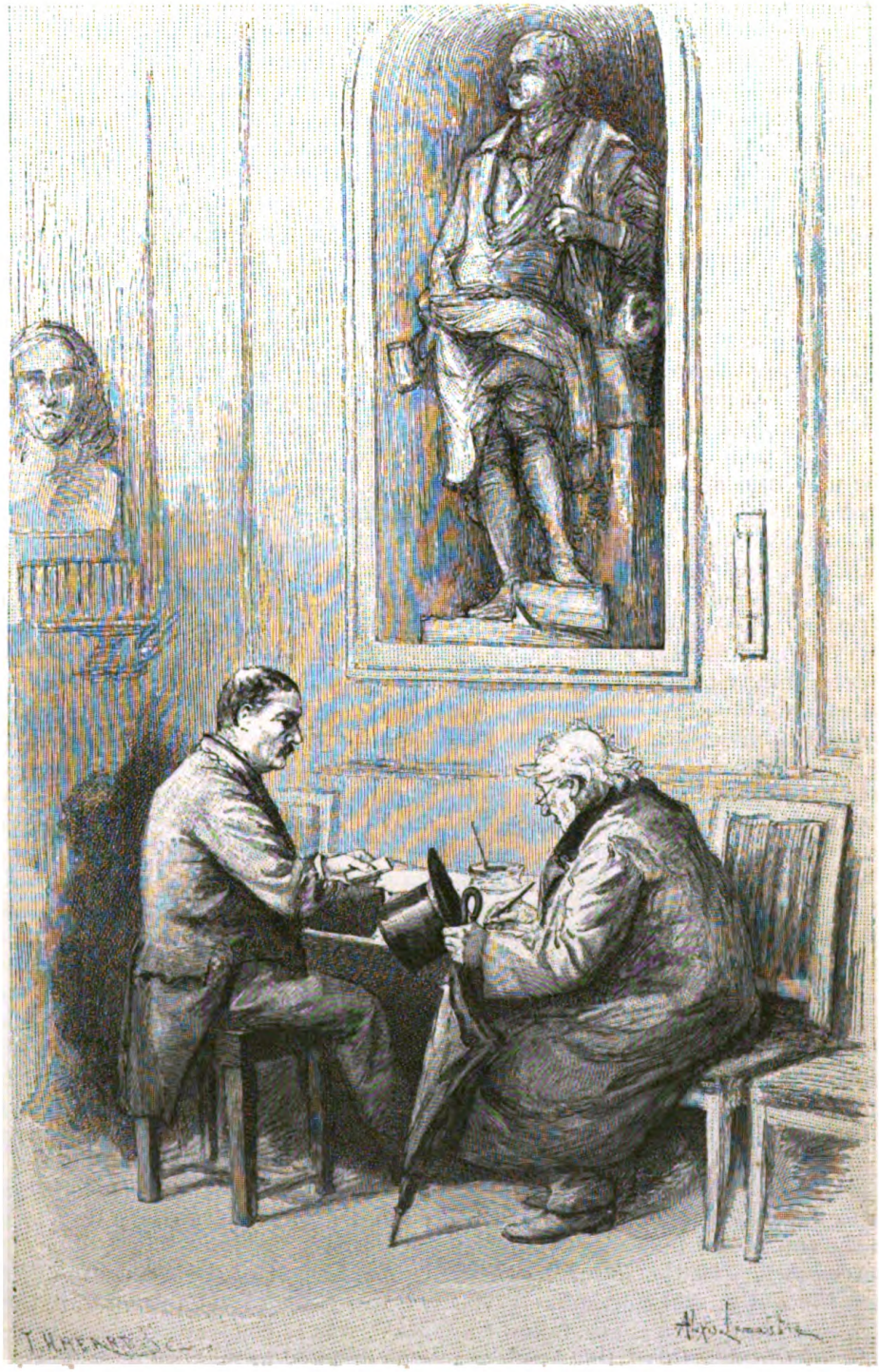
The principal business of the present Academy is to meet every Monday in order to hear about the work of its members, to listen to reports on the work of foreign savants, and to receive communications, whether from corresponding members or from outsiders. These meetings are public, and generally very animated and interesting, if only for the variety of the faces and the distinction of their owners. As it was in Mesmer's time, so nowadays, every meeting of the Academy of Sciences begins in a confusion of greetings and conversational groups. M. Chevreul, the famous chemist, is invariably the first to sign the presence list, and the weather must be very severe indeed if the wonderful centenarian does not attend the meeting of his Academy. Vice-Admiral Paris, keeper of the Marine Museum in the Louvre, enters the room smiling and hearty, and immediately a score of hands are extended to shake the one hand which the fortunes of war have left the brave sea-



VICE-ADMIRAL PARIS SHAKING HANDS.

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man. Then follow the astronomers Janssen and Faye; Lesseps, who shakes hands with everybody; Freycinet, ex-Minister, learned in alchemy; and a score of others, each one eminent in his specialty. But, just as in Mesmer's time, each one



JETON DE PRÉSENCE—M. CHEVREUL SIGNING THE PRESENCE SHEET.

whose aspect and movements have given him the sobriquet of "the white mouse"; Pasteur, of microbe renown; Berthelot, seems to pay no attention to the official business of the séance; the president and the secretary read reports, but nobody

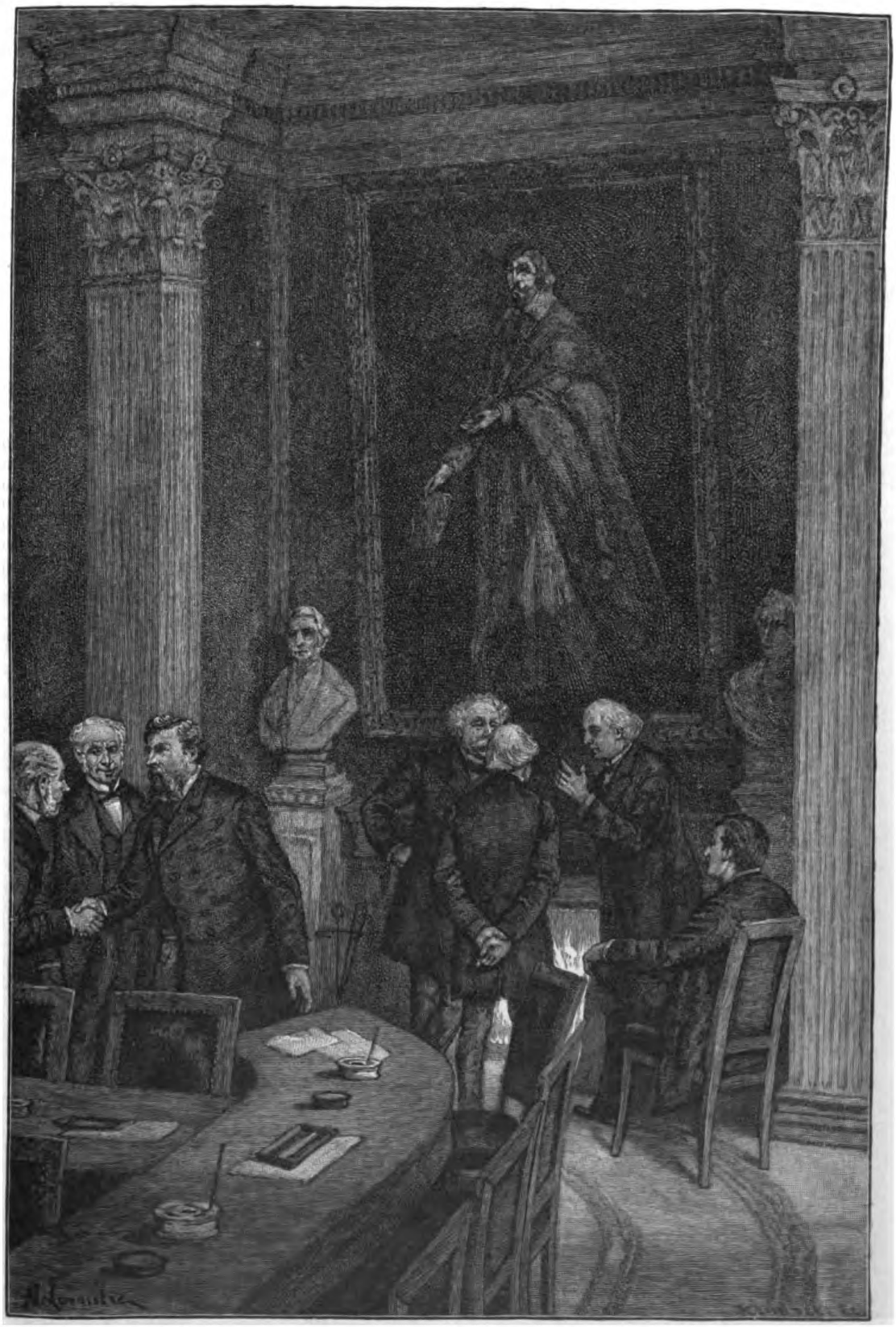
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seems to listen; this one is busy distributing his latest pamphlet; another one is writing letters with feverish haste; others are talking in groups; others are wandering round the labyrinthine tables and greeting their colleagues. On great occasions, of course, the aspect of the séance is different, and practical demonstrations, such, for instance, as Dr. Brown-Séquard's explanation of his apparatus for analyzing the air breathed by consumptive patients, will rivet the attention of the majority of the members present. But generally the sittings of the Academy of Sciences strike the visitor as rather incoherent and useless, and after vainly trying to follow the proceedings, he will finally amuse himself by observing the wonderful diversity of craniological formation which the heads of the distinguished company offer to his view.

At the meetings of this Academy there are seats set apart for the journalists who report the proceedings for the daily papers. Indeed, the newspaper men have been the cause of great transformations in the spirit and action of the Academy of Sciences; one may even say that the press has rendered many of its attributions antiquated and useless. When Arago first obtained the admission of the press to the sittings of this Academy, fifty years ago, and when the publication of a weekly Bulletin was begun about the same time, the Academy at once gained largely in notoriety, and acquired a wide-spread fame as an oracle; but at the same time the great publicity given to its acts enabled public opinion to criticise those acts with more or less competency, and to break down the barrier of respect which had hitherto surrounded the institution. The presence of the journalists interfered with free and unceremonious discussion; the publication of the press notices and of the weekly Bulletin and of the long articles of specialist journals has almost entirely put an end to the reports which used to be read on the works and memoirs submitted to the Academy. In the natural course of things the daily, and particularly the scientific, press has, so to speak, taken the bread out of the mouth of the Academy of Sciences; on the other hand, the publicity given to the proceedings has caused the results of scientific research to converge toward the Academy; but the Academy, although its opinions carry great weight, is no longer absolute judge of those results. Competent men disseminated over the surface of the earth are able to form their own opinion with the facts laid before them by the scientific press, and have no need to wait for the tardy publication of the costly and antiquated memoirs of the Academy. The correspondence of the Academy with native and foreign savants is likewise a superannuated legacy of the past. The press has rendered useless this system of correspondence, which had its *raison d'être* when Louis XIV. was King, when there were few scientists in the world, no periodicals, and no well-organized post-office system. Thus it appears that the actual labors of the Academy of Sciences have diminished greatly in importance in consequence of the national progress of things, and chiefly on account of the growth of the newspaper and specialist press. So far as concerns research, the Academy of the present day is not nearly so important a body as it was in the last century; its influence on the movement of science is exercised nowadays by the prizes that it gives, and by its elections, which are also in a way the recompense of scientific merit. The present rôle of the Academy of Sciences is to encourage talent and to absorb it. Indeed, the authority of the Academy depends not upon any traditional prestige, but upon its actually counting amongst its members all the distinguished French scientists of the day, all the men who are accomplishing great work in science. In the opinion of one of its most distinguished members, M. Berthelot, the Academy of Sciences, "if it no longer has the initiative of discoveries, at any rate presents a dike against charlatanism, and opens liberally its wide publicity to the works of French and foreign savants. It subsists with the majesty of an old institution, strong in the glory of its members and in the souvenir of the services that science has rendered and still renders every day to human societies."

The budget of the Academy of Sciences at the time of its foundation by Louis XIV. was 12,000 francs a year, which sum was devoted to making experiments, buying books, and paying various expenses. As for the members of the Academy, they figured on the King's pension list for annual allowances of from 800 to 2000 francs. On the same list of "*Pensions et gratifications accordées aux gens de lettres*" fig-

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Nisard. Doucet. Paillleron. Dumas. Legouvé. Leconte de Lisle. Coppée.

MEETING OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

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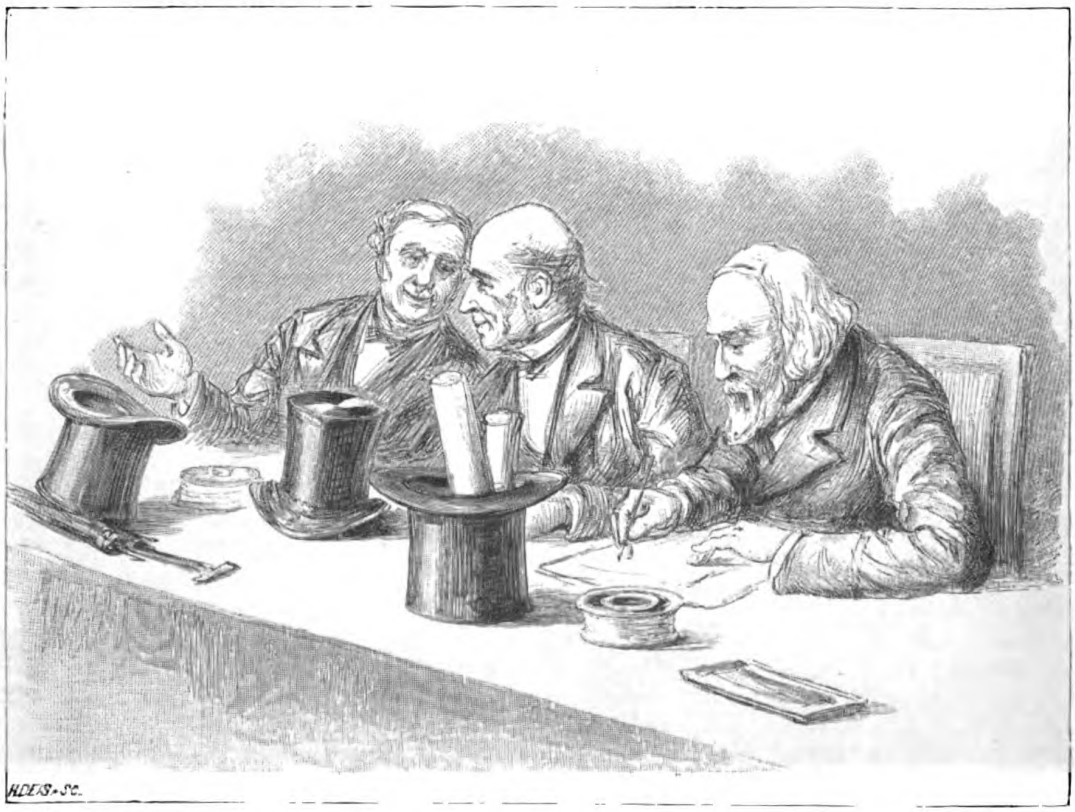
ured the names of Molière, 1000 livres a year, and Corneille, 2000 livres. In 1666 Louis XIV. spent 42,300 livres on pensions and gratifications given to native talent, and to "divers foreigners who excel in all kinds of sciences, whose merit his Majesty wished to recompense." During the last century the budget was considerably increased; the pensions of Academicians were regularized at the figures of 500, 1200, 1800, and 3000 livres; the system of "jetons de présence" was established; and in 1792 the budget of the Academy, pensions and all expenses included, reached the sum of 95,370 livres 10 sols.*

Each of the Academies forming the Institute of France holds weekly meetings in the Palais Mazarin, and once a year, on October 25th, the five Academies hold a public meeting in common. The Institute is under the supreme patronage of the Minister of Public Instruction, whose budget makes provision for the salary of members, for the presence fees, for prizes,

* At the present day the budget of the Academy of Sciences stands as follows:

	francs.
1. The members of the Academy are divided into the eleven sections which compose it, at the rate of six members per section; the Academy is therefore composed of sixty-six members and two perpetual secretaries; each of these members receives an annual indemnity of 1500 francs	99,000
2. Besides the titulary members, there exists, since 1816, a class of 10 free Academicians, who receive no indemnity except the presence fee, or "jeton de présence." For each member this fee is reckoned at an annual total of 300 francs	3,000
3. The indemnity paid to each of the perpetual secretaries is 6000 francs	12,000
4. The Academy receives for the publication of its Mémoires and of its Comptes Rendus a sum of	54,000
5. The publication of the *Mémoires des Savants étrangers* requires	14,000
6. The above publication enjoys at the Imprimerie Nationale for gratuitous printing a credit of	4,000
7. The budget provides for a prize of	3,000
The total budget of the Academy of Sciences in 1887 was	189,000

As regards clerks' work, the Academy of Sciences, like the other Academies, depends on the Secrétariat of the Institute, which is composed of a chief, five clerks, two ushers, and two servants, who divide between them about 30,000 francs a year. The above total of the budget of the Academy does not include its prize fund, which will be mentioned further on.



BROWN-SÉQUARD PREPARING HIS SPEECH, ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

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BROWN-SÉQUARD EXPLAINING AN EXPERIMENT AT THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

and for all the current and regular expenses of the five sections. Each of the Academies manages its own special property and funds through the intermediary of commissioners chosen amongst the members, and acting under the authority of the Minister of Public Instruction.

The Academic prizes form quite an important element in French literary and scientific life, because most of them are destined to encourage and reward researches and works of erudition which no author could undertake if he had to depend on the profits of his book alone. Then the Institute awards, every two years, a prize of 20,000 francs on the proposition of each of the five Academies alternately, so that in turn this prize will be given to a historian, a reader of hieroglyphics, a scientific man like Pasteur, or an artist like the sculptor Mercié. The Academy of Sciences awards every year nearly fifty prizes, representing a money value not far short of 200,000 francs. The Académie Française has thirty foundations, representing annually some 130,000 francs. The three other Academies dispose of prizes to the value of nearly 200,000 francs. Thus the prizes annually distributed by the five sections of the Institute exceed in total value half a million francs. To these existing foundations will eventually be added a part of the enormous revenues accruing from the domain of Chantilly, by which the prize fund will be probably doubled. It will be curious then to see what the members of the Institute will do with their money. The natural thing will be for them to ameliorate their own lot first of all by increasing their appointments, for evidently the management of such considerable funds and the task of awarding so many prizes will justify them in demanding more than their present salary, which is that of a century ago. This salary of members of the Institute, of whatever Academy or section, was fixed by the Conseil des Cinq-Cents by a law dated 19 Messidor, an IV. (7th July, 1796), and the same body determined the manner of payment, namely, 1200 francs by right and 300 francs by presence fees. These latter fees are lumped together in each class, and divided amongst those present only. In the different Academies this presence fee amounts nominally to about six and a half francs. At the Académie Française, for instance, if all the forty members were present, each one would receive this sum, but as all the members rarely attend at one time, the *jeton de présence* becomes worth more, thanks to the lumping together and division; finally, on wet days, in normal times, the presence fee will be worth as much as two napoleons, so few Academicians will come to share the spoil. I remember the only time I ever dined in company with Labiche—it was a Thursday in midwinter—that fa-

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VOTING AT THE INSTITUTE

mous comic writer was boasting that he had that afternoon braved snow and sleet to attend the weekly meeting of the Academy. "Tout de même, j'ai gagné mes quarante francs aujourd'hui," he said, gleefully.

Of all the sections of the Institute the Académie Française is the best known and the most popular: I had almost said the most fashionable, and the epithet would not be entirely misplaced, for the Academy plays a social rôle perhaps more prominent even than its literary rôle. The history of the Academy is too well known to need repeating. For our purpose it suffices to say that the old Academy founded by Richelieu perished with the throne of Louis XVI.; it was suppressed and destroyed like all the other Academies in 1793; but as soon as the National Convention had leisure to think of literature and the arts of peace, after the more imperious cares of the Reign of Terror and the proscriptions, aspiring to leave to posterity a durable and enlightened Republican régime, it founded the Institute in 1803 by these words:

"There is for the whole Republic a National Institute charged with centralizing discoveries and perfecting the arts and sciences."

Concerning the Academy particularly, the decree of the Convention says:

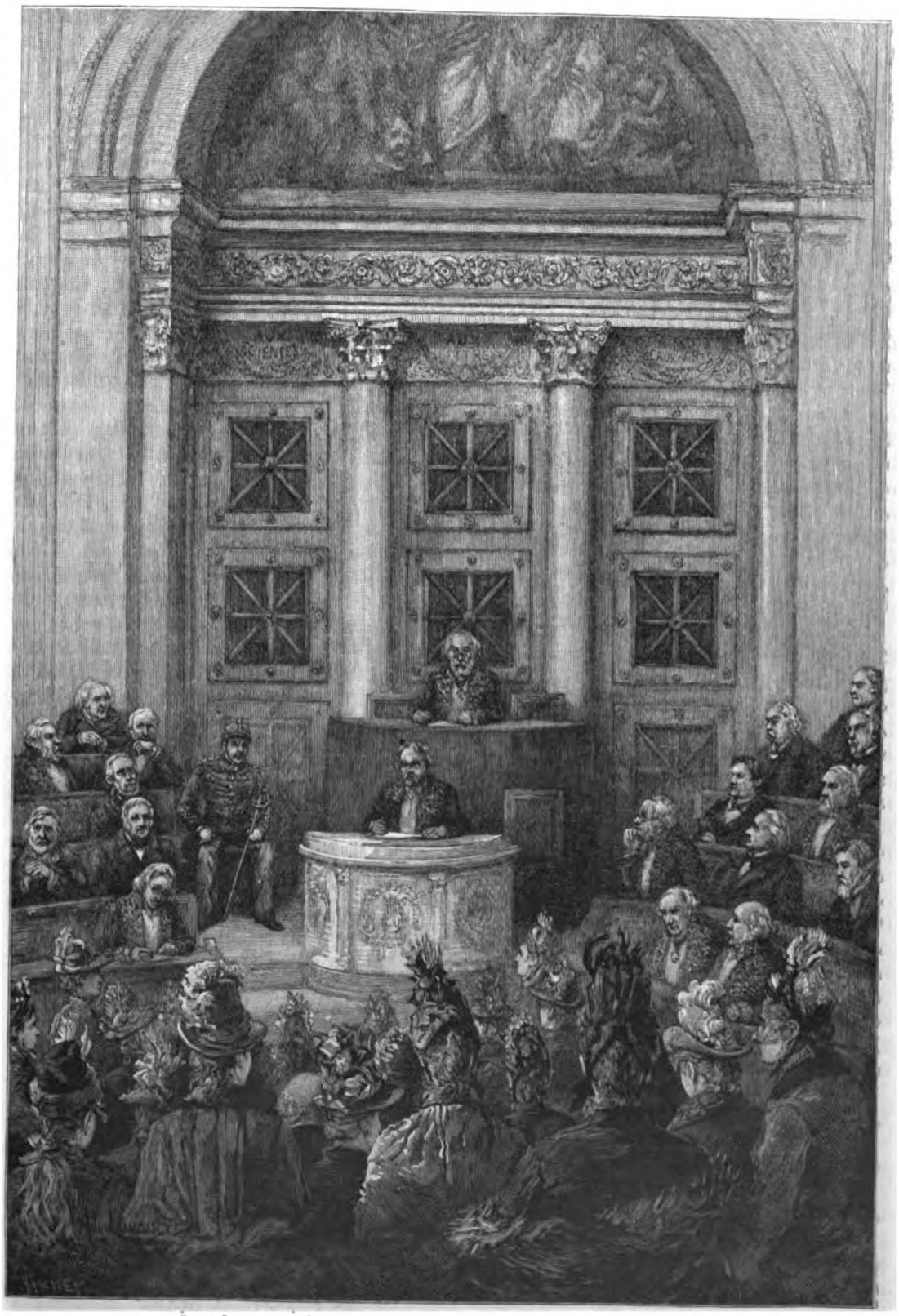
"It is especially charged with making a dictionary of the French tongue; as regards language, it shall examine important works of literature, history, and science. The collection of its critical observations shall be published at least four times a year."

The laws of the Academy are almost the same now as they were under the old régime. It is composed of forty members, whose officers are a director and a chancellor, who are elected for three months, and a secretary, elected for life, who bears the title of Perpetual Secretary. Its sittings take place every Thursday, and in May it holds a public sitting for the distribution of its prizes, on which the Perpetual Secretary reads an extended report. The Perpetual Secretary of the Academy, who is at present M. Camille Doucet, has great influence; he may, if he wishes, be virtual governor of the institution; for he never misses a séance, while the ordinary Academicians attend irregularly or absent themselves altogether in the summer. The Perpetual Secretary knows all the questions that will be submitted at a meeting; it is he who prepares them, who proposes them, and who, if he has tact, influences their solution by the way in which he colors them. He has the first and last word in all discussions; he is the guardian of the traditions of the Academy, which he may remember or forget, as he thinks proper; he draws up the minutes of the meetings; in the public séances he is the official mouth-piece of the company; his salon is the salon of the Academy itself; in brief, the Perpetual Secretary is the personification of the Academy.

So much for the organization and ideal programme of the Academy. Now let us come to the reality. The Academy does not publish critical observations on anything; and as for its historical dictionary of the French language, which was begun in 1852, and is still in preparation, M. Renan himself has publicly announced that it will be ready for issue in twelve hundred years only, according to the most moderate calculations.

Then what does the Academy do? It holds meetings, it distributes prizes, and

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PUBLIC MEETING OF THE FIVE ACADEMIES OF THE INSTITUTE, JOSEPH BERTRAND PRESIDING.

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M. HÉBERT, SCIENTIST.

fulfils its social duties. The Academy, it has been said, is the most select club in Paris, and around its fireplace may be heard some of the best talk of the day. The pity is that this talk can only be heard by members of the Academy. The echoes of it that reach the outer world are vague and distorted, and often calumnious; at least so we are told by the Academicians themselves, who are naturally jealous of the reputation and authority of their body.

But in what does this authority consist? Is the Academy the acknowledged guardian of the purity of the French tongue? Are its judgments in literature beyond appeal? Does the public pay heed to the sentences of the Forty? During the first quarter of the present century the authority of the Academy was uncontested. Traces of a polemical spirit begin to be manifested in its reports only toward 1824, when, having come to regard itself as an orthodox sanctuary, the Academy as a body denounced the new movement which was growing up under the vague and complex title of "romanticisme," or of the romanticist school. Members of the Academy in these circumstances made use of the ecclesiastical terms "orthodoxy," "sect," and "schism," and so began that long war between the classicists and the romanticists. Ever since, the Academy has held a conservative attitude full of suspicion toward novelty and audacity, accepting only after years of resistance reputations which the public has long acclaimed, and gradually abandoning its strictly literary composition in order to admit elements of purely conventional distinction. Politics, too, have played a certain rôle in the history of the Academy. Since the reorganization of the Institute in 1803, France has experienced six different governments, the Empire, the Restoration, the reign of Louis Philippe, the Republic of 1848, the Second Empire, and the present Republic. Of these the Academy seems to have preferred the first three; and even now that the Republic is so firmly fixed in France, the Academy still manifests Platonic leanings toward Orleanism, and a certain distrust and dislike of democracy. But this phenomenon will not excite astonishment when it is remembered that one of the most active and influential of Academic "whips" is the grandson of Madame de Staël, "his Impertinence," the Duc de Broglie, whose chief joy in life is to envelop every election in meshes of intrigue so fine and subtle that his Italian ancestors from their Elysian retreat must look down with pride and satisfaction at their Machiavelian successor. Since the failure of his *coup d'état* under Marshal Macmahon, the ambassador and conspirator of the early years of the Republic has been reduced to a condition of *strenua inertia;* but being a man of Italian suppleness and gayety, he consoles himself with society, gossip, and a certain dry taste for letters, and by listening to his



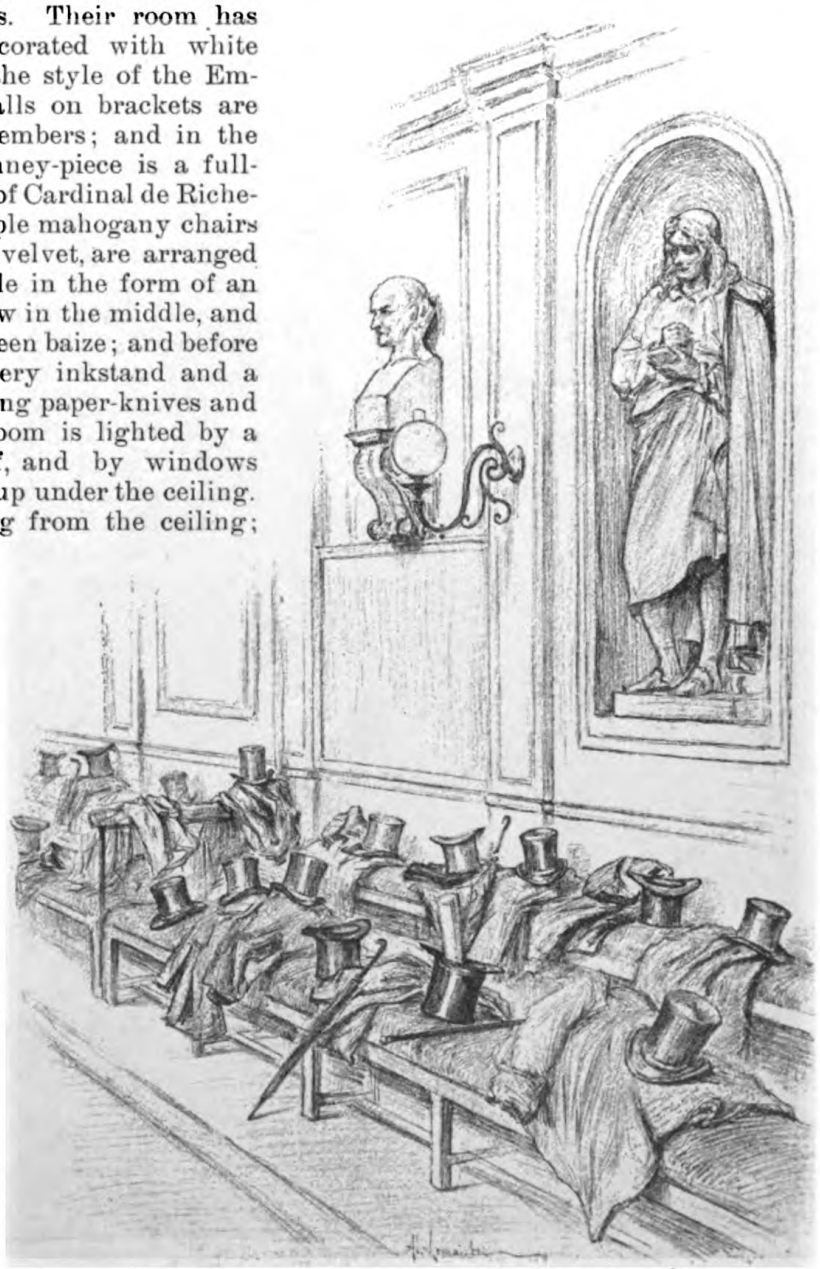
DR. CHARCOT.

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own grating, shrill, and spluttering voice in the salon of the Rue Solferino, over which presides the Princess Victor de Broglie, the dauphine of the house, the duke himself being a widower.

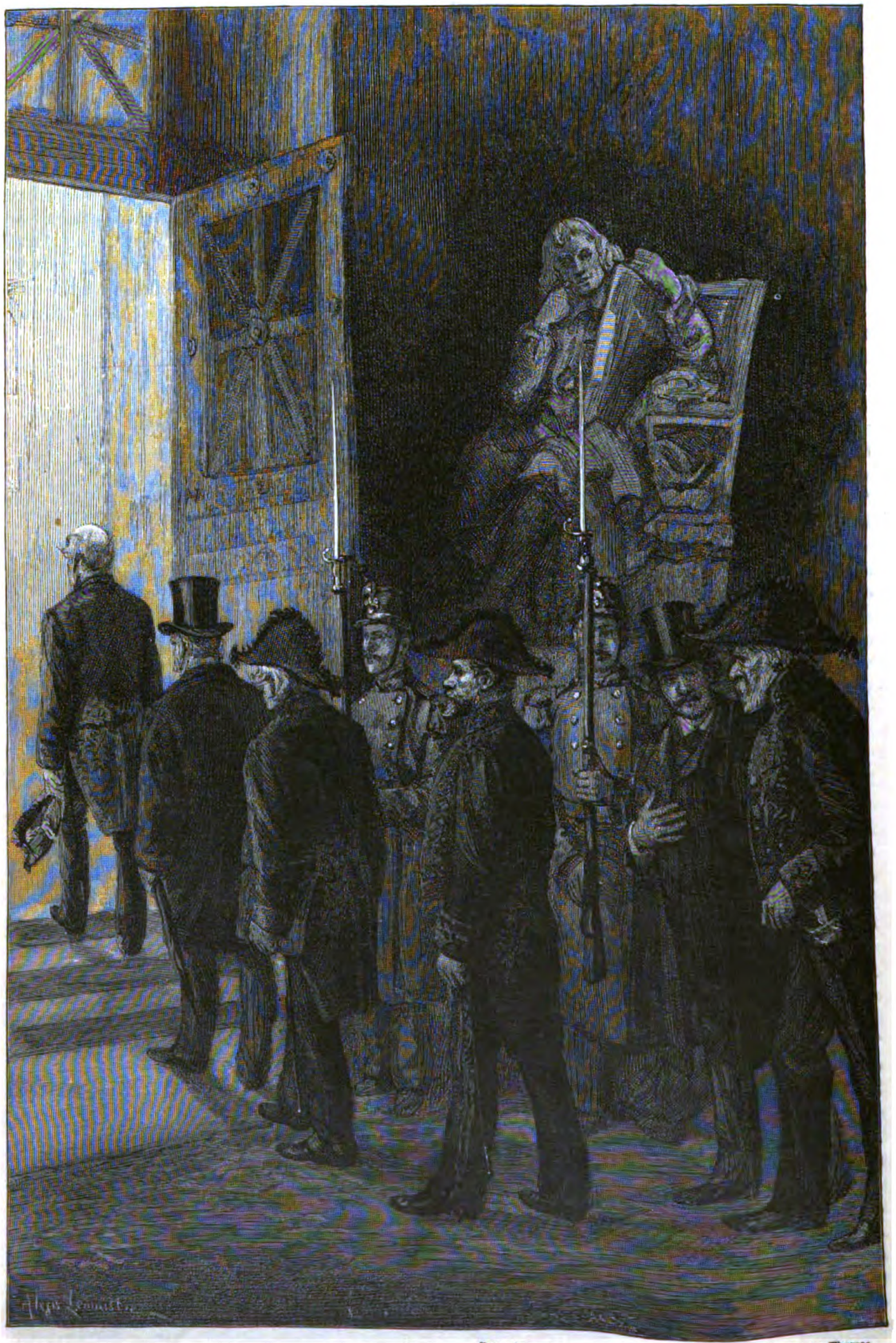
The French Academy holds two kinds of séances, the first for itself, the second for a privileged section of the public. The ordinary weekly meetings are held every Thursday, in a room on the first floor of the Institute building communicating with the larger room where the Academy of Sciences sits. As they go in, the forty immortals generally deposit their hats and coats on the benches of the Academy of Sciences. Their room has an arched roof, decorated with white stucco "rosaces" in the style of the Empire; around the walls on brackets are busts of deceased members; and in the recess over the chimney-piece is a full-length portrait in oil of Cardinal de Richelieu. The seats, simple mahogany chairs upholstered in black velvet, are arranged around a narrow table in the form of an elongated oval, hollow in the middle, and covered with faded green baize; and before each seat is a crockery inkstand and a wooden tray containing paper-knives and pen-holders. This room is lighted by a window in the roof, and by windows along one wall high up under the ceiling. Two gas lustres hang from the ceiling; but the Academicians, being old-fashioned and aristocratic, prefer candles, and in an adjoining closet the inquisitive visitor may see a green card-board box with an inscription in a clerkly hand, "Chandeliers," and on opening the box he will find it full of silver candlesticks. This is all that an outsider can say about the ordinary meetings of the Academy, for they are secret and mysterious, and all the information that the best reporter can obtain may be summed up in the stereotyped paragraph: "The French Academy held its usual weekly meeting yesterday afternoon. Messieurs X., Y., and Z. were present. *Ces messieurs* worked at the Dictionary."

The public meetings of the Académie Française are held three or four times a year, on the occasions of the reception of new members, and of the spring distribution of prizes, whether for literary merit or for impecunious virtue. On these gala-days the Dictionary is hidden away. Many of the Academicians don their embroidered uniforms, which they them-



THE HATS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

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Bonnat. Massenet. Ambroise Thomas.

L'ENTRÉE DES ARTISTES.

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selves irreverently call "wearing parsley," gird on their little swords with mother-of-pearl handles, have their hair nicely combed and curled, and prepare to withstand the scrutiny of a fair and fashionable audience. The meeting is held in what was formerly the chapel of the Collége des Quatre Nations, a very small amphitheatre with tribunes and galleries —altogether a most primitive, incommodious, and chilly place, the general aspect of which reminds one strongly of a mausoleum.

If you are a simple mortal without influence or protection, you will be able at best to obtain only an unnumbered ticket for a gallery; and in order to get a decent place you will have to stand outside for hours, awaiting the opening of the doors; and then, when the fatal moment comes, you will make a rush for the front seats at the risk of breaking your neck in the dark staircase. Whenever a reception excites especial curiosity the *queue* at the doors of the Institute begins to form at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, although the doors are not opened until one o'clock. Many send their servants, or hire commissioners, to keep a place in the *queue*, which they themselves come and occupy in time to join in the rush. It would be easy, of course, to avoid this cruel *queue* by numbering all the places in the room, and by giving only just so many tickets as there are places; but the tradition of the Institute is opposed to such a change. If, on the other hand, you are fortunate enough to enjoy the esteem of Pingard, the factotum of the Institute, or if you are acquainted with a member of the Academy, you will receive a ticket for the amphitheatre or hemicycle, in which case you may lunch at leisure, see all the fun, and enter the room at the last moment, through what we may call the *entrée des artistes*, with the ambassadors and the blue-stockings of the first grade. In the court-yard of the Institute the carriages arrive and deposit Academicians and fine ladies at the foot of the mossy old steps; there are greetings and bowings and silvery feminine laughs; the vestibule fills with celebrities of both sexes, who crowd the infantry soldiers drawn up in line at the foot of the statues, and ready to present arms when the big dignitaries of the Academy arrive; amongst the privileged are some who have come to a reception for the first time, and who linger to admire the fine statues that are hidden away in the dark corners of this long and cobwebby antechamber, La Fontaine, Molière, Corneille, d'Alembert, Napoleon in his imperial robes, and Montaigne in no robe at all.

An usher with a silver chain round his neck discreetly opens a door, you descend a few carpet-covered stairs, and behold you are beneath the dome of the Institute, and Pingard, with insinuating gestures, invites you to sit on a very narrow bench.

The light striking down from the windows in the drum of the cupola is pale and cold; the atmosphere is slightly charged with suave perfumes of heliotrope, iris, and Spanish leather; there is a perpetual frou-frou of feminine vestures and a whispering of indistinct conversations. Everybody seems penetrated with respect. You examine the room. How chilling and severe! The very statues of Bossuet, Fénelon, Descartes, and Sully seem to be shivering in their niches. And that little curly-headed bust high up on one wall facing the bureau, with the inscription, "À la vertu," why is it there? And those three doors over which are written the words, "Sciences, Lettres, Arts," are we to attach any significance to the fact that the central door, the door of "Lettres," is barred by the bureau of the Academy, and therefore inexorably and inevitably closed?

Half the amphitheatre reserved for the members of the Institute is deserted and silent, for these great men are still gossiping in the court-yard; the other half is occupied by a worldling and literary public, in which the women predominate. As you look around you see nothing but pretty faces, pretty hats, pretty smiles, waving fans, opera-glasses raised to recognize a friend, and lowered to acknowledge a salute. Everybody knows everybody, at least by sight. Here is the famous blue-stocking and poetess Madame A., and the celebrated novelist Madame B., who will never be allowed to enter Paradise even if they become as mighty geniuses as George Sand, who, by-the-way, held that the Academy is a remnant of literary feudalism, useless both for men and women alike. Here are the society ladies who receive Academicians—Madame Buloz, whose salon is that of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the traditional vestibule of the Institute; the Mar-

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quise de Blocqueville, in whose old-world rooms on the Quai Malaquais the Academicians invariably go to take tea after their weekly sittings; the Comtesse Potocka, who has an Academic lunch party on Sundays; and Madame Aubernon, who rules conversation with a silver bell, against which even M. Renan does not venture to rebel. Hence the story that in the course of one of these Academic dinners, while some other celebrity was speaking, M. Renan made as if he would utter articulate sounds, but the hostess promptly suppressed him. Then when his turn came round Madame Aubernon tinkled her bell and gave M. Renan leave to speak. "Alas, madame," replied the great sceptic, "it is too late; I wished to ask for a second helping of spinach."

Here and there are novelists, poets, dramatists who are paying court to the Academy, and hoping to get elected one of these days. Here is B., who has just had a feeble novel jobbed into the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. B. has married a rich and pretty wife with a view to opening an Academic salon, and so achieving immortality. His pretty wife is beside him in a delicious toilet, specially created for the occasion by that great artist Epinglard. She is particularly gracious to Z., who has written a few witty pieces, and who, being rich and an epicure, is "running for" the Academy on the strength of his good dinners. Z. is a rival who must be conciliated. Next to Z. are some pretty American girls, whose piquant beauty and vivacious talk have won them the protection of the belle Madame P., who also receives Academicians at dinner, and talks literature with an awkwardness as charming as the natural *gaucherie* with which women play at billiards. Madame P. is conspicuous with her royal blue velvet robe, but she is not dressed with such good taste as her neighbor Mlle. R., of the Comédie Française, who happens to be sitting near two equally obese and famous men, Blowitz, the correspondent of the *Times*, and Sarcey, the dramatic critic. Sarcey has been present at every Academic reception during the past twenty years, and in the evening he always delivers a public lecture on the event, and re-reads fragments of the reception speeches as he thinks they ought to be read.

But one o'clock strikes; a thrill of impatience runs through the audience; a movement is heard in the lobby. "*Presentez Arrrmes!*" The door opens, and the Academicians and various members of the Institute enter, the dignitaries passing first, clad in gala costume. There is a little tumult, some hand-shakings, a certain haste to find a seat, some salutations waved gracefully to certain great dames amongst the audience, which cranes its neck and seeks to recognize the immortals; and there is Dumas, looking handsome and haughty; there is Sardou, posing for a Holbein; Renan, whose features call to mind those of the regretted comedian Hyacinthe of the Palais Royal; Taine, whose obliquity of vision has helped him to take queer views of Napoleon and other historical characters; Gaston Boissier, the mellifluous cicerone of ancient Rome; John Lemoine, Jules Clarétie, and Édouard Hervé, who represent journalism; Leconte de Lisle, Coppée, and Sully Prudhomme, a trinity of poets; Augier, whom the indulgent call the modern Molière; Pailleron and Halévy, who personify the lighter stage; Jules Simon, Octave Feuillet, Camille Doucet, and Legouvé, who consider the Academy to be the centre of the universe, and nothing less than Paradise; Rousse, Duruy, Cherbuliez, Mgr. Perraud, de Lesseps, d'Haussonville, Mézières, and the other Academicians whose names the public can never remember.

But enough of the spectacle in the house and of the spectacle on the stage. Let us come to the ceremony of the reception itself. And here let it be remarked that the traditional "fauteuil" is an archæological snare; the members of the Academy and of the different sections of the Institute do not sit in arm-chairs, or even in chairs without arms; the only sitting accommodation they have consists of benches covered with faded green velvet. The Academic "fauteuil" is a fiction based on a fact. In the old Academy founded by Richelieu, Louis XIV. desired that the most perfect equality should reign between all the members, whatever their social rank or condition might be. For a long time the Academicians used to sit in simple chairs; but one day the old Cardinal d'Estrées, having asked for an easier seat, the King gave orders for forty arm-chairs exactly alike to be placed in the Academy, so that no member should be in any way distinguished from his colleagues. Such was the origin of the "fauteuil," the traditional symbol of the Aca-

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demic dignity. So then we will suppose that the immortals and the other members of the Institute have settled themselves on the benches. In the centre of the hemicycle is the bureau of the Academy, the director and his assessors, the perpetual secretary, M. Camille Doucet, the récipiendaire, or victim, and his two sponsors, all clad in strange attire, embroidered with brilliant green leaves, and carrying cocked hats and innocuous swords, according to the model devised by Napoleon I.

The sitting having been opened, the "récipiendaire" rises and reads a eulogy of his deceased predecessor, which lasts about an hour, but which he has taken a year to prepare. Then the Academician charged with receiving the new-comer rises in his turn, and during another hour says disagreeable things to him, always in the politest terms. Verily the art of bitter insinuations and perfidious euphemism has been brought to a high pitch of perfection beneath the cupola of the Institute.

At about three o'clock the ceremony is over. The court-yard of the Institute and the Quai Conti present a gay and animated appearance. Some of the Academicians go away on foot, others in cabs, others in smart coupés, while the heroes and the orators of the séance are surrounded by groups of charming ladies, who congratulate them and invite them to dinner; for a new Academician is always overwhelmed with invitations—a fact which caused Labiche to say, after he had been elected and received at the Academy, "Tiens! je ne savais pas qu'on était nourri" (I did not know that we were boarded into the bargain).

Such, in its main outlines, is the aspect of a reception at the French Academy. So far as concerns the public and the actors, the annual public meeting of the Academy, held in May, is much the same; the programme, however, is more varied.

We may safely say, I think, that the Anglo-Saxon regards with considerable respect the Institute of France and its best-known section, the French Academy. In their heart of hearts the French themselves respect it too, but nevertheless they have persisted in scoffing at it ever since its foundation. Saint-Evremond began the game with his comedy *The Académiciens*, and since then the fire of epigrams has never ceased except during the Revolution, when the target was suppressed.

On the other hand, Sainte-Beuve in his correspondence depicts the true man of letters as pursuing his career "with love and dignity, with happiness in producing, with respect for the masters, welcome for the young, and friendly intimacy with his equals, and so arriving at the honors of the profession, that is to say, the Institute." But the trouble is that a Frenchman can rarely enter the doors of the Institute, or, at any rate, of the French Academy, without sacrificing something of his independence. When the poet François Coppée was elected to the Academy he was obliged to give up his weekly theatrical article in *La Patrie* newspaper in order to avoid criticising the works of his colleagues of the Académie—Augier, Dumas, Sardou, Pailleron, and Labiche. Auguste Vacquerie has repeatedly refused to become a candidate at the Academy, although his election was certain: he will not sacrifice one atom of his independence of thought and of pen. The same is the case with Alphonse Daudet and half a dozen other distinguished French writers, who will never become members of the French Academy so long as its organization remains what it is. "The Academy," said Sainte-Beuve, in a private conversation, "is horribly afraid of Bohemians. If the Academicians have not seen a man in their salons, they will not have anything to do with him. They dread him. He is not a man of their sphere." It was for social and sartorial reasons of this nature that the Academy des Beaux-Arts refused to have anything to do with the sculptor Rude. One of the reasons which the French Academy alleged for refusing Balzac was that he had debts; and Alfred de Musset was for a long time kept waiting at the door because his cravats were not tied as correctly as the Academicians desired. The great Dumas was rejected because he had collaborators, although the same fact had not stood in the way of Monsieur Scribe; Baudelaire and Flaubert were pronounced ineligible because their books had no immediate moral utility; and the only reason found for not encouraging Gautier was that he had long and abundant hair, whereas a perfect Academician ought to be baldish at least. Indeed there is a good deal of truth in the paradoxical definition of the Academy as the most exclusive club in Paris, a place where fine manners and courtly bearing enable a man to shine

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with more brilliancy than talent and originality.

When the old Academy was first founded it was not necessary for candidates for election to solicit the suffrages of the body; but one Armand d'Andilly having been elected, and having declined the honor, it was decided that in future, in order to avoid a similar humiliation, none should be elected unless he had solicited election. This rule was maintained when the present Academy was founded;* and now every man who considers himself distinguished enough to merit immortality is obliged to put on his hat, coat, and gloves, hire a cab by the hour, and go from house to house to make thirty-nine, thirty-eight, or thirty-seven visits, according to the number of Academicians who have died in the course of the year.

During its existence of 250 years the French Academy, the old and the new, has numbered many illustrious Frenchmen in its ranks; but there has always been an imaginary forty-first arm-chair in which public opinion has seated an illustrious victim of the neglect or caprice of the occupants of the forty real arm-chairs, or some independent spirit who could not force himself to solicit the honor of admission. The occupants to whom public opinion has attributed this imaginary arm-chair have been Descartes, Pascal, Scarron, Molière, Jean Baptiste Rousseau, Bayle, Saint-Simon, Regnard, La Rochefoucauld, Le Sage, the Abbé Prévost, Vauvenargues, Piron, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Diderot, Joseph De Maistre, Mirabeau, Beaumarchais, André Chénier, Rivarol, Paul Louis Courier, Lamennais, Stendhal, Louis Veuillot, Michelet, Balzac, Théophile Gautier, Alexandre Dumas the elder, and amongst the living Edmond de Goncourt, Alphonse Daudet, and Théodore de Banville.

An establishment like the Institute of France, with its various Academies, it is said, has no practical use; all the branches of art and science which it was destined to protect have become emancipated, the painters and sculptors were the last to shake off the trammels of state protection and the rule of the Institute; now all work freely. The Institute is a grand relic of the past, ornamental, if you please to find it so, and capable of conferring honor, provided it does not set itself in opposition to the life and youth of the country. So say the innovators.

On the other hand, whatever may be her taste and desire for liberty, France is a country where authority does not displease when it has the prestige of antiquity and form. The authority of the various Academies of the Institute is exercised in an almost entirely honorary and remuneratory measure which can scarcely give permanent umbrage. Then, again, the Institute, by the gift of Chantilly, is destined to become very rich, and riches may induce the most independent spirits to bow the knee. Nevertheless, come what may, the conditions of modern intellectual life are such that no institute and no academy can confer such honor as simple and spontaneous public opinion. Nobody desires to demolish the Institute; but it is more than doubtful if modern democracy would think of creating an institute if one had not already been conceived and established.

* In modern times Thiers is the only exception to this rule. Being in 1833 Minister of the Interior, and in the full glory of his political career, the author of the *Histoire de la Révolution* abstained from all visits, and simply charged his friends with informing the Academy of the honor that he was disposed to show that body by allowing himself to be elected.

COMMENTS ON CANADA.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

I.

THE area of the Dominion of Canada is larger than that of the United States, excluding Alaska. It is fair, however, in the comparison, to add Alaska, for Canada has in its domain enough arctic and practically uninhabitable land to offset Alaska. Excluding the boundary great lakes and rivers, Canada has 3,470,257 square miles of territory, or more than one-third of the entire British Empire; the United States has 3,026,494 square miles, or, adding Alaska (577,390), 3,603,884 square miles. From the eastern limit of the maritime provinces to Vancouver Island the distance is over three thousand five hundred miles. This whole distance is settled, but a considerable por-

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tion of it only by a thin skirmish line. I have seen a map, colored according to the maker's idea of fertility, on which Canada appears little more than a green flush along the northern boundary of the United States. With a territory equal to our own, Canada has the population of the single State of New York—about five millions.

Most of Canada lies north of the limit that was reckoned agreeably habitable before it was discovered that climate depends largely on altitude, and that the isothermal lines and the lines of latitude do not coincide. The division between the two countries is, however, mainly a natural one, on a divide sloping one way to the arctic regions, the other way to the tropics. It would seem better map-making to us if our line followed the northern mountains of Maine and included New Brunswick and the other maritime provinces. But it would seem a better rectification to Canadians if their line included Maine with the harbor of Portland, and dipped down in the Northwest so as to take in the Red River of the North and all the waters discharging into Hudson's Bay.

The great bulk of Canada is on the arctic slope. When we pass the highlands of New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York we fall away into a wide champaign country. The only break in this is the Laurentian granite mountains, north of the St. Lawrence, the oldest land above water, now degraded into hills of from 1500 to 2000 feet in height. The central mass of Canada consists of three great basins: that portion of the St. Lawrence in the Dominion, 460,000 square miles; the Hudson's Bay, 2,000,000 square miles; the Mackenzie, 550,000 square miles. That is to say, of the 3,470,257 square miles of the area of Canada, 3,010,000 have a northern slope.

This decrease in altitude from our northern boundary makes Canada a possible nation. The Rocky Mountains fall away north into the Mackenzie plain. The highest altitude attained by the Union Pacific Railroad is 8240 feet; the highest of the Canadian Pacific is 5296; and a line of railway still further north, from the North Saskatchewan region, can, and doubtless some time will, reach the Pacific without any obstruction by the Rockies and the Selkirks. In estimating, therefore, the capacity of Canada for sustaining a large population we have to remember that the greater portion of it is but little above the sea-level; that the climate of the interior is modified by vast bodies of water; that the maximum summer heat of Montreal and Quebec exceeds that of New York; and that there is a vast region east of the Rockies and north of the Canadian Pacific Railway, not only the plains drained by the two branches of the Saskatchewan, but by the Peace River still further north, which have a fair share of summer weather, and winters much milder than are enjoyed in our Territories further south but higher in altitude. The summers of this vast region are by all reports most agreeable, warm days and refreshing nights, with a stimulating atmosphere; winters with little snow, and usually bright and pleasant, occasional falls of the thermometer for two or three days to arctic temperature, but as certain a recovery to mildness by the "Chinook" or Pacific winds. It is estimated that the plains of the Saskatchewan—500,000 square miles—are capable of sustaining a population of thirty millions. But nature there must call forth a good deal of human energy and endurance. There is no doubt that frosts are liable to come very late in the spring and very early in the autumn; that persistent winds are hostile to the growth of trees; and that varieties of hardy cereals and fruits must be selected for success in agriculture and horticulture. The winters are exceedingly severe on all the prairies east of Winnipeg, and westward on the Canadian Pacific as far as Medicine Hat, the crossing of the South Saskatchewan. Heavy items in the cost of living there must always be fuel, warm clothing, and solid houses. Fortunately the region has an abundance of lignite and extensive fields of easily workable coal.

Canada is really two countries, separated from each other by the vast rocky wilderness between the lakes and James Bay. For a thousand miles west of Ottawa, till the Manitoba prairie is reached, the traveller on the line of the railway sees little but granite rock and stunted balsams, larches, and poplars—a dreary region impossible to attract settlers. Copper and other minerals there are; and in the region north of Lake Superior there is no doubt timber, and arable land is spoken of; but the country is really unknown. Portions of this land, like that

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about Lake Nipigon, offer attractions to sportsmen. Lake navigation is impracticable about four months in the year, so that Canada seems to depend for political and commercial unity upon a telegraph wire and two steel rails running a thousand miles through a region where local traffic is at present insignificant.

The present government of Canada is an evolution on British lines, modified by the example of the republic of the United States. In form the resemblances are striking to the United States, but underneath, the differences are radical. There is a supreme federal government, comprehending a union of provinces, each having its local government. But the union in the two countries was brought about in a different way, and the restrictive powers have a different origin. In the one, power descends from the crown; in the other, it originates with the people. In the Dominion government all the powers not delegated to the provinces are held by the federal government. In the United States, all the powers not delegated to the federal government by the States are held by the States. In the United States, delegates from the colonies, specially elected for the purpose, met to put in shape a union already a necessity of the internal and external situation. And the union expressed in the Constitution was accepted by the popular vote in each State. In the provinces of Canada there was a long and successful struggle for responsible government. The first union was of the two Canadas, in 1840; that is, of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada — Ontario and Quebec—with Parliaments sitting sometimes in Quebec and sometimes in Toronto, and at last in Ottawa, a site selected by the Queen. This government was carried on with increasing friction. There is not space here to sketch the politics of this epoch. Many causes contributed to this friction, but the leading ones were the antagonism of French and English ideas, the superior advance in wealth and population of Ontario over Quebec, and the resistance of what was called French domination. At length, in 1863–4, the two parties, the Conservatives and the Liberals (or, in the political nomenclature of the day, the "Tories" and the "Grits"—*i. e.*, those of "clear grit"), were so evenly divided that a deadlock occurred, neither was able to carry on the government, and a coalition ministry was formed. Then the subject of colonial confederation was actively agitated. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick contemplated a legislative union of the maritime provinces, and a conference was called at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in the summer of 1864. Having in view a more comprehensive union, the Canadian government sought and obtained admission to this conference, which was soon swallowed up in a larger scheme, and a conference of all the colonies was appointed to be held at Quebec in October. Delegates, thirty-three in number, were present from all the provinces, probably sent by the respective legislatures or governments, for I find no note of a popular election. The result of this conference was the adoption of resolutions as a basis of an act of confederation. The Canadian Parliament adopted this scheme after a protracted debate. But the maritime provinces stood out. Meantime the civil war in the United States, the Fenian invasion, and the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty fostered a spirit of Canadian nationality, and discouraged whatever feeling existed for annexation to the United States. The colonies, therefore, with more or less willingness, came into the plan, and in 1867 the English Parliament passed the British North American Act, which is the charter of the Dominion. It established the union of the provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and provided for the admission to the union of the other parts of British North America; that is, Prince Edward Island, the Hudson Bay Territory, British Columbia, and Newfoundland, with its dependency Labrador. Nova Scotia was, however, still dissatisfied with the terms of the union, and was only reconciled on the granting of additional annual subsidies.

In 1868, by act of the British Parliament, the Hudson's Bay Company surrendered to the crown its territorial rights over the vast region it controlled, in consideration of £300,000 sterling, grants of land around its trading posts to the extent of fifty thousand acres in all, and one-twentieth of all the fertile land south of the north branch of the Saskatchewan, retaining its privileges of trade, without its exclusive monopoly. The attempt of the Dominion government to take possession of this northwest territory (Mani-

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toba was created a province July 15, 1870) was met by the rising of the squatters and half-breeds under Louis Riel in 1869–70. Riel formed a provisional government, and proceeded with a high hand to banish persons and confiscate property, and put to death, on a drum-head court-martial, Thomas Scott, a Canadian militia officer. The murder of Scott provoked intense excitement throughout Canada, especially in Ontario. Colonel Garnet Wolseley's expedition to Fort Garry (now Winnipeg) followed, and the government authority was restored. Riel and his squatter confederates fled, and he was subsequently pardoned.

In 1871 British Columbia was admitted into the Dominion. In 1873 Prince Edward Island came in. The original act for establishing the province of Manitoba provided for a Lieutenant-Governor, a Legislative Council, and an elected Legislative Assembly. In 1876 Manitoba abolished the Council, and the government took its present form of a Lieutenant-Governor and one Assembly. By subsequent legislation of the Dominion the district of Keewatin was created out of the eastern portion of the northwest territory, under the jurisdiction of the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, *ex officio*. The territories of Assiniboin, Alberta, and Saskatchewan have been organized into a territory called the Northwest Territory, with a Lieutenant-Governor and Council, and a representative in Parliament, the capital being Regina. Outside of this territory, to the northward, lies Athabasca, of which the Lieutenant-Governor at Regina is *ex officio* ruler. Newfoundland still remains independent, although negotiations for union were revived in 1888. Some years ago overtures were made for taking in Jamaica to the union, and a delegation from that island visited Ottawa; but nothing came of the proposal. It was said that the Jamaica delegates thought the Dominion debt too large.

The Dominion of Canada, therefore, has a central government at Ottawa, and is composed of the provinces of Nova Scotia (including Cape Breton), New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the Northwest Territory.

It has been necessary to speak in this brief detail of the manner of the formation of the union in order to understand the politics of Canada. For there are radicals in the liberal party who still regard the union as forced and artificial, and say that the provinces outside of Ontario and Quebec were brought in only by the promise of local railways and the payment of large subsidies. And this idea more or less influences the opposition to the "strong government" at Ottawa. I do not say that the liberals oppose the formation of a "nation"; but they are critics of its methods, and array themselves for provincial rights as against federal consolidation.

The federal government consists of the Queen, the Senate, and the House of Commons. The Queen is represented by the Governor-General, who is paid by Canada a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. He has his personal staff, and is aided and advised by a council, called the Queen's Privy Council of Canada, thirteen members, constituting the ministry, who must be sustained by a Parliamentary majority. The English model is exactly followed. The Governor has nominally the power of veto, but his use of it is as much in abeyance as is the Queen's prerogative in regard to acts of Parliament. The premier is in fact the ruler, but his power depends upon possessing a majority in the House of Commons. This responsible government, therefore, more quickly responds to popular action than ours. The Senators are chosen for life, and are in fact appointed by the premier in power. The House of Commons is elected for five years, unless Parliament is sooner dissolved, and according to a ratio of population to correspond with the province of Quebec, which has always the fixed number of sixty-five members. The voter for members of Parliament must have certain property qualifications, as owner or tenant, or, in a city or town, earning three hundred dollars a year—qualifications so low as practically to exclude no one who is not an idler and a waif; the Indian may vote (though not in the territories), but the Mongolian or Chinese is excluded. Members of the House may be returned by any constituency in the Dominion without reference to residence. All bills affecting taxation or revenue must originate in the House, and be recommended by a message from the Governor-General. The government introduces bills, and takes the responsi-

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bility of them. The premier is leader of the House; there is also a recognized leader of the opposition. In case the government cannot command a majority it resigns, and the Governor-General forms a new cabinet. In theory, also, if the crown (represented by the Governor-General) should resort to the extreme exercise of its prerogative in refusing the advice of its ministers, the ministers must submit, or resign and give place to others.

The federal government has all powers not granted expressly to the provinces. In practice its jurisdiction extends over the public debt, expenditure, and public loans; treaties; customs and excise duties; trade and commerce; navigation, shipping, and fisheries; light-houses and harbors; the postal, naval, and military services; public statistics; monetary institutions, banks, banking, currency, coining (but all coining is done in England); insolvency; criminal law; marriage and divorce; public works, railways, and canals.

The provinces have no militia; that all belongs to the Dominion. Marriage is solemnized according to provincial regulations, but the power of divorce exists nowhere in Canada except in the federal Parliament. Criminal law is one all over the Dominion, but there is no law against adultery or incest. The British Act contains no provision analogous to that in the Constitution of the United States which forbids any State to pass a law impairing the obligation of contracts —a serious defect.

The federal government has a Supreme Court, consisting of a chief-justice and five puisne judges, which has original jurisdiction in civil suits involving the validity of Dominion and provincial acts, and appellate in appeals from the provincial courts. The federal government appoints and pays the judges of the Superior, District, and County courts of the provinces; but the provinces may constitute, maintain, and organize provincial courts, civil and criminal, including procedure in civil matters in those courts. But as the provinces cannot appoint any judicial officer above the rank of magistrate, it may happen that a constituted court may be inoperative for want of a judge. This is one of the points of friction between the federal and provincial authorities, and in the fall of 1888 it led to the trouble in Quebec, when the Ottawa cabinet disallowed the appointment of two provincial judges made by the Quebec premier.

The Dominion has another power unknown to our Constitution; that is, disallowance or veto of provincial acts. This power is regarded with great jealousy by the provinces. It is claimed by one party that it should only be exercised on the ground of unconstitutionality; by the other, that it may be exercised in the interest of the Dominion generally. As a matter of fact it has been sometimes exercised in cases that the special province felt to be an interference with its rights.

Another cause of friction, aggravated by the power of disallowance, has arisen from conflict in jurisdiction as to railways. Both the Dominion and the provinces may charter and build railways. But the British Act forbids the province to legislate as to lines of steam or other ships, railways, canals, and telegraphs connecting the province with any other province, or extending beyond its limits, or any such work actually within the limits which the Canadian Parliament may declare for the general advantage of Canada; that is, declare it a Dominion work. A promoter, therefore, cannot tell with any certainty what a charter is worth, or who will have jurisdiction over it. The trouble in Manitoba in the fall of 1888 between the province and the Canadian Pacific road (which is a Dominion road in the meaning of the Act) could scarcely have arisen if the definition of Dominion and provincial rights had been clearer.

But a more serious cause of weakness to the provinces and embarrassment to the Dominion is in the provincial subsidies. When the present confederation was formed the Dominion took on the provincial debts up to a certain amount. It also agreed to pay annually to each province, in half-yearly payments, a subsidy. By the British Act this annual payment was $80,000 to Ontario, $70,000 to Quebec, $60,000 to Nova Scotia, $50,000 to New Brunswick, with something additional to the last two. In 1886–7 the subsidies paid to all the provinces amounted to $4,169,341. This is as if the United States should undertake to raise a fixed revenue to distribute among the States—a proceeding alien to our ideas of the true function of the general government, and certain to lead to State demoralization, and tending directly to undermine its

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self-support and dignity. It is an idea quite foreign to the conception of political economy, that it is best for people to earn what they spend, and only spend what they earn. This subsidy under the act was a grant equal to eighty cents a head of the population. Besides this there is given to each province an annual allowance for government; also an annual allowance of interest on the amount of debt allowed where the province has not reached the limit of the authorized debt. It is the theory of the federal government that in taking on these pecuniary burdens of the provinces they will individually feel them less, and that if money is to be raised the Dominion can procure it on more favorable terms than the provinces. The system, nevertheless, seems vicious to our apprehension, for nothing is clearer to us than that neither the State nor the general welfare would be promoted if the States were pensioners of the general government.

The provinces are miniature copies of the Dominion government. Each has a Lieutenant-Governor, who is appointed by the Ottawa Governor-General and ministry (that is, in fact, by the premier), whose salary is paid by the Dominion Parliament. In theory he represents the crown, and is above parties. He forms his cabinet out of the party in majority in the elective Assembly. Each province has an elective Assembly, and most of them have two Houses, one of which is a Senate appointed for life. The provincial cabinet has a premier, who is the leader of the House, and the opposition is represented by a recognized leader. The government is as responsible as the federal government. This organization of recognized and responsible leaders greatly facilitates the despatch of public business. Affairs are brought to a direct issue; and if the government cannot carry its measures, or a dead-lock occurs, the ministry is changed, or an appeal is had to the people. Canadian statesmen point to the want of responsibility in the conduct of public business in our House, and the dead-lock between the Senate and the House, as a state of things that needs a remedy.

The provinces retain possession of the public lands belonging to them at the time of confederation; Manitoba, which had none when it was created a province out of northwest territory, has since had a gift of swamp lands from the Dominion. Emigration and immigration are subjects of both federal and provincial legislation, but provincial laws must not conflict with federal laws.

The provinces appoint all officers for the administration of justice except judges, and are charged with the general administration of justice and the maintenance of civil and criminal courts; they control jails, prisons, and reformatories, but not the penitentiaries, to which convicts sentenced for over two years must be committed. They control also asylums and charitable institutions, all strictly municipal institutions, local works, the solemnization of marriage, property and civil rights, and shop, tavern, and other licenses. In regard to the latter, a conflict of jurisdiction arose on the passage in 1878 by the Canadian Parliament of a temperance act. The result of judicial and Privy Council decisions on this was to sustain the right of the Dominion to legislate on temperance, but to give to the provincial legislatures the right to deal with the subject of licenses for the sale of liquors. In the territories prohibition prevails under the federal statutes, modified by the right of the Lieutenant-Governor to grant special permits. The effect of the general law has been most salutary in excluding liquor from the Indians.

But the most important subject left to the provinces is education, over which they have exclusive control. What this means we shall see when we come to consider the provinces of Quebec and Ontario as illustrations.

Broadly stated, Canada has representative government by ministers responsible to the people, a federal government charged with the general good of the whole, and provincial governments attending to local interests. It differs widely from the English government in subjects remitted to the provincial legislatures and in the freedom of the municipalities, so that Canada has self-government comparable to that in the United States. Two striking limitations are that the provinces cannot keep a militia force, and that the provinces have no power of final legislation, every act being subject to Dominion revision and veto.

The two parties are arranged on general lines that we might expect from the organization of the central and the local governments. The conservative, which

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calls itself Liberal-Conservative, inclines to the consolidation and increase of federal power; the liberal (styled the "Grits") is what we would call a State-rights party. Curiously enough, while the Ottawa government is conservative, and the ministry of Sir John A. Macdonald is sustained by a handsome majority, all the provincial governments are at present liberal. The conservatives say that this is because the opinion of the country sustains the general conservative policy for the development of the Dominion, so that the same constituency will elect a conservative member to the Dominion House and a liberal member to the provincial House. The liberals say that this result in some cases is brought about by the manner in which the central government has arranged the voting districts for the central Parliament, which do not coincide with the provincial districts. There is no doubt some truth in this, but I believe that at present the sentiment of nationality is what sustains the conservative majority in the Ottawa government.

The general policy of the conservative government may fairly be described as one for the rapid development of the country. This leads it to desire more federal power, and there are some leading spirits who, although content with the present constitution, would not oppose a legislative union of all the provinces. The policy of "development" led the party to adopt the present moderate protective tariff. It led it to the building of railways, to the granting of subsidies, in money and in land, to railways, to the subsidizing of steam-ship lines, to the active stimulation of immigration by offering extraordinary inducements to settlers. Having a vast domain, sparsely settled, but capable of sustaining a population not less dense than that in the northern parts of Europe, the ambition of the conservative statesmen has been to open up the resources of the country and to plant a powerful nation. The liberal criticism of this programme I shall speak of later. At present it is sufficient to say that the tariff did stimulate and build up manufactories in cotton, leather, iron, including implements of agriculture, to the extent that they were more than able to supply the Canadian market. As an item, after the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty, the factories of Ontario were able successfully to compete with the United States in the supply of agricultural implements to the great Northwest, and in fact to take the market. I think it cannot be denied that the protective tariff did not only build up home industries, but did give an extraordinary stimulus to the general business of the Dominion.

Under this policy of development and subsidies the Dominion has been accumulating a debt, which now reaches something over $260,000,000. Before estimating the comparative size of this debt, the statistician wants to see whether this debt and the provincial debts together equal, per capita, the federal and State debts together of the United States. It is estimated by one authority that the public lands of the Dominion could pay the debt, and it is noted that it has mainly been made for railways, canals, and other permanent improvements, and not in offensive or defensive wars. The statistical record of 1887 estimates that the provincial debts added to the public debt give a per capita of $48 88. The same year the united debts of States and general government in the United States gave a per capita of $32, but, the municipal and county debts added, the per capita would be $55. If the unreported municipal debts in Canada were added, I suppose the per capita would somewhat exceed that in the United States.

Before glancing at the development and condition of Canada in confederation we will complete the official outline by a reference to the civil service and to the militia. The British government has withdrawn all the imperial troops from Canada except a small garrison at Halifax, and a naval establishment there and at Victoria. The Queen is commander-in-chief of all the military and naval forces in Canada, but the control of the same is in the Dominion Parliament. The general of the military force is a British officer. There are permanent corps and schools of instruction in various places, amounting in all to about 950 men, exclusive of officers, and the number is limited to 1000. There is a royal military school at Kingston, with about 80 cadets. The active militia, December 31, 1887, in all the provinces, the whole being under Dominion control, amounted to 38,152. The military expenditure that year was $1,281,255. The diminishing military pensions of that year amounted to $35,100. The reserve militia

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includes all the male inhabitants of the age of eighteen and under sixty. In 1887 the total active cavalry was under 2000.

The civil service is composed exclusively of Canadians. In the federal government and in the provinces there is an organized system; the federal system has been constantly amended, and is not yet free of recognized defects. The main points of excellence, more or less perfectly attained, may be stated to be a decent entrance examination for all, a special, strict, and particular examination for some who are to undertake technical duties, and a secure tenure of office. The federal act of 1886, which has since been amended in details, was not arrived at without many experiments and the accumulation of testimonies and diverse reports; and it did not follow exactly the majority report of 1881, but leaned too much, in the judgment of many, to the English system, the working of which has not been satisfactory. The main features of the act, omitting details, are these: The service has two divisions—first, deputy heads of departments and employés in the Ottawa departments; second, others than those employed in Ottawa departments, including customs officials, inland revenue officials, post-office inspectors, railway mail clerks, city postmasters, their assistants, clerks, and carriers, and inspector of penitentiaries. A board of three examiners is appointed by the Governor in council. All appointments shall be "during pleasure," and no persons shall be appointed or promoted to any place below that of deputy head unless he has passed the requisite examination and served the probationary term of six months; he must not be over thirty-five years old for appointment in Ottawa departments (this limit is not fixed for the "outside" appointments), nor under fifteen in a lower grade than third-class clerk, nor under eighteen in other cases. Appointees must be sound in health and of good character. Women are not appointed. A deputy head may be removed "on pleasure," but the reasons for the removal must be laid before both Houses of Parliament. Appointments may be made without reference to age on the report of the deputy head, on account of technical or professional qualifications or the public interest. City postmasters, and such officers as inspectors and collectors, may be appointed without examination or reference to the rules for promotion. Examinations are dispensed with in other special cases. Removals may be made by the Governor in council. Reports of all examinations and of the entire civil service list must be laid before Parliament each session. Amendments have been made to the law in the direction of relieving from examination on their promotion men who have been long in the service, and an amendment of last session omitted some examinations altogether.

It must be stated also that the service is not free from favoritism, and that influence is used, if not always necessary, to get in and to get on in it. The law has been gone around by means of the plea of "special qualifications," and this evasion has sometimes been considered a political necessity on account of service to a minister or to the party generally. I suppose that the party in power favors its own adherents. The competitive system of England has a mischievous effect in the encouragement of the examinations to direct studies toward a service which nine in ten of the applicants will never reach. This evil, of numbers qualified but not appointed, has grown so great in Canada that it has lately been ordered that there shall be only one examination in each year.

The federal pension system cannot be considered settled. A man may be superannuated at any time, but by custom, not law, he retires at the full age of sixty. While in service he pays a superannuation allowance of two and a half per cent. on his salary for thirty-five years; after that, no more. If he is superannuated after ten years' service, say, he gets one-fiftieth of his salary for each year. If he is not in fault in any way, government may add ten years more to his service, so as to give him a larger allowance. If a man serves the full term of thirty-five years he gets thirty-five fiftieths of his salary in pension. This pension system, recognized as essential to a good civil service, has this weakness. A man pays two and a half per cent. of his salary for twenty years. If the salary is $3000, his payments would have amounted to $1200, with interest, in that time. If he then dies, his widow gets only two months' salary as a solatium; all the rest is lost to her, and goes to the superannuation fund of the treasury. Or, a man is superannuated after thirty-five years; he has paid perhaps $2100, with

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interest; he draws, say, one year's superannuative allowance, and then dies. His family get nothing at all, not even the two months' salary they would have had if he had died in service. This is illogical and unjust. If the two and a half per cent. had been put into a life policy, the insurance being undertaken by the government, a decent sum would have been realized at death.

A civil service is also established in the provinces. That in Quebec is better organized than the federal; the government adds to the pension fund one-fourth of that retained from the salaries, and half pensions are extended to widows and children.

It will be seen that this pension is an essential part of the civil service system, and the method of it is at once a sort of insurance and a stimulation to faithful service. Good service is a constant inducement to retention, to promotion, and to increase of pension. The Canadians say that the systems work well both in the federal and provincial services, and in this respect, as well as in the matter of responsible government, they think their government superior to ours.

The policy of the Dominion government, when confederation had given it the form and territory of a great nation, was to develop this into reality and solidity by creating industries, building railways, and filling up the country with settlers. As to the means of carrying out this the two parties differed somewhat. The conservatives favored active stimulation to the extent of drawing on the future; the liberals favored what they call a more natural if a slower growth. To illustrate: the conservatives enacted a tariff, which was protective, to build up industries, which is now continued, in their view, as a necessity for raising the revenue needed for government expenses and for the development of the country. The liberals favored a low tariff, and in the main the principles of free-trade. It might be impertinence to attempt to say now whether the Canadian affiliations are with the Democratic or the Republican party in the United States, but it is historical to say that for the most part the Unionists had not the sympathy of the conservatives during our civil war, and that they had the sympathy of the liberals generally, and that the sympathy of the liberals continued with the Republican party down to the Presidential campaign of 1884. It seemed to the conservatives a necessity for the unity and growth of the Dominion to push railway construction. The liberals, if I understand their policy, opposed mortgaging the future, and would rather let railways spring from local action and local necessity throughout the Dominion. But whatever the policies of parties may be, the conservative government has promoted by subsidies of money and grants of land all the great so-called Dominion railways. The chief of these in national importance, because it crosses the continent, is the Canadian Pacific. In order that I might understand its relation to the development of the country, and have some comprehension of the extent of Canadian territory, I made the journey on this line—3000 miles—from Montreal to Vancouver.

The Canadians have contributed liberally to the promotion of railways. The Hand-book of 1886 says that $187,000,000 have been given by the governments (federal and provincial) and by the municipalities toward the construction of the 13,000 miles of railways within the Dominion. The same authority says that from 1881 to July, 1885, the federal government gave $74,500,000 to the Canadian Pacific. The conservatives like to note that the railway development corresponds with the political life of Sir John A. Macdonald, for upon his entrance upon political life in 1844 there were only fourteen miles of railway in operation.

The federal government began surveys for the Canadian Pacific road in 1871, a company was chartered the same year to build it, but no results followed. The government then began the construction itself, and built several disconnected sections. The present company was chartered in 1880. The Dominion government granted it a subsidy of $25,000,000 and 25,000,000 acres of land, and transferred to it, free of cost, 713 miles of railway which had been built by the government, at a cost of about $35,000,000. In November, 1885, considerably inside the time of contract, the road was finished to the Pacific, and in 1886 cars were running regularly its entire length. In point of time, and considering the substantial character of the road, it is a marvellous achievement. Subsequently, in order to obtain a line from Montreal to the maritime ports, a subsidy of $186,000

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per annum for a term of twenty years was granted to the Atlantic and Northwest Railway Company, which undertook to build or acquire a line from Montreal *vid* Sherbrooke, and across the State of Maine to St. John, St. Andrews, and Halifax. This is one of the leased lines of the Canadian Pacific, which finished it last December.

The main line, from Quebec to Montreal and Vancouver, is 3065 miles. The leased lines measure 2412 miles, one under construction 112, making a total mileage of 5589. Adding to this the lines in which the company's influence amounts to a control (including those on American soil to St. Paul and Chicago), the total mileage of the company is over 6500. The branch lines, built or acquired in Quebec, Ontario, and Manitoba, are all necessary feeders to the main line. The cost of the Canadian Pacific, including the line built by the government and acquired (not leased) lines, is: Cost of road, $170,689,629 51; equipment, $10,570,933 22; amount of deposit with government to guarantee three per cent. on capital stock until August 17, 1893, $10,310,954 75. Total, $191,571,517 48.

Without going into the financial statement, nor appending the leases and guarantees, any further than to note that the capital stock is $65,000,000 and the first mortgage bonds (five per cent.) are $34,999,633, it is only necessary to say that in the report the capital foots up $112,908,019. The total earnings for 1885 were $8,368,493; for 1886, $10,081,803; for 1887, $11,606,412, while the working expenses for 1887 were $8,102,294. The gross earnings for 1888 are about $14,000,000, and the net earnings about $4,000,000. These figures show the steady growth of business.

Being a Dominion road, and favored, the company had a monopoly in Manitoba for building roads south of their line and roads connecting with foreign lines. This monopoly was surrendered in 1887 upon agreement of the Dominion government to guarantee 3½ per cent. interest on $15,000,000 of the company's land grant bonds for fifty years. The company has paid its debt to the government, partly by surrender of a portion of its lands, and now absolutely owns its entire line free of government obligations. It has, however, a claim upon the government of something like six million dollars, now in litigation, on portions of the mountain sections of the road built by the government, which are not up to the standard guaranteed in the contract with the company.

The road was extended to the Pacific as a necessity of the national development, and the present government is convinced that it is worth to the country all it has cost. The liberals' criticism is that the government has spent a vast sum for what it can show no assets, and that it has enriched a private company instead of owning the road itself. The property is no doubt a good one, for the road is well built as to grades and road-bed, excellently equipped, and notwithstanding the heavy Lake Superior and mountain work, at a less cost than some roads that preceded it.

The full significance of this transcontinental line to Canada, Great Britain, and the United States will appear upon emphasizing the value of the line across the State of Maine to connect with St. John and Halifax; upon the fact that its western terminus is in regular steamer communication with Hong-Kong *vid* Yokohama; that the company is building new and swift steamers for this line, to which the British government has granted an annual subsidy of £60,000, and the Dominion one of $15,000; that a line will run from Vancouver to Australia; and that a part of this round-the-world route is to be a line of fast steamers between Halifax and England. The Canadian Pacific is England's shortest route to her Pacific colonies, and to Japan and China; and in case of a blockade in the Suez Canal it would become of the first importance for Australia and India. It is noted as significant by an enthusiast of the line that the first loaded train that passed over its entire length carried British naval stores transferred from Quebec to Vancouver, and that the first car of merchandise was a cargo of Jamaica sugar refined at Halifax and sent to British Columbia.

II.

We left Montreal, attached to the regular train, on the evening of September 22d. The company runs six through trains a week, omitting the despatch of a train on Sunday from each terminus. The time is six days and five nights. We travelled in the private car of Mr. T. G.

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Shaughnessy, the manager, who was on a tour of inspection, and took it leisurely, stopping at points of interest on the way. The weather was bad, rainy and cold, in Eastern Canada, as it was all over New England, and as it continued to be through September and October. During our absence there was snow both in Montreal and Quebec. We passed out of the rain into lovely weather north of Lake Superior. Encountered rain again at Winnipeg; but a hundred miles west of there, on the prairie, we were blessed with as delightful weather as the globe can furnish, which continued all through the remainder of the trip until our return to Montreal, October 12th. The climate just east of the Rocky Mountains was a little warmer than was needed for comfort (at the time Ontario and Quebec had snow), but the air was always pure and exhilarating; and all through the mountains we had the perfection of lovely days. On the Pacific it was still the dry season, though the autumn rains, which continue all winter, with scarcely any snow, were not far off. For mere physical pleasure of living and breathing, I know no atmosphere superior to that we encountered on the rolling lands east of the Rockies.

Between Ottawa and Winnipeg (from midnight of the 22d till the morning of the 25th) there is not much to interest the tourist, unless he is engaged in lumbering or mining. What we saw was mainly a monotonous wilderness of rocks and small poplars, though the country has agricultural capacities after leaving Rat Portage (north of Lake of the Woods), just before coming upon the Manitoba prairies. There were more new villages and greater crowds of people at the stations than I expected. From Sudbury the company runs a line to the Sault St. Marie to connect with lines it controls to Duluth and St. Paul. At Port Arthur and Fort William is evidence of great transportation activity, and all along the Lake Superior Division there are signs that the expectations of profitable business in lumber and minerals will be realized. At Port Arthur we strike the Western Division. On the Western, Mountain, and Pacific divisions the company has adopted the 24-hour system, by which A.M. and P.M. are abolished, and the hours from noon till midnight are counted as from 12 to 24 o'clock. For instance, the train reaches Eagle River at 24.55, Winnipeg at 9.30, and Brandon at 16.10.

At Winnipeg we come into the real Northwest, and a condition of soil, climate, and political development as different from eastern Canada as Montana is from New England. This town, at the junction of the Red and Assiniboin rivers, in a valley which is one of the finest wheat-producing sections of the world, is a very important place. Railways, built and projected, radiate from it like spokes from a wheel hub. Its growth has been marvellous. Formerly known as Fort Garry, the chief post of the Hudson's Bay Company, it had in 1871 a population of only one hundred. It is now the capital of the province of Manitoba, contains the chief workshops of the Canadian Pacific between Montreal and Vancouver, and has a population of 25,000. It is laid out on a grand scale, with very broad streets—Main Street is 200 feet wide—has many substantial public and business buildings, street-cars, and electric-lights, and abundant facilities for trade. At present it is in a condition of subsided "boom"; the whole province has not more than 120,000 people, and the city for that number is out of proportion. Winnipeg must wait a little for the development of the country. It seems to the people that the town would start up again if it had more railroads. Among the projects much discussed is a road northward between Lake Winnipeg and Lake Manitoba, turning eastward to York Factory on Hudson's Bay. The idea is to reach a short water route to Europe. From all the testimony I have read as to ice in Hudson's Bay harbors and in the straits, the short period the straits are open, and the uncertainty from year to year as to the months they will be open, this route seems chimerical. But it does not seem so to its advocates, and there is no doubt that a portion of the line between the lakes first named would develop a good country and pay. A more important line—indeed, of the first importance—is built for 200 miles northwest from Portage la Prairie, destined to go to Prince Albert, on the North Saskatchewan. This is the Manitoba and Northwest, and it makes its connection from Portage la Prairie with Winnipeg over the Canadian Pacific. An antagonism has grown up in Manitoba toward the Canadian Pacific. This arose from the monopoly privileges en-

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joyed by it as a Dominion road. The province could build no road with extra-territorial connections. This monopoly was surrendered in consideration of the guarantee spoken of from the government. The people of Winnipeg also say that the company discriminated against them in the matter of rates, and that the province must have a competing outlet. The company says that it did not discriminate, but treated Winnipeg like other towns on the line, having an eye to the development of the whole prairie region, and that the trouble was that it refused to discriminate in favor of Winnipeg, so that it might become the distributing point of the whole Northwest. Whatever the truth may be, the province grew increasingly restless, and determined to build another road. The Canadian Pacific has two lines on either side of the Red River, connecting at Emerson and Gretna with the Red River branches of the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba. It has also two branches running westward south of its main line, penetrating the fertile wheat fields of Manitoba. The province graded a third road, paralleling the two to the border and the river, southward from Winnipeg to the border, connecting there with a branch of the Northern Pacific, which was eager to reach the rich wheat fields of the Northwest. The provincial Red River Railway also proposed to cross the branches of the Canadian Pacific, and connect at Portage la Prairie with the Manitoba and Northwest. The Canadian Pacific, which had offered to sell to the province its Emerson branch, saying that there was not business enough for three parallel routes, insisted upon its legal rights and resisted this crossing. Hence the provincial and railroad conflict of the fall of 1888. The province built the new road, but it was alleged that the Northern Pacific was the real party, and that Manitoba has so far put itself into the hands of that corporation. There can be no doubt that Manitoba will have its road and connect the Northern Pacific with the Saskatchewan country, and very likely will parallel the main line of the Canadian Pacific. But whether it will get from the Northern Pacific the relief it thought itself refused by the Canadian, many people in Winnipeg begin to doubt; for however eager rival railways may be for new territory, they are apt to come to an understanding in order to keep up profitable rates. They must live.

I went down on the southern branch of the Canadian Pacific, which runs west, not far from our border, as far as Boissevain. It is a magnificent wheat country, and already very well settled and sprinkled with villages. The whole prairie was covered with yellow wheat stacks, and teams loaded with wheat were wending their way from all directions to the elevators on the line. There has been quite an emigration of Russian Mennonites to this region, said to be 9000 of them. We passed near two of their villages—a couple of rows of square unbeautiful houses facing each other, with a street of mud between, as we see them in pictures of Russian communes. These people are a peculiar and somewhat mystical sect, separate and unassimilated in habits, customs, and faith from their neighbors, but peaceful, industrious, and thrifty. I shall have occasion to speak of other peculiar immigration, encouraged by the governments and by private companies.

There can be no doubt of the fertility of all the prairie region of Manitoba and Assiniboin. Great heat is developed in the summers, but cereals are liable, as in Dakota, to be touched, as in 1888, by early frost. The great drawback from Winnipeg on westward is the intense cold of winter, regarded not as either agreeable or disagreeable, but as a matter of economy. The region, by reason of extra expense for fuel, clothing, and housing, must always be more expensive to live in than, say, Ontario.

The province of Manitoba is an interesting political and social study. It is very unlike Ontario or British Columbia. Its development has been, in freedom and self-help, very like one of our Western Territories, and it is like them in its free, independent spirit. It has a spirit to resist any imposed authority. We read of the conflicts between the Hudson's Bay and the Northwestern Fur companies and the Selkirk settlers, who began to come in in 1812. Gradually the vast territory of the Northwest had a large number of "freemen," independent of any company, and of half-breed Frenchmen. Other free settlers sifted in. The territory was remote from the government, and had no facilities of communication with the East, even after the union. The rebellion of 1870–71 was repeated in 1885, when Riel was called

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back from Montana to head the discontented. The settlers could not get patents for their lands, and they had many grievances, which they demanded should be redressed in a "bill of rights." There were aspects of the insurrection, not connected with the race question, with which many well-disposed persons sympathized. But the discontent became a violent rebellion, and had to be suppressed. The execution of Riel, which some of the conservatives thought ill-advised, raised a race storm throughout Canada; the French element was in a tumult, and some of the liberals made opposition capital out of the event. In the province of Quebec it is still a deep grievance, for party purposes partly, as was shown in the recent election of a federal member of Parliament in Montreal.

Manitoba is Western in its spirit and its sympathies. Before the building of the Canadian Pacific its communication was with Minnesota. Its interests now largely lie with its southern neighbors. It has a feeling of irritation with too much federal dictation, and frets under the still somewhat undefined relations of power between the federal and the provincial governments, as was seen in the railway conflict. Besides, the natural exchange of products between south and north—between the lower Mississippi and the Red River of the North and the northwest prairies — is going to increase; the north and south railway lines will have, with the development of industries and exchange of various sorts, a growing importance compared with the great east and west lines. Nothing can stop this exchange and the need of it along our whole border west of Lake Superior. It is already active and growing, even on the Pacific, between Washington Territory and British Columbia.

For these geographical reasons, and especially on account of similarity of social and political development, I was strongly impressed with the notion that if the Canadian Pacific Railway had not been built when it was, Manitoba would by this time have gravitated to the United States, and it would only have been a question of time when the remaining Northwest should have fallen in. The line of the road is very well settled, and yellow with wheat westward to Regina, but the farms are often off from the line, as the railway sections are for the most part still unoccupied; and there are many thriving villages: Portage la Prairie, from which the Manitoba and Northwestern Railway starts northwest, with a population of 3000; Brandon, a busy grain mart, standing on a rise of ground 1150 feet above the sea, with a population of 4000 and over; Qu'Appelle, in the rich valley of the river of that name, with 700; Regina, the capital of the Northwest Territory, on a vast plain, with 800; Moosejoy, a market-town toward the western limit of the settled country, with 600. This is all good land, but the winters are severe.

Naturally on the rail we saw little game, except ducks and geese on the frequent fresh-water ponds, and an occasional coyote and prairie-dogs. But plenty of large game still can be found further north. At Stony Mountain, fifteen miles north of Winnipeg, the site of the Manitoba penitentiary, we saw a team of moose which Colonel Bedson, the superintendent, drives—fleet animals, going easily fifteen miles an hour. They were captured only thirty-five miles north of the prison, where moose are abundant. Colonel Bedson has the only large herd of the practically extinct buffalo. There are about a hundred of these uncouth and picturesque animals, which have a range of twenty or thirty miles over the plains, and are watched by mounted keepers. They were driven in, bulls, cows, and calves, the day before our arrival—it seemed odd that we could order up a herd of buffalo by telephone, but we did—and we saw the whole troop lumbering over the prairie, exactly as we were familiar with them in pictures. The colonel is trying the experiment of crossing them with common cattle. The result is a half-breed of large size, with heavier hindquarters and less hump than the buffalo, and said to be good beef. The penitentiary has taken in all the convicts of the northwest territory, and there were only sixty-five of them. The institution is a model one in its management. We were shown two separate chapels—one for Catholics and another for Protestants.

All along the line settlers are sifting in, and there are everywhere signs of promoted immigration. Not only is Canada making every effort to fill up its lands, but England is interested in relieving itself of troublesome people. The experiment has been tried of bringing out East-Londoners. These barbarians

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of civilization are about as unfitted for colonists as can be. Small bodies of them have been aided to make settlements, but the trial is not very encouraging; very few of them take to the new life. The Scotch crofters do better. They are accustomed to labor and thrift, and are not a bad addition to the population. A company under the management of Sir John Lister Kaye is making a larger experiment. They have received sections from the government and bought contiguous sections from the railway, so as to have large blocks of land on the road. A dozen settlements are projected. The company brings over laborers and farmers, paying their expenses and wages for a year. A large central house is built on each block, tools and cattle are supplied, and the men are to begin the cultivation of the soil. At the end of a year they may, if they choose, take up adjacent free government land and begin to make homes for themselves, working meantime on the company land, if they will. By this plan they are guaranteed support for a year at least, and a chance to set up for themselves. The company secures the breaking up of its land and a crop, and the nucleus of a town. The further plan is to encourage farmers, with a capital of a thousand dollars, to follow and settle in the neighborhood. There will then be three ranks—the large company proprietors, the farmers with some capital, and the laborers who are earning their capital. We saw some of these settlements on the line that looked promising. About 150 settlers, mostly men, arrived last fall, and with them were sent out English tools and English cattle. The plan looks to making model communities, on something of the old-world plan of proprietor, farmer, and laborer. It would not work in the United States.

Another important colonization is that of Icelanders. These are settled to the northeast of Winnipeg and in southern Manitoba. About 10,000 have already come over, and the movement has assumed such large proportions that it threatens to depopulate Iceland. This is good and intelligent material. Climate and soil are so superior to that of Iceland that the emigrants are well content. They make good farmers, but they are not so clannish as the Mennonites; many of them scatter about in the towns as laborers.

Before we reached Medicine Hat, and beyond that place, we passed through considerable alkaline country — little dried-up lakes looking like patches of snow. There was an idea that this land was not fertile. The Canadian Pacific company have been making several experiments on the line of model farms, which prove the contrary. As soon as the land is broken up and the crust turned under, the soil becomes very fertile, and produces excellent crops of wheat and vegetables.

Medicine Hat, on a branch of the South Saskatchewan, is a thriving town. Here are a station and barracks of the Mounted Police, a picturesque body of civil cavalry in blue pantaloons and red jackets. This body of picked men, numbering about a thousand, and similar in functions to the *Guarda Civil* of Spain, are scattered through the northwest territory, and are the Dominion police for keeping in order the Indians, and settling disputes between the Indians and whites. The sergeants have powers of police justices, and the organization is altogether an admirable one for the purpose, and has a fine *esprit de corps*.

Here we saw many Cree Indians, physically a creditable-looking race of men and women, and picturesque in their gay blankets and red and yellow paint daubed on the skin without the least attempt at shading or artistic effect. A fair was going on, an exhibition of horses, cattle, and vegetable and cereal products of the region. The vegetables were large and of good quality. Delicate flowers were still blooming (September 28th) untouched by frost in the gardens. These Crees are not on a reservation. They cultivate the soil a little, but mainly support themselves by gathering and selling buffalo bones, and well set-up and polished horns of cattle, which they swear are buffalo. The women are far from a degraded race in appearance, have good heads, high foreheads, and are well-favored. As to morals, they are reputed not to equal the Blackfeet.

The same day we reached Gleichen, about 2500 feet above the sea. The land is rolling, and all good for grazing and the plough. This region gets the "Chinook" wind. Ploughing is begun in April, sometimes in March; in 1888 they ploughed in January. Flurries of snow may be expected any time after October 1st, but frost is not so early as in eastern Canada. A fine autumn is common, and

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fine, mild weather may continue up to December. At Dunmore, the station before Medicine Hat, we passed a branch railway running west to the great Lethbridge coal mines, and Dunmore station is a large coal depot.

The morning at Gleichen was splendid; cool at sunrise, but no frost. Here we had our first view of the Rockies, a long range of snow peaks on the horizon, 120 miles distant. There is an immense fascination in this rolling country, the exhilarating air, and the magnificent mountains in the distance. Here is the beginning of a reservation of the Blackfeet, near 3000. They live here on the Bow River, and cultivate the soil to a considerable extent, and have the benefit of a mission and two schools. They are the best-looking race of Indians we have seen, and have most self-respect.

We went over a rolling country to Calgary, at an altitude of 3388 feet, a place of some 3000 inhabitants, and of the most distinction of any between Brandon and Vancouver. On the way we passed two stations where natural gas was used, the boring for which was only about 600 feet. The country is underlaid with coal. Calgary is delightfully situated at the junction of the Bow and Elbow rivers, rapid streams as clear as crystal, with a greenish hue, on a small plateau, surrounded by low hills and overlooked by the still distant snow peaks. The town has many good shops, several churches, two newspapers, and many fanciful cottages. We drove several miles out on the McCloud trail, up a lovely valley, with good farms, growing wheat and oats, and the splendid mountains in the distance. The day was superb, the thermometer marking 70°. This is, however, a ranch country, wheat being an uncertain crop, owing to summer frosts. But some years, like 1888, are good for all grains and vegetables. A few Sarcee Indians were loafing about here, inferior savages. Much better are the Stony Indians, who are settled and work the soil beyond Calgary, and are very well cared for by a Protestant mission.

Some of the Indian tribes of Canada are self-supporting. This is true of many of the Siwash and other west coast tribes, who live by fishing. At Lytton, on the upper Fraser, I saw a village of the Siwash civilized enough to live in houses, wear our dress, and earn their living by working on the railway, fishing, etc. The Indians have done a good deal of work on the railway, and many of them are still employed on it. The coast Indians are a different race from the plains Indians, and have a marked resemblance to the Chinese and Japanese. The polished carvings in black slate of the Haida Indians bear a striking resemblance to archaic Mexican work, and strengthen the theory that the coast Indians crossed the straits from Asia, are related to the early occupiers of Arizona and Mexico, and ought not to be classed with the North American Indian. The Dominion has done very well by its Indians, of whom it has probably a hundred thousand. It has tried to civilize them by means of schools, missions, and farm instructors, and it has been pretty successful in keeping ardent spirits away from them. A large proportion of them are still fed and clothed by the government. It is doubtful if the plains Indians will ever be industrious. The Indian fund from the sale of their lands has accumulated to $3,000,000. There are 140 teachers and 4000 pupils in school. In 1885 the total expenditure on the Indian population, beyond that provided by the Indian fund, was $1,109,604, of which $478,038 was expended for provisions for destitute Indians.

At Cochrane's we were getting well into the hills. Here is a large horse and sheep ranch and a very extensive range. North and south along the foot-hills is fine grazing and ranging country. We enter the mountains by the Bow River Valley, and plunge at once into splendid scenery, bare mountains rising on both sides in sharp, varied, and fantastic peaks, snow-dusted, and in lateral openings assemblages of giant summits of rock and ice. The change from the rolling prairie was magical. At Mountain House the Three Sisters were very impressive. Late in the afternoon we came to Banff.

Banff will have a unique reputation among the resorts of the world. If a judicious plan is formed and adhered to for the development of its extraordinary beauties and grandeur, it will be second to few in attractions. A considerable tract of wilderness about it is reserved as a National Park, and the whole ought to be developed by some master landscape expert. It is in the power of the government and of the Canadian Pacific Company to so manage its already famous curative hot

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sulphur springs as to make Banff the resort of invalids as well as pleasure-seekers the year round. This is to be done not simply by established good bathing-places, but by regulations and restrictions such as give to the German baths their virtue.

The Banff Hotel, unsurpassed in situation, amid magnificent mountains, is large, picturesque, many gabled and windowed, and thoroughly comfortable. It looks down upon the meeting of the Bow and the Spray, which spread in a pretty valley closed by a range of snow peaks. To right and left rise mountains of savage rock ten thousand feet high. The whole scene has all the elements of beauty and grandeur. The place is attractive for its climate, its baths, and excellent hunting and fishing.

For two days, travelling only by day, passing the Rockies, the Selkirks, and the Gold range, we were kept in a state of intense excitement, in a constant exclamation of wonder and delight. I would advise no one to attempt to take it in the time we did. Nobody could sit through Beethoven's nine symphonies played continuously. I have no doubt that when carriage roads and foot-paths are made into the mountain recesses, as they will be, and little hotels are established in the valleys and in the passes and advantageous sites, as in Switzerland, this region will rival the Alpine resorts. I can speak of two or three things only.

The highest point on the line is the station at Mount Stephen, 5296 feet above the sea. The mountain, a bald mass of rock in a rounded cone, rises about 8000 feet above this. As we moved away from it the mountain was hidden by a huge wooded intervening mountain. The train was speeding rapidly on the down grade, carrying us away from the base, and we stood upon the rear platform watching the apparent recession of the great mass, when suddenly, and yet deliberately, the vast white bulk of Mount Stephen began to rise over the intervening summit in the blue sky, lifting itself up by a steady motion while one could count twenty, until its magnificence stood revealed. It was like a transformation in a theatre, only the curtain here was lowered instead of raised. The surprise was almost too much for the nerves; the whole company was awe-stricken. It is too much to say that the mountain "shot up"; it rose with conscious grandeur and power. The effect, of course, depends much upon the speed of the train. I have never seen anything to compare with it for awakening the emotion of surprise and wonder.

The station of Field, just beyond Mount Stephen, where there is a charming hotel, is in the midst of wonderful mountain and glacier scenery, and would be a delightful place for rest. From there the descent down the cañon of Kickinghorse River, along the edge of precipices, among the snow monarchs, is very exciting. At Golden we come to the valley of the Columbia River and in view of the Selkirks. The river is navigable about a hundred miles above Golden, and this is the way to the mining district of the Kootenay Valley. The region abounds in gold and silver. The broad Columbia runs north here until it breaks through the Selkirks, and then turns southward on the west side of that range.

The railway follows down the river, between the splendid ranges of the Selkirks and the Rockies, to the mouth of the Beaver, and then ascends its narrow gorge. I am not sure but that the scenery of the Selkirks is finer than that of the Rockies. One is bewildered by the illimitable noble snow peaks and great glaciers. At Glacier House is another excellent hotel. In savage grandeur, nobility of mountain-peaks, snow ranges, and extent of glacier it rivals anything in Switzerland. The glacier, only one arm of which is seen from the road, is, I believe, larger than any in Switzerland. There are some thirteen miles of flowing ice; but the monster lies up in the mountains, like a great octopus, with many giant arms. The branch which we saw, overlooked by the striking snow cone of Sir Donald, some two and a half miles from the hotel, is immense in thickness and breadth, and seems to pour out of the sky. Recent measurements show that it is moving at the rate of twenty inches in twenty-four hours—about the rate of progress of the Mer de Glace. In the midst of the main body, higher up, is an isolated mountain of pure ice three hundred feet high and nearly a quarter of a mile in length. These mountains are the home of the mountain sheep.

From this amphitheatre of giant peaks, snow, and glaciers we drop by marvellous loops—wonderful engineering, four apparently different tracks in sight at one time—down to the valley of the Illicilli-

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weat, the lower part of which is fertile, and blooming with irrigated farms. We pass a cluster of four lovely lakes, and coast around the great Shuswap Lake, which is fifty miles long. But the traveller is not out of excitement. The ride down the Thompson and Fraser cañons is as amazing almost as anything on the line. At Spence's Bridge we come to the old government road to the Cariboo gold mines, three hundred miles above. This region has been for a long time a scene of activity in mining and salmon-fishing. It may be said generally of the Coast or Gold range that its riches have yet to be developed. The villages all along these mountain slopes and valleys are waiting for this development.

The city of Vancouver, only two years old since the beginnings of a town were devoured by fire, is already an interesting place of seven to eight thousand inhabitants, fast building up, and with many substantial granite and brick buildings, and spreading over a large area. It lies upon a high point of land between Burrard Inlet on the north and the north arm of the Fraser River. The inner harbor is deep and spacious. Burrard Inlet entrance is narrow but deep, and opens into English Bay, which opens into Georgia Sound, that separates the island of Vancouver, three hundred miles long, from the main-land. The round headland south of the entrance is set apart for a public park, called now Stanley Park, and is being improved with excellent driving roads, which give charming views. It is a tangled wilderness of nearly one thousand acres. So dense is the undergrowth, in this moist air, of vines, ferns, and small shrubs, that it looks like a tropical thicket. But in the midst of it are gigantic Douglas firs and a few noble cedars. One veteran cedar, partly decayed at the top, measured fifty-six feet in circumference, and another, in full vigor and of gigantic height, over thirty-nine feet. The hotel of the Canadian Pacific Company, a beautiful building in modern style, is, in point of comfort, elegance of appointment, abundant table, and service, not excelled by any in Canada, equalled by few anywhere.

Vancouver would be a very busy and promising city merely as the railway terminus and the shipping point for Japan and China and the East generally. But it has other resources of growth. There is a very good country back of it, and south of it all the way into Washington Territory. New Westminster, twelve miles south, is a place of importance for fish and lumber. The immensely fertile alluvial bottoms of the Fraser, which now overflows its banks, will some day be diked, and become exceedingly valuable. Its relations to Washington Territory are already close. The very thriving city of Seattle, having a disagreement with the North Pacific and its rival, Tacoma, sends and receives most of its freight and passengers *viâ* Vancouver, and is already pushing forward a railway to that point. It is also building to Spokane Falls, expecting some time to be met by an extension of the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba from the Great Falls of the Missouri. I found that many of the emigrants in the loaded trains that we travelled with or that passed us were bound to Washington Territory. It is an acknowledged fact that there is a constant "leakage" of emigrants, who had apparently promised to tarry in Canada, into United States territories. Some of them, disappointed of the easy wealth expected, no doubt return; but the name of "republic" seems to have an attraction for Old World people when they are once set adrift.

We took steamer one afternoon for a five hours' sail to Victoria. A part of the way is among beautiful wooded islands. Once out in the open, we had a view of our "native land," and prominent in it the dim, cloud-like, gigantic peak of Mount Baker. Before we passed the islands we were entertained by a rare show of right-whales. A school of them a couple of weeks before had come down through Behring Strait, and pursued a shoal of fish into this land-locked bay. There must have been as many as fifty of the monsters in sight, spouting up slender fountains, lifting their huge bulk out of water, and diving, with their bifurcated tails waving in the air. They played about like porpoises, apparently only for our entertainment.

Victoria, so long isolated, is the most English port of Canada. The town itself does not want solidity and wealth, but it is stationary, and the Canadians elsewhere think slow. It was the dry and dusty time of the year. The environs are broken with inlets, hilly and picturesque; there are many pretty cottages

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and country places in the suburbs; and one visits with interest the Eskimalt naval station, and the elevated Park, which has a noble coast view. The very mild climate is favorable for grapes and apples. The summer is delightful; the winter damp, and constantly rainy. And this may be said of all this coast. Of the thirteen thousand population six thousand are Chinese, and they form in the city a dense, insoluble, unassimilating mass. Victoria has one railway, that to the prosperous Nanaimo coal mines. The island has abundance of coal, some copper, and timber. But Vancouver has taken away from Victoria all its importance as a port. The government and Parliament buildings are detached, but pleasant and commodious edifices. There is a decorous British air about everything. Throughout British Columbia the judges and the lawyers wear the gown and band and the horse-hair wig. In an evening trial for murder which I attended in a dingy upper chamber of the Kamloops court-house, lighted only by kerosene lamps, the wigs and gowns of judge and attorneys lent, I confess, a dignity to the administration of justice which the kerosene lamps could not have given. In one of the government buildings is a capital museum of natural history and geology. The educational department is vigorous and effective, and I find in the bulky report evidence of most intelligent management of the schools.

It is only by traversing the long distance to this coast, and seeing the activity here, that one can appreciate the importance to Canada and to the British Empire of the Canadian Pacific Railway as a bond of unity, a developer of resources, and a world's highway. The out-going steamers were crowded with passengers and laden with freight. We met on the way two solid trains, of twenty cars each, full of tea. When the new swift steamers are put on, which are already heavily subsidized by both the English and the Canadian governments, the traffic in both passengers and goods must certainly increase. What effect the possession of such a certain line of communication with her Oriental domains will have upon the English willingness to surrender Canada either to complete independence or to a union with the United States, any political prophet can estimate.

It must be added that the Canadian Pacific company are doing everything to make this highway popular as well as profitable. Construction and management show English regard for comfort and safety and order. It is one of the very most agreeable lines to travel over I am acquainted with. Most of it is well built, and defects are being energetically removed. The "Colonist" cars are clean and convenient. The first-class carriages are luxurious. The dining-room cars are uniformly well kept, the company hotels are exceptionally excellent; and from the railway servants one meets with civility and attention.

III.

I had been told that the Canadians are second-hand Englishmen. No estimate could convey a more erroneous impression. A portion of the people have strong English traditions and loyalties to institutions, but in manner and in expectations the Canadians are scarcely more English than the people of the United States; they have their own colonial development, and one can mark already with tolerable distinctness a Canadian type which is neither English nor American. This is noticeable especially in the women. The Canadian girl resembles the American in escape from a purely conventional restraint and in self-reliance, and she has, like the English, a well-modulated voice and distinct articulation. In the cities, also, she has taste in dress and a certain style which we think belongs to the New World. In features and action a certain modification has gone on, due partly to climate and partly to greater social independence. It is unnecessary to make comparisons, and I only note that there is a Canadian type of woman.

But there is great variety in Canada, and in fact a remarkable racial diversity. The man of Nova Scotia is not at all the man of British Columbia or Manitoba. The Scotch in old Canada have made a distinct impression in features and speech. And it may be said generally in eastern Canada that the Scotch element is a leading and conspicuous one in the vigor and push of enterprise and the accumulation of fortune. The Canadian men, as one sees them in official life, at the clubs, in business, are markedly a vigorous, stalwart race, well made, of good stature, and not seldom handsome. This physical prosperity needs to be remembered when

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we consider the rigorous climate and the long winters; these seem to have at least one advantage—that of breeding virile men. The Canadians generally are fond of out-door sports and athletic games, of fishing and hunting, and they give more time to such recreations than we do. They are a little less driven by the business goad. Abundant animal spirits tend to make men good-natured and little quarrelsome. The Canadians would make good soldiers. There was a time when the drinking habit prevailed very much in Canada, and there are still places where they do not put water enough in their grog, but temperance reform has taken as strong a hold there as it has in the United States.

The feeling about the English is illustrated by the statement that there is not more aping of English ways in Montreal and Toronto clubs and social life than in New York, and that the English superciliousness, or condescension as to colonists, the ultra-English manner, is ridiculed in Canada, and resented with even more warmth than in the United States. The amusing stories of English presumption upon hospitality are current in Canada as well as on this side. All this is not inconsistent with pride in the empire, loyalty to its traditions and institutions, and even a considerable willingness (for human nature is pretty much alike everywhere) to accept decorative titles. But the underlying fact is that there is a distinct feeling of nationality, and it is increasing.

There is not anywhere so great a contrast between neighboring cities as between Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto. Quebec is mediæval, Toronto is modern, Montreal is in a conflict between the two conditions. As the travelling world knows, they are all interesting cities, and have peculiar attractions. Quebec is French, more decidedly so than Toronto is English, and in Montreal the French have a large numerical majority and complete political control. In the Canadian cities generally municipal affairs are pretty much divorced from general party politics, greatly to the advantage of good city government.

Montreal has most wealth, and from its splendid geographical position it is the railway centre, and has the business and commercial primacy. It has grown rapidly from a population of 140,000 in 1881 to a population of over 200,000—estimated, with its suburbs, at 250,000. Were it part of my plan to describe these cities, I should need much space to devote to the finest public buildings and public institutions of Montreal, the handsome streets in the Protestant quarter, with their solid, tasteful, and often elegant residences, the many churches, and the almost unequalled possession of the Mountain as a park and resort, where one has one of the most striking and varied prospects in the world. Montreal, being a part of the province of Quebec, is not only under provincial control of the government at Quebec, but it is ruled by the same French party in the city, and there is the complaint always found where the poorer majority taxes the richer and more enterprising minority out of proportion to the benefits the latter receives. Various occasions have produced something like race conflicts in the city, and there are prophecies of more serious ones in the strife for ascendency. The seriousness of this to the minority lies in the fact that the French race is more prolific than any other in the province.

Perhaps nothing will surprise the visitor more than the persistence of the French type in Canada, and naturally its aggressiveness. Guaranteed their religion, laws, and language, the French have not only failed to assimilate, but have had hopes—maybe still have—of making Canada French. The French "national" party means simply a French consolidation, and has no relation to the "nationalism" of Sir John Macdonald. So far as the Church and the French politicians are concerned, the effort is to keep the French solid as a political force, and whether the French are liberal or conservative, this is the underlying thought. The province of Quebec is liberal, but the liberalism is of a different hue from that of Ontario. The French recognize the truth that language is so integral a part of a people's growth that the individuality of a people depends upon maintaining it. The French have escaped absorption in Canada mainly by loyalty to their native tongue, aided by the concession to them of their civil laws and their religious privileges. They owe this to William Pitt. I quote from a contributed essay in the Toronto *Week* about three years ago: "Up to 1791 the small French

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population of Canada was in a position to be converted into an English colony with traces of French sentiment and language, which would have slowly disappeared. But at that date William Pitt the younger brought into the House of Commons two Quebec acts, which constituted two provinces—Lower Canada, with a full provision of French laws, language, and institutions; Upper Canada, with a reproduction of English laws and social system. During the debate Pitt declared on the floor of the House that his purpose was to create two colonies distinct from and jealous of each other, so as to guard against a repetition of the late unhappy rebellion which had separated the thirteen colonies from the empire."

The French have always been loyal to the English connection under all temptations, for these guarantees have been continued, which could scarcely be expected from any other power, and certainly not in a legislative union of the Canadian provinces. In literature and sentiment the connection is with France; in religion, with Rome; in politics England has been the guarantee of both. There will be no prevailing sentiment in favor of annexation to the United States so long as the Church retains its authority, nor would it be favored by the accomplished politicians so long as they can use the solid French mass as a political force.

The relegation of the subject of education entirely to the provinces is an element in the persistence of the French type in the province of Quebec, in the same way that it strengthens the Protestant cause in Ontario. In the province of Quebec all the public schools are Roman Catholic, and the separate schools are of other sects. In the council of public instruction the Catholics, of course, have a large majority, but the public schools are managed by a Catholic committee and the others by a Protestant committee. In the academies, model and high schools, subsidized by the government, those having Protestant teachers are insignificant in number, and there are very few Protestants in Catholic schools, and very few Catholics in Protestant schools; the same is true of the schools of this class not subsidized. The bulky report of the superintendent of public instruction of the province of Quebec (which is translated into English) shows a vigorous and intelligent attention to education. The general statistics give the number of pupils in the province as 219,403 Roman Catholics (the term always used in the report), and 37,484 Protestants. In the elementary schools there are 143,848 Roman Catholics and 30,461 Protestants. Of the ecclesiastical teachers, 868 are Roman Catholics and 8 Protestants; of the certificated lay teachers, 256 are Roman Catholic and 105 Protestant; the proportion of schools is four to one. It must be kept in mind that in the French schools it is French literature that is cultivated. In the Laval University, at Quebec, English literature is as purely an ornamental study as French literature would be in Yale. The Laval University, which has a branch in Montreal, is a strong institution, with departments of divinity, law, medicine, and the arts, 80 professors, and 575 students. The institution has a vast pile of buildings, one of the most conspicuous objects in a view of the city. Besides spacious lecture, assembly rooms, and laboratories, it has extensive collections in geology, mineralogy, botany, ethnology, zoology, coins, a library of 100,000 volumes, in which theology is well represented, but which contains a large collection of works on Canada, including valuable manuscripts, the original MS. of the *Journal des Jésuites*, and the most complete set of the *Relation des Jésuites* existing in America. It has also a gallery of paintings, chiefly valuable for its portraits.

Of the 62,000 population of Quebec city, by the census of 1881, not over 6000 were Protestants. By the same census Montreal had 140,747, of whom 78,684 were French, and 28,995 of Irish origin. The Roman Catholics numbered 103,579. I believe the proportion has not much changed with the considerable growth in seven years.

One is struck, in looking at the religious statistics of Canada, by the fact that the Church of England has not the primacy, and that the so-called independent sects have a position they have not in England. In the total population of 4,324,810, given by the census of 1881, the Protestants were put down at 2,436,554 and the Roman Catholics at 1,791,982. The larger of the Protestant denominations were, Methodists, 742,981; Presbyterians, 676,165; Church of England, 574,818; Baptists, 296,525. Taking as a specimen of the Northwest the province of Manitoba, cen-

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sus of 1886, we get these statistics of the larger sects: Presbyterians, 28,406; Church of England, 23,206; Methodists, 18,648; Roman Catholics, 14,651; Mennonites, 9112; Baptists, 3296; Lutherans, 3131.

Some statistics of general education in the Dominion show the popular interest in the matter. In 1885 the total number of pupils in the Dominion, in public and private schools, was 968,193, and the average attendance was 555,404. The total expenditure of the year, not including school buildings, was $9,310,745, and the value of school lands, buildings, and furniture was $25,000,000. Yet in the province of Quebec, out of the total expenditure of $3,162,416, only $353,677 was granted by the provincial legislature. And in Ontario, of the total of $3,904,797, only $267,084 was granted by the legislature.

The McGill University at Montreal, Sir William Dawson principal, is a corporation organized under royal charter, which owes its original endowment of land and money (valued at $120,000) to James McGill. It receives small grants from the provincial and Dominion governments, but mainly depends upon its own funds, which in 1885 stood at $791,000. It has numerous endowed professorships and endowments for scholarships and prizes; among them is the Donalda Endowment for the Higher Education of Women (from Sir Donald A. Smith), by which a special course in separate classes, by university professors, is maintained in the university buildings for women. It has faculties of arts, applied sciences, law, and medicine—the latter with one of the most complete anatomical museums and one of the best selected libraries on the continent. It has several colleges affiliated with it for the purpose of conferring university degrees, a model school, and four theological colleges, a Congregational, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, and a Wesleyan, the students in which may supplement their own courses in the university. The professors and students wear the university cap and gown, and morning prayers are read to a voluntary attendance. The Redpath Museum, of geology, mineralogy, zoology, and ethnology, has a distinction among museums not only for the size of the collection, but for splendid arrangement and classification. The well-selected library numbers about 30,000 volumes. The whole university is a vigorous educational centre, and its well-planted grounds and fine buildings are an ornament to the city.

Returning to the French element, its influence is not only felt in the province of Quebec, but in the Dominion. The laws of the Dominion and the proceedings are published in French and English; the debates in the Dominion Parliament are conducted indifferently in both languages, although it is observed that as the five years of any Parliament go on English is more and more used by the members, for the French are more likely to learn English than the English are to learn French. Of course the Quebec Parliament is even more distinctly French. And the power of the Roman Catholic Church is pretty much coextensive with the language. The system of tithes is legal in provincial law, and tithes can be collected of all Roman Catholics by law. The Church has also what is called the fabrique system; that is, a method of raising contributions from any district for churches, priests' houses, and conventual buildings and schools. The tithes and the fabrique assessments make a heavy burden on the peasants. The traveller down the St. Lawrence sees how the interests of religion are emphasized in the large churches raised in the midst of humble villages, and in the great Church establishments of charity and instruction. It is said that the farmers attempted to escape the tithe on cereals by changing to the cultivation of pease, but the Church then decided that pease were cereals. There is no doubt that the French population are devout, and that they support the Church in proportion to their devotion, and that much which seems to the Protestants extortion on the part of the Church is a voluntary contribution. Still the fact remains that the burden is heavy on land that is too cold for the highest productiveness. The desire to better themselves in wages, and perhaps to escape burdens, sends a great many French to New England. Some of them earn money, and return to settle in the land that is dear by tradition and a thousand associations. Many do not return, and I suppose there are over three-quarters of a million of French Canadians now in New England. They go to better themselves, exactly as New-Englanders leave their homes for more productive farms in the

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West. The Church, of course, does not encourage this emigration, but does encourage the acquisition of lands in Ontario or elsewhere in Canada. And there has been recently a marked increase of French in Ontario—so marked that the French representation in the Ontario Parliament will be increased probably by three members in the next election. There are many people in Canada who are seriously alarmed at this increase of the French and of the Roman Catholic power. Others look upon this fear as idle, and say that immigration is sure to make the Protestant element overwhelming. It is to be noted also that Ontario furnishes Protestant emigrants to the United States in large numbers. It may be that the interchange of ideas caused by the French emigration to New England will be an important make-weight in favor of annexation. Individuals, and even French newspapers, are found to advocate it. But these are at present only surface indications. The political leaders, the Church, and the mass of the people are fairly content with things as they are, and with the provincial autonomy, although they resent federal vetoes, and still make a "cry" of the Riel execution.

The French element in Canada may be considered from other points of view. The contribution of romance and tradition is not an unimportant one in any nation. The French in Canada have never broken with their past, as the French in France have. There is a great charm about Quebec—its language, its social life, the military remains of the last century. It is a Protestant writer who speaks of the volume and wealth of the French Canadian literature as too little known to English-speaking Canada. And it is true that literary men have not realized the richness of the French material, nor the work accomplished by French writers in history, poetry, essays, and romances. Quebec itself is at a commercial stand-still, but its uniquely beautiful situation, its history, and the projection of mediævalism into existing institutions make it one of the most interesting places to the tourist on the continent. The conspicuous, noble, and commodious Parliament building is almost the only one of consequence that speaks of the modern spirit. It was the remark of a high Church dignitary that the object of the French in Canada was the promotion of religion, and of the English, commerce. We cannot overlook this attitude against materialism. In the French schools and universities religion is not divorced from education. And even in the highest education, where modern science has a large place, what we may call the literary side is very much emphasized. Indeed the French students are rather inclined to rhetoric, and in public life the French are distinguished for the graces and charm of oratory. It may be true, as charged, that the public schools of Quebec province, especially in the country, giving special attention to the interest the Church regards as the highest, do little to remove the ignorance of the French peasant. It is our belief that the best Christianity is the most intelligent. Yet there is matter for consideration with all thoughtful men what sort of society we shall ultimately have in states where the common schools have neither religious nor ethical teaching.

Ottawa is a creation of the federal government as distinctly as Washington is. The lumber-mills on the Chaudière Falls necessitate a considerable town here, for this industry assumes gigantic proportions, but the beauty and attraction of the city are due to the concentration here of political interest. The situation on the bluffs of the Ottawa River is commanding, and gives fine opportunity for architectural display. The group of government buildings is surpassingly fine. The Parliament House and the department buildings on three sides of a square are exceedingly effective in color and in the perfection of Gothic details, especially in the noble towers. There are few groups of buildings anywhere so pleasing to the eye, or that appeal more strongly to one's sense of dignity and beauty. The library attached to the Parliament House in the rear, a rotunda in form, has a picturesque exterior, and the interior is exceedingly beautiful and effective. The library, though mainly for Parliamentary uses, is rich in Canadian history, and well up in polite literature. It contains about 90,000 volumes. In the Parliament building, which contains the two fine legislative Chambers, there are residence apartments for the Speakers of the Senate and of the House of Commons and their families, where entertainments are given during

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the session. The opening of Parliament is an imposing and brilliant occasion, graced by the presence of the Governor-General, who is supposed to visit the Chambers at no other time in the session. Ottawa is very gay during the session, society and politics mingling as in London, and the English habit of night sessions adds a good deal to the excitement and brilliancy of the Parliamentary proceedings.

The growth of the government business and of official life has made the addition necessary of a third department building, and the new one, departing from the Gothic style, is very solid and tasteful. There are thirteen members of the Privy Council with portfolios, and the volume of public business is attested by the increase of department officials. I believe there are about 1500 men attached to the civil service in Ottawa. It will be seen at once that the federal government, which seemed in a manner superimposed upon the provincial governments, has taken on large proportions, and that there is in Ottawa and throughout the Dominion in federal officials and offices a strengthening vested interest in the continuance of the present form of government. The capital itself, with its investment in buildings, is a conservator of the state of things as they are. The cabinet has many able men, men who would take a leading rank as parliamentarians in the English Commons, and the opposition benches in the House furnish a good quota of the same material. The power of the premier is a fact as recognizable as in England. For many years Sir John A. Macdonald has been virtually the ruler of Canada. He has had the ability and skill to keep his party in power, while all the provinces have remained or become liberal. I believe his continuance is due to his devotion to the national idea, to the development of the country, to bold measures—like the urgency of the Canadian Pacific Railway construction—for binding the provinces together and promoting commercial activity. Canada is proud of this, even while it counts its debt. Sir John is worshipped by his party, especially by the younger men, to whom he furnishes an ideal, as a statesman of bold conceptions and courage. He is disliked as a politician as cordially by the opposition, who attribute to him the same policy of adventure that was attributed to Beaconsfield. Personally he resembles that remarkable man. Undoubtedly Sir John adds prudence to his knowledge of men, and his habit of never crossing a stream till he gets to it has gained him the sobriquet of "Old To-morrow." He is a man of the world as well as a man of affairs, with a wide and liberal literary taste.

The members of government are well informed about the United States, and attentive students of its politics. I am sure that, while they prefer their system of responsible government, they have no sentiment but friendliness to American institutions and people, nor any expectation that any differences will not be adjusted in a manner satisfactory and honorable to both. I happened to be in Canada during the fishery and "retaliation" talk. There was no belief that the "retaliation" threatened was anything more than a campaign measure; it may have chilled the *rapport* for the moment, but there was literally no excitement over it, and the opinion was general that retaliation as to transportation would benefit the Canadian railways. The effect of the moment was that importers made large foreign orders for goods to be sent by Halifax that would otherwise have gone to United States ports. The fishery question is not one that can be treated in the space at our command. Naturally Canada sees it from its point of view. To a considerable portion of the maritime provinces fishing means livelihood, and the view is that if the United States shares in it we ought to open our markets to the Canadian fishermen. Some, indeed, and these are generally advocates of freer trade, think that our fishermen ought to have the right of entering the Canadian harbors for bait and shipment of their catch, and think also that Canada would derive an equal benefit from this; but probably the general feeling is that these privileges should be compensated by a United States market. The defence of the treaty in the United States Senate debate was not the defence of the Canadian government in many particulars. For instance, it was said that the "outrages" had been *disowned* as the acts of irresponsible men. The Canadian defence was that the "outrages"—that is, the most conspicuous of them which appeared in the debate—had been *disproved* in the investigation. Several of them, which excited indignation in the United States, were declared by a

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cabinet minister to have no foundation in fact, and after proof of the falsity of the allegations the complainants were not again heard of. Of course it is known that no arrangement made by England can hold that is not materially beneficial to Canada and the United States; and I believe I state the best judgment of both sides that the whole fishery question, in the hands of sensible representatives of both countries, upon ascertained facts, could be settled between Canada and the U ted States. Is it not natural that, with England conducting the negotiation, Canada should appear as a somewhat irresponsible litigating party bent on securing all that she can get? But whatever the legal rights are, under treaties or the law of nations, I am sure that the absurdity of making a *casus belli* of them is as much felt in Canada as in the United States. And I believe the Canadians understand that this attitude is consistent with a firm maintenance of treaty or other rights by the United States as it is by Canada.

The province of Ontario is an empire in itself. It is nearly as large as France; it is larger by twenty-five thousand square miles than the combined six New England States, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. In its varied capacities it is the richest province in Canada, and leaving out the forests and minerals and stony wilderness between the Canadian Pacific and James Bay, it has an area large enough for an empire, which compares favorably in climate and fertility with the most prosperous States of our Union. The climate of the lake region is milder than that of southern New York, and a considerable part of it is easily productive of superior grapes, apples, and other sorts of fruit. The average yield of wheat, both fall and spring, for five years ending with 1886, per acre, was considerably above that of our best grain-producing States, from Pennsylvania to the farthest West. The same is true of oats. The comparison of barley is still more favorable for Ontario, and the barley is of a superior quality. On a carefully cultivated farm in York County, for this period, the average was higher than the general in the province, being, of wheat, 25 bushels to the acre; barley, 47 bushels; oats, 66 bushels; pease, 32 bushels. It has no superior as a wool-producing and cattle-raising country. Its water-power is unexcelled; in minerals it is as rich as it is in timber; every part of it has been made accessible to market by railways and good highways, which have had liberal government aid; and its manufactures have been stimulated by a protective tariff. Better than all this, it is the home of a very superior people. There are no better anywhere. The original stock was good, the climate has been favorable, the athletic habits have given them vigor and tone and courage, and there prevails a robust, healthful moral condition. In any company, in the clubs, in business houses, in professional circles, the traveller is impressed with the physical development of the men, and even on the streets of the chief towns with the uncommon number of women who have beauty and that attractiveness which generally goes with good taste in dress.

The original settlers of Ontario were 10,000 loyalists, who left New England during and after our Revolutionary war. They went to Canada impoverished, but they carried there moral and intellectual qualities of a high order, the product of the best civilization of their day, the best materials for making a state. I confess that I never could rid myself of the school-boy idea that the terms "British redcoat" and "enemy" were synonymous, and that a "Tory" was the worst character Providence had ever permitted to live. But these people, who were deported, or went voluntarily away for an idea, were among the best material we had in stanch moral traits, intellectual leadership, social position, and wealth; their crime was superior attachment to England, and utter want of sympathy with the colonial cause, the cause of "liberty" of the hour. It is to them, at any rate, that Ontario owes its solid basis of character, vigor, and prosperity. I do not quarrel with the pride of their descendants in the fact that their ancestors were U. E. (United Empire) loyalists—a designation that still has a vital meaning to them. No doubt they inherit the idea that the revolt was a mistake, that the English connection is better as a form of government than the republic, and some of them may still regard the "Yankees" as their Tory ancestors did. It does not matter. In the development of a century in a new world they are more like us than they are like the English, except in a certain sentiment and in traditions, and in adherence to English gov-

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ernmental ideas. I think I am not wrong in saying that this conservative element in Ontario, or this aristocratical element which believes that it can rule a people better than they can rule themselves, was for a long time an anti-progressive and anti-popular force. They did not give up their power readily—power, however, which they were never accused of using for personal profit in the way of money. But I suppose that the "rule of the best" is only held to-day as a theory under popular suffrage in a responsible government.

The population of Ontario in 1886 was estimated at 1,819,026. For the seven years from 1872–9 the gain was 250,782. For the seven years from 1879–86 the gain was only 145,459. These figures, which I take from the statistics of Mr. Archibald Blue, secretary of the Ontario Bureau of Industries, become still more significant when we consider that in the second period of seven years the government had spent more money in developing the railways, in promoting immigration, and raised more money by the protective tariff for the establishing of industries, than in the first. The increase of population in the first period was 17½ per cent.; in the second, only 8⅔ per cent. Mr. Blue also says that but for the accession by immigration in the seven years 1879–86 the population of the province in 1886 would have been 62,640 less than in 1879. The natural increase, added to the immigration reported (208,000), should have given an increase of 442,000. There was an increase of only 145,000. What became of the 297,000? They did not go to Manitoba—the census shows that. "The lamentable truth is that we are growing men for the United States." That is, the province is at the cost of raising thousands of citizens up to a productive age only to lose them by emigration to the United States. Comparisons are also made with Ohio and Michigan, showing in them a proportionally greater increase in population, in acres of land under production, in manufactured products, and in development of mineral wealth. And yet Ontario has as great natural advantages as these neighboring States. The observation is also made that in the six years 1873–9, a period of intense business stringency, the country made decidedly greater progress than in the six years 1879–85, "a period of revival and boom, and vast expenditure of public money." The reader will bear in mind that the repeal (caused mainly by the increase of Canadian duties on American products) of the reciprocity treaty in 1866 (under which an international trade had grown to $70,000,000 annually) discouraged any annexation sentiment that may have existed, aided the scheme of confederation, and seemed greatly to stimulate Canadian manufactures, and the growth of interior and exterior commerce.

We touch here not only political questions active in Canada, but economic problems affecting both Canada and the United States. It is the criticism of the liberals upon the "development" policy, the protective tariff, the subsidy policy of the liberal-conservative party now in power, that a great show of activity is made without any real progress either in wealth or population. To put it in a word, the liberals want unrestricted trade with the United States, with England, or with the world—preferably with the United States. If this caused separation from England they would accept the consequences with composure, but they vehemently deny that they in any way favor annexation because they desire free-trade. Pointing to the more rapid growth of the States of the Union, their advantage is said to consist in having free exchange of commodities with sixty millions of people, spread over a continent.

As a matter of fact it seems plain that Ontario would benefit and have a better development by sharing in this large circulation and exchange. Would the State of New York be injured by the prosperity of Ontario? Is it not benefited by the prosperity of its other neighbor, Pennsylvania?

Toronto represents Ontario. It is its monetary, intellectual, educational centre, and I may add that here, more than anywhere else in Canada, the visitor is conscious of the complicated energy of a very vigorous civilization. The city itself has grown rapidly—an increase from 86,415 in 1881 to probably 170,000 in 1888—and it is growing as rapidly as any city on the continent, according to the indications of building, manufacturing, railway building, and the visible stir of enterprise. It is a very handsome and agreeable city, pleasant, for one reason, because it covers a large area, and gives space for the display of its fine buildings. I noticed especially the effect of noble churches, occupying a square—ample grounds that give dignity to the house of God. It ex-

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tends along the lake about six miles, and runs back about as far, laid out with regularity, and with the general effect of being level, but the outskirts have a good deal of irregularity and picturesqueness. It has many broad, handsome streets and several fine parks; High Park on the west is extensive, the university grounds (or Queen's Park) are beautiful—the new and imposing Parliament Buildings are being erected in a part of its domain ceded for the purpose; and the Island Park, the irregular strip of an island lying in front of the city, suggests the Lido of Venice. I cannot pause upon details, but the town has an air of elegance, of solidity, of prosperity. The well-filled streets present an aspect of great business animation, which is seen also in the shops, the newspapers, the clubs. It is a place of social activity as well, of animation, of hospitality. There are a few delightful old houses, which date back to the New England loyalists, and give a certain flavor to the town.

If I were to make an accurate picture of Toronto it would appear as one of the most orderly, well-governed, moral, highly civilized towns on the continent—in fact, almost unique in the active elements of a high Christian civilization. The notable fact is that the concentration here of business enterprise is equalled by the concentration of religious and educational activity.

The Christian religion is fundamental in the educational system. In this province the public schools are Protestant, the separate schools Roman Catholic, and the Bible has never been driven from the schools. The result as to positive and not passive religious instruction has not been arrived at without agitation. The mandatory regulations of the provincial Assembly are these: Every public and high school shall be opened daily with the Lord's Prayer, and closed with the reading of the Scriptures and the Lord's Prayer, or the prayer authorized by the Department of Education. The Scriptures shall be read daily and systematically, without comment or explanation. No pupil shall be required to take part in any religious exercise objected to by parent or guardian, and an interval is given for children of Roman Catholics to withdraw. A volume of Scripture selections made up by clergymen of the various denominations or the Bible may be used, in the discretion of the trustees, who may also order the repeating of the ten commandments in the school at least once a week. Clergymen of any denomination, or their authorized representatives, shall have the right to give religious instruction to pupils of their denomination in the school-house at least once a week. The historical portions of the Bible are given with more fulness than the others. Each lesson contains a continuous selection. The denominational rights of the pupils are respected, because the Scripture must be read without comment or explanation. The state thus discharges its duty without prejudice to any sect, but recognizes the truth that ethical and religious instruction is as necessary in life as any other.

I am not able to collate the statistics to show the effect of this upon public morals. I can only testify to the general healthful tone. The schools of Toronto are excellent and comprehensive; the kindergarten is a part of the system, and the law avoids the difficulty experienced in St. Louis about spending money on children under the school age of six by making the kindergarten age three. There is also a school for strays and truants, under private auspices as yet, which re-enforces the public schools in an important manner, and an industrial school of promise, on the cottage system, for neglected boys. The heads of educational departments whom I met were Christian men.

I sat one day with the police magistrate, and saw something of the workings of the Police Department. The chief of police is a gentleman. So far as I could see there was a distinct moral intention in the administration. There are special policemen of high character, with discretionary powers, who seek to prevent crime, to reconcile differences, to suppress vice, to do justice on the side of the erring as well as on the side of the law. The central prison (all offenders sentenced for more than two years go to a Dominion penitentiary) is a well-ordered jail, without any special reformatory features. I cannot even mention the courts, the institutions of charity and reform, except to say that they all show vigorous moral action and sentiment in the community.

The city, though spread over such a large area, permits no horse-cars to run on Sunday. There are no saloons open on Sunday; there are no beer-gardens or places of entertainment in the sub-

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urbs, and no Sunday newspapers. It is believed that the effect of not running the cars on Sunday has been to scatter excellent churches all over the city, so that every small section has good churches. Certainly they are well distributed. They are large, and fine architecturally; they are well filled on Sunday; the clergymen are able, and the salaries are considered liberal. If I may believe the reports and my limited observation, the city is as active religiously as it is in matters of education. And I do not see that this interferes with an agreeable social life, with a marked tendency of the women to beauty and to taste in dress. The tone of public and private life impresses a stranger as exceptionally good. The police is free from political influence, being under a commission of three, two of whom are life magistrates, and the mayor.

The free-library system of the whole province is good. Toronto has an excellent and most intelligently arranged free public library of about 50,000 volumes. The library trustees make an estimate yearly of the money necessary, and this, under the law, must be voted by the city council. The Dominion government still imposes a duty on books purchased for the library outside of Canada.

The educational work of Ontario is nobly crowned by the University of Toronto, though it is in no sense a state institution. It is well endowed, and has a fine estate. The central building is dignified and an altogether noble piece of architecture, worthy to stand in its beautiful park. It has a university organization, with a college inside of it, a school of practical science, and affiliated divinity schools of several denominations, including the Roman Catholic. There are fine museums and libraries, and it is altogether well equipped and endowed, and under the presidency of Dr. Daniel Wilson, the venerable ethnologist, it is a great force in Canada. The students and officers wear the cap and gown, and the establishment has altogether a scholastic air. Indeed this tradition and equipment—which in a sense pervades all life and politics in Canada—has much to do with keeping up the British connection. The conservation of the past is stronger than with us.

A hundred matters touching our relations with Canada press for mention. I must not omit the labor organizations. These are in affiliation with those in the United States, and most of them are international. The plumbers, the bricklayers, the stone-masons and stone-cutters, the Typographical Union, the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, the wood-carvers, the Knights of Labor, are affiliated; there is a branch of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in Canada; the railway conductors, with delegates from all our States, held their conference in Toronto last summer. The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners is a British association, with head-quarters in Manchester, but it has an executive committee in New York, with which all the Canadian and American societies communicate, and it sustains a periodical in New York. The Society of Amalgamated Engine Builders has its office in London, but there is an American branch, with which all the Canadian societies work in harmony. The Cigar-makers' Union is American, but a strike of cigar-makers in Toronto was supported by the American; so with the plumbers. It may be said generally that the societies each side the line will sustain each other. The trade organizations are also taken up by women, and these all affiliate with the United States. When a "National" union affiliates with one on the other side, the name is changed to "International." This union and interchange draws the laborers of both nations closer together. From my best information, and notwithstanding the denial of some politicians, the Canadian unions have love and sympathy for and with America. And this feeling must be reckoned with in speaking of the tendency to annexation. The present much-respected mayor of Toronto is a trade-unionist, and has a seat in the local parliament as a conservative; he was once arrested for picketing, or some such trade-union performance. I should not say that the trades-unions are in favor of annexation, but they are not afraid to discuss it. There is in Toronto a society of a hundred young men, the greater part of whom are of the artisan class, who meet to discuss questions of economy and politics. One of their subjects was Canadian independence. I am told that there is among young men a considerable desire for independence, accompanied with a determination to be on the best terms with the United States, and that as between a connection with Great

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Britain and the United States, they would prefer the latter. In my own observation the determination to be on good terms with the United States is general in Canada; the desire for independence is not.

The frequency of the question, "What do you think of the future of Canada?" shows that it is an open question. Undeniably the confederation, which seems to me rather a creation than a growth, works very well, and under it Canada has steadily risen in the consideration of the world and in the development of the sentiment of nationality. But there are many points unadjusted in the federal and provincial relations; more power is desired on one side, more local autonomy on the other. The federal right of disallowance of local legislation is resisted. The stated distribution of federal money to the provinces is an anomaly which we could not reconcile with the public spirit and dignity of the States, nor recognize as a proper function of the government. The habit of the provinces of asking aid from the central government in emergencies, and getting it, does not cultivate self-reliance, and the grant of aid by the federal government, in order to allay dissatisfaction, must be a growing embarrassment. The French privileges in regard to laws, language, and religion make an insoluble core in the heart of the confederacy, and form a compact mass which can be wielded for political purposes. This element, dominant in the province of Quebec, is aggressive. I have read many alarmist articles, both in Canadian and English periodicals, as to the danger of this to the rights of Protestant communities. I lay no present stress upon the expression of the belief by intelligent men that Protestant communities might some time be driven to the shelter of the wider toleration of the United States. No doubt much feeling is involved. I am only reporting a state of mind which is of public notoriety; and I will add that men equally intelligent say that all this fear is idle; that, for instance, the French increase in Ontario means nothing, only that the *habitant* can live on the semi-sterile Laurentian lands that others cannot profitably cultivate.

In estimating the idea the Canadians have of their future it will not do to take surface indications. One can go to Canada and get almost any opinion and tendency he is in search of. Party spirit—though the newspapers are in every way, as a rule, less sensational than ours—runs as high and is as deeply bitter as it is with us. Motives are unwarrantably attributed. It is always to be remembered that the opposition criticises the party in power for a policy it might not essentially change if it came in, and the party in power attributes designs to the opposition which it does not entertain: as, for instance, the opposition party is not hostile to confederation because it objects to the "development" policy or to the increase of the federal debt, nor is it for annexation because it may favor unrestricted trade or even commercial union. As a general statement it may be said that the liberal-conservative party is a protection party, a "development" party, and leans to a stronger federal government; that the liberal party favors freer trade, would cry halt to debt for the forcing of development, and is jealous of provincial rights. Even the two parties are not exactly homogeneous. There are conservatives who would like legislative union; the liberals of the province of Quebec are of one sort, the liberals of the province of Ontario are of another, and there are conservative-liberals as well as radicals.

The interests of the maritime provinces are closely associated with those of New England; popular votes there have often pointed to political as well as commercial union, but the controlling forces are loyal to the confederation and to British connection. Manitoba is different in origin, as I pointed out, and in temper. It considers sharply the benefit to itself of the federal domination. My own impression is that it would vote pretty solidly against any present proposition of annexation, but under the spur of local grievances and the impatience of a growth slower than expected there is more or less annexation talk, and one newspaper of a town of six thousand people has advocated it. Whether that is any more significant than the same course taken by a Quebec newspaper recently under local irritation about disallowance I do not know. As to unrestricted trade, Sir John Thompson, the very able Minister of Justice in Ottawa, said in a recent speech that Canada could not permit her financial centre to be shifted to Washington and her tariff to be made there; and in this he not only touched the heart of the difficulty of an arrangement, but spoke, I believe, the prevailing sentiment of Canada.

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As to the future, I believe the choice of a strict conservatism would be, first, the government as it is; second, independence; third, imperial federation: annexation never. But imperial federation is generally regarded as a wholly impracticable scheme. The liberal would choose, first, the framework as it is, with modifications; second, independence, with freer trade; third, trust in Providence, without fear. It will be noted in all these varieties of prelection that separation from England is calmly contemplated as a definite possibility, and I have no doubt that it would be preferred rather than submission to the least loss of the present autonomy. And I must express the belief that, underlying all other thought, unexpressed, or, if expressed, vehemently repudiated, is the idea, widely prevalent, that some time, not now, in the dim future, the destiny of Canada and the United States will be one. And if one will let his imagination run a little, he cannot but feel an exultation in the contemplation of the majestic power and consequence in the world such a nation would be, bounded by three oceans and the Gulf, united under a restricted federal head, with free play for the individuality of every State. If this ever comes to pass, the tendency to it will not be advanced by threats, by unfriendly legislation, by attempts at conquest. The Canadians are as high-spirited as we are. Any sort of union that is of the least value could only come by free action of the Canadian people, in a growth of business interests undisturbed by hostile sentiment. And there could be no greater calamity to Canada, to the United States, to the English-speaking interest in the world, than a collision. Nothing is to be more dreaded for its effect upon the morals of the people of the United States than any war with any taint of conquest in it.

There is no doubt with many an honest preference for the colonial condition. I have heard this said: "We have the best government in the world, a responsible government, with entire local freedom. England exercises no sort of control; we are as free as a nation can be. We have in the representative of the crown a certain conservative tradition, and it only costs us ten thousand pounds a year. We are free, we have little expense, and if we get into any difficulty there is the mighty power of Great Britain behind us!" It is as if one should say in life, I have no responsibilities; I have a protector. Perhaps as a "rebel," I am unable to enter into the colonial state of mind. But the boy is never a man so long as he is dependent. There was never a nation great until it came to the knowledge that it had nowhere in the world to go for help.

In Canada to-day there is a growing feeling for independence; very little, taking the whole mass, for annexation. Put squarely to a popular vote, it would make little show in the returns. Among the minor causes of reluctance to a union are distrust of the government of the United States, coupled with the undoubted belief that Canada has the better government; dislike of our quadrennial elections; the want of a system of civil service, with all the turmoil of our constant official overturning; dislike of our sensational and irresponsible journalism, tending so often to recklessness; and dislike also, very likely, of the very assertive spirit which has made us so rapidly subdue our continental possessions.

But if one would forecast the future of Canada, he needs to take a wider view than personal preferences or the agitations of local parties. The railway development, the Canadian Pacific alone, has changed within five years the prospects of the political situation. It has brought together the widely separated provinces, and has given a new impulse to the sentiment of nationality. It has produced a sort of unity which no act of Parliament could ever create. But it has done more than this: it has changed the relation of England to Canada. The Dominion is felt to be a much more important part of the British Empire than it was ten years ago, and in England within less than ten years there has been a revolution in colonial policy. With a line of fast steamers from the British Islands to Halifax, with lines of fast steamers from Vancouver to Yokohama, Hong-Kong, and Australia, with an all-rail transit, within British limits, through an empire of magnificent capacities, offering homes for any possible British overflow, will England regard Canada as a weakness? It is true that on this continent the day of dynasties is over, and that the people will determine their own place. But there are great commercial forces at work that cannot be ignored, which seem strong enough to keep Canada for a long time on her present line of development in a British connection.

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WILLIAM M. CHASE.—From the bronze bass-relief by Augustus St. Gaudens.

WILLIAM M. CHASE, PAINTER.

BY KENYON COX.

THE qualifying word in the title of this article is not here used in its generic and merely professional sense, as signifying a producer of pictures, but in that more special and emphatic signification that distinguishes the kind and quality of an artistic talent. Of all our artists Mr. Chase is the most distinctively and emphatically a *painter*, marked for such both by his powers and by his limitations. His is not so much the art of the brain that thinks or of the imagination that conceives as of the eye that sees and the hand that records. He cares little for abstract form, less for composition, and hardly at all for thought or story; but the iridescence of a fish's back or the creamy softness of a woman's shoulder, the tender blue of a morning sky or the vivid crimson of a silken scarf—yes, or the red glow of a copper kettle or the variegated patches of clothes hung out to dry—these things he seizes upon and delights in, and renders with wonderful deftness and precision. He is, as it were, a wonderful human camera—a seeing machine—walking up and down in the world, and in the humblest things as in the finest discovering and fixing for us beauties we had else not thought of. Place him before a palace or a market stall, in Haarlem, Holland, or in Harlem, New York, and he will show us that light is everywhere, and that nature is always infinitely interesting. His art is objective and external, but all that he sees he can render, and he sees everything that has positive and independent existence. He is a technician of the breed of Hals and Velasquez; a *painter*, in a word. We have more imaginative artists, better draughtsmen, men of a subtler and more personal talent, but we have no such painter as Mr. Chase, and the world has to-day few better. It is in the hope of aiding to a wider appreciation of this fact that this article is written.

William M. Chase was born in Franklin County, Indiana, in the year 1849. In

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his youth he seems to have been destined for business, but in his twentieth year he decided to follow the career of art, and entered the studio of a local portrait-painter named Hayes. In 1869 he came to New York, and worked for two years at the schools of the National Academy, and in the studio of J. O. Eaton. His parents had in the mean time gone to live at St. Louis, and there in 1871 went Chase, his education finished, to begin the practice of his profession. His work at that time, mostly still-life, with an occasional portrait, he describes as conscientious but painfully hard and minute. It pleased his public and sold readily, and for a time he was a prosperous artist. Probably to his friends and admirers of that period he seems to-day a promising man gone wrong.

This stage of his career was not a long one. He met in St. Louis a Mr. John Mulvany, then recently returned from Munich, whose sketches were to him a revelation of the possibilities of direct and vigorous painting. Under his influence he awoke to a sense of his own shortcomings, and determined to go to Munich himself and recommence his studies. He got from friends enough commissions to support him for some time, went to Munich, and laying aside his pretensions to full-fledged artisthood, entered the Academy in 1872, and worked his way up from the antique class. In Munich he remained six years.

It is strange to think of this nervous, energetic American in smoky, beery, bituminous Munich; of this brilliant, versatile, cosmopolitan painter as a pupil of Piloty. The stamp of Munich is hard to efface, and of the artists who have studied there most bear it, for good or for evil, during life. Yet the art of Mr. Chase is to-day far more Parisian than Bavarian, and it would be a clever analyst that should, from sight of his present work only, divine the schooling he has had. Nevertheless, the effect upon a highly organized and receptive nature of six years of training during that formative period between the ages of twenty and thirty must needs have been profound and lasting; and radical as seems at first sight the difference between Mr. Chase's earlier work and his later, it is still possible to see how the transformation may have taken place, and to trace in the work of to-day subtle signs of its origin in that of yesterday.

One's fellow-students are often one's real teachers, and many a pupil of Gérôme or Cabanel will tell you that it was from Dagnan or Bastien that he learned the most of what he knows. We must therefore remember that the Munich which influenced Mr. Chase was not the Munich of Cornelius and of Kaulbach. Piloty, strange as it may seem to-day, was himself an embodied revolution, and by the time he became director of the Academy the current of younger thought and effort had already swept far beyond him, and he had become almost as much a part of the past as his predecessors. The Munich which has left so deep an impress upon many of our artists was the Munich of which Dietz, newly made a professor, and Liebl, altogether outside of the school, were the heroes, and the band of which Mr. Chase was a member scorned Piloty and his works with the scorn of very young men for those whom they think old fogies. Mr. Chase himself, although he was remarkably successful in his academic career, and took prize after prize and medal after medal, was considered by the big-wigs of the school as a somewhat anarchical and dangerous person, and when he had attained to that highest of school rewards, a free studio, they were greatly distressed that he should still prefer his still-life and his studies to the pompous machines the production of which was, in their view, the sole end of the Academy's existence.

What we have to consider is not, then, the influence upon him of the academic theory and practice, which was as small as possible, but that of the artistic atmosphere and life of the place itself, which was very great—an influence partly good and partly bad. All Munich men are enthusiastic lovers of art and of the great old masters. There is no Salon in Munich, and little life; the painters there are not busy discussing the last sensational success or the newest *tableau à médaille;* neither are they occupied with politics, or the stage, or society, or the picture market: when they wish to see pictures they go to the galleries and study Rubens or Hals or Rembrandt; they work, while daylight lasts, before their easels, and they meet at night in some old Bavarian tavern to talk of their art over pipes and beer. Theirs is almost the only true life of the black old town, and they see and hear of and care for nothing but their own art,

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"FORT HAMILTON."

their own trade; and so they become able and enthusiastic workmen, and acquire a love of painting for painting's sake that lasts them their lifetime. The galleries of Munich contain few first-class works by the great Italians, and the student's attention is naturally fixed upon the supreme technicians of Holland and Flanders, whose life his own resembles, and whose works are constantly before him. His love of art may be narrow, but it is sure to be pure and intense. The danger is that the love of painting may degenerate into the love of paint, that execution may usurp the place of more serious qualities. The Munich-trained artist is sure to handle his brush freely and well, but he is a little apt to neglect form and solidity, and to think more of brilliancy of representation than of the essential nature of the thing represented. Another fault he has also—blackness. Their exclusive contemplation of the old masters and their isolation from the current of modern painting have led the artists of Munich to ignore the advent of light in the pictures of to-day; but why they should also ignore the treasures of clearness and luminosity to be found in the best works of the Dutch school, and never absent even from the sombre canvases of Rembrandt, it is more difficult to understand. Such, however, is the fact, and an abuse of bitumen and a notion that tone is dependent upon blackness is a constant mark of your true *Münchener*.

These, then, are the characteristics of the young Munich to which Mr. Chase belonged, and of which he was no inconsiderable part: contempt of story, subject, and even of composition; true love of painting for its own sake; brilliancy and facility of handling, with some neglect of form and substance; and blackness of tone. They mark Mr. Chase's work of that time as strongly as they do that of his contemporaries. His distinction is that while they have, for the most part, retained the evil with the good, and remain to-day, wherever they may be, Munich painters, he has retained the good and dropped the evil.

His pictures of this period are well known through exhibition and reproduction. The "Court Jester," the "Turkish Page," "Ready for the Ride," and the "Dowager" were all painted while in Munich, and the "Portrait of Mr. Duveneck" was painted in Venice before his return to this country. They are all strongly stamped with the Munich style, but are vigorous and striking works. The best of them is perhaps the portrait of Duveneck, which is in many ways a re-

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markable work for a young man of twenty-eight, good in character, strong and free in handling, but marred by a certain extravagance in arrangement and by the abuse of bitumen.

In 1878 Mr. Chase was asked to take charge of the painting class of the Art Students' League, and came back to New York for that purpose. In 1879 he was elected a member of the Society of American Artists. Since his return he has resided constantly in New York, but has spent most of his summers in travel and study in Europe.

Long before he left Munich he had begun the practice of making tours to other cities for the purpose of copying in the museums, and the last year of his stay abroad he spent in Venice with Duveneck; since then he has copied Velasquez in Madrid and the Dutch masters in Holland, and has seen Salon after Salon in Paris; at home he has been brought into contact with artists brought up in the schools of Paris, and has no doubt learned something from them, as they have learned much from him. His mind and his style have broadened with his broadened opportunities, and the difference between his work of to-day and that of an earlier period is almost as the difference between day and night. And yet it was interesting, at the special exhibition of his work held at Moore's Gallery a year or more ago, to see that, although the tone had changed, the handling was still the same. Light and color were the very essence of the new work; they hardly existed in the old; yet all that was good in the work of his old Munich days remained. Here was the old healthy contempt of story and of the literary side of art; here were the old delight in the technique of painting and the old directness and freedom of manner; here were even the old tricks of the brush—the very touch was the same. Only, where the older pictures were dark the newer were light. The old love of blackness was gone, and in its place was an intense love of light and color and the open air, and with it there was a vastly increased power of subtle and unconventional composition. Mr. Chase has always been essentially a *painter:* he is now a much better painter than ever before, and a painter of pictures—not merely of studies.

Every man shows occasionally the defects of his qualities, and as it is well that a criticism should contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so far as the writer can give it, let us admit that now and then Mr. Chase's love of painting may lean a little too much toward the love of paint—that in his less successful efforts the interpretation may somewhat usurp the place of the thing interpreted. Let us also admit that the same quick susceptibility of temperament which is his highest quality sometimes submits him to the inspiration of another's work rather than to that of nature. "We sometimes see a Chase that's Whistlerish;" we sometimes catch an echo of Stevens or of Rico. No man can be always at his best. Mr. Chase's best is as original in vision as it is thorough in execution, and that being so, we can afford to neglect his second best.

It is this best work of Mr. Chase's present style that we now come to consider. Having seen something of his development and of the steps by which he has reached it, let us try to get a clearer conception of what that style is, and examine it more in detail than we have yet done.

The first characteristic of his work that would strike a stranger to it is probably its versatility and wide range of subject. The illustrations of this article, if they served no other purpose, should be sufficient to convince one of that. In this small selection from a prodigious quantity of work we have portraits, landscapes, genre subjects, and still-life, and this variety only indicates, and by no means exhausts, the wide range of the available material from which the selection is made. Yet this variety has its distinct limits. Whatever the bodily eye can see, Mr. Chase can paint, but with the eye of the imagination he does not see. By nature and instinct he leaves to others the attempt to give form and substance to the figments of the brain. He is content to rest upon the solid earth, and finds in the manifold aspects of external nature matter that shall occupy a lifetime in its setting forth. "Within this limit is relief enough," and with an eye trained to see and a hand trained to render the shifting many-sidedness of things, one has work enough cut out for one man.

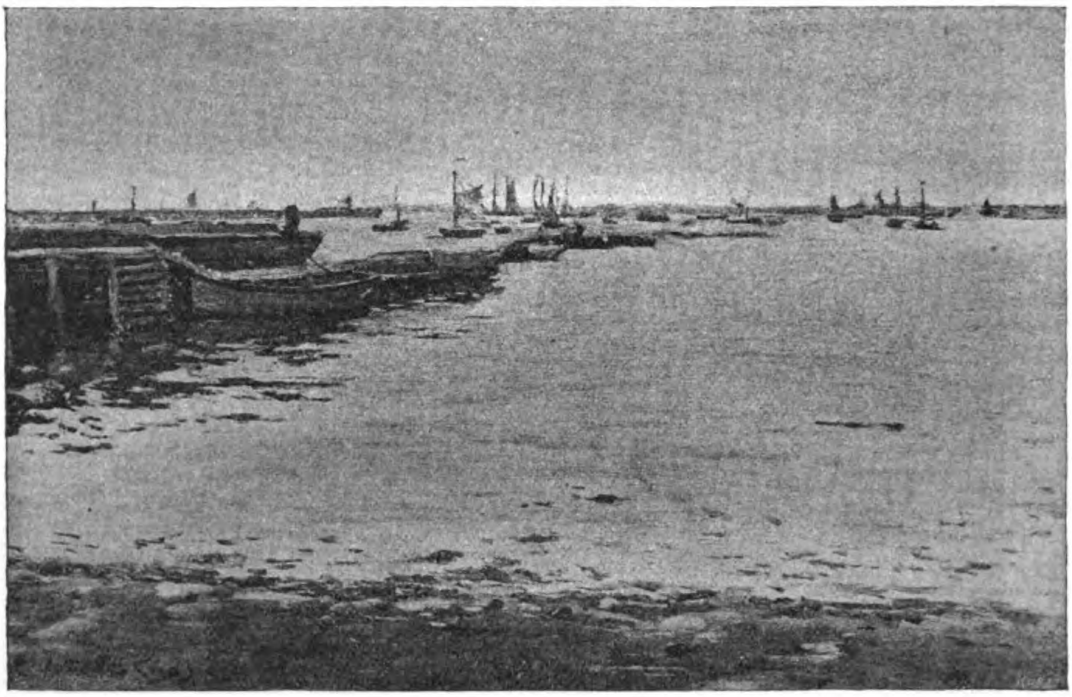
The second notable characteristic of this work is the temper of technical experiment in which it is executed. Its subjects are not more varied than are its means of expression. Oil, water-color,

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"MOTHER AND CHILD."

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"GOWANUS BAY."

gouache, pastel, are all in turn employed, and each with the same unerring sureness put to its best use. A canvas ten feet square or a panel five inches, a surface as rough as coffee sacking or as smooth as ivory—each is made to show that something can be done with it that can be done with nothing else.

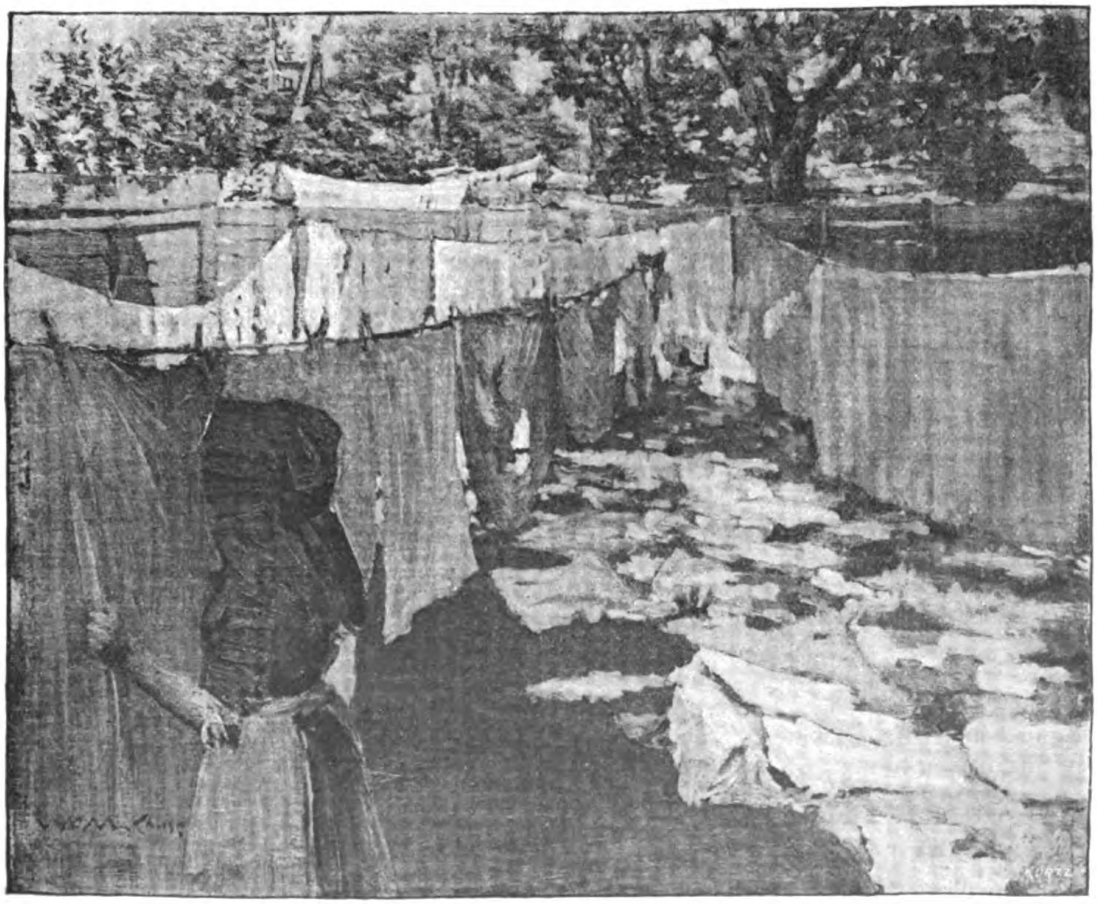
These are the two great characteristics of your true painter wherever you find him: an impartial love for nature as it is, and an almost equal love for the tools of his art. He does not care to idealize or to torture himself in the search for the abstractly beautiful; the naturally beautiful is good enough for him, and he is contented to set himself delightful and not insoluble problems of rendition, and draws infinite pleasure from their resolution. No man has such delight in his work as he. As he does not attempt the impossible, he is spared the agony of inevitable failure. His work is the healthy exercise of highly organized and highly trained faculties, and is as natural as the free play of a child, and as pleasurable as the exercise of an athlete.

And as the labor of love gives joy to the worker, so it has the greater chance of bringing joy to the beholder. We have had enough and to spare of the false criticism that blames an artist for not being something he is not; we can hardly have enough of the true criticism that heartily enjoys what he is. In the house of art there are many mansions, and room enough for many various talents. Each in its way can give us pleasure, and there is a very high and a very true enjoyment to be gotten from art of this objective sort—an enjoyment differing in kind, but perhaps not in degree, from that afforded by more imaginative art. The executive talent, the talent of the technician, is perhaps in its highest forms as rare as any other. The mission of the technician—of the painter *par excellence*—is the high one of showing us the beauty of the commonest and humblest objects. He shows us that, rightly considered, a battered tin pan is a thing of beauty and worthy of attention in its degree, and that there is something worth noting in a rotting post by the water-side or a "white sheet bleaching on the hedge." But of all kinds of art this is the hardest to describe or to reproduce. The meaning of an allegory or the just treatment of a story the critic can expound. Before the beauty of line or the sublimity of light and shade he is helpless; but the engraver can step in to his aid, and you may measurably understand the art of form from reproduction alone. But an art that is neither literary

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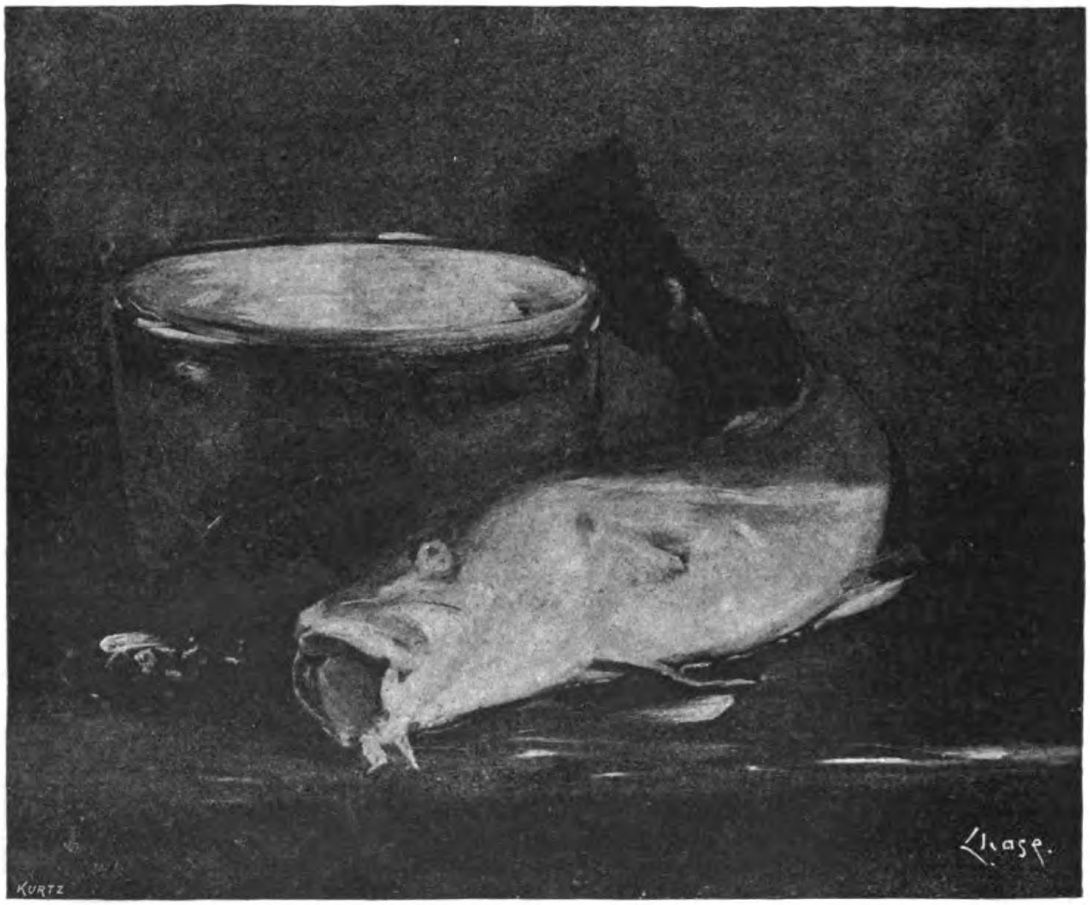
nor linear puzzles both critic and engraver, and neither can much help you to appreciate the simple rightness and soundness of a bit of painting. Go to the next exhibition where you can find a good piece of Mr. Chase's work, and you will understand more of it after five minutes' inspection than you would from pages of writing or of illustration. The illustrations given with this article are as good as they could be made, but the essence of the originals evaporates from the best translation into black and white. Light and color and handling are the three great qualities of such work, and illustration can give no notion of the first two, and but a faint one of the last of these, and criticism is little better off.

In the "Mother and Child," for instance, the main beauty of the canvas is indescribable in words and altogether untranslatable by engraving. How shall you be made to feel, except before the picture itself, the beauty of two tones of black, one upon the other, the charm of the pearly flesh of the child against the warmer carnation of the mother, or the tingling pleasure that one receives from the one note of vivid scarlet that cuts through this quiet harmony like a knife? How shall you be made to understand the sense of power that is conveyed by these broad, sure sweeps of the brush which delude you for the moment into the belief that painting is as easy as walking? How shall you be made to see the breadth of style, simplicity of aim, directness of method? For another instance, here is a little picture, not much above a foot square, of a woman hanging out her weekly washing. It is a pure gem in its way, but what is left of it in an engraving? The form counts for little or nothing; the whole charm of it is in the indescribable rightness of two or three values, the perfect truth of two or three notes of color; and this is enough; but it eludes reproduction as it eludes analysis, and must be seen in the original, and be seen for one's self.



"WASH-DAY."

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"FISH STUDY."

I have spoken of the painter as a wandering eye, and of his mission of finding out beauty in common objects and in unexpected places. It has so happened that for two years past Mr. Chase has foregone his trips abroad, and has passed his summers in Brooklyn. And being there, he has explored Brooklyn for paintable subjects, as he had explored Amsterdam and Venice, and with somewhat astonishing results. From these explorations he has brought back a series of small pictures of parks and docks which are veritable little jewels. It is new proof, if proof were wanted, that it is not subjects that are lacking in this country, but eyes to see them with. Let no artist again complain of lack of material when such things as these are to be seen at his very door, and let the public cease complaining of the un-American quality of American art at least until they have snatched up every one of these marvellous little masterpieces. They are far and away the best things Mr. Chase has yet done, and are altogether charming. Crisp, fresh, gay, filled with light and air and color and the glitter of water and dancing of boats, or the brightness of green grass in sunshine and the blue depths of shade upon gravel-walks, brilliant with flowers and the dainty costumes of women and children, they are perfection in their way, and could not be improved upon. Two or three of them are given here in such faint transcription as printer's ink and white paper are capable of, but the sparkle and the charm cannot be put upon this page.

These pictures were a surprise, but it would seem that there is no end to the possible surprises Mr. Chase carries in his sack, and he has lately drawn forth another. Within a short time some of us have seen a few lovely pastels of the nude female figure from his hand. The delicate feeling for color and for values, the masterly handling of the material, the

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charm of texture in skin or stuffs—these things we were prepared for; but we were not quite prepared for the fine and delicate drawing, the grace of undulating contour, the solid constructive merit which seemed to us a new element in his work.

Such is a brief account of the work of William M. Chase, a true artist and a born painter, whose talent, within certain defined but receding limits, is of the highest quality, and of whose merits a heartier recognition were desirable. This recognition his brother artists have long since given him, and what they think of him is best shown by his unanimous re-election, year after year, to the presidency of the Society of American Artists; but the great public is slower of perception, and seems not yet to have found out that we have in our midst a master-painter who does well all that he tries to do, and some things as well as any man living.

SLOWTOPP'S CONFESSION.

BY JOHN LILLIE.

I.



"I DON'T want to make a confounded Guy Fawkes of myself."

"But, my dear fellow, you will not: it's just the thing for you. Think what a figure you have for it: not one man in a hundred looks so like the devil as you do—long thin legs and arms, wasp waist—"

"I don't set up for a beauty."

"Oh, but you are—a perfect figure for the subject. If I had those attenuated legs and that hollow-eyed melancholy and graceful pose, I shouldn't be in such a funk about my own costume;" and Brown looked down at his well-rounded proportions with something like anxiety.

"Oh, your figure is easy enough: there's Friar Tuck, you know, or Ben Jonson, with 'mountain belly and rocky face,' Sir John Falstaff, Daniel Lambert—history abounds with interesting cases of obesity."

Brown did not deign to notice this remark, but went on:

"Well, if you don't like the devil, go as Hamlet: black tights, pointed shoes, flat cap, sword; book in your hand—copy of Shakespeare to read quotations from. Hamlet is easy and very effective."

"But you forget, my dear man, it is a masquerade, not a fancy-dress ball. Hamlet in a mask would be ludicrous."

"So he would." Brown pondered for a moment; then he conceived a new idea. "Listen to me, my boy; a suit of black, black kid gloves, black shirt and necktie and wristbands—everything black except the lining of your dress-coat; make that crimson; and with a crush hat you would be a most distingué and devilish devil."

"But there will be scores of devils, a thousand devils. Besides, if one goes as a devil, he must act the part of a devil—or of something worse. Why don't you go as a devil yourself?"

"Oh, I haven't the figure for it. There is no character in history I am so fond of, but I'm too stout, don't you see. Really, though, it's a shame for that figure of yours to be wasted. Take Mephistopheles, then; you are sure to find a dozen Fausts and Marguerites there to back you; or Lucifer, son of the morning, in a splendid crimson and gold suit, with wings. That's perfection."

I happen to possess a particularly good pair of legs, and, without being vainer than most people, I must admit that a vision of those graceful limbs encased in silken tights was not displeasing to me. There was a copy of *Paradise Lost* on my book-shelves, with Doré's illustrations, and if you happen to know that edition, you will remember what a beautiful creation the artist has made of Lucifer. We took down the book, and inspected him with an interest neither of us had ever felt before in any portion of Milton's masterpiece.

"I am afraid he is not practicable," said I, after a searching examination.

"Nonsense!" said Brown; "nothing could be easier. You don't need to follow this model exactly, but only in a general way; and with a few changes you can get up a most gorgeous Lucifer. First look at the necessary things—reduce him to his lowest terms, so to speak—and

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what have we left? A suit of crimson or yellow silk tights, with long legs and arms, from the haberdasher's, a pair of velvet trunks from the tailor, a cuirass and helmet from the theatrical costumer; the other attributes, the wings and tail, you can have made somewhere: any clever mechanic could build you a pair of wings out of pasteboard and gilt paper. Why, certainly he could," said Brown, with an air of conviction: "I can see the whole thing now in my mind, and the beauty of the costume is that it will probably be unique. It's an unusual subject, don't you see. Not at all the conventional sort of thing people can hire at the costumer's. I hate costumers' costumes; we have all seen the same old things year after year, and worn a good many of them ourselves, and we know exactly where they were hired, and for how much, and all about it. When I see a man in a costumer's costume I always know either that he is unfamiliar with masquerades altogether, and therefore excusably ignorant, or that he is a hopelessly commonplace soul. Some people have no conscience in the matter of costumes, and don't bother at all, but just wear anything that will get them in: they are the sort who go as inexpensive monks and calico Chinamen—you always see a lot of monks and Chinamen standing in corners. I have no respect for a man who does that. It is not only stupid, but it is infernally selfish."

I never had been to a masquerade, though I was twenty-two years of age—a year older than Brown, who, as you have seen, was a man of wide experience. It may seem odd that I should have come to mature years in this callow state of ignorance, but my life thus far had been spent in the very rigid and proper atmosphere of a New England town, where a masquerade would have been as unlikely an event as an evening of fetich worship. To explain my status in New Orleans it is only necessary to this history to say that my father had sent me down a month previous to look after certain of his affairs—something about cotton for his mills—and that I had been provided with letters of introduction which had opened the doors of many charming households to me. I may add that, having just left the university, I was of course a prig and an egotist; likewise I was an extremely susceptible young man: all this goes without saying, and I mention it here simply as an apology for what follows. The house at which the ball was to take place a few days later was a fine old-fashioned mansion in the suburbs, where I had been a frequent visitor, my entertainers being Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, old friends of my father, and their pretty daughter Miss Lucy.

The Doré illustration was so attractive and Brown's conversation so alluring that by degrees my better judgment weakened, and I found myself eventually taking the same view he did, and entering with enthusiasm into the question of how the details could be carried out in the most splendid manner.

"It will not be a cheap subject, you know," said Brown—"not if you do it properly. But you don't mind that, do you?"

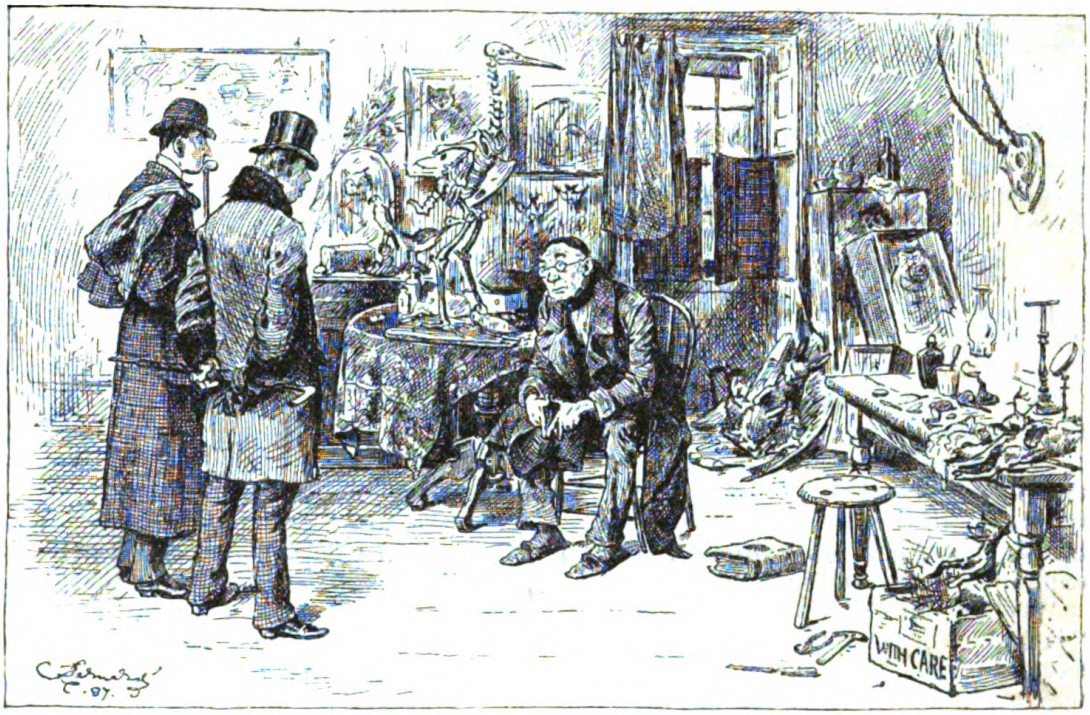
"I shouldn't mind going $50 upon it. Would that be enough?"

"No," said Brown, "it wouldn't; but I think $150 would make everything right. Yes, for $150 you could shine like a meteor."

I mentally calculated what my governor would say when he read in my account for this month's expenses "$150—for clothes." I should not dare call the proposed garments by any other name. Unfortunately, before leaving home last month, I had bought enough new clothes to last me a year. The governor was liberal enough about clothes and everything else, but he made me keep an accurate record of all my expenditures, which he had a bad habit of reading over on the first day of every month. I am bound to say in justice to the governor that he rarely made any comment on my accounts, but for this reason, perhaps, I was all the more anxious not to give him an opportunity. Of course to his Puritan mind a masquerade dress costing $150 would be utterly inexplicable: in fact a masquerade dress at any price would be inexplicable: he had never seen one in his life, nor anything like it. How, then, should I manage the financial part of this enterprise?

Brown, with ever ready invention, suggested that I should divide the amount into small parts and distribute them among my expense items. "Here, give me a bit of paper, and we will arrange it systematically—nothing like system, you know." And he rapidly wrote a busi-

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"IT WAS A CURIOUS PLACE, THAT OF SYMES."

ness-like column of figures and handed it to me.

Add $10 to stationery.
" 10 " fuel.
" 10 " carriage hire.
" 10 " washing.
" 10 " theatres.
" 10 " new books.
" 10 " scientific lectures.
" 10 " French lessons.
" 10 " dancing lessons.
" 10 " pew rent.
" 10 " contribution box.
" 10 " Protestant Orphan Asylum.
" 10 " baths.

"That only makes $130," said Brown, "and I'm blessed if I can think of any more. Try and think of some more."

"Baths won't do: I already have $20 down for baths this month, and this added would give me three baths a day. The governor believes in baths, but not to that extent. Pew rent is very good, and so is Protestant orphan asylum—beautiful! Why did I never think of them before? But there is too much sameness about those other items; every one $10. Besides, I have already given them all they will stand."

"Oh, you are up to this wrinkle, are you?"

"Yes, of course; and I don't like it. But here is something better: I will put in my account 'money loaned, $150,' and when I get home I will tell the governor the whole story; I can't write it, for he would never understand. Now let us be off; there is no time to lose."

This was true: the ball was to take place on Thursday evening, and it was now Monday afternoon.

An hour later we had bought the tights, negotiated for the helmet, breastplate, and winged shoes, and were on our way to the tailor's for the trunks; the question of wings and tail was still before us. But the tailor settled the latter difficulty.

After taking my measure for the trunks, he himself suggested a caudal appendage made from the same piece of velvet.

"I never made a velvet tail," said he, "but last winter I made an artificial tail for a favorite pointer belongin' to a gent that had lost his'n—run over on a railway. It worked very satisfactory, and was much admired. I made it out of a bit of door-mat, dyed to match the dog."

It was settled that the trunks and tail should be ready on Wednesday, and we bethought ourselves next of the difficult problem of wings. "They ought properly to be made of brass," said Brown; "but that would make a heavy addition to your brass helmet and breastplate. An idea strikes me," he went on, a moment later: "why not use *real wings*, and have them

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gilded?—the wings of some large bird, like a buzzard or albatross, you know."

This was a bold and original idea, but eminently a good one. "Come with me," said Brown; and he led the way through a number of crooked streets, and finally opened the door of a small shop, on which I read the name,

Hiram J. Symes, Naturalist.

It was a curious place, that of Symes. Around the walls were arranged glass cases full of stuffed birds, reptiles, and fishes. Symes himself, a snuffy old man in horn spectacles, sat at a table in the centre engaged in articulating the skeleton of a stork, and about him lay scattered fragments of the mortal frames of frogs, lizards, snakes, and other animals. Brown explained our errand in a few words.

"What you really want," said Symes, "is a pair of wild turkey wings; and I have got 'em. They are gray now, but they must be dyed blue—indigo blue."

"The very thing!" said Brown. "I knew Mr. Symes would help us. Wild turkey in this country is as big as eagle, and when you get the wings dyed and get them on, you will think you're an angel. How long will it take to dye them, Symes?"

"Well, to dye the wings and mount 'em properly will take two days. By Wednesday I can get you up a good serviceable pair."

"All right," said Brown, highly elated. "Now, Lucifer, you are provided for, and you will make a sensation; you certainly will."

I did. But I must not anticipate.

II.

No man who has not experienced it can imagine the intense excitement connected with one's first appearance at a masquerade ball. I speak reflexively, for the excitement the débutant feels is quite out of proportion to any he can possibly cause, no matter how ingenious or bizarre his costume may be. The subject I had chosen for my début was probably one of the strongest that could be conceived, though one searched the whole range of mythology, history, imaginative literature, and tradition: look where you will, that glowing figure in Milton's grandest poem shines resplendent as a subject for gorgeous impersonation. I had given free range to my fancy, or rather to Brown's fancy, in preparing the costume and paraphernalia, and the result even exceeded our expectations. When the various component parts came home on Wednesday evening we held a private dress rehearsal, Brown and I, in my apartments. Brown could not find words to express his satisfaction; and though I only saw myself at a disadvantage in the mirror, I was fairly dazzled by my own brilliancy, and could not but admit that I was "mighty fine."

"Yes," said Brown, "you'll do."

My tights, or fleshings, were of yellow silk, and fitted accurately. Over this came my armor of polished brass—a breastplate, greaves, and buskins or shoes of brass scales. On my left arm I bore a great round shield, which shone like the sun, and in my right hand a gleaming sword. My head was encased in a glittering helmet of brass, with visor down (making it very hot inside), while behind me swung my yellow velvet tail with tip of blue. But beyond all in effectiveness stood the handiwork of Hiram J. Symes, the beautiful blue wings projecting from my shoulders. This was truly the crowning feature of the costume, and when I saw its reflection in the glass I felt, despite my weight of armor, as light and nimble as the flying statue of the Bastile, which I somewhat resembled. There was something grand and martial about the figure, and yet it was weird and unearthly; it seemed full of power and majesty, and yet to be swift and intangible; it might fade and vanish before my eyes. Even at this moment, as I write and the figure rises before me, I find myself again under the spell of that glittering presence, and giving to my words instinctively a ponderous and majestic flow quite different from my ordinary style, and in fact highly repugnant to the simple taste of my calmer moments.

Brown's costume was so simple as hardly to need description. He was a colossal bird—an owl—with great yellow glass eyes so contrived as to blink and roll exactly in the manner of owls. His arms were of course underneath the wings, and therefore available for dancing, and his feet were cleverly made to represent the boughs of a tree grasped by the owl's great yellow claws. To my inexperienced mind this costume was simply a marvel, and I did not hesitate to say so.

Brown smiled. "It is nothing remark-

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able. In fact it is rather an old and threadbare subject, though I do think I am carrying it out rather well: better than anybody else will in New Orleans, anyhow. I got this over from Paris: only paid half price for it, because it had been worn once there at the Grand Opera ball. But I don't dare tell you, even with that, what a lot it cost me. The fact is, a man must dismiss all thoughts of prudence and common-sense when it comes to masquerade dresses, and just sail in and make an unmitigated fool of himself, and have it out with his tailor and his governor afterward. That's the only way to shine."

These seemed reckless words, but I felt there was truth in them. There was, moreover, down in the hidden recesses of my mind a special reason which made me resolved to shine at this ball at whatever cost, and I was comforted to learn from Brown that it is customary on such occasions to be reckless. I was certainly being reckless; but I felt rather glad of it now.

It was agreed that we should go to the ball together, Brown calling for me with a cab at ten o'clock.

Finally, when evening came, I was dressed a full hour before Brown arrived, and it did not take me long to get into the cab; but having got in, there came a difficulty I had not counted on: it was impossible to sit down without crushing my wings. Why we had not thought of this, and made them to fold up, I don't know, but it was too late now, and there was nothing for it but to sink upon my knees at Brown's feet. Brown, in fact, was not much better off, and had either to sit all askew or to perch most uncomfortably on the back seat to accommodate his tail feathers. In this unnatural attitude we drove through brilliantly lighted streets for a mile or two before coming to the quieter thoroughfares, and you may be sure we received our share of attention from by-standers, my martial front glaring from one side of the open cab, while Brown's round face and great yellow eyes looked gravely out upon the other.

We found a crowd of uninvited bystanders assembled at the Simpsons' gate to watch the arrivals. A murmur of applause and laughter rose when Brown skipped down from his perch and solemnly waddled down the line and into the gate; and when I rose up and followed in my gorgeous panoply the applause was redoubled, and exclamations of, "Oh, ain't he fine!" "Law! look at this 'ere man-bird!" "Oh, glory, what a sparkler!" etc., were mingled with the clapping of hands, and I began to feel almost like a conquering hero. The ball had already begun, and the screaming fiddles and mellow horns at the top of the staircase were engaged upon a waltz of Von Weber's. What a moment that was! I felt somewhat shy at first, fancying that my splendor made me conspicuous; but I soon found that, everybody being in mask, there was no such thing as staring or being stared at. In fact there is a sense of personal security connected with a disguise which places everybody at ease; and I have heard it said that the people who are in every-day life the most diffident become at mask balls the most audacious. This I can readily believe.

"I say," said Brown, giving me a nudge with his left wing, "didn't I tell you there would be Chinamen and monks? Look at those duffers; they ought to be ashamed of themselves, and I fancy they are."

I looked, and sure enough there stood a row of patient-looking Chinamen flattened against the wall, and in the corners hovered several monks. Nobody paid any attention to them, and the room was now filling up with splendid courtiers and armed knights and courtly ladies promenading after the dance. At this moment my eye fell upon something I had been looking for.

There are two sorts of masks used at balls: the ordinary pasteboard one, which is very hot and uncomfortable after you have worn it a little, and the wire-gauze mask, which admits of ventilation, and is therefore comfortable, besides being classically regular in its features; which no doubt adds to its popularity, because people are vain even when it comes to masks. Ordinarily it is quite impossible to recognize anybody wearing a gauze mask, though the wearer can see perfectly from within. There is just one way, however, in which the secret may be revealed: if the masker happens, in a half-lighted room, to bring his profile between you and the light, you will get a perfect impression of his features, the light shining through the gauze about them and leaving simply a black silhouette of his profile.

I was standing in the door of the conservatory watching the motley procession

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which wound about the drawing-room, when a lady in mediæval dress turned her head at such an angle that I caught an impression of her face in the manner above indicated. It was for an instant only, and very shadowy, but that fleeting glimpse told me that the mediæval lady was Miss Lucy Simpson. A moment later I was asking her hand for a waltz, for several waltzes—as many as she could spare.

"Yes," she replied, in a stage-whisper, "you may have the very next one—number six; and after that, if you dance well and talk entertainingly, you may perhaps have one more; but I will not decide till I find how you acquit yourself."

"I assure you I dance very well: I was one of De Garmo's favorite pupils."

"That may be, and yet there may be little wit in that beautiful gold helmet of yours. Tell me, is it full of wit, or is it only as sounding brass? I must have wit as well as agility in my partner."

"As for the quality of my wit, if I told you it was sparkling, you would say I was not modest."

"Of course I should. It is better to give me a specimen."

"And if I gave you a specimen, what assurance have I that I should not at the same time waste my wit and be called a dunce into the bargain? You might not see the point of it."

"What! do you suppose that any thought or sentiment you are capable of conceiving could be too deep for my comprehension, or too subtle? Does a creature with a tail think that? By-the-way, who are you?"

"Lucifer, of course."

"I can well believe it. What a fall you have had!—in my esteem, I mean."

Our waltz had already begun, a delicious Strauss, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Miss Simpson was a capital dancer, and so was I, until an awful moment came, and my tail, which had been hung over my arm for security, broke loose, swung out behind like a teetotum, and got entangled with the legs of another dancer. In a moment we all came down together with a crash. It was near a door, fortunately, and I saw my partner and the other lady assisted out by the butler and maids: as for myself, I was so stunned by the accident, and the weight and stiffness of my armor were such, that I was unable to rise without assistance, and then was led off in a speechless condition to the dressing-room, where my companion locked the door, and it was then for the first time I recognized in him the broad serious face of the owl—my friend Brown. He put me into a chair and asked if I was hurt.

"No; I am all right; but do pray go and find out about the others."

He was gone some minutes—hours they seemed to me; then he came back, looking graver than any owl I ever saw.

"Unfortunate man," said he—and it was like being talked to out of Æsop's fables—"you are in a sad mess; you little know what you have done."

"Do make haste and tell me."

"I am glad to say no bones are broken; but there are bruises and ruined finery in the case of both the ladies, and their indignation passes description. The man, who proves to be Jack Robinson in a magpie suit, is as mad as a hatter. You see, you disfigured him awfully; his nose is broken short off (the pasteboard one, I mean), and his big red mustache is dangling out of the hole: there's no style about him now. He swears awful vengeance, and he is such a hot-tempered fellow you will find use for all your armor and your shield, and perhaps your sword too, if you meet him in this rage. He has been plunging about like a mad bull, looking for you."

"I am not afraid of him. I will go at once and give him his chance."

"Don't, my dear fellow, I beg you. Think what a scene it would make: simply put an end to the ball, and bring both of you into disgrace, and me as well. Even as it is, I am afraid I am convicted of falsehood for your sake; yes, I am in a bad scrape, unless you will help me."

"Tell me how; that's all."

"Well, you see, when Robinson was so violent, and you couldn't be found, because you were locked in here, I skipped down to the gate and told the gardener to say that 'the brass-angel-man had gone away in a cab.' Then I came back and pretended to join in the search, until the report got about that you were gone, and furthermore that you were an intoxicated stranger who had strayed in uninvited. Nobody knows at all who you are—not a soul; and now there is but one thing to do; you must prove an alibi. I don't see any other way out of it."

"Prove an alibi! What do you mean?"

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"IN A MOMENT WE ALL CAME DOWN TOGETHER WITH A CRASH."

"Take this pen and write what I tell you, beginning with the address of your lodgings. Are you ready?" And I wrote at his dictation:

"157 Rue de Condé, *Thursday morning.*'

"My dear Mrs. Simpson,—A sudden attack of rheumatism makes me a prisoner in my room to-day, and obliges me to forego the pleasure of attending your ball to-night—a disappointment I cannot adequately express.

"I send this early, by special messenger, in order that a substitute may be found for my place in the 'card dance.' Trusting that my absence will not mar the figure, I am, though in great anguish,

"Very sincerely yours."

"Now sign your name," said Brown.

"No, I'm blessed if I will! I never had rheumatism in my life; and the audacity of writing such a note here in Mr. Simpson's own library and on his own paper is past belief; it is monumental."

"Of course it is, and therein lies its safety. The paper is only plain paper, just like your own. I will drop the note into the letter-box at the gate, and they will find it to-morrow morning, and think it was overlooked. Meanwhile you must quietly slip out, get over the fence unobserved, and go home. To-morrow they will send to inquire how you are, and you will be much better, but still rheumatic. There you have a simple and practicable way of getting out of the scrape, saving your own dignity and my reputation too: nobody but ourselves will ever dream you were here to-night, and the ball will go on undisturbed. But if you persist in going back to the ballroom now you will create a tumult, for everybody thinks Lucifer was a drunken stranger, and Robinson will make a shindy, and it will end in utter disgrace to us all—don't you see? Remember what you owe to your hostess."

There was reason in what he said, and I felt it. I was not afraid of Robinson, fire-eater though he was, and would gladly have had it out with him in the garden, or anywhere out of sight; but to go and provoke a scene in a ballroom, where I was regarded as a drunken intruder, was a different matter. I should be found out and held up to ignominy. A moment's reflection convinced me that I ought to go home; and Brown's expedient seemed to be the easiest one for explaining my absence and anticipating awkward questions. I hurriedly signed and directed

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the note, Brown opened the window and helped me out and over the fence, and I found myself walking down Carondelet Street a much depressed man. It was a long and dreary walk that lay before me, and I had ample time for reflection. Probably nine-tenths of all masqueraders feel dejected and regretful after their brief evening of pleasure is over, but it is seldom one has the reason I had for remorse. I had spent a large sum on my costume, and used a shallow artifice to account for it to my kind old governor; I had thrown a ballroom into confusion by my base awkwardness, and ruined the costumes of two ladies and the nose of a gentleman (I should like to pull his real nose, confound him!). I had signed, sealed, and delivered a written falsehood, which might be found out. And, after all, what was the result? Simply an evening of mortification. As I strolled down the street looking for a cab, and chewing the cud of my bitter reflections, I was startled by a sudden burst of laughter and some remarks of a personal nature coming from the corner opposite.

"My eye, Bill! look at this 'ere feller a-comin'! What sort of a bird is he? Blowed if he ain't a brass angel with feathers on to him! I never see such a craft afore."

"That's no brass; that's gold plate. I say, mates, let's catch him and melt him down for his gold."

So absorbed was I in my bitter thoughts that I had quite forgotten the eccentric character of my dress, and for a moment I wondered whom these remarks referred to. I was not long in doubt, for with wild yells of laughter the crowd of half-tipsy sailors made a rush toward me. I defended myself as best I could, and in fact was getting on very well, until my unlucky tail became a second time the instrument of my fall. It fell into the hands of two or three of the enemy, who started on a run down the street, and I was dragged along backward in the most ignominious helplessness: this pandemonium in the street soon attracted a crowd, and in two minutes a policeman was on the spot asking what the uproar was about.

"It's all right, Bobby," explained one of my captors, with tipsy gravity: "me and my mates 'ere has cotched a prize, that's all, and we're a-takin' him into port. He was a-sailin' at large all by hisself, and so we just took him."

The policeman made them relinquish my tail, which they did very reluctantly, and then he asked my version of the affair. I was almost speechless with rage, but explained that I had been attacked while on my way home from a ball, and all I asked was to be allowed to go on quietly; I would not prosecute the sailors.

"That sounds reasonable," said the officer. "I suppose you have your masquerade license in your pocket?"

I had not; I had never even heard of such a thing.

"That's bad. I am afraid I must take you to the station, then: anybody walking in the street in disguise must have a special license from the Mayor. I'm sorry, but that's the law, and you'll have to come."

Resistance was useless, of course, and so was bribery: there were too many people about. So we proceeded to the nearest police-station, escorted by about seventy-five men and boys, including the tipsy sailors, who enlivened the journey with song. I must draw a veil over the details of that night and the following morning. I was not made to sleep in a cell, but passed a bad night on a sofa in the inspector's room: anybody who has ever seen armor can fancy what it would be to sleep in. In the morning I was brought into the court-room for examination, in company with a disreputable crowd of tramps, drunkards, and petty offenders. Probably no prisoner in modern times has ever made so imposing a display in the dock as I made on that occasion; my wings were broken and rumpled, it is true, but the splendor of my yellow silk and brass helmet and armor was undimmed; and I was received with vociferous applause by the spectators, while even the judge and officers greeted me with a smile. Of course I gave a false name and address, and being evidently not a burglar or malefactor, I was released on payment of a trifling fine, and to my great relief departed in a close cab without being obliged to raise my visor: it was easy enough, after we drove away, to give the cabman my correct address. My physical and mental weariness after the horrors of that night were excessive, and my joy at getting safely back into my snug apartments may be imagined. I hastened to remove my obnoxious splendors and creep into bed; then I rang for my coffee.

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"BLOWED IF HE AIN'T A BRASS ANGEL!"

"If anybody calls to-day, William, say that I am better, but still confined to my bed."

"Yes, sir; very well, sir. A gentleman did call an hour ago, and left this card, sir."

Picture my consternation when he handed me the card of Mr. Simpson, on the back of which I read, in what seemed to me letters of fire:

"Your note came only this morning, and I hastened to inquire after you. I am glad your rheumatism is so much better that you were able to go to a ball last night; but were you not imprudent to stay so very late?

"*Friday morning*, 9.30."

"William, what did the gentleman say?"

"He first axed me if he could see you, sir; and he seemed surprised when I said you was out; and then he said, Was you ill? and I said, No, sir, but you was gone to a ball last night, and was not back yet, sir."

"Did he ask what my costume was?"

"Yes, sir; and I told him you was a hangel."

There was a steamer sailing for St. Louis that day, and I was a passenger; but before the plank was pulled in, copies of the various evening newspapers came on board, and I found in each a highly colored account of the pursuit and capture of a gilded Lucifer, his appearance in court, etc., which must certainly have put an end to any doubts the Simpsons may have had as to my manner of passing the previous night. A whole year has elapsed since then, and I have never heard one word from them until yesterday, when a heavy envelope with a great wax crest brought me the wedding cards of Miss Lucy Simpson and Brown, the owl, and I may also say the marplot, of that painful evening. My noble old governor has never said one word about the $150 (I have often wondered what he thought), and from this Magazine he will receive for the first time my confession.

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THE OPERA-HOUSE.

NEW VIENNA.

BY CURT VON ZELAU.

WHEN we read that on the other side of the ocean, in the west of the United States, places which half a century ago were primeval forest or stony desert have become within two decades splendid towns, we can scarcely contain our astonishment. And still the same thing has taken place before our own eyes, for New Vienna, which has arisen within the last twenty-five years, and whose Ringstrasse arouses the admiration of all strangers, may be no less regarded as one of the wonders of civilization.

Even in the middle of the present century this capital consisted of a somewhat large town, built in the style of the Middle Ages, surrounded by moats and fortifications, and separated from the suburbs by stretches of open country. Beyond lay beautiful meadows and chestnut avenues, which were reached by a number of arched gateways on the stone bridges which crossed the moats, and which, together with the ramparts, formed the favorite resort of the Viennese public. But these latter, with their broad high walls, rendered all extension of the town impossible. Consequently, as the immigration from the Austrian provinces to the metropolis was constantly increasing and its commercial life developing, the present Emperor Franz Josef I. determined to have them pulled down. He further allowed that the wide open spaces which formed the ring, and which divided the interior of the town from the suburbs, should, according to a certain fixed plan, be used for public and private buildings. Thus arose in an incredibly short time the Ringstrasse, which now encloses the whole circle of the old town in a glittering belt of monumental buildings, and which, by a series of beautiful streets, tastefully arranged gardens and pleasure-grounds, and palatial residences, unites it with the suburbs into one grand whole.

By this transformation the ancient character of Vienna has almost disappeared, and only a few isolated spots remind one still of its remarkable historical past. The picture which the capital

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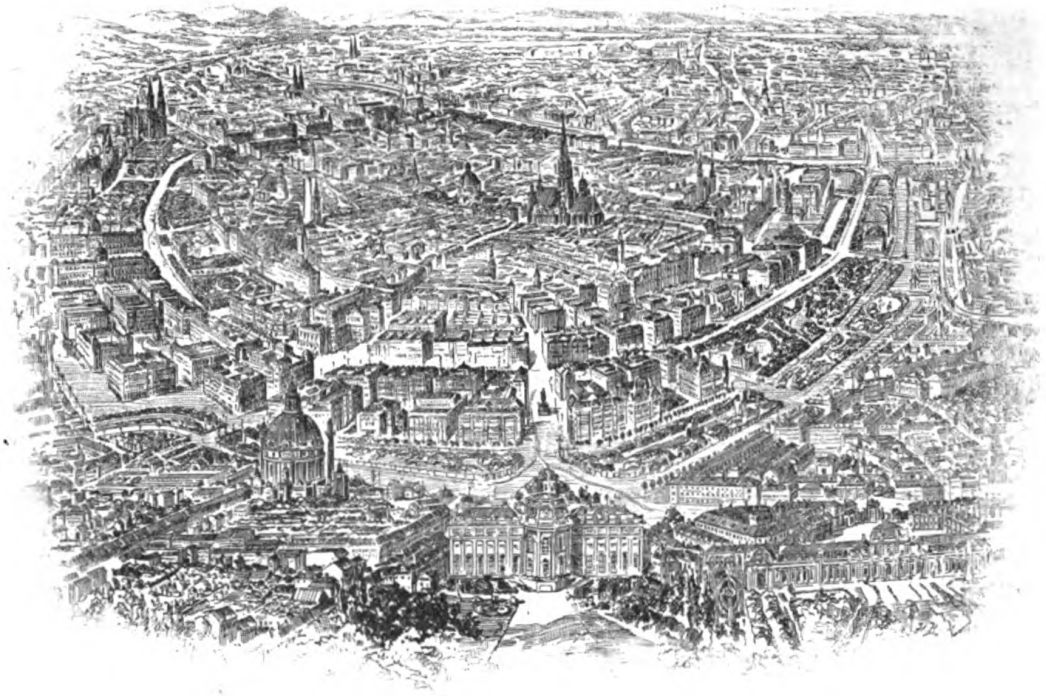
now presents is so utterly changed and modernized that those who have not seen it for twenty-five years would scarcely recognize it.

In past times the tower of St. Stephen's Cathedral and the "beautiful blue Danube" formed the chief beauties of the city. To these must now be added the Ringstrasse as one of its richest jewels. In its general plan the Ringstrasse resembles the boulevards of Paris. Created at the time when in France, under the third empire, Mr. Haussmann lavished all imaginable luxury on the embellishment of the residence of Napoleon III., it is easy to conceive that the boulevards should in many respects have been taken as a pattern. The Ringstrasse, however, when fully accomplished, will surpass the model after which it was fashioned. It is distinguished from the boulevards not only by its greater breadth, but also by a far greater number of artistic buildings. The only deficiency is the want of the rich foliage in the avenue trees, the cultivation of which has not yet been sufficiently studied and understood.

Let us now look at the Ringstrasse a little more closely. In order to do so I invite the reader, by the help of the illustrations, to accompany me in a short tour round the city. We will begin with the Opernring, which marks the place where the extension of the town began, and at the same time the commencement of the Ringstrasse.

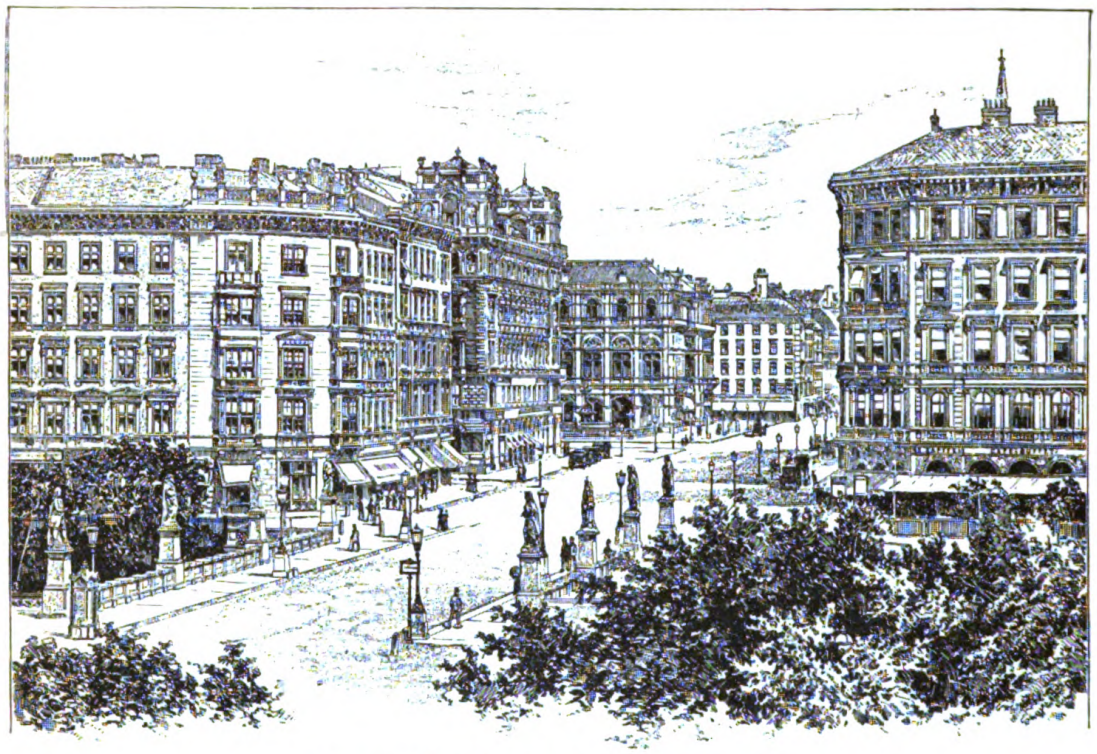
Here stands the splendid Opera-house, which was built in the years 1860 to 1868 by Professors Vandernüll and Sicardsburg. The chief façade faces the Ringstrasse, with the beautiful balcony leading from the boxes, which is so much admired, and which on warm summer evenings is so acceptable as a cooling promenade during the intervals between the acts. The imperial court has separate entrances on the side wing of the building to the saloons and boxes reserved for its use. It would lead us too far to describe the interior of this vast theatre. All the fine arts—architecture, painting, and sculpture—have worked together to produce a grand building. Indeed it is difficult to know which to admire the most, the great hall for the audience, with its tasteful decorations in white, gold, and red, or the imposing vestibule, with its broad staircase.

The stage, which is one of the largest and most admirably arranged of any on the Continent, is also well worth seeing.



PLAN OF THE RINGSTRASSE.

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THE ELIZABETH BRIDGE AND KÄRNTHNERSTRASSE.

The space beneath it contains the mechanical arrangements for submersion. There is a steam-engine here which during the evening performance presses the water into the reservoirs on the roof and into all the gallery passages. By these means, on the one hand, the public is always offered a refreshing draught, and, on the other, sufficient precautions can be taken in case of fire. Besides this—since the burning of the Ring Theatre has made such care necessary—the iron curtain which separates the stage from the audience is let down twice every evening; and at every exit, as well as in the corridors, there are oil lamps and candles in case of danger. A second steam-engine, which is placed in the cellars, provides in summer for the ventilation and in winter for the warming by means of heated air.

The whole building cost six million florins, and also the lives of the two architects who designed it and who brought the work almost to its perfection. One of them shot himself, through grief at a sinking of the foundation, and the other died, soon after, from mortification at the unjust criticisms of the Viennese papers. Nevertheless the Opera-house is now looked upon as one of the greatest ornaments of the city.

Opposite the Opera stands a gigantic group of buildings, the Heinrichshof, an edifice with three large courts, which fronts on four streets, and the pillars of which are ornamented with beautiful frescoes on a gold ground, the work of Rahl, the painter. This house is let in flats to private families.

East of the Opera-house and of the Heinrichshof is the Kärnthnerring; and between this and the Opernring runs the Kärnthnerstrasse, one of the busiest commercial streets. This street connects the centre of the town, the Stephanplatz, with the Wieden suburb, which lies on the opposite side of the little river Wien. The Wieden is reached by the Elisabethbrücke, a bridge adorned with marble statues of Austrian dukes, generals, citizens, and artists.

The Kärnthnerstrasse possesses no prominent buildings, with the exception of the Grand Hôtel and the Hôtel Impérial, which was once a palace of the Duke of Würtemberg. Nevertheless, the side next to the Opera is one of the busiest parts of the whole Ring. Here in the afternoon hours of spring and autumn is the favor-

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ite promenade of the upper ten, and, in the evening, of the demi-monde. Elegant shops draw the attention of the passers-by, and especially the tastefully arranged bouquets and fragrant flower baskets which here display their beauty. Pretty girls, too, may be seen at work in the great American sewing-machine depots.

In the Canovagasse, next to the Imperial Hotel, is the legation of the United States, which in past years offered to the Americans who in every season lived in Vienna a place of assembly for pleasant social intercourse.

At the end of the Kärnthnerring, and toward the river Wien, is a wide square, the centre of which is adorned by the bronze statue of Field-Marshal Prince Carl Schwarzenberg, who in the battle of Leipzig, in the year 1813, took such a glorious part in the victory over Napoleon I. Behind the monument a bridge leads over the river, and on the other side is discerned the Schwarzenberg Summer Palace, with its beautiful garden terraces, and a fountain whose waters rise full thirty metres high.

The Schwarzenbergplatz divides the Kärnthnerring from the Kolowratring. In the latter is the Adelscasino, the club of the Viennese nobility. The company which here assembles is so exclusive that it is quite impossible for any gentleman of common descent, and even noblemen who have not sprung from an old race, to obtain admittance. But apart from their club the high nobility associate only with their equals, and as a rule attend only the balls and soirées of the archdukes and ambassadors. Whilst distinguished foreigners in Paris, London, and St. Petersburg are most politely received in the highest circles, the Viennese nobleman assumes a reserved air toward them.

Now let us return to the Ringstrasse. In the centre is a broad, well-paved carriage drive, on one side an avenue for foot-passengers, and on the other a kind of "Rotten Row" for equestrians. Between these avenues and the foot-paths runs another less well paved carriage drive. The pavements of Vienna are famed for their excellence, and consist of squares of granite, every piece of which cost the corporation almost half a florin.

At the end of the Kolowratring, to the right, lies the Stadtpark, which occupies the whole of one side of the adjoining Parkring, and opposite are the building and elegant garden of the Horticultural Society. This, with its immense conservatories, is used for balls, and also for all kinds of exhibitions. Of these none have proved such a great success as the cookery exhibition, for the happy people of the city attach as much importance to good *cuisine* as to the originality of their dance music. In few towns are the cafés and restaurants so much frequented, from early morning until after the close of the theatre, as in Vienna. And still the Vi-



SCHWARZENBERGPLATZ.

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THE CURSALON, IN THE STADTPARK.

ennese is, in the Parisian sense of the word, no true epicure. His meals consist of fewer dishes, and are perhaps less daintily prepared, than those of the Parisian, but he eats decidedly more, especially of his national dishes, *Wiener Schnitzel* (baked veal cutlets) and *Backhendeln* (baked chickens), of which he can consume incredibly large quantities. Their love of out-door life, and the many attractions of the cafés, restaurants, theatres, and other places of amusement, are the means of lessening their love of that domestic comfort which the English and Americans so highly prize. One finds, indeed, artistic furniture in their homes, but it can lay no claim to comfort. Only the few allow themselves luxury in their houses, and that only within the last few years. As a rule, ten, twenty, even fifty families dwell together in one of these great barrack-like houses, and this precludes the possibility of true home-like comfort.

Opposite the Horticultural Society's building, in the Stadtpark, is the Cursalon, a showy erection of Italian Renaissance; in its centre is a spacious saloon, in which the winter military concerts are held, and where the music-loving public assemble to hear the strains of their favorite Strauss orchestra. Of the two saloons which are contiguous to this, one serves as a coffee hall, and the other for the serving of the mineral waters for which Austria is famous.

The Stadtpark is rightly looked upon as one of the ornaments of the city. The



RADETZKY BRIDGE AND THE FRANZ JOSEF BARRACKS.

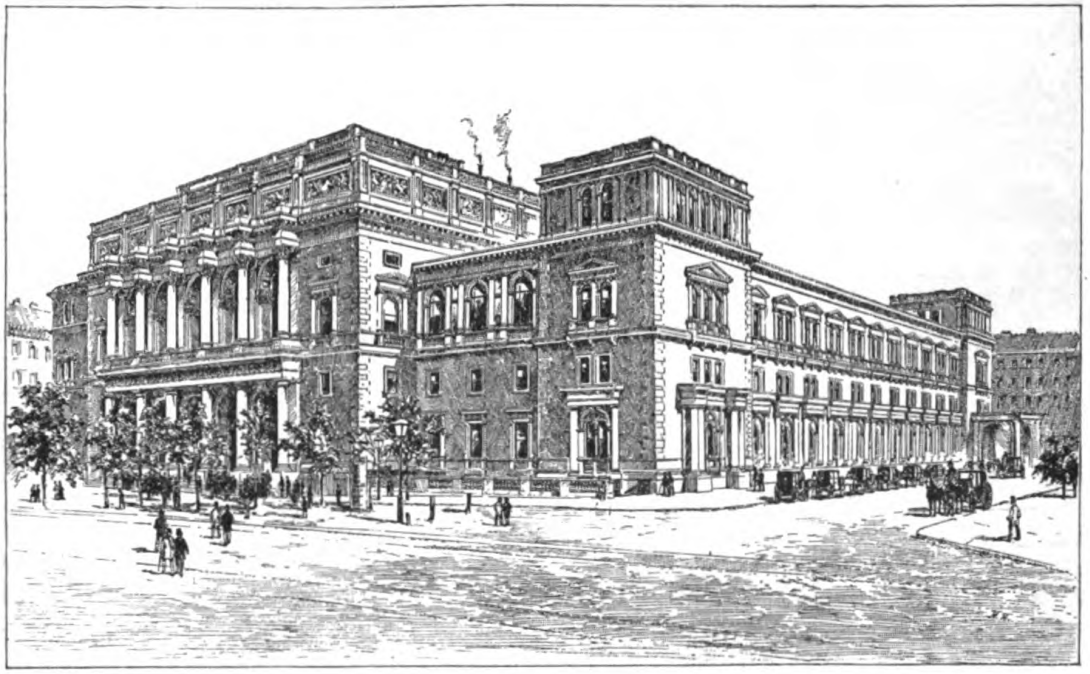
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grounds, designed by the artist Selleny, are tastefully laid out in English style, and the whole effect is pleasing and graceful. Under the terrace of the Cursalon lie brilliant flower beds and bright green grass-plots; near by, the pretty lake, over which the swan and many a rare bright bird glide gracefully. Here too are shady walks and groups of trees and rare exotic plants. Art, too, has here a home, for near the shades of the leafy trees where the songsters of the grove pour forth their delicious notes stands the marble monument of Schubert, the ballad composer, and by the calm smooth lake the nymph of the Danube looks thoughtfully down. In this poetical neighborhood it seems rather out of place to find the bust of Dr. Jelinka, a worthy but rather commonplace ex-Mayor of the town.

The Stadtpark is much frequented in the early morning hours, especially by such as need the mineral waters, and by the children, who may be seen romping about in the grounds reserved for their especial delectation. Still the greater part of the public do not come until the afternoon, when they drink their coffee, and then wend their way to the seats in the avenues, there to quiz the passers-by in such a manner that some parts of these grounds have been styled *Lästeralleen* (avenues of scandal).

On the side of the Parkring, rendered so charming by its beautiful houses, may also be seen the palace of the Archduke William, General Inspector of the Artillery, and Grand Master of the German Order.

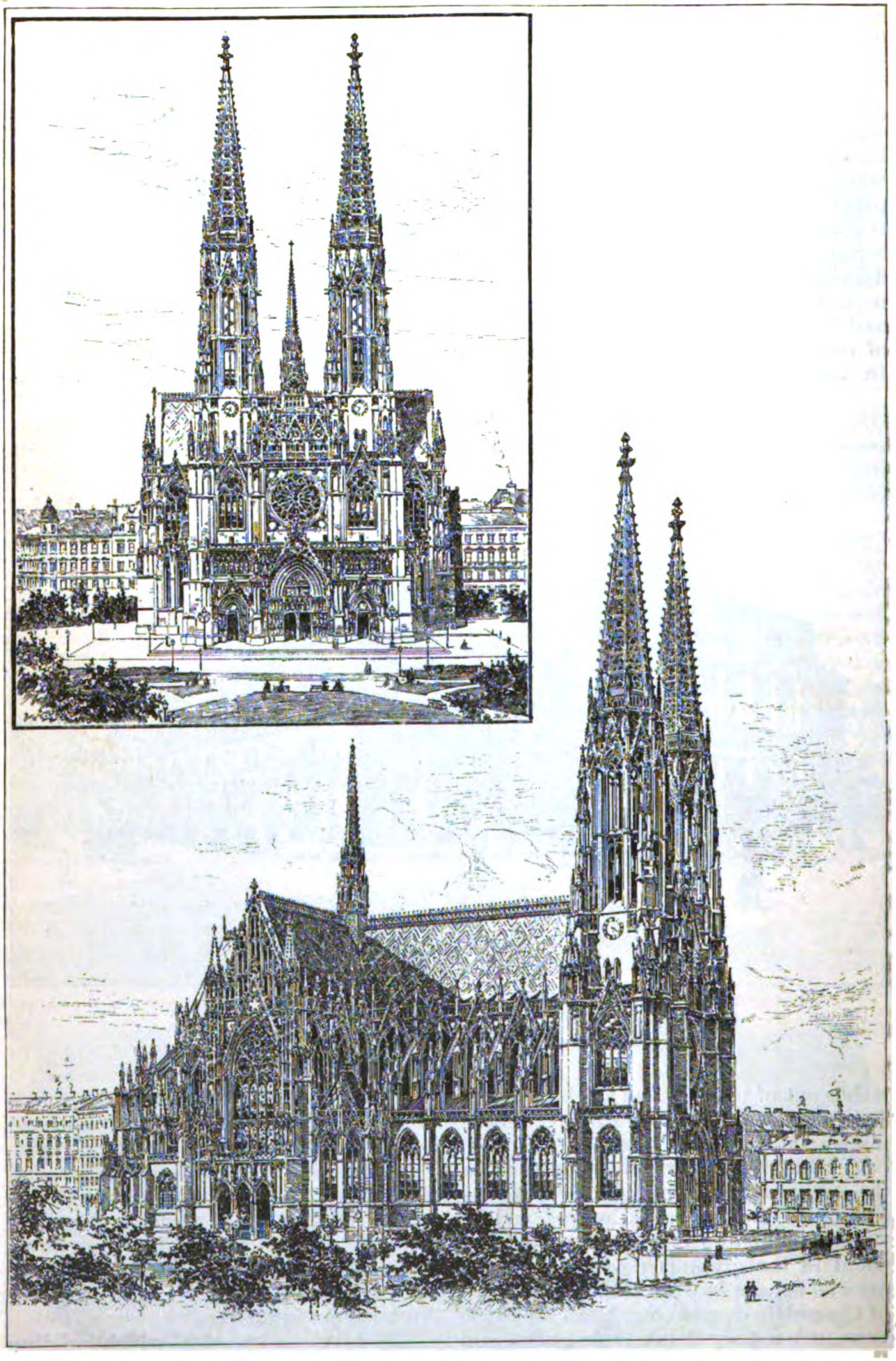
In the Stubenring the private buildings cease entirely; and now to our left, toward the interior of the town, stands the fortress-like edifice the Franz Josef Barracks, with its great drill-yard adjoining the street. On the other side lies the Austrian Museum of Art and Industry, an elegant building, which forms a singular contrast to the heavy-looking barracks. Its exterior is beautifully adorned by sgraffiti frescoes and majolica medallions of celebrated artists and masters, and the interior throughout is richly and tastefully decorated. The permanent exhibition of objects of art and industry forms one of the sights of the town, and also exercises a very beneficial influence over Austrian art industries.



THE STOCK-EXCHANGE.

The barracks opposite (which building the corporation has repeatedly endeavored to do away with) were constructed a few

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THE VOTIVE CHURCH.

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THE NEW UNIVERSITY.

years after the revolution of 1848 as a part of those powerful fortifications whose object is to protect the interior of the city. The court-yard is overlooked by two towers, which correspond with the other defences of the town. The drilling of the recruits in spring and autumn always attracts a number of spectators.

The end of the Stubenring borders on the Danube Canal, which is here crossed by a large chain-bridge, the Aspernbrücke. Here on the fine bright days of spring and autumn is displayed a Corso of elegant equipages driving toward the Prater, the Bois de Boulogne of Vienna, where the horse-races are held. The interest in these races has of late years penetrated every class of society.

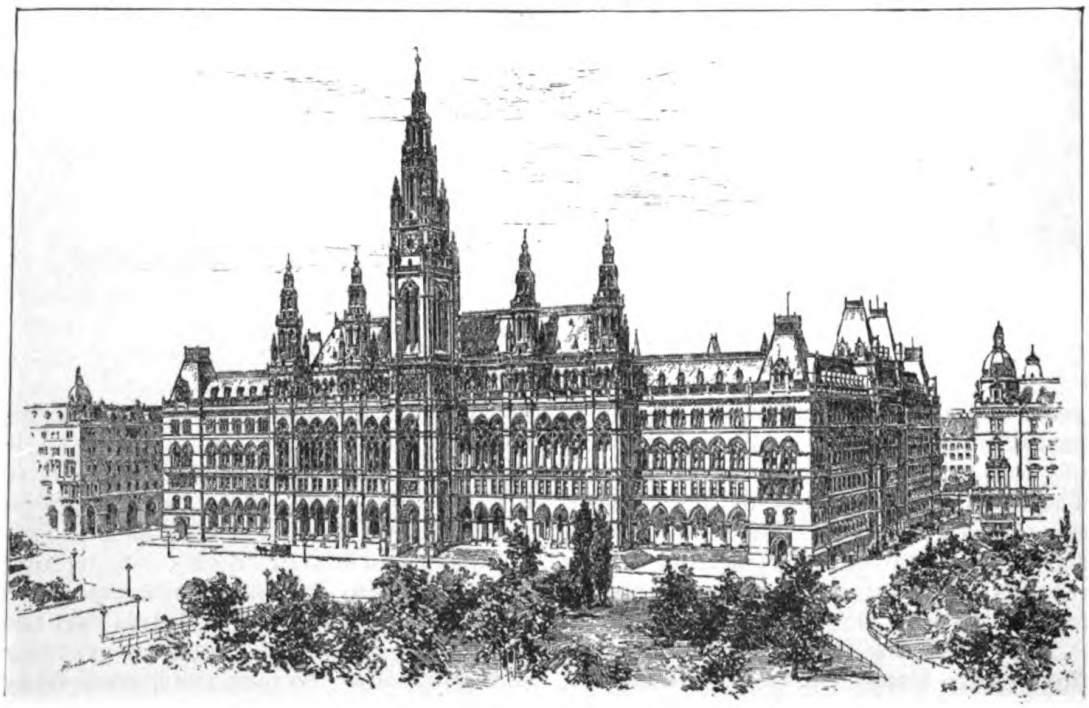
We come now to the Franz Josef Quay, which runs along the Danube Canal, and where several bridges are seen; one in process of building is to be named after the Crown-Princess Stephanie. This canal discharges itself into the Danube, and can be navigated only by tiny steamboats.

The Franz Josef Quay and its surroundings are the chief centres of commerce, and are for the most part inhabited by Jewish merchants. Along the Danube the quay is planted with trees, and the pleasure-grounds provide a favorite promenade for the inhabitants of the neighborhood, as well as for soldiers and numerous nursery-maids, who bring their little charges to breathe the fresh air here. By the handsome iron Augarten Bridge we leave the Danube, pass the Rudolph Barracks, and leaving it on one side, turn once more into the real Ringstrasse, here called the Schottenring. To this part the Stock-Exchange gives quite a peculiar stamp and life. Whilst the stretch from the Opernring to the Parkring is devoted almost exclusively to promenaders and loungers, the Schottenring at the very first glance gives one the impression of being a business quarter. Although many splendid edifices may here be seen, the people who enliven the street do not appear to take any notice of their elegant surroundings, and have thought but for one thing—business. Paying their homage to the maxim "Time is money," they may be seen hurrying to and from the stately exchange, within whose walls millions are won and as quickly lost. The great crash of 1873, which reduced thousands to beggary, did not occur here, but in an improvised building which has since been pulled down. Since that time the rage for speculation which had seized all classes of society has considerably abated; but there may still be found many private individuals, both men and women, who speculate on change, hoping

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thereby to make their fortunes. Here under the imposing entrance one may see them met together, amongst a multitude of bankers and agents, awaiting in anxious expectancy the fluctuations of the next hour. But the business proper is transacted in the great saloon near the vestibule, which is distinguished for the elegance and splendor of its decorations.

The afternoon and evening exchange is held in and in front of a café which lies opposite; here and in the halls of the exchange many lively scenes take place, to which certain stale jokes of the regular frequenters often contribute. One practical joke is the so-called *Tippen*, the knocking off and crushing of the chimney-pot hat of some unfortunate wight, which often gives rise to an unpleasant scene.



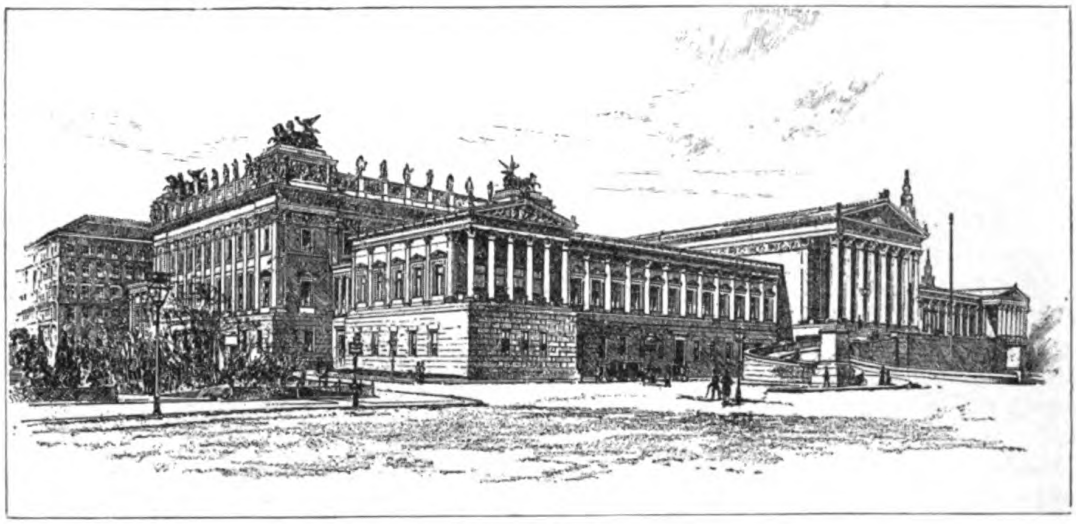
THE TOWN-HALL (RATHHAUS).

Close to the late Hôtel Austria is the spot where the Ring Theatre stood. It lay on the same side as the provisional exchange, and scarcely two hundred steps divide the spots on which have taken place within ten years the two most unfortunate events of the town. Every trace of both these buildings has now disappeared. In the place of the exchange stands a stately private house, and in that of the Ring Theatre an edifice built and endowed by the Emperor, and by him dedicated to charitable purposes. The dwellings in this handsome church-like edifice are let to private families, and the revenue from the rents is devoted to the humane purposes for which it was built. The surviving relatives of those who perished at the burning of the Ring Theatre have, through the contributions for their assistance which poured in from all parts of the civilized world, and more especially from the United States, been richly provided for.

To continue our wanderings, we now come to the Votivkirche—a church situated in a great open space leading out of the Ringstrasse. It stands in an elevated position on a terraced foundation which greatly enhances the architectural effect of the building. It is the work of the architect Heinrich von Ferstel, erected in the form of a cross, in the noblest Gothic style. The front is formed of two slender spires and a splendid façade and portals, which are decorated to such a degree with sculptures and ornaments that the whole produces the effect of stone lace-work.

The unsuccessful attempt on the life of the Emperor Franz Josef gave rise to the building of this votive monument,

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THE PARLIAMENT (REICHSRATH) HOUSE.

which was initiated by the Archduke Ferdinand Max, the late Emperor of Mexico. The square in which the church lies is also named after him—Maximilianplatz.

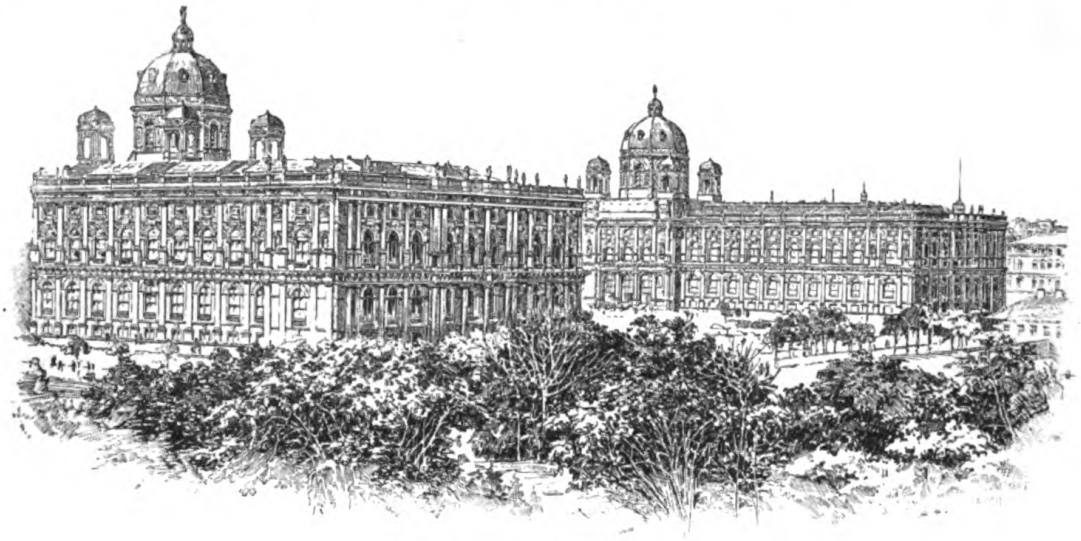
In the street which leads past the church —the Universitätsstrasse—was set up the first public electric-light in Vienna. The splendid cafés which are here to be found are lit up inside by glow-lamps, whilst on the outside large bow-lamps illuminate the streets.

The Franzensring follows close on the Schottenring. Here stands the new University. The chief façade forms in the centre a fine portico, ornamented with statues, and reached by means of two broad flights of steps. The building is erected in Italian Renaissance style, and contains, besides the lecture halls, a number of other halls for examinations, and spacious rooms for museums and collections. In the side wing is the library, which contains 500,000 volumes, together with a reading-room with 400 seats, and lit up by electric-light. This University is attended by students of all the nationalities of the empire, as well as by many from foreign countries. Amongst the latter are always to be found a considerable number of medical students from the United States, attracted by the well-grounded fame of the medical faculty,



HOFBURG THEATRE.

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THE IMPERIAL MUSEUMS.

which reckons amongst its professors physicians and surgeons of the highest rank. Opportunities are here also found for the study of jurisprudence and philosophy; whilst the priests' college in the inner city provides for the students of Roman Catholic theology. The suburb Josefstadt, situated not far from the University, has always been the Latin Quarter of Vienna. Here the students find cheap and quiet dwellings and good restaurants, in which in the noon and evening hours one may hear conversations in almost every language of the globe.

Leaving the University, we now come to one of the most beautiful parts of Vienna. Here, on one side of the Ringstrasse, stands the new court theatre, and on the other a park, whose limits are fixed by the imposing front of the Rathhaus (Town-hall): the whole has often been described by travellers as one of the most magnificent pictures of which any city of Europe can boast. Whilst the Town-hall and the theatre face the park, the great quadrangle closes to the right the side front of the University, to the left that of the House of Parliament (Reichsrath).

First of all let us tarry a little before the Rathhaus, in which is the dwelling of the Mayor, and where the bureaux of the whole municipal administration are to be found. The buildings, erected in the Italian style of the fourteenth century, form a rectangular block of 154 metres long and 124 broad. The centre of the great front of the building stands out with its arched terraces from the rest of the façade. In the middle is a high tower with a clock; and on its highest pinnacle stands the so-called Eiserner Mann (iron man), a halberdier with a weathercock in his hand. Under the tower is a large reception-room, reached through the vestibule by the splendid staircase which leads to the banqueting halls.

The prevailing style is the Gothic; the exterior is adorned by sculptures, the most striking of which is a bass-relief, over the principal entrance, of the present monarch. The figures in sandstone along the cornice of the first story represent branches of industry or characters out of the earlier military history of the city. The architect who constructed this work is Heinrich Schmidt, the builder of the Cathedral, an authority of the highest rank in the Gothic style. The corner-stone of the building was laid in 1873, in the presence of the Emperor and the nobility, to celebrate for the second time the centenary commemoration of the deliverance of Vienna from the Turks.

Opposite the Town-hall lies the new Hofburg Theatre. Up to the present time dramatic performances have taken place in the little theatre within the palace. The new one is a splendid stone building, executed by Baron Hasenauer from the plans of the famous deceased architect Gottfried Semper.

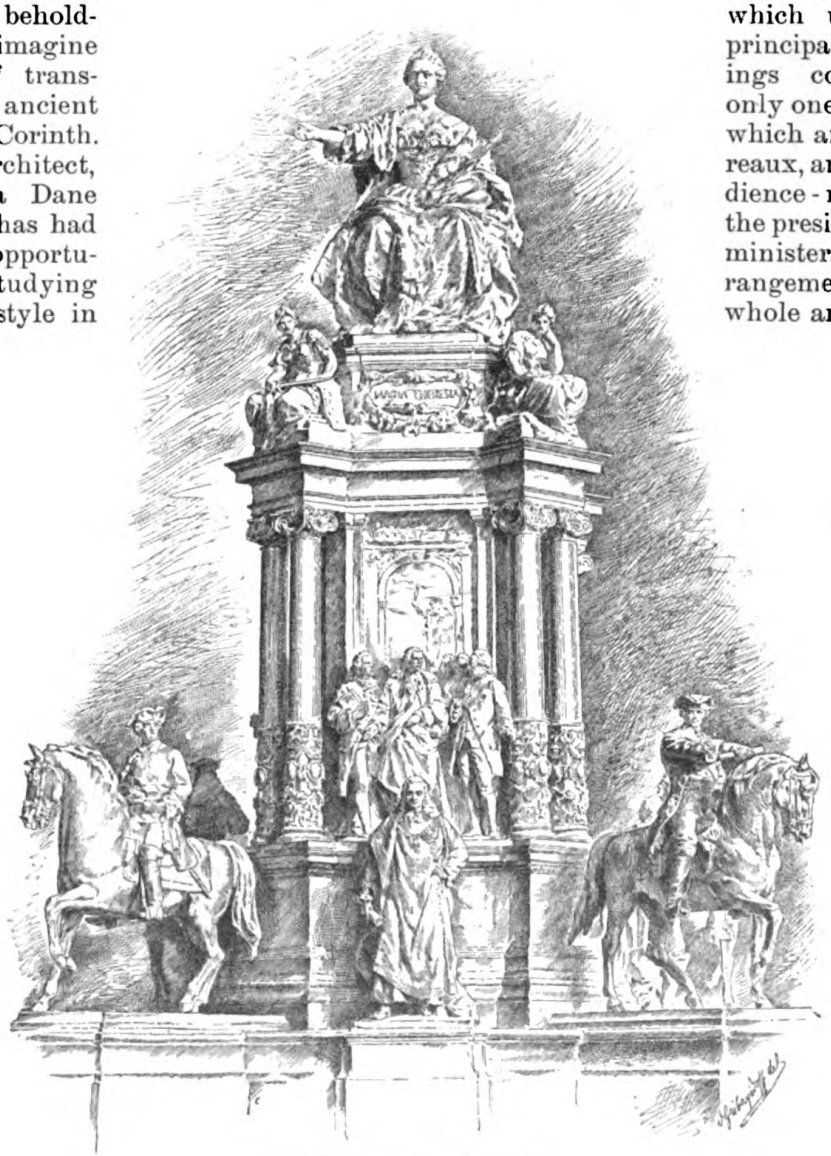
The exterior gives a pleasing impression—of dazzling white stone throughout, and ornamented by window pillars of veined marble. The first sculp-

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tors of Vienna have taken their share in the statuary embellishments. The magnificent sculpture above the principal entrance is the work of Rudolf Weyr. In the new half-windows lying below stand the busts of Calderon, Shakespeare, and Molière; Schiller, Goethe, Lessing; and the Austrian dramatic poets Halm, Grillparzer, and Debbel. In the corners of these windows are placed the chief characters out of the dramas of these poets; whilst the statues in the niches represent those passions and feelings which find expression on the stage.

The architecture of the Parliament House is so purely Greek that were it not in the neighborhood of the Town-hall, with all its Gothic style of the Middle Ages, one could almost on beholding it imagine one's self transported to ancient Athens or Corinth. The architect, Hansen, a Dane by birth, has had repeated opportunities of studying Hellenic style in Greece, and has even built the University in Athens itself.

The pediment of the portico is to be adorned by a beautiful group of statues by the sculptor Hellmer, which has for its subject "The dispensing of the Constitution to the peoples of Austria by the Emperor Franz Josef." Passing through the vestibule one arrives at the peristyle, an imposing hall supported by Corinthian pillars thirty feet high. To the right is the Peers' Chamber, or House of Lords; to the left, the Chamber of Deputies; both of these rooms stand out from the exterior as independent parts of the building. The corners are ornamented by bronze quadrigas; and for the rest, by bass-reliefs representing allegories of the different ministries. Those parts which unite the principal buildings consist of only one story, in which are the bureaux, and the audience-rooms of the presidents and ministers. The arrangements of the whole are exceed-



MARIA THERESA MONUMENT.

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ingly comfortable. The hoisting of the black and yellow banner on the flag-pole announces that Parliament is open.

Opposite the Courts of Justice—an edifice executed in German Renaissance by Wilemans—lies the Volksgarten. These beautiful grounds are the property of the court, but are open to the public, and in spring and summer provide one of the most elegant places of amusement of the town. Concerts by military bands are given every evening in the brilliantly illuminated music hall; and twice each week Edward Strauss, the "Schöne Edi," as he is called, with his world-famed orchestra, is wont to delight this music-loving people. The Volksgarten forms a triangle between the Franzensring and the Burgring. The latter, with which we will conclude our tour, leads through grounds belonging exclusively to the imperial court. To the right lies the large external Burgplatz, bounded toward the Ringstrasse by a gilded iron railing, on both sides of which are entrances for foot-passengers, whilst in the middle of the mighty court gate, in imitation of the Propylæa of Athens, is opened a passage for carriages. The great open space to the right is filled up by the two court museums, the one the Museum of Historical Art and the other that of Natural History. Both are crowned by high cupolas and adorned by statues from the hands of the chief sculptors of Vienna. The fresco paintings of the interior were intrusted to the artists Makart and Canon, both of whom died before the completion of the work under their direction. In the centre of the grounds, between the two buildings, is the monument of the Empress Maria Theresa. This magnificent work was designed by the celebrated sculptor Caspar Zumbusch, and Alois Loeher assisted in its production. The figure of the great Empress is surrounded by four statues of her most distinguished generals, and by those of some of the most prominent men of her day. The monument is placed exactly opposite the palace gate.

Through this gate one sees the Burgplatz, with the Volksgarten on the left and the imperial private gardens on the right. A section of infantry keeps guard before both the inner and outer palace gates, and presents arms at the approach of any member of the imperial house.

Since the completion of the many splendid buildings above described, the Emperor has begun the erection of a new imperial palace, the two wings of which, together with the garden, will stretch out as far as the Ringstrasse.

We find ourselves again at the Opernring, from which we set out. But before we arrive at the Opera we halt before an open space with tastefully laid-out grounds, in the centre of which is the statue of Schiller, while in the background stands the Academy of Art, with its school for painters, sculptors, and architects.

THE ORIGIN OF CELESTIAL SPECIES.

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S., COR. INS. FRANCE.

THE STONES THAT FALL FROM HEAVEN.

SINCE the very commencement of human history, from time to time falls of bodies on to the earth from eternal space have been chronicled. The ancients naturally worshipped them. There is little doubt that the Cybele of the Phœnicians and the "great" Diana of the Ephesians were both, not statues made by man, but stones that had been seen to fall from heaven.

We do not worship these stones now; but they are still held precious, and as they are not exactly like anything of the earth earthy, they have a special name. These bodies, when they fall under such conditions that they can be picked up and examined, are called meteorites.

We can best study the differences in their structure by preparing a polished section. In some cases this has a distinctly metallic look; if we examine it, we find that a very exquisite crystalline system has been revealed by a particular process. We find, in fact, a metallic fragment composed almost entirely of iron, but with a certain amount of nickel alloyed with it.

In other specimens the characteristic is that the metal, instead of being continuous as in those just referred to, appears to have existed once as a paste, and to have included fragments of stony matter, so

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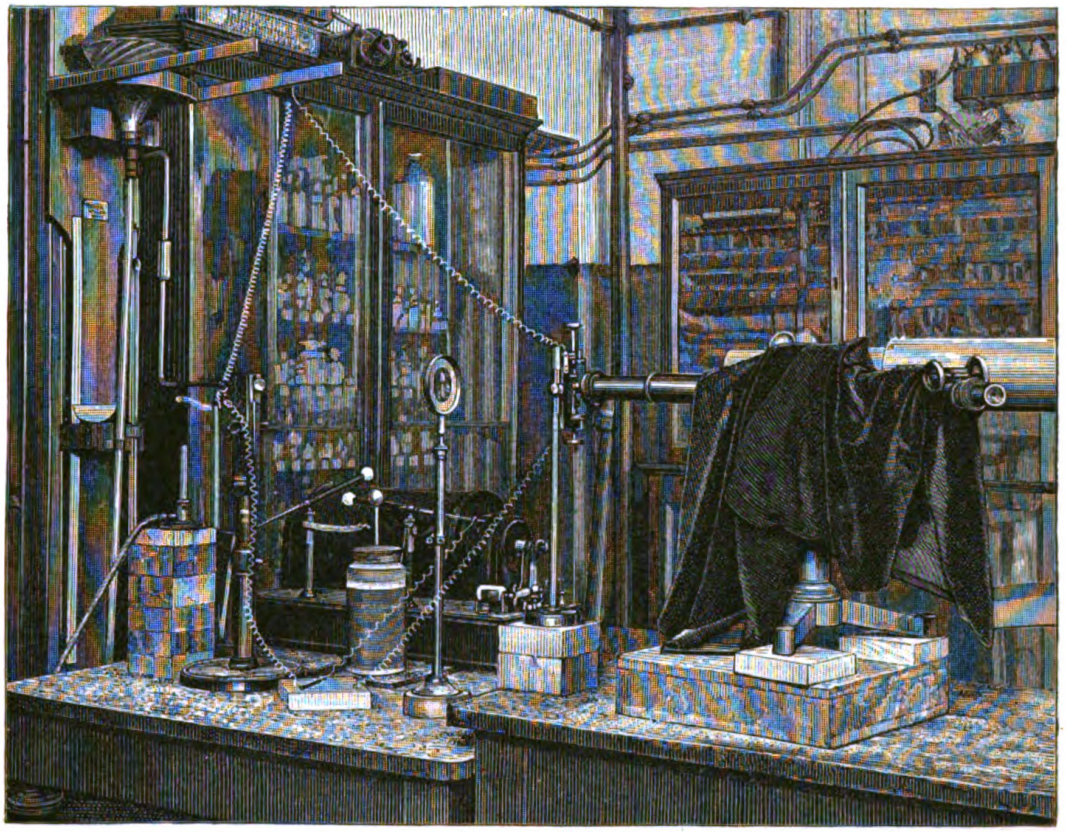


FIG. 1.—Experiments upon the glow of meteoric dust in a glass tube when a feeble electric current is made to pass and the tube is heated. The image of the end in tube is thrown by means of the lens on the slit plate of a spectroscope.

that in the section, instead of getting the pure metallic lustre all along, we only get it here and there. We pass from metal to metal *plus* stone.

In yet other specimens we find another generic case represented, in which the stone is the main point and the metal the exception, the metal appearing as excessively small granules, or chondrodites, as they are called; so that in the final term of the series we come to almost pure stone, with no iron to speak of.

These meteorites—these fragments—whether consisting of metal or stone, have been seen to fall with terrific commotions of the atmosphere; with brilliant, nay, dazzling appearances; with noise like thunder. They have buried themselves in the ground by the great velocity of their fall, and they have been observed to be hot long after reaching the earth. Supposing such bodies as these passing invisibly through the cold vistas of space toward the earth, and then entering the earth's atmosphere, what sort of effects are we to expect? They enter, as we shall see presently, very rapidly into the earth's atmosphere, which, as it is a mixture of gases, consists of molecules with a certain distance, a very small distance of course, between each; and the temperature and pressure of the atmosphere depend upon the movements of these molecules, and the frequency and force with which they hit or collide with each other.

When we come to consider the average velocity of movement of the air molecules we find that the big molecule, the meteorite, is travelling toward the earth about fifty times faster. The result is that there is a tremendous crowding of air, so to speak, in front of the meteorite, a vast pressure and therefore a high temperature brought about by its passage. There is a partial vacuum behind, which subsequently has to be filled up by the transit of the molecules round the meteorite itself from the front part to the back.

We have therefore conditions for producing most violent action upon the meteorite, both by pressure and temperature;

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it may be crushed by the pressure to which it is subjected; it may be melted by the heat produced by the circulation of the molecules rushing past it. We next, therefore, have violent incandescence and explosion, and as we have the air molecules rushing violently from front to rear, we shall have almost the noise of a thunder-storm added to the sudden luminosity resembling lightning.

In point of fact it is observed that there is a very great difference between the interior and exterior appearances of these meteorites; it is generally recognized that this is caused by the heat and friction to which the exterior surface is exposed; but then how is it that the difference between the inside and outside is limited almost to a film? The supposition is that the temperature is practically high enough to melt the metal or stone, and that the surface of the meteorite as we see it after it has fallen does not in all cases represent the surface exposed to the air during the whole of the flight, but that it represents the last surface. The meteorite may have been twenty times bigger before it entered our atmosphere, but part may have been melted off as tallow would be, so that finally there is very little visible conduction effect toward the interior.

I have said that the main difference between the specimens of these bodies which have been collected is that some of them are mainly iron, some of them are mainly stone, and that there is a passage between these two conditions represented by falls in which we have a paste of iron including stony fragments. In all we may have carbon in some form. In the "irons" we deal chiefly with nickel-iron, copper, and manganese. In "stones" we deal chiefly with combinations of magnesium, iron, oxygen, and silicon. One of the most usual substances is called olivine, and sometimes the olivine is in a slightly changed form, in which the quantity of iron is increased, and we get bronzite. Nickel-iron, manganese, and other substances are also found in the stones.

The nickel-iron is an alloy or compound special to meteorites, and the irons are chiefly composed of it. The tracery to which I have referred, observed on the metallic surface heated with acids, was discovered by Widmanstaetten. The fig-

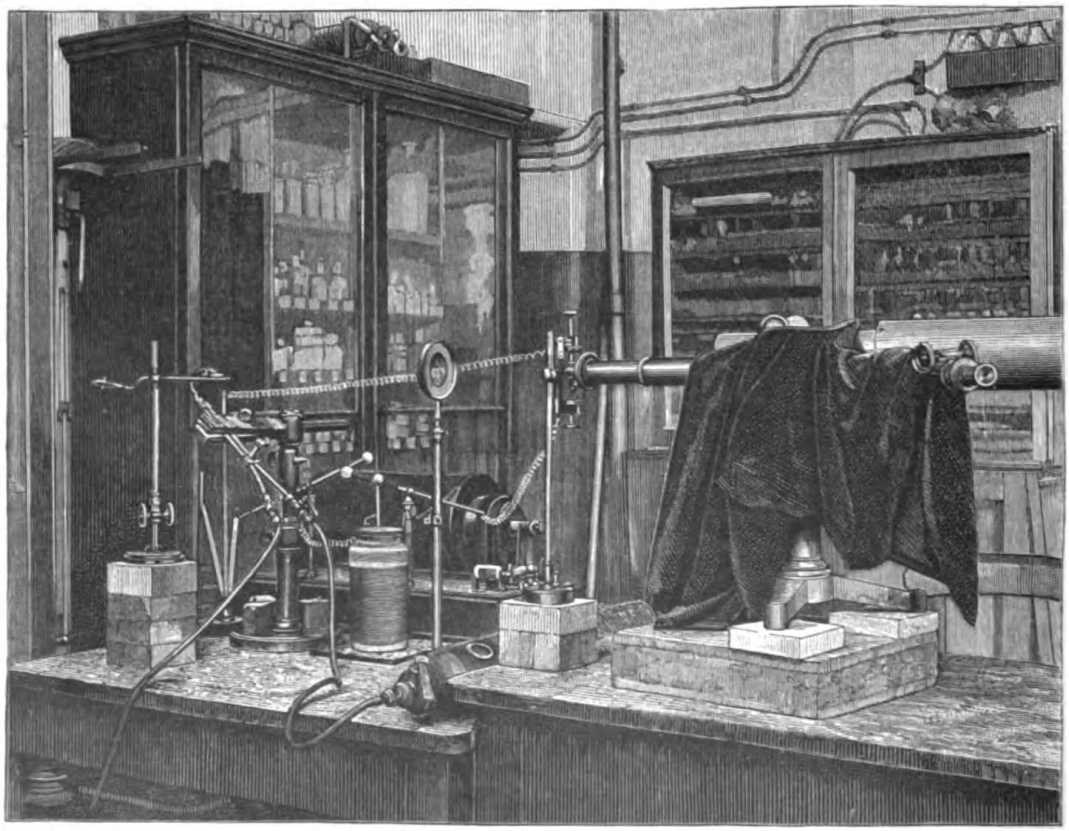


FIG. 2.—Experiments upon the vapors of meteorites produced by the heat of the oxy-coal-gas flame.

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ures are caused by the crystallization of the mass and the existence of lamellæ composed of a phosphide of iron and nickel, called schreibersite, with which magnesium is always associated, *so that we get magnesium in meteoric irons as well as in stones.*

Spectroscopic Experiments with Meteorites.—The object of the present paper is to point out the high probability that the various light sources in the heavens have a meteoric origin; that is, that stones have fallen on the earth from heaven because the heavens are full of stones, and practically of nothing else, and that the luminosity of every kind of heavenly body is produced by meteorites differently aggregated and differently circumstanced in the various realms of space. It is imperative, therefore, that we should know what phenomena are presented by meteorites which we can handle and experiment with when they are exposed to temperatures either high or low, such that luminous effects are produced.

To this end a great many investigations have been made, and one method of investigation has been that which can be demonstrated by a tube such as that shown in the figure, and made, I trust, intelligible with a modicum of text. In spectroscopic work what is studied chiefly is the quality of the light emitted by a luminous vapor, or absorbed by that vapor when light from a hotter source passes through it. Each vapor has its special spectrum of lines or flutings or bands at any one temperature. There are bright lines if the vapor is radiating, dark if they are absorbing, and their position in the spectrum may roughly be defined by their color; if at one end of the spectrum we have the red, at the other end the violet, the orange, yellow, green, and blue occupy the central portion. In the case of hot solid bodies and dense vapors we have a continual giving out of color from red to violet—a so-called continuous spectrum in which neither lines nor bands nor flutings appear.

Finally it may be stated generally that a vapor which has its spectrum rich in flutings is colder than one which has its spectrum rich in lines. That, then, must suffice for our spectroscopic stock in trade; how the spectroscope can be utilized in the study of meteoric dust comes next.

A small portion of any particular meteorite, or still better, some dust or filings, is inserted in such a tube as that illustrated in Fig. 1, which is placed in front of a spectroscope so that a spectroscopic record of the luminosity may be secured. The tube is at the same time attached to a Sprengel pump, so that in this way a vacuum can be obtained. Supposing that meteorites exist in free space, we must understand that they exist practically in a vacuum, so that it is a fair thing to begin the laboratory work by getting as nearly a vacuum as possible. The next thing to do is to try the effect of the lowest temperature, and for that purpose the central part of the tube containing the little fragments is delicately heated by a Bunsen burner, while a feeble electric current is allowed to pass.

If any effect is produced by this application of heat, it will after some little time be evidenced by the commencement of a spectrum or by some change in the pre-existing one. What has been found is that there is scarcely any meteorite which can be examined in this way which does not give off a sufficient quantity of hydrogen to allow the hydrogen spectrum, when the feeble electric current is made to travel along the tube, to be very beautifully visible.

If the temperature of the meteoric particles is kept sufficiently low, we see practically the spectrum of hydrogen alone. That is a demonstration of the very well known fact that with those bodies generally acknowledged to enter into the composition of meteorites hydrogen is always associated.

If under these same conditions the temperature is increased, the spectrum of carbon begins to be visible, indicating that associated with the hydrogen there is some compound or compounds of carbon in the meteorite which require a higher temperature to bring them out, but which come out when that higher temperature is employed. The carbonaceous structure of some meteorites has already been determined on other grounds.

If we carry the heating a little further still, and instead of leaving the particles relatively cold and dark while the current is passing we apply a higher temperature outside the tube by means of the Bunsen burner, then we get the luminous vapors of some constituents of the meteorite added to the spectra of hydrogen and carbon.

What luminous vapors do we get first,

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and which last? The experiment is a very interesting one, and may certainly be carried on in a tube such as that described until a pretty considerable development of the spectrum is obtained. The first substance which makes itself obviously visible after the hydrogen and carbon, when particles of a stony meteorite are treated in this way, is magnesium, derived from the olivine, that substance which exists in the greatest quantity in the stones, and associated with the schreibersite, which exists in the irons.

From such a method of research as this we pass to one in which, by means of the oxy-coal-gas flame, we can determine the spectrum of any vapor given off, provided any vapor is given off, at a still higher temperature. (Fig. 2.) That work has been done, and the main result is that in the case of an "iron" the first substance to make its appearance is manganese.

Here a very important remark must be made. The substance which will give us the predominant spectrum at a low temperature must be that substance the volatility of which at that temperature is greatest. If, however complicated the chemical constitution of one of these meteorites may be, there is one substance which volatilizes out of it more readily than another at a low temperature, that substance will be the first to give us its characteristic spectrum at that temperature, and in fact we may get the spectrum of that substance alone although its percentage in the meteorite may be extremely small. It is therefore an important result to find that in such meteorites in which the quantity of iron is very considerable it is always the manganese that makes itself visible first, because its volatility is greater than that of iron. The point to bear in mind is that when we pass to the temperature of the oxy-coal-gas flame we get predominant evidence of the existence of manganese, and afterward of iron, though there may be very little manganese in the meteorite, say one per cent., all the rest being iron.

Many maps of observations made in this way have been prepared. We have the oxy-coal-gas flame of meteorites and of olivine, and not only the flame but the "glow"—glow being the name given to the luminosity produced in the tube under the conditions stated. There are some points of similarity and other points of difference. One of the results which is most constant is a line at 500 on the wave-length scale which appears to run through all the observations until we come to deal with such meteorites as the Limerick and Nejed. On the other hand, some lines and flutings do not make their appearance generally.

If we wish to extend our inquiry into the function of a still higher temperature, we can use the electric arc; that also has been done. For this purpose specimens of iron meteorites have been cut into poles, the spectra of which have been observed and photographed, so that the vapors produced have been the vapors of the pure iron meteorites; that is to say, a small portion of a meteorite has *not* been placed on an impure carbon pole so that the impurities of the carbon would be observed and photographed with the pure vapors of the meteorites. In addition to this method, in the case of the stony meteorites, the lower iron pole after its spectrum has been well studied has been utilized in this way: the upper pole remaining constant as an iron pole, pretty big particles of various stone meteorites have been inserted into the lower one, and the added result has been recorded. Further, composite photographs of the spectra of many meteorites have been obtained. Half a dozen different stony meteorites have been successively rendered incandescent by their insertion into the lower pole during the exposure of a single photographic plate.

It is pretty obvious that if we can get detailed information on such points as these, and provided there are meteorites in space at the temperatures at which we are able to determine their spectra in the laboratory, such data should be fundamental for the inquiry we are entering upon, for at present we know of no reason why the spectra of meteorites should differ according to the locality where they are rendered incandescent.

Identity of Origin of Meteorites, Luminous Meteors, and Falling-Stars.—Fortunately for science, in the case of many of the meteorites so carefully preserved in our museums which *have been seen to fall* we possess full accounts of the accompanying phenomena and effects.

These comprise the most vivid luminosity, visible and audible explosions, in some cases heard over thousands of square miles of country, and at times a long train

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in the sky indicating the meteor path, which sometimes remains visible for hours.

Now precisely similar effects have been noted when nothing tangible has reached the earth's surface; and in the thousands of records of the phenomena presented by luminous meteors, fire-balls, bolides, or shooting or falling stars, as they have been variously called, we have the links which connect in the most complete manner the falls of actual iron and stones from heaven with the tiniest trail of a shooting or falling star.

The large masses reach the earth's surface by virtue of their substance—some of them weigh tons—resisting the friction of the air; the small masses, weighing perhaps only grains, are at once burnt up, and fill the upper regions of the earth's atmosphere with meteoric dust. But the identity of such phenomena as these is by no means the only line of evidence demonstrating the connection now in question.

The spectral appearances observed with meteors, fire-balls, and shooting-stars which explode and produce luminous effects are entirely in harmony with those observations on the spectra of meteorites to which I have referred.

Professor Herschel and Herr Konkoly have both noticed that in the generality of cases the lines of magnesium (one of the constituents of the olivine) show themselves first in the ordinary meteor or falling-star, and the beautiful green light which is so often associated with these falling bodies is due to the incandescence of the vapor of magnesium.

In other cases the flutings of carbon have been seen. When the temperature has been higher the bright-line spectrum of iron has been associated with the bright lines of magnesium in the spectrum of the falling-star, so that the three substances which are among the chief constituents of stones and irons—precisely the three substances which we should expect to find—are actually those which have been observed.

Another argument which can be used is the fact that the spectrum of the aurora very strictly resembles that seen in the "glows" to which reference has been made. If the factors present in both cases are meteoric dust, low pressure, and feeble electric currents, the resulting phenomena should not be dissimilar.

By observations it has also been determined that the luminous effect which is common to the fall of a meteorite or the appearance of a shooting-star begins and ends at about the same height above the earth's surface, say eighty and thirty miles respectively. Given the beginning and end of the flight, the velocities of both classes of phenomena can be calculated. This has been done; the velocities have been shown to be practically the same, and to be planetary; that is, they approach nearer to the velocity of the planets round the sun than to any movements we are familiar with on the earth's surface. The lowest velocity determined up to the present time is something like two miles per second; the maximum is something like fifty miles a second; but we may say that the average rate of movement is thirty miles a second, which is about 150 times faster than a shell leaving one of our most powerful guns.

Numbers of Meteorites entering the Earth's Atmosphere daily. — Observations of falling-stars have been used to determine roughly the average number of meteorites which attempt to pierce the earth's atmosphere during each twenty-four hours. Dr. Schmidt, of Athens, from observations made during seventeen years, found that the mean hourly number of luminous meteors visible on a clear moonless night by one observer was fourteen, taking the time of observation from midnight to 1 A.M.

It has been further experimentally shown that a large group of observers who might include the whole horizon in their observations would see about six times as many as are visible to one eye. Professor H. A. Newton and others have calculated that, making all proper corrections, the number which might be visible over the whole earth would be a little greater than 10,000 times as many as could be seen at one place. From this we gather that not less than 20,000,000 luminous meteors fall upon our planet daily, each of which in a dark clear night would present us with the well-known phenomenon of a shooting-star.

This number, however, by no means represents the total number of minute meteorites that enter our atmosphere, because many entirely invisible to the naked eye are often seen in telescopes. It has been calculated that the number of meteorites, if these were included, would

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be increased at least twentyfold; this would give us 400,000,000 of meteorites falling in the earth's atmosphere daily.

Conditions under which the Earth meets with Meteorites.—A word must be said with regard to the actual conditions under which these bodies reach us from space, and how the fall of these bodies and their appearance in the heavens even in the case of no fall have been investigated.

Let us conceive the sun and earth to be half immersed in an infinite ocean which will represent to us the plane of the ecliptic, or, in other words, the plane on which the earth performs its annual motion round the sun.

Let us further, for greater simplicity, assume that the earth's motion round the sun (in a direction contrary to the hands of a watch) is performed in a circular path, with the sun at the centre.

Suppose that the region of space swept through by the earth in its orbit round the sun was occupied here and there by meteorites, and let us assume for the moment that they are pretty nearly equally distributed and are moving in all directions. Under these circumstances the earth in movement in its orbit would be sweeping through them all the year round, and we should get the appearance of a shooting-star or the fall of a meteorite every day in the year. Careful observations in climates most convenient for these researches, where the sky is freest from cloud and is purest, show, as we have seen, that there is not only no night but no hour without a falling-star. We are therefore justified in considering that practically the part of the solar system which is swept through by the earth is not a vacuum, not empty space, but space peopled with meteorites here and there, which are heated and produce luminous effects the moment they enter our air.

There are several points of interest connected with the consideration of the earth's movement in this particular connection. If these meteoritic bodies are equally distributed and are going in the same direction as the earth, but moving more quickly, they would follow and catch the earth; if they were travelling in the same direction as the earth, but more slowly, we should overtake them; and the two sides of the earth separated by a plane at right angles to the direction in which the earth is travelling at the time would experience a different condition. One side would be bombarded by the greater number of meteorites in the former case, while in the latter the forward half only would be affected.

The point to which the earth is travelling at any moment has been called the apex of the earth's way, and this term is worth remembering.

It is naturally rarer to see the fall of such bodies in the daytime than it is at night, but whether such meteorites as these we have considered are moving more slowly or more rapidly than the earth, in the same direction or in the contrary direction, can be determined by observations on the earth's surface by taking into account the apex of the earth's way at different times of the year in relation to the position of a place on the forward or backward hemisphere at different times of the day.

The meteors or falling-stars which are thus encountered coming from no particular direction are called *sporadic* meteors.

Conclusion that the Parts of Space through which the Earth passes must be full of them.—If we consider only those meteorites visible to the *naked eye* as sporadic meteors or falling-stars, and if we further assume that their absolute velocity in space is equal to that of comets moving in parabolic orbits, Professor H. A. Newton has shown that the average number of meteorites in that part of space which the earth traverses is, in each volume equal to the earth, about 30,000. This gives us as a result in round numbers that the meteorites are distributed each 250 miles away from its neighbors.

Are they equally distributed?—Such meteors which are observed from time to time are, as we have seen, called sporadic meteors; but in addition to these, which we may reckon to see every night, there are at certain times of the year very well known falls—so well known that we can say at once that on the 11th of next August and on about the 13th or 14th of next November more falling-stars will be seen than are ordinarily visible.

Here again we shall be able, by a study of the position and *lie* of the earth in her orbit, to determine from what part of space these regular meteors, these more numerous swarms, come. Suppose, for instance, that on one part of the earth's orbit there is a stream of meteorites plun-

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ging down nearly vertically toward the ecliptic; the earth in passing through them would receive the greatest number of blows on its exterior atmosphere on the hemisphere above the plane of the ecliptic at the time, while the other hemisphere would be sheltered, so that the direction of the fall would be capable of demonstration by a consideration of the earth's direction and the relation of its surface to the plane of the ecliptic at the time.

In discussing these star showers we may conveniently confine our attention in the first instance to what has since been called a "swarm" of meteorites, which has been observed for a considerable time, as we shall see. Just before the beginning of the present century, however, the subject was invested with a new interest, because in the month of November, in the year 1799, the great Humboldt, who was then travelling in South America, saw an enormous quantity of shooting-stars covering the sky, and the same thing struck him which has struck everybody since, that when we get this inordinate fall of stars in any particular part of the earth, the point of the sky from which they fall will depend upon the relation of the swarm to the earth's orbit and the position of the earth at the time.

What Humboldt noted was that, however numerous the falling-stars might be at any particular moment, or in whatever direction they appeared, or whatever the apparent lengths of their paths, the streaks produced backward found a common meeting-point, since called the radiant point. These inquiries have been going on since then, and something over a hundred well-marked radiant points are known, at which on different nights of the year we have, as it were, a common starting-point for all the luminous meteors observed at each epoch. These observations of Humboldt's—modern observations, so to speak—were inquired into, and in 1833, on the same day of the same month on which Humboldt had made his observation in 1799, the same phenomena were again seen. It may be added that exactly on the same day in 1866 there was a recurrence of the same thing, and we can safely prophesy that on the same day in 1899 the same thing will happen again. This idea of periodicity gave rise to so great an interest in this question that an inquiry was set afoot as to whether falls had been seen before at previous intervals of thirty-three years, or whether it was a new thing seen first by Humboldt in 1799. This table, from Professor Newton, shows what the result of searching the old records was:

EPOCHS OF NOVEMBER STAR SHOWERS.

Year.	Day on which the Star Shower was seen.
902	October 13
931	" 16
934	" 14
1002	" 15
1101	" 17
1202	" 19
1366	" 23
1533	" 25
1602	" 28*
1698	November 9
1799	" 12
1832	" 13
1833	" 13
1863–68	" 14

There is a difference of more than a month from the year 902 to 1799. In explanation of this difference it must be remembered that there is a difference between the sidereal year and the tropical year. The reckoning of terrestrial time depends upon the tropical year, but if there is a swarm of meteorites travelling in any particular relation to the plane of the ecliptic these meteorites will take little account of the precession of the equinoxes or the tropical year; the earth must take the meteorites as she finds them. Further, it has been shown that the attraction of the outer planets increases the longitude of the node by nearly half a degree during each revolution of the swarm. The one great jump in the table was due to the alteration of the calendar, as there was a difference of twelve days between the old and new reckoning. Professor Adams and others have given a complete demonstration that from the year 902 a swarm of meteorites has been encountered by the earth every thirty-three years or thereabouts in about the same part of the orbit round the sun. The observations indicate that these bodies cross the plane of the ecliptic, and in that part of it through which the earth passes in November in her annual journey; they, in fact, are moving round the sun, as the earth herself is, but in an orbit slightly inclined to the plane of the earth's orbit.

Did these Swarms always belong to the System?—Must we assume that the

* In many countries the change from old to new style was made in this interval, commencing from 1582 in Spain, Portugal, and Italy.

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members of this swarm and of all other swarms similar to it have always been thus travelling round the sun and crossing the earth's orbit from time to time? Must they of necessity have started their existence with the planets and other more stable members of the system?

That point has been well inquired into, and it is certain that it is not at all necessary that such a state of things should have existed from all time, and in some cases there is proof that they have not done so. What, then, has happened?

It is a matter of common knowledge that all stars are in motion. The so-called "fixed" stars are not really fixed: they are only relatively fixed. The sun is a star, and therefore, like the other stars, it is also in movement with its attendant bodies in space.

If we have a swarm of meteorites moving in space, as the sun is doing, at a very considerable distance from the sun, the directions of movement being not parallel but inclined to each other, a time will come when the two bodies, taking the swarm as representing one body and the sun the other, will begin to have an attractive influence on each other. If the attractive energy of the sun is considerable as compared with that of the swarm, the swarm will begin to change its direction obviously toward the sun. If in changing its direction toward the sun and increasing its velocity in consequence of this increased gravitational stress that swarm can get round the sun without any loss of momentum, the two bodies will say good-by to each other, and will go different ways; but supposing there has been a loss of momentum, the loss may mean that the swarm of meteorites will be annexed by the solar system, and for the future must perform its journey round the sun.

It does not therefore follow that when a particular swarm of meteorites has been watched for 900 years, these meteorites which give rise to the appearance of shooting-stars always formed part of the solar system. What we do know is that *at the present moment* the particular swarm to which the November meteors are due, and another swarm which is called the Biela swarm, and many others, do really move round the sun in closed orbits. The chronicle of the appearances of both the named swarms is so complete that very definite statements may be made about them.

With regard to the November swarm it is known that a thousand millions of miles of its orbit have been pierced by the earth in its successive passages through it since the year 902. Each time the earth must have filched many millions of the small constituents of the swarm and used them up as shooting-stars, and yet the swarm does not seem to be very much the worse, and enormous though the numbers are, it is known that the distances between the meteorites is so considerable that no gravitational effect can be noted, so that their combined or common movement is a clear indication of a common origin.

In the case of the orbit of the Biela swarm we know that more than half of it, or a length of five hundred million miles, contains these meteorites; a long thin line, say a mile long and an inch in section, represents, according to Professor Newton, the distribution of the meteorites along the orbit.

Comets are Meteor Swarms which have entered the Solar System some Time or other.—These swarms are comets. That knowledge we owe to the labors of Newton, Adams, and Schiaparelli chiefly. Aided by considerations rendered possible by observations of the conditions under which the shooting-stars were observed—in a particular part of the sky, in a particular part of the earth's orbit, at a particular time, and from a particular point of the earth's surface—we can understand at once that it became finally possible to determine the orbit of the swarm.

Now a comet had been seen in 1865 with a period of revolution of so many years, and an orbit conditioned in a certain manner. When investigations were completed by Schiaparelli for the November swarm, he found that the orbit of the swarm thus determined was nearly identical with that which had been previously determined for the comet of 1865.

We may assume from the work which has already been done that a comet is the denser part of the swarm. Whether that denser part is at the end or at the beginning of the long line to which reference has been made it does not very much matter, but where that is, there we shall have the appearance of a comet presented to us in the heavens; that being so, we are able to apply everything that we have learned about comets to the movements of meteorites in the solar system, while in the case of meteors and falling-stars we were

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limited to what took place in the earth's atmosphere.

If there be many denser portions, we may have several comets with the same orbit. If one dense portion breaks up, we may have double or treble comets.

As Comets get nearer to the Sun they get hotter.—There may be Collisions, and the Meteorites give off Vapor.—The spectroscopic and telescopic appearance of a comet when far away from the sun and when close to it are very different. It was observed by Dr. Huggins in the comets of 1866 and 1867 that when they were very far away from the sun the spectrum consisted chiefly of a line identical in position with the line at wave-length 500, to which reference has already been made, seen in the spectrum of meteorites at low temperature. At that time the comet appeared to be a mass of something looking very dim, with just a little glimmer of something bright in the centre of it.

The phenomena of comets revealed by the telescope show that as a matter of fact a good many of them seem to be connected in some way or other with the production of luminous envelopes. Generally, in fact, the nucleus of a comet is more or less surrounded with nearly spherical envelopes; at other times appearances called jets or fans are seen, and these are connected with the true condensed mass of meteorites which forms the centre of the comet. It looks as if these were shells or jets of vapor volatilized out from the meteorites in consequence of an increase of their temperature, and in consequence of the vacuous condition of space, which will allow the gas to get away from the stone very rapidly. Or, again, it has been suggested that they represent meteoric whirls, the greater brightness being produced by collisions. However this may be, it is clear that these phenomena are produced by some action which increases the temperature of the meteorites, and that part of the result of that action is the production of an immense mass of gas and vapor. The gas and vapor are instantly repelled by some force, about which at present we know very little, in a direction away from the sun, so that whenever we see a comet's tail we always know that the brightest end of it is toward the sun, and the tail itself lies nearly at right angles to the direction of movement of the meteorites. Dr. Bredechin has recently pointed out that in those comets with multiple tails having different curvatures the lightest vapor given out by the meteorites, being repelled most violently and radially, may produce the least curved tail, the others being due to heavier gases.

The tails are in all probability composed in great part of non-condensible gases, and their light and appearance are partly auroral in character.

The Spectra of Comets as the Sun is approached are similar to those observed in the Laboratory when Meteoric Dust is observed at increasing Temperatures.—In the case of a swarm gradually getting very near the sun, and from whatever cause getting very much hotter as it gets there, we pass from the spectrum very similar to that which we can get in a glow tube to one which we cannot produce in the tube, but which we can reach with oxy-coal-gas flame or the electric arc.

The lower temperature in the glow tube and a comet away from the sun both give us the line in the green 500. But when these bodies get a little nearer the sun, but not too near, there is a considerable change, similar to that observed in the experimental tube at the second stage of heat, the spectrum of carbon, produced from some compound of carbon or other. In nineteen cases out of twenty, when the comet gets near the sun, and near enough to the earth for us to have a good look at it, the spectrum is a spectrum of carbon, in many cases modified by absorption.

Manganese is the next substance which writes its record in the spectroscope. The spectral conditions brought about in the comets which in our time have got nearest to the sun were very similar to those observed in the electric arc, and the recorded observations of the spectrum show that we were dealing with a considerable number of lines of iron, manganese, and other substances. We see in the telescope that a comet puts on the appearance of a central nucleus with surrounding envelopes or jets, so that we must understand that in the spectroscope the spectrum of the nucleus is seen distinct from the spectrum of the envelopes and jets, because the former is made to fall upon one part of the slit of the spectroscope, and the latter upon another.

When a comet approaches very near to the sun we get, in addition to the usual flutings of carbon, bright lines and indications of absorption, *especially in the spectrum of the nucleus*, so that, in addi-

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tion to the long flutings of carbon as visible in the spectroscope, we have short lines added along the nucleus in the red, yellow, green, and so on.

External Comets.—Nebulæ.—We now come to an important question. We have noted the extreme probability that the comets which now form part of the solar system did not always belong to it, that they were drawn into it by the sun's attractive energy in its course through regions of space which contained meteorites.

Suppose, then, that instead of considering the case of a cloud of meteorites at a great distance from the sun, but moving in an orbit round it, we inquire into the conditions of that cloud before it began to fall under the sun's attraction.

Is there any reason why its spectrum should be different? So far as we know, there is no reason.

The question then arises, Are there bodies in space which give us such a spectrum as that given by a comet belonging to the solar system at its greatest distance from the sun? The answer to that question is that there are thousands of such bodies. We call them nebulæ.

In the diagram (Fig. 3, page 589) we have the spectrum of the comet of 1886, and contrasted with it the spectrum of nebula numbered 4572 in a certain catalogue. In both we get a single line at exactly the same wave-length, so that from this observation alone it would seem extremely probable that when a comet enters our system for the first time the simple explanation is that a swarm of meteorites in that part of space through which the solar system was passing at the time began to feel the sun's attraction, or the attraction of one of the members of the solar system, and ultimately became a member of it, and also that when we see the appearance which we call a nebula in space, since its spectrum is the same as the spectrum of a comet in the solar system, the nebula, like the comet, is simply a swarm of meteorites.

These nebulous masses, visible in all parts of the heavens, but in some parts of the heavens very much more numerously than in others, were very widely observed, and imagined to be very different in nature from the so-called fixed stars.

Ptolemy was the first to point out, when he was making his map of the stars, that there were certain "cloudy" stars, of which he gave five on his map; and Tycho Brahe, whose work was done before the invention of the telescope, although he did not notice any bodies which we now class as nebulæ, was firmly convinced that that nebulous luminosity which we call the Milky-Way was something entirely different in its nature from the stars. He imagined it to be what he called an ethereal essence, a sort of fire-mist, so that when in his time, in the year 1572, a new star appeared, he supposed it to be a considerable agglomeration of this ethereal fluid. Galileo was able to show that the Milky-Way, the "ethereal substance" of Tycho, was only an appearance due to enormous numbers of stars lying in the same visual ray: the stars of which it is composed can indeed be seen with very small optical power.

In was not till 1612, a few years after the introduction of the telescope, that we got the first real definition of a body which we now call a nebula. The first observation we owe to Simon Marius, who stated that some of the bodies visible in his telescope exactly resembled the appearance produced by the flame of a candle seen through horn. It was not till 1656 that the nebula in Orion was discovered, although now to the trained eye it is very easily visible, so that it seems rather wonderful that it was not discovered before. In 1714, in England, attention began to be paid to these bodies, but it was not until the time of Sir William Herschel that the most magnificent revelations were made. He was the first to construct very large telescopes, by means of which objects which appear to the eye as excessively dim, or objects entirely invisible to the naked eye, may be brought into full visibility. In this way Sir William Herschel convinced himself of the existence of a true nebulous fluid differing from stars.

After not only Sir William Herschel, but his son, Sir John Herschel, had accumulated vast stores of facts, Lord Rosse took up the story, and made a telescope very much more powerful than any which had been employed by the Herschels. His telescope has a light-grasping power compared with the eye of 130,000. The chief result of Lord Rosse's work to which we need here refer is the idea that in a great many bodies which had been classed as nebulæ this enormous increase of optical power suggested that we were only dealing with very distant clusters of stars.

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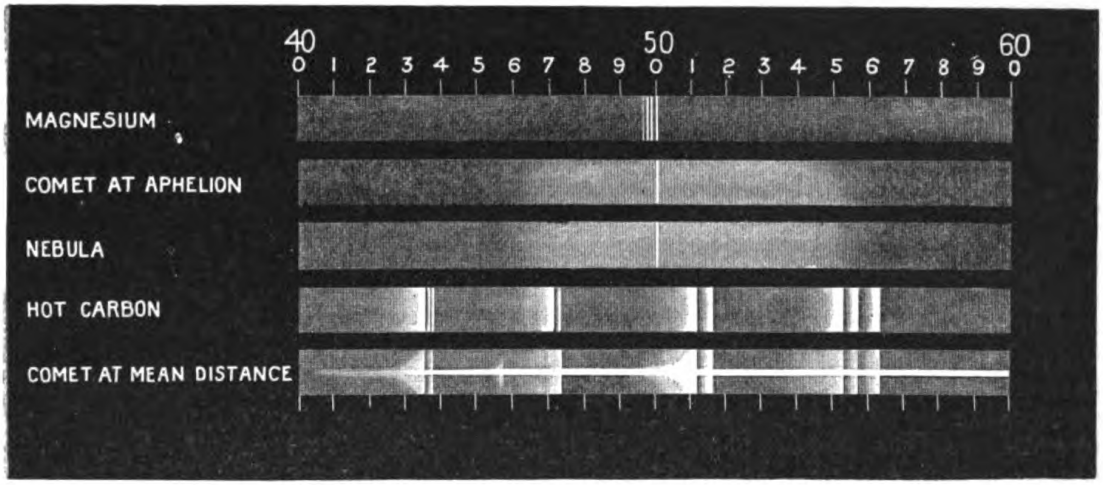


FIG. 3.—Map showing that comets at a great distance from the sun, and nebulæ, have the same spectrum, one of low temperature magnesium, and that nearer the sun comets give the spectrum of carbon. Both spectra are seen when meteoric dust is spectroscopically examined at different temperatures.

Lord Rosse was able to get the suggestion of "resolvability" in so many bodies which had been classed as nebulæ by Sir William Herschel and others that gradually the idea came to be held that the most nebulous nebula, if we could get sufficient optical power to bear upon it, would be broken up into stars just as certainly as the Milky-Way had been by Galileo.

This would mean that the nebulæ were simply clusters of stars so infinitely remote from our ken that even with the power of Lord Rosse's instrument they retained the appearance of an ethereal essence.

This was the general opinion in 1864, in the early days of spectrum analysis, when Dr. Huggins turned his spectroscope one night to one of the planetary nebulæ. At first he thought that something had gone wrong in the apparatus, because he could only see a bright line instead of the usual sort of spectrum obtained from a star. Further work on other nebulæ showed him, however, that the spectroscope was doing its level best, and that the cause, the anomaly, was really that the nebula gave out monochromatic light, while stars gave out light of all colors.

In some cases another line was seen, easily proved to be due to hydrogen, and in another planetary nebula other observers have since shown that there is another hydrogen line visible.

It became Dr. Huggins's duty to find out the origin of the first line observed, and he came to the conclusion, after considerable labor, that this line was very nearly, if not exactly, in the position of the chief line seen in the spectrum of nitrogen, and the suggestion was therefore made that these nebulæ were masses of nitrogen and hydrogen gases mixed, or if not nitrogen, some constituent of nitrogen mixed with hydrogen. That result made the idea of Lord Rosse concerning the possibility of the resolvability of nebulæ into stars untenable. We had to consider from that time that the light of the nebulæ came from a gas or vapor, and hence it was held that the nebulæ were masses of gas.

Another explanation of the origin of the green line has already been given. If we study the spectrum of magnesium, we find a very bright fluting with its less refrangible edge absolutely in the position of the green line; in the nebulæ and in comets the same line appears, not nearly, as in the case of the line of nitrogen, but absolutely. But not only so. We find *another* line of magnesium also visible in the planetary nebulæ. Again, in the spectrum of magnesium burning in the Bunsen burner can be photographed a line having the exact wave-length of a line also seen in the nebula of Orion, so that there is a considerable amount of cumulative evidence that magnesium is the true origin of this spectrum, the luminosity being produced by meteorites, the chief constituent of which is a compound of

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magnesium with oxygen, silicon, and iron.

We are therefore justified, until some better explanation has been given, in holding the view that nebulæ, like comets, consist of meteorites, and that they are neither very distant clusters of stars nor masses of gas.

Forms of Nebulæ.—The various connected nebulosities stretching in marvellous ramifications along the heavens here and there, and those of irregular form, such as the great nebula of Orion, present to us the first condition of true nebulæ, the class which Sir William Herschel termed irregular nebulæ. Thanks to the progress of science these can now be illustrated not by drawings only, but by actual photographs. Sir William Herschel pointed out that it was possible to give a strict, almost rigid, classification of the nebulæ of more regular form. There are in the heavens a large number of so-called globular nebulæ, forming a regular globe brightening toward the centre. In other cases there is something a little different, there is a considerable brightening in the centre surrounded by a sort of haze; and in other cases again this haze gets more and more predominant until at last, instead of having a mere globular luminosity, there is a point in the centre with a very considerable haze round it. These globular nebulæ much resemble what is seen in a comet at its greatest distance from the sun, while the spectrum of the central point—a single green-blue line—is identical. Passing from the globular nebulæ and from the various gradations which have a nebulous star for their last term, Herschel indicated another general group, that of the elliptic nebulæ, in which, instead of dealing with a sphere, we are in presence of figures growing more and more attenuated, until at last they form an almost linear ellipse.

His inquiries also made us acquainted with another extremely interesting form. In this, instead of a nebulous star surrounded by a haze, we have a globe equally illuminated from centre to circumference. These have been called planetary nebulæ.

Other researches besides those of Sir William Herschel, chiefly those of Lord Rosse, have made us acquainted with other forms. In these, instead of spherical or elliptical outlines, we get figures more or less spiral, and somewhat irregular. Others, again, put on the appearance of rings.

Origin of the Luminosity of Nebulæ.—Collisions.—How can we explain the luminosity of the nebulæ? With what we know about spectrum analysis let us try to think that out. In discussing the spectral effects produced by a low temperature reference is often made in books to what is seen in the case of a red-hot poker. If we look at the spectrum of a red-hot poker we see the red of the spectrum, the orange, yellow, and green; and if the poker is white-hot we see the blue added; we get, in fact, a continuous spectrum.

This we do not get in the nebulæ, so that the idea that the stones are red-hot, like the poker, must be given up. The stones must then be heated some other way, and what other way is likely?

Imagine a small number of meteorites in open space, either influenced by each other's attractions, or influenced by any attraction outside the swarm. If absolutely at rest they would be cold and invisible, and space may be full of such invisible bodies; but there must be motions, and these motions will not always be along parallel paths; under these conditions there must be collisions, and therefore heat and light, for even supposing that they are all going the same way, they are bound to graze each other. If we suppose some of them are going different ways, *violent* collisions are bound to occur. We can determine the temperature that will be produced by these collisions, taking into consideration their velocities, and the specific heats, etc., of their known materials.

If the meteorite is going thirty miles a second, which is the average velocity in the case of those we generally have the opportunity of studying, we shall get 2,700,000° C. as the result of a collision, so that there is no lack of heat or of energy. If these meteorites are constantly, in consequence of that high temperature, driven into vapor or gas, we shall get a gaseous spectrum, so that we should expect to get a spectrum of bright lines. Further, we should expect to get most fully represented the spectrum of substances that we know to be volatilizable at low temperatures, because the most feeble collisions will always be by far the most numerous.

We may imagine, say, a million collisions going on under low temperature conditions; a thousand producing higher temperature. It is very possible that we

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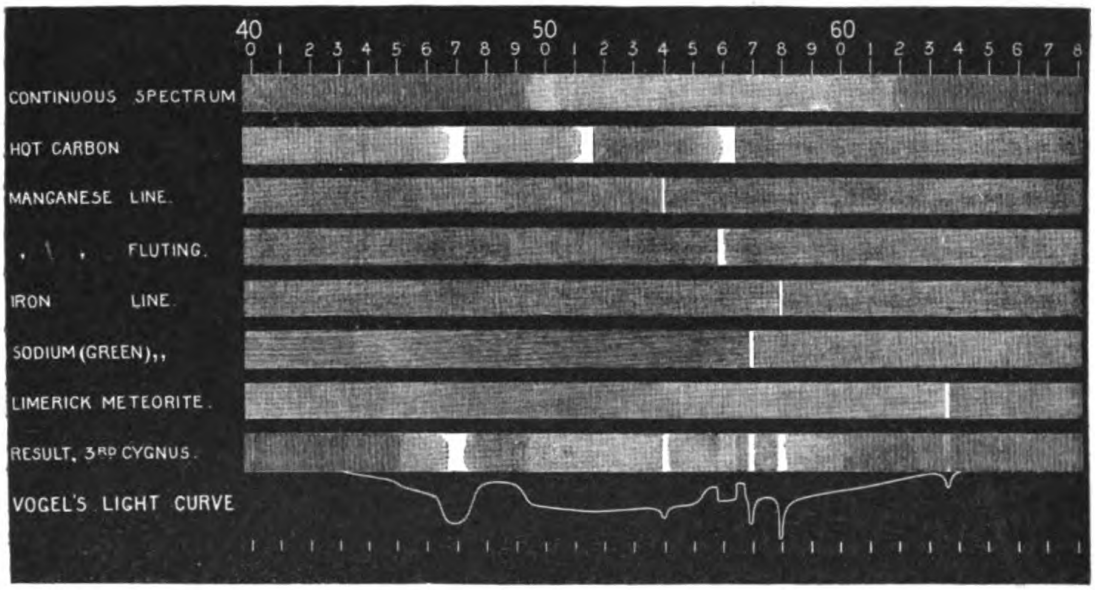


FIG. 4.—Map showing how the spectrum of a bright line star in the constellation Cygnus is in all probability chiefly produced by carbon and iron and manganese vapors observed in meteorite glows at low temperatures.

may only get a very small number of collisions at the highest velocities, or with the highest thermal effects.

If we assume that something like this may be true, we can go a step further.

Suppose we have a swarm of meteorites of enormous dimensions practically at rest, and suppose that mass, in consequence of its being practically at rest, gives out very little light on account of a very small number of the light-giving collisions. Next suppose that the system is bombarded from the outside in the same way that our earth is bombarded during such a star shower as that of 1866. What happens in the case of our own earth? We find that from a height of one hundred miles above the surface to a height of thirty miles, when we are passing through a swarm of meteorites, the aerial envelope is rendered luminous by the violent explosions of these little meteoroids. Supposing that we were dealing with an earth entirely of vapor while such a bombardment as this was going on, and that instead of meteorites coming from a particular radiant point they were coming from all regions, and that we could see the earth thus bombarded from some point away in space. We should see a shell beginning at thirty miles above the height of the present surface, and reaching from that height to one hundred miles above it; we should see it illuminated as if by phosphorus. That is suggested as a possible origin of the planetary nebulæ, which, since their discovery by Sir William Herschel, have proved a stumbling-block, insomuch as nobody has been able to thoroughly explain their strange appearance.

The other forms of globular nebulæ may also to a certain extent be explained in the way we have just employed. We have to continue the same line of thought, and imagine that in this case so many meteorites are arrested, so many have their momentum destroyed by the collisions in the exterior part of the shell, that they instantly fall into new and smaller orbits round the centre, and there form a new collision shell under exactly the same conditions.

Under these circumstances we shall have a considerable haze with a very bright centre, and continuing the same line of inquiry we find that it lands us ultimately in a nebulous star, in which we may imagine that the momentum has been more completely destroyed; the fall is very much more direct, the result being that the pericentric distance is excessively small, so that ultimately we get in the centre a second collision region of very high intensity.

Nebulæ in which the Individual Meteorites collide must eventually condense, and the Spectrum must become more com-

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plicated, and resemble that of Comets near the Sun.—Whatever there may be of value in the suggestions just put forward, what must be perfectly obvious is that the moment we assume that there are any collisions in a mass of meteorites we must ultimately get condensation toward a centre, because each collision means the destruction of momentum, and therefore the central attraction of the mass has relatively a greater pull.

When the mass is more condensed the meteorites must be closer together, and therefore there must be more and more violent collisions and more luminosity.

We have seen that comets get more luminous as they approach the sun, and in them also, however arising—whether from more violent movements of the members of the swarm, or from gradual approach to a region richer in meteorites—the luminosity must depend upon more and more violent collisions.

If that be so it is possible to get a step further, and where is that step to carry us? So far we have dealt with those cases in which both comet and nebula give us first of all the same spectrum, one consisting of a single line, the metallic origin of which in all probability is magnesium.

If the only difference between nebulæ and comets be that one is subjected to the sun's attraction and the other is not, condensation in both should give rise to the same spectral phenomena as the temperature increases.

Is this so?

Before we attempt to answer this question we must first consider the vast difference in the way in which the phenomena of distant and near meteoric groups are necessarily presented to us; and further, we must bear in mind that in the case of comets, however the action may arise, there is an action which drives the vapors produced by impacts outward from the swarm in a direction away from the sun.

It must be a very small comet which, when examined spectroscopically in the usual manner, does not, in consequence of the size of the image on the slit, compel us to observe the spectra of the nucleus and envelopes separately. The spectrum of the latter is usually so obvious, and the importance of observing it so great, that the assumed continuous spectrum of the nucleus is almost overlooked.

A moment's consideration, however, will show that if the same comet were so far away that its whole image would be reduced to a point on the slit-plate of the instrument, the differentiation of the spectra would be lost; we should have an integrated spectrum in which the brightest edges of the well-known carbon bands, the characteristic of a comet's spectrum, or some of them, would be superposed more or less brightly on a continuous spectrum.

The first main question, then, is, Have the carbon bands which are so obvious in comets been seen in the brighter nebulæ?

In the brighter nebulæ the connecting spectrum of carbon seems really to have been seen, for if we examine some of them we see a glimmering of what has been recorded as a sort of continuous spectrum. The appearance of a continuous spectrum may originate in two or three ways. It may come because we have such an enormous number of lines and flutings and bands in the spectrum that we have light in every part of it, and in a spectrum seen with difficulty, like those of the nebulæ, the separate lines and flutings and bands may not be made out. If we are dealing with a true continuous spectrum we should expect to see the red end and the orange and yellow parts of it just as distinctly as the blue or green. The remarkable thing about the "continuous" spectrum which has been observed in the nebulæ is that the red part of it is wanting, and another thing which has been observed is that the spectrum in the yellow and in the green seems somewhat more or less broken up.

We have seen that if we carry the tube experiments beyond the point at which the hydrogen makes its appearance we get the three flutings of carbon, one of them in the yellow, one in the green, and the other in the blue, the one in the green making its appearance first.

If we were to examine a spectrum under very great difficulties which gave these with a small amount of continuous spectrum, we should say that we were looking at something which probably had a continuous spectrum, but that we were unable to say whether we were dealing with phenomena of radiation or absorption. We should also note the absence or small intensity of the red end of the spectrum.

Now such a spectrum as this has been

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recorded over and over again in the case of the nebulæ, and it is exactly what we should see if we observed the spectrum of a comet without separating the spectrum of the nucleus from that of the envelopes.

Our Ideas concerning Stars must be changed.—Up to the time of Sir William Herschel in the last century we knew little concerning nebulæ, but his observations led him ultimately to the conclusion that the nebulous stars indicated "something" which was not "stellar." What, then, did he consider a "star" to be? In his time, as now, the sun was looked upon as the nearest star, and Sir William Herschel was one who attacked the problem of solar physics with the greatest success with the set purpose of gaining information about the more distant "stars." He concluded with regard to the sun (in the pre-spectroscopic days the fact that heat and light were bound to go together was not so clearly understood as it is now) that the light and heat were produced by an envelope which was free to radiate light and heat to the earth, while its radiation back to the sun was stopped by another envelope with certain special contrivances. He was led to this idea by the phenomena of sun spots and the existence of the umbra and penumbra. The general conclusion that he and other philosophers arrived at was that the sun was a habitable globe like the earth, the only difference between the sun and the earth being that the sun had this very special kind of atmospheric arrangement. Hence all stars were habitable globes.

Spectrum analysis has made this idea absolutely impossible. Inside an envelope of a certain temperature everything internal must ultimately reach the temperature of the envelope, and so, as we know that we have incandescent hydrogen and iron vapor on the outside of the sun, there is not only no chance, but there is absolutely no possibility whatever, that there can be anything cooler below it.

The modern idea of the sun, then, is that it is a mass of incandescent gas, and therefore that all the stars we see in the heavens are masses of incandescent gas.

We have now to show that a continuation of the inquiry which now occupies us, combined with the evidence that has recently been put forward, shows that this view is absolutely untenable; that many stars, at all events, are at present not very condensed swarms of meteorites, and that the true gaseous condition occurs in only one stage of a star's life history.

What the Spectra of Swarms more condensed than the Nebulæ and Comets should be.—It is a matter of common knowledge that comets give us chiefly the spectrum of carbon, and that bright lines are seen at times in the spectrum of the nucleus. It is also well known that nebulæ give us a spectrum of bright lines with a so-called continuous spectrum, the peculiarities of which are well explained by supposing it to be built up in part of carbon flutings.

Taking this for granted for the present, let us next consider what phenomena a still further condensation should bring about. Further condensation will produce a higher temperature, because when the average distance apart of the meteorites is reduced there will be a greater number of collisions in consequence. Some of the meteorites will undoubtedly get red hot, and the vapors will become more brilliant, and we shall therefore have a more decided continuous spectrum, and as some of the vapors beside magnesium will be rendered incandescent, and vividly incandescent, as a result of this increased temperature, we shall have some new bright lines. We shall not have lost the hydrogen, and we shall not have lost the carbon, so that what we ought to see in the next stage of condensation, if it really exists and produces the appearance of so-called stars, is a spectrum which we can mentally build up by taking a little continuous spectrum for the spectrum of the meteorites, a little hydrogen and carbon for the vapors in the interspaces, and the bright lines of those substances besides magnesium which we should be most likely to find incandescent at a temperature slightly higher than that of the nebulæ. These hypothetical spectra are exactly reproduced in those of certain bright-line stars. The actual celestial facts have been predicted, so to speak, in a very curious manner by the laboratory work.

So far, then, these considerations have helped us to suggest that certain phenomena ought to be visible, now no longer among nebulæ, but among "stars," and an examination of certain "stars" has proved to us that these phenomena actually are visible. The hypothesis, if sound, ought now to carry us further.

The next Stages of Condensation and their Spectra.—In the next stage the

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"stars" will be still hotter, in consequence of a greater number of collisions due to a smaller mean distance; a still greater number of meteorites will now be very hot, and they should begin to give out more vapors.

We should then have surrounding each meteorite a film or an atmosphere of vapors produced by collisions, *stopping the light of each meteorite* in the line of sight. That, it will be seen, introduces a new idea. We shall have light radiated from the red-hot meteorites, light radiated from the vapors in the interspaces, and light radiated from the bright metallic vapors surrounding each meteorite. But we shall have, besides all these radiations, *absorption* of the light of each incandescent meteorite itself by the cooled stratum of vapors between it and our eyes. We shall have a spectrum of bright flutings of carbon and bright lines of hydrogen due to the interspaces added to the continuous spectrum of the meteorites, bright lines from the metallic vapors near each stone; and we shall have an *absorption*, whether fluting or line absorption, due to the cooler vapors between the meteorites and the observer.

Obviously those vapors which absorb first should be those which first come out as each vapor begins to radiate.

Which vapors have we found to be produced in the greatest quantity from meteorites when they are exposed to the oxy-coal-gas flame? The vapor of manganese and the vapor of iron, and two or three others which may be named. We have such a spectrum in that of α Orionis, and in about three hundred more. The laboratory suggestion has *certainly* been justified by the facts.

We have exactly the same bright flutings of carbon that we get *certainly* in the case of a comet, *probably* in the case of the brighter nebulæ; and further as indication of the absorption which is going on at the same time in that congeries of meteorites which up to the present moment we have called a star, and thought to be a mass of homogeneous vapor, we have the absorption of the Bessemer flame —the absorption of manganese—just as decidedly as we get the radiation of the manganese in the Bessemer flame itself.

In these "stars," then, we get, as in comets near the sun, the *radiation* of carbon and the *absorption* of manganese. There are other absorptions, there are other radiations, but it is quite sufficient to consider these. A little consideration will show that it is impossible to conceive a constant radiation and absorption from a mass of vapor, such as a star is supposed to be. But if we consider the case in which the condensation of meteorites has proceeded to a certain length, we shall in a cross section of such a swarm get some part of the visible area covered, as it were, by incandescent meteorites, and another part of the visible area luminous by means of the incandescent vapors between the meteorites. It follows from that condition of things that we shall get bright lines from the spaces, and indications of absorption due to those vapors which in each case lie exactly between us and each incandescent meteorite.

Finally we get the condition represented by three hundred stars, in which we get the bright flutings of carbon associated with dark flutings of manganese vapor. It is worth stating in this place that the spectrum of the extreme tip of the flame of the electric arc shows that among all the chemical substances with which we deal in our laboratories, the *flame* richest in flutings is precisely the flame produced by the metal manganese, so that it is not at all to be wondered at that the cool vapor of manganese should give us such a very decided indication of its presence as it does in these stars.

Let us take the next step, and suppose that the temperature of the swarm is still a little higher yet, in consequence of the mean free path of the meteorites being still further reduced. In consequence of this the spacing area will be reduced. Since the spaces are smaller, the bright flutings of carbon and other substances due to the spacing will be reduced in intensity. In consequence of the rise of temperature we shall also expect absorption generally to change from the condition which represents the temperature of the flame of the arc into that of the arc itself. The fluting absorption of manganese will in time give way to line absorption, and the line absorption of everything else. We should therefore expect to find stars with not very obvious indications either of the bright flutings of carbon or of the dark flutings of manganese, and an intensification of line absorption. Such stars exist, and have already been found and observed.

The final Stage reached at the highest

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Temperature.—The final stage of temperature which can be reached is that brought about when all the meteorites in the original swarm have been volatilized, and the swarm which began as an assemblage of discrete stones and irons has become a mass of incandescent vapor cooling at the outside. There are no longer any interspaces. What substances are likely to be found at the outside? We have seen that at the beginning of things in the nebulæ we have the radiation of hydrogen, and the density of hydrogen being very low, we should expect to get in a pure ball of gas, the product of this meteoritic condensation, an absorption spectrum chiefly of hydrogen. This is what is seen in the greatest number of stars in the heavens. Whether we should expect to get such an enormous quantity of hydrogen as is actually seen is a question which we cannot yet answer. If we assume that the temperature of the central interior vapors is enormous, and if that temperature is higher than that in any of our laboratories, and if it should happen that any of our so-called elements have hydrogen as a constituent, the action of that temperature would be to give us an exterior shell richer in hydrogen than anything else. In these stars not only is there this enormous development of the hydrogen spectrum, but we note the almost complete disappearance of bright lines and flutings; in fact we get practically hydrogen and nothing else. If we assume that we have in such a mass of gas the total result of the condensation of a meteoric swarm, we must be in presence of the highest temperature capable of being produced in space.

Subsequent Cooling.—Such a ball of vapor, when the meteoric bombardment is terminated by the absorption into its mass of all its outlying meteorites, will no longer be supplied with any energy from without.

What has that ball of vapor got to do? It has to cool.

During the cooling it has to go through certain stages in which its mean temperature will be not widely different from that it had before at certain epochs while it was increasing its temperature. But the phenomena must be different, for the reason that in the one case we had meteorites condensing and getting closer together; now we have a ball of vapor cooling.

Absorption phenomena we shall always have with us; that we have noticed in the hottest stars will fade; other phenomena will be *new*, and they will change as the cooling goes on.

Finally the ball of vapor will become consolidated into a globe, with no light of its own, like the earth on which we dwell, and then both radiation and absorption phenomena will give way to reflection.

Is that pure imagining? Or are there such bodies as these?

There are at least three large classes of celestial bodies in which as many stages of cooling are distinctly manifest. The first class is represented by bodies like our sun, for we know on other grounds that the sun is cooling. In another class the absorption is mainly that of carbon; in these, instead of the bright carbon flutings as we had before, we have the carbon flutings absorbed, so that the demonstration is complete that we have a body which *has been* a sun like our own at a cooler stage, in which the chief absorption is produced by some carbon material in its atmosphere. Finally we have completely cooled bodies, represented by the planets and satellites of the solar system.

The Origin of the Main Group of Celestial Bodies.—It is seen, then, that precisely such groups of celestial bodies as the experiments upon meteoric dust in a glass tube indicate should arise by the gradual increase of temperature, due to collisions of meteorites gradually increasing in number in consequence of condensation, have actually been recorded.

Similarly that precisely such groups of celestial bodies as we should expect to see when a globe of incandescent meteoric vapor gradually cools and consolidates have also been chronicled.

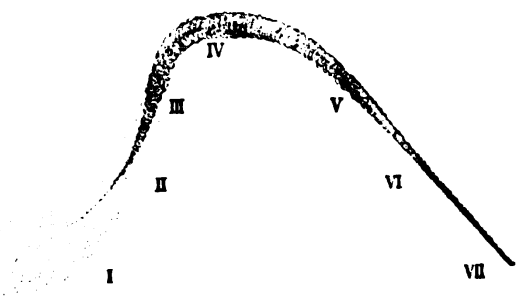


FIG. 5.—Temperature curve showing the various groups of heavenly bodies the temperatures of which are either increasing, at a maximum, or decreasing.

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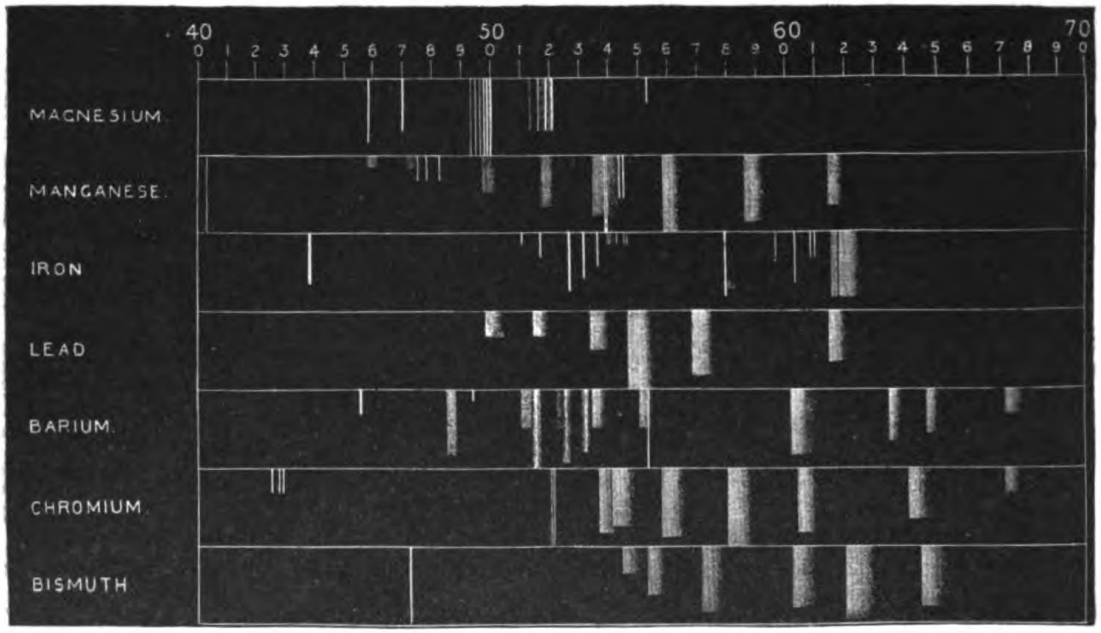


FIG. 6.—Map showing the result of low-temperature observations of the spectra of the substances the flutings of which appear in stars of the second group. The lines and flutings which extend to the bottom in each case are the first to appear, and are called the longest lines or flutings.

Hence we are justified in ascribing the origin of all these groups to meteoric condensation. The groups are spectroscopically indicated as follows:

(I.) Nebulæ and stars and comets with bright lines seen at low temperatures.

(II.) Bodies with mixed radiation and absorption flutings.

(III.) The fluting absorption disappearing, giving place to line absorption.

(IV.) The almost unique absorption of hydrogen. This indicates the highest temperature.

(V.) Commencement of a considerable absorption of iron with a reduction in the absorption of hydrogen.

(VI.) Bodies in which carbon in some form or other is the chief absorber.

(VII.) Cold bodies like the earth, the moon, and the companion of Sirius.

The accompanying curve will indicate in a graphic form how the various groups depend upon the continual gradual condensation, first accompanied by a rise and finally by a fall of temperature.

The various groupings start from sparse meteorites seen in comets and nebulæ, group I. With increasing temperatures we get groups II. and III.; with the highest temperature we get group IV.; finally, as the temperatures decrease, we get V., VI., and VII. The curve is intended to represent the fact that we may get meteorites at a considerable distance apart for a considerable time, so that the irregular nebular condition probably may last a very long time, but the moment condensation is set up the chances are that it will go on pretty rapidly.

When the meteoric bombardment has ceased, and there is only a globe of vapor representing group IV., there is no particular reason why the radiation of that should be extreme, and we have no right to imagine that a meteoric bombardment by external swarms ever quite ceases to supply it with energy; hence the curve should be flat at the top.

With bodies like the sun the radiation is excessive, but the chances are that it is not so rapid as in the lower groups, so that the curve is flattened from group IV. to VI., and here again it begins to be steeper.

If we could be sure of the true form of the curve we ought to be able roughly to determine the relative number of stars in each group. As a matter of fact the number of bodies of groups II. and III. seems to be small, while the number in groups IV. and V., that is, the number of stars like α Lyræ and like our sun, is very considerable indeed.

While, then, the curve gives a general idea of the arrangement of the stars according to their spectra, the spectra them-

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selves indicate to us the working of a very simple factor, namely, the gradual reduction of the free paths of meteorites, first visible in the celestial spaces as nebulæ, last visible in the celestial spaces as dark dead bodies, like our moon.

Origin of Celestial Species.—When a new view, such as that we are now considering, to account for the general grouping of celestial bodies, is put forward, tests have to be made in all sorts of directions to see whether it is true or false.

We may now refer to the first obvious test the view should bear. If there is anything in it, it ought not only to account for the main differences which we have considered, but it ought also to explain, and even to predict, the minor differences which are certain to be observed.

If we consider the revelations of the most powerful telescopes brought to bear up to the present time, the number of stars in the northern and southern hemispheres already glimpsed, and to which in future spectroscopic inquiry will be directed, may be taken as something like fifty millions.

As we must have absolute continuity, the gaps between the main groups must be bridged over; and further, in each large group itself, for instance, group II., some bodies would be more like group I. and others more like group III., so that there must be minor differences in each group. How is it possible to test the view by the investigation of these minor differences? An attempt has been made in this way: The attention of the investigators has been confined to a very careful study of those substances which have been found to exist in bodies of the second group. The reason that that group was chosen was that a little time ago the individual observations of nearly all the bodies already recognized to belong to that group, something like 300 in number, were published. It was possible to make spectroscopic observations in the laboratory concerning the substances supposed to exist in the stars of that group either as radiators or absorbers, and to note the changes which take place under certain well-defined laboratory conditions, and then to discuss the differences in the stellar spectra already recorded.

The method of operation was as follows: First of all, the oxy-coal-gas flame was used, and photographs and eye observations were made showing in the case of iron, manganese, lead, etc., the actual effect of temperature. In map Fig. 6, page 596, if we take manganese, for instance, we find that there is one fluting longer than the others, and that there is one line longer than the rest, and we expect that if there was any decrease in the quantity of manganese vapor present, the decrease would be rendered evident by the disappearance of some of the numerous details shown in the map, till at last the smallest quantity was represented by that one fluting. In lead the minimum quantity of lead would be represented by a fluting. So that if there was any increase or decrease of these substances in the various spectra, it was easy for the laboratory workers to determine whether or not the recorded differences could be explained by an increase or decrease of quantity. If the temperature rises in such a way as to decrease the quantity of low-temperature absorption of manganese, it should also decrease the quantity of the low-temperature absorption of iron, but such decrease of low-temperature spectra due to an increase of temperature should be accompanied by the appearance of other manganese line phenomena due to a higher temperature, and so on. It was thus found that the observations by Dunér in Sweden of the 294 stars of the group now under discussion could be arranged into fifteen distinct species. The flutings, both bright and dark, and their changes observed by him, have been explained by the investigation in question by supposing that we have bright carbon gradually reducing in quantity as the spacing is reduced, as the stars get hotter, and that we have certain substances which appear at the lower temperature. As the heat goes on increasing we get other substances introduced, and finally low-temperature fluting absorptions give place to line absorption, and the flutings begin to fade. The fifteen species are so arranged that we get first the spectrum of the early species, which are just a little removed from the stars with bright lines; in the middle horizons we have those in which the spectroscopic effect of the particular mean temperature and condition of the group is most decided, and finally in the last species we have stars the spectra of which greatly resemble those of the next group.

Species must necessarily exist if there be an evolution going on in the inorganic

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anything like that in the organic world, and that the origin of celestial species as well as of celestial groups is not beyond inquiry comes out clearly from the map.

Conclusion.—It is now some years since the spectroscope told us, with no uncertain sound, that the same kind of matter is present throughout all the realms of space. In the preceding pages I have attempted to show that if a study of meteorites be conjoined with that of the heavenly bodies, the language of the spectroscope is just as decided in another direction. Not only have we the same matter, but all celestial forms are due to an exquisitely simple evolution of matter in the form of meteoric dust.

The spectroscopic demonstration of the complete sequence presented to us by the heavenly bodies between nebulæ, the various orders of stars, and dead worlds like our own moon, of course gives rise to a great number of questions which are outside the region of experiment and observation, and the possible solution of many questions interesting to the human race has indeed already given rise to a strange misrepresentation of the real object of the researches to which attention has been called. It should have been rendered quite clear that the work consisted of a close enchaining of tens of thousands of facts brought together from various fields open to scientific inquiry. It has been suggested that the object was really to determine whether the hen preceded the egg or the egg the hen, the hen standing for the finished product, say our own planet, and the egg standing for the meteorite. Such an inquiry as this may be relegated to the future; it may, however, be pointed out that if what has been said here with regard to the various forms of meteoric aggregations be true, the question of the origin of meteorites is surrounded by a fresh interest, and a clew is, at all events, suggested.

Space and gravitation being as they are, there is no reason why aggregations of meteorites and aggregations of stars should be treated differently, and although the finished product—a world—may consist of more complications, it may not necessarily be more complicated in its inner essence than a meteorite. It is for the science of the future to shed a new light upon those complications which possibly have built up the meteorite by a group in which the chemical elements represent necessary steps.

JUPITER LIGHTS.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

IX.

TWO weeks had passed since Ferdie's arrival at Romney.

Halcyon days they had been, each one beautiful from morning to night, with soft blue skies and golden sunshine; blossoms covered the trees; the air was full of perfume. Ferdie must always be doing something; besides the daily hunting and fishing, he had made new paths, a new swing, a new dock; he had taught the negroes base-ball; he had rowed and sailed hither and thither—up the river, out to sea, and north and south along the Sounds, paying visits at the various islands whenever Cicely desired them. Every one was delighted with him, from Miss Sabrina and the Singletons down to the smallest darky. The captains of the Inland Route steamers grew accustomed to seeing him waiting on the dock at Jupiter Light; the store-keeper on the main-land opposite looked out every morning for his sail coming across the Sound. Cicely, in the same state of mute bliss, accompanied him everywhere; and Miss Sabrina went whenever she was able; that is, when the excursion was not too long. The negroes followed him about in a troop; of their own accord they gave him the title of "young marse."

Through these days Eve felt like an alien. Cicely said nothing to her save when she was with the others; she never came to her in her own room; now and then she brought the baby down the corridor when he was on his way to his crib; but Dilsey was always with her. She did not enter; she left him at the door. And Eve could not feel that this neglect was caused by dislike; it was simply the ego-

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tism of happiness. When Eve was present, Cicely talked to her; when she was not present, Cicely hardly remembered her existence. Miss Sabrina was not quite so forgetful, but she too was happy and absorbed. Eve sometimes sat all the evening without speaking. Fortunately she could make her stay short, under the pretext of not disturbing Jack by coming in late. She was not a timid woman, not a woman easily disheartened, easily depressed; each long, solitary day (for she seldom accompanied them), each silent evening, only strengthened her purpose of carrying away the child. She kept him with her constantly; Cicely allowed it; and Ferdie, after one or two good-natured attempts to carry off the little boy for a romp, left him undisturbed to his aunt. Whether Cicely had told him to do this, Eve did not know.

Strangely enough, Ferdie talked to her more than the others did. Several times, seeing her in the grove with Jack, he had come out to join her. Always, as he approached, Eve would make some excuse and send the child further away, even if only to the length of a few yards. This action on her part was involuntary. One morning she had gone to the eastern shore. She had been there half an hour when she saw his figure coming down the bush-bordered road. "Take Jack's wagon up the beach," she said quickly to Dilsey.

Dilsey, vexed at being ordered away when handsome "young marse" was approaching, took her charge round a point out of sight, so that Eve and Ferdie were left alone. The child gone, Eve could turn all her attention to the man by her side; her watching mood came upon her, the mood in which she spent her evenings. Ferdie had thrown himself down on the sand. Handsome as he was, Eve had discovered faults in his face; the features were in danger of becoming too pointed; a little more, and the cheeks would be thin. The mouth had a flattening at the corners, a partly unconscious, partly voluntary action of the muscles, like that which accompanies a "dare" (so Eve described it to herself) on the part of a boy who has come off conqueror in one fight and is expecting another in a moment. This expression (it was visible when he was silent) and a look in his eyes sometimes—these two things seemed to Eve signs of the curse. They were slight signs, however, and they would not have been discovered by one woman in a thousand, for Ferdie was not only handsome, there was also something charming about him. But Eve had little softness (if she possessed it, it had never been developed). She had never been able, for instance, to understand how people could so readily forgive; they might pretend to, and even try to, for that was civilized, that was Christian; but to be able really to forgive (and forget) a wanton, a brutal offence—she could not comprehend natures to whom such tenderness was easy.

To-day, as Ferdie lounged beside her, she determined to try an experiment.

"I am so anxious to have Jack," she began, boring holes in the sand with the point of her parasol.

"It seems to me that you do have him; it's a complete possession," answered Ferdie, laughing. "I've scarcely been able to touch the youngster since I came."

"I mean that I want him to live with me, as though he were my own child. I would leave him everything I have; I would bring him up with all possible care."

"Have you made a vow, then, never to marry?" Ferdie demanded, looking at her with a merry gleam in his eyes.

"Should you object—if Cicely were willing to give him to me?" continued Eve, a slight haughtiness in her manner alone replying to his remark.

"I suppose I couldn't, though I'm fond of the little chap." ("Fond!" Eve thought. She looked at him, with parted lips, in suspense.) "But I can't imagine Cicely's consenting," Ferdie went on; "she is devoted to the child."

"Not so much as she is to you."

"Do you want *me* to urge her to give him to you?"

"Yes," Eve answered.

"Why do you want him? For your own pleasure?"

Eve hesitated a moment. "Partly."

"Are you by any possibility fancying that you can take better care of him than we can?" asked Ferdie, relapsing into his laugh, and sending another pebble skimming over the shining waters. "Leaving Cicely out of the question, here am I; I should be, I am, the jolliest of fathers."

Eve thought again. "It must be that he does not know." Whatever his faults, hypocrisy was not one of them.

But this only made him the more terri-

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ble to her—a man who called himself, and who was, tender-hearted, who yet could change unconsciously into a savage.

"Granting the jolliness, I wish you would ask Cicely; do it for my sake," she answered. "I am lonely; I shall grow lonelier. It would be everything to me to have him."

"Of course you will grow lonelier," said Ferdie. He turned toward her, leaning on his elbow. "Come, let me advise you, Miss Bruce; don't be a forlorn old maid. All women ought to marry. It is much better for them."

"Are they then so sure to be happy?" demanded Eve, sarcastically.

"Of course they are. The nice ones."

Eve looked at him. "Even when married to brutes? To madmen?"

"Oh, you wouldn't select a brute. As for the madmen, they are locked up," answered Ferdie, comfortably.

Eve rose. "I don't know what I shall say next if I stay here," was her thought.

"I wish you knew my brother Paul," said Ferdie as he lifted himself from the sand. "*I* can't argue with you; *I* can't put you down" (his smile as he said "put you down" was wonderfully sweet). "But he could—Paul could; and what's more, he would, too; he hates a woman who goes on as you do."

"I'm not going on; I'm going back."

"To the house? So am I."

"I should like to see your brother," Eve remarked. "He lives in Canada, I believe?"

"Canada! What gives you that idea? He loathes Canada. He has charge of a mine up on Lake Superior. He has always worked tremendously hard, poor old Paul! I have never approved of it, such a steady grind as that."

"What is the name of the place?"

"Bois Blanc. Are you thinking of going there?"

"I may," Eve answered. She felt defiant, and her tone was defiant in spite of herself. What did she care for Bois Blanc and his brother, save for their connection with his wretched self?

They had begun to walk toward home. Dilsey was in advance with Jack. "I beg you to urge Cicely to let me have him," she went on, her eyes resting on Jack's rough little wagon.

"You have made up your mind to ask a favor of me at last; you must want it terribly," Ferdie responded. He took off his hat and let the breeze blow over his forehead. "I will do what I can for you, Miss Bruce. Of course we cannot, Cicely and I, give up her child to you entirely; but he might live with you for part of the time, as you desire it so much, at least for the present. My intention is to go back to Valparaiso; I like the life there, and I shall make it my home. There are excellent houses to be had; I have one in view at this moment. Later, of course, Cicely would wish her boy to come to her there; but in the mean time, while he is still so young, and while there is his education to think of—yes, I will do what I can for you; you may count upon me."

"Thank you," answered Eve. Her words were humble, but she did not look humble as she spoke them. Ferdie with his favors and his patronizing good-nature, seemed to her more of a phantasm than ever.

Life went on. Every morning she said to herself, "To-day something must happen; we cannot go on forever sailing and rowing and gathering flowers." But the Arcadian hours continued, and two more weeks passed slowly by, the days and the nights equally soft and fair. Eve began to hate the eternal sunshine, the brilliant, undimmed southern stars.

"My dear, you are all the time growing paler," said Miss Sabrina one day. "Perhaps this sea-air is not good for you?"

Eve wanted to reply: "Is it good for me to be watching every instant?—to be listening, and starting, and thinking I hear something?" "You are right; it is not," she answered aloud. "All the same, I will stay awhile longer, if you will let me."

"Oh, my dear—when we want you to *live* here!"

"Perhaps I shall die here," Eve responded, with a laugh.

Miss Sabrina looked at her in surprise, for the laugh was neither gentle nor sweet.

Eve was tired, tired mentally and physically. This passive state of waiting taxed her; action of some sort, though accompanied by the hardest conditions, would have been easier to her unconquered will. She occupied herself with Jack. And she looked at Cicely. To love so intensely—was it not a kind of idiocy?

X.

"Eve!" A hand on Eve's shoulder.

Eve sat up in bed with a start. Cicely

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stood beside her, candle in hand. "Help me to dress Jack," she said.

Eve was out of bed in an instant. She lighted her own candle.

Cicely lifted the sleeping child from his crib, and began hastily to dress him. Eve brought all the little garments quickly. "Are you going to take him out of the house?" she asked. (They spoke in whispers.)

"Yes."

Eve threw on her own clothes.

After a moment, during which the hands of both women moved rapidly, Eve said, "Where is he?"

"Outside—out of the house for the moment. But he will come back; and then, if he comes down this hall, we must escape."

"Where? We must have the same ideas, you know," said Eve, buttoning her dress, and taking her hat and shawl from the wardrobe.

"I thought we could go through the ballroom, and out by the north wing."

"And once outside?"

"We must hide."

"But where?"

"In the thicket."

"It isn't a very large space. Supposing Jack should cry?"

Cicely went on fastening Jack's little coat. "Oh, I can't talk!"

"You needn't," said Eve. "I'll take care of you."

The hasty dressing completed, the two candles were extinguished. Jack, who had stirred, had fallen asleep again. Cicely held him herself; she would not let Eve take him. They opened the door softly, and stood together outside in the dark hall. The seconds passed and turned into minutes; the minutes became three, then five; but the space of time seemed a half-hour. Eve, standing still in the darkness, recovered her coolness. She stepped noiselessly back into her room for a moment or two. Then she returned and resumed the watch. Cicely's little figure standing beside her looked very small.

By-and-by the door at the far end of the hall opened, and for the first time in her life Eve saw a vision; Ferdie, half dressed and carrying a lighted candle, appeared, his eyes fierce and fixed, his cheeks flushed. At that moment his beauty was terrible; but he saw nothing, heard nothing; he was like a man listening to something afar off.

"Come," whispered Cicely.

Swiftly she went round the angle of the corridor, opened a door, and closing it behind them, led the way to the north wing. Eve followed, or rather she kept by her side. After a breathless winding transit through the labyrinth of dark halls and chambers, they reached the ballroom.

"Now we can run," Cicely whispered. Silently they ran.

Before they had quite reached the door at the far end, they heard a sound behind them, and saw a gleam across the floor: he had not waited in Eve's room, then; he had divined their flight, and was following. Cicely's hand swiftly found and lifted the latch; she opened the door, and they passed through. Eve gave one glance over her shoulder. He was advancing, but he was not running; his eyes had the same stare.

Cicely threw up a window, gave Jack to Eve, climbed by the aid of a chair to the sill and jumped out; then she put up her arms for Jack, and Eve followed her. They drew down the window behind them from the outside. There was a moon, but dark clouds obscured its light; the air was still. Cicely led the way to the thicket; pushing her way within, she sank down, the bushes crackling loudly as she did so. "Hurry!" she said to Eve.

Eve crouched beside her beneath the dense foliage. They could see nothing; but they could hear. They remained motionless.

After several minutes of suspense they heard a step on the plank floor of the veranda; he had made his way out. Then followed silence. The silence was worse than the sound of his steps. They had the sense that he was close upon them.

After some time without another sound, suddenly his candle gleamed directly over them; he had approached them unheard by the road, Eve not knowing and Cicely having forgotten that it was so near. For an instant Eve's heart stopped beating; she thought that they were discovered. Escape was cut off, for the thorns and spiny leaves held their skirts like so many hands. But the fixed eyes did not see them; after a moment the beautiful cruel face, lit by the yellow gleam of the candle, disappeared from above; the light moved further away. He was going down the road; every now and then they could see that he threw a ray to the right and the left, as if still searching.

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"He will go through the whole thicket, now that he has the idea," Cicely whispered. They crept into the road, Eve carrying Jack. But, once outside, Cicely took him again. They stood erect; they looked back. He and his candle were still going on toward the sea.

Cicely turned. She took a path which led to the north point. "There's no thicket there. And if he comes, there's a boat."

The distance to the point was nearly a mile. The white sand of the narrow track guided them through the dark woods.

"Shouldn't you be safer, after all, in the house?" Eve asked.

"No; for this time he is determined to kill us. He thinks that I am some one else, a woman who is going to attack his wife, that is, me; and he thinks that Jack is some other child, who has injured *his* Jack."

"He shall never touch Jack! Give him to me, Cicely; he is too heavy for you."

"I will not give him to any one—any one," Cicely answered, panting.

As they approached the north point the moon shone through a rift in the clouds. Suddenly it was as light as day; their faces and hands were ivory white in the silver radiance.

"What is that on your throat and down the front of your dress?" said Eve. "It's wet. Why, it's blood!"

"Yes; I am cut here a little," Cicely answered, making a gesture with her chin toward her left shoulder; "I suppose it has begun to bleed again. He has a knife to-night. That is what makes me so afraid."

The Sound now came into view. At the same instant Eve, looking back, perceived a point of yellow light behind them. The path was straight for a long distance, and the light was far away; but it was advancing in their direction. Little Jack, awakened by their rapid flight, had lifted his head, trying to see his mother's face. As no one paid any attention to him, he began to cry. His voice seemed to make Cicely frantic; clasping him close, pressing his head down against her breast, she broke into a run.

"Get into the boat and push off. Don't wait for me; *I'm* in no danger," Eve called after her. She stood there watching.

Cicely reached the beach, put Jack into the boat, and then tried to push it off. It was a heavy, dilapidated old row-boat, kept there for the convenience of the negroes who wished to cross to Singleton Island. To-night it was drawn up so high on the sands that with all her effort Cicely could not launch it; she strained every muscle to the utmost; in her ears there was a loud rushing sound; she paused dizzily, turning her head away from the water for a moment. As she did so she too saw the gleam, pale in the moonlight, far down the path. She did not scream; there was a tension in her throat which kept all sound from her parched mouth; she climbed into the boat, seized Jack, and staggered forward with the vague purpose of jumping into the water from the boat's stern. But she did not get far; she sank suddenly down.

"She has fainted: so much the better," Eve thought. Jack, who had fallen as his mother fell, cried loudly. "He is not hurt; at least not seriously," she said to herself. Then, turning into the wood, she made her way back toward the advancing point of light. After some progress she stopped.

Ferdie was walking rapidly now; in his left hand he held his candle high in the air; in his right, which hung by his side, there was something that gleamed. The moonlight shone full upon his face, and Eve could see the expression, whose slight signs she had noticed in the beginning—the flattening of the corners of the mouth, which was now so deepened that his lips wore a slight grin. Jack's wail, which had ceased for several minutes, now began again, and at the same instant his moving head could be seen above the boat's side; he had disengaged himself, and was trying to climb up higher, by the aid of one of the seats, in order to give larger vent to his astonishment and his grief.

Ferdie saw him; his shoulders made a quick movement, an inarticulate sound came from his flattened grimacing mouth. Then he began to run toward the boat. At the same moment there was the crack, not loud, of a pistol discharged very near. The running man lunged forward and fell heavily to his knees; then to the sand. His arms made one or two spasmodic movements. Then they were still.

Eve's figure went swiftly through the wood toward the shore. She held her skirts closely, as if afraid of their rustling sound. Reaching the boat, she made a mighty effort, both hands against the

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bow, her body slanting forward, her feet far behind her, deep in the sand and pressing against it. She was very strong, and the boat moved; it slid down slowly and gratingly; more and more of its long length entered the water; at last only the bow still touched the sand. Eve jumped in, pushed off with an oar, and then, stepping over Cicely's prostrate form to reach one of the seats, she sat down and began to row, brushing little Jack aside with her knee (he fell down more amazed and grief-stricken than ever), and placing her feet against the next seat as a brace. She rowed with long strokes and with all her might. Perhaps he was not hurt, after all; perhaps he too had a pistol.

The Sound was smooth, and before long a wide space of dark water, with the silvery path of the moon across it, separated them from Abercrombie Island. Still she could not stop. She looked at Cicely's motionless figure. Jack, weary with crying, had crawled as far as one of her knees and laid his head against it, sobbing at intervals, "Aunty Eve! Aunty Eve!"

"Yes, darling," said Eve, mechanically, still watching the other shore.

At last, with her hands smarting, her arms strained, she reached Singleton Island. Beaching the boat, she knelt down and chafed Cicely's temples, wetting her handkerchief by dipping it over the boat's side, and then pressing it on the dead-white little face. After a while Cicely sighed. Then she opened her eyes and looked up, only half consciously, at the sky. Next she looked at Eve, who was bending over her; and memory came back.

"We are safe," Eve said, answering the look; "we are on Singleton Island; and no one is following us." She lifted the desperate little Jack and put him in his mother's arms.

Cicely sat up; she kissed her child passionately. But she fell back again, Eve supporting her.

"Let me see that—that place," Eve said. With nervous touch she turned down the little lace ruffle, which was dark and limp with the stain of the life-tide.

"It's nothing," murmured Cicely. The cut had missed its aim; it was low down on the throat, near the collar-bone; it was an ugly flesh-wound, but it was not dangerous.

Cicely pushed away Eve's hands and sat up. "Where is Ferdie?" she demanded.

"Why, he is on the other island," Eve answered, hesitatingly. "Don't you remember that he followed us?—that we were trying to escape?"

"Well, we have escaped," said Cicely. "And now I want to know where he is."

She got on her feet, stepped out of the boat to the sand, and lifted Jack out; she muffled the child in a shawl, and made him walk with her to the edge of the water. Here she stood looking across at the home island, straining her eyes in the misty moonlight.

Eve followed her. "I think the farther away we go, Cicely, the better; at least for the present. We can go to New York. The steamer stops at Singleton Landing at dawn; we will go on board as we are, and get what is necessary in Savannah."

"Why don't I see him on the beach?" said Cicely. "I could see him if he were there—I could see him walking. If he followed us, as you say, why don't I see him?" She put one hand on each side of her mouth, making a circle of them, and called with all her strength, "Ferdie? Fer-die?"

"Are you mad?" said Eve.

"Fer-die?" cried Cicely again.

Eve pulled down her hands. "He can't hear you. At least I hope he can't."

"Why can't he?" said Cicely, turning and looking at her.

"Oh, it's too far," answered Eve, in a changed voice.

"Perhaps he has gone for a boat," Cicely suggested.

"Yes, perhaps he has," Eve assented, eagerly. And for a moment the two women gazed southward down the Sound with the same hopefulness.

Then Eve came back to reality. "What are we thinking of? Do we want to have Jack killed? I saved him. But only just in time."

Cicely threw up her arms. She gave a long low cry. "Oh, if it weren't for Jack!" Her despair at that moment gave her majesty.

"Give him to me; let me take him away," urged Eve again.

"I will never give him to any one. I will never leave him."

"Then you must both go with me; you must see that. We will go to New York."

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"There is only one place I will go to —one person, and that is Paul. Ferdie loves Paul. I will go nowhere else."

"Very well; we will go to Paul."

The struggle was over; Cicely's face and voice had grown lifeless. Little Jack, tired out, had laid himself despairingly down on the sand; she sat down beside him, rearranged the shawl under him and over him, and then, as he fell asleep, she clasped her hands round her knees, and waited, inertly, her eyes fixed on the opposite beach.

Eve, standing behind her at a little distance, also watched the home island. "If I could only see him!" was her constant thought. She even prayed that she might see him. She was ready to accept the sight of a boat shooting from the shadows which lay dark on the western side, a boat coming in pursuit. He would have time, perhaps, to get to the skiff which was kept on that side, not far from the point: he knew where all the boats were. Five minutes—six—had elapsed since they landed; yes, he would have had time. She looked and looked. She was almost sure that she saw a boat advancing.

But where could they go, in case he should really come? To Singleton House, where there was only a lame old man and women and children? There was no door there which he could not batter down, no lock which could keep him out. No; it was better to think, to believe, that he—that he could not come.

She walked back to the fringe of trees that skirted the beach, leaned her clasped arms against the trunk of one of them, and laying her head upon the arm that was uppermost, stood there motionless.

XI.

The dawn was still faint when the steamer stopped at Singleton Landing. There was no one waiting save an old negro woman, who caught the shore rope, and there was no one stirring on the boat save the gruff captain, muffled in an overcoat, though the night was warm, and two deck hands, who put ashore a barrel and a sack. Lights were burning dimly on board; the negro woman on the dock carried a lantern.

Two women came from the shadows, and crossed the plank to the lower deck, entering the dark space within, which was encumbered with loose freight—crates of fowls, boxes, barrels, coils of rope, and battered articles of household furniture, such as tin boilers, kettles, feather-beds. The taller of the two women carried a sleeping child.

For Cicely had come to the end of her strength; she could hardly walk.

Eve found the sleepy mulatto woman who answered to the name of stewardess, and told her to give them a cabin immediately.

"Cabin? Why, de cabin's dish-yere," answered the woman, making a motion of her hand to indicate the gaudy little saloon in which they stood. She surveyed them with wonder.

"State-room," murmured Cicely.

Upon the lower bed in the very unstately white cell which was at last opened for them her little figure was soon stretched out apathetically. Her eyes remained closed, and the dawn, as it grew brighter, did not tempt her to open them; she lay thus all day. Jack slept profoundly for several hours on the shelf-like bed above her. Then he woke, and instantly became very merry, laughing to see the shining green water outside, the near shores, the houses and groves and fields, and now and then a row-boat under sail. Eve brought him some bread and milk, and then she gave him a bath; he gurgled with laughter, and played all his little tricks and games, one after the other. But Cicely remained inert; she could not have been more still if she had been dead. The rise and fall of her chest as she breathed was so slight that Eve was obliged to look closely in order to distinguish it at all. Just before they reached Savannah she raised her to a sitting position, and held a cup of coffee to her lips. Cicely drank. Then, as the steamer stopped, Eve lifted her to her feet.

Cicely's eyes opened; they looked at Eve reproachfully.

"It will only take a moment to go to the hotel," Eve answered.

She called the stewardess and made her carry Jack; she herself half carried Cicely. She signalled to the negro driver of one of the carriages waiting at the dock, and in a few minutes, as she had said, she was undressing her little sister-in-law and lifting her into a cool broad bed.

Jack asleep, she sat down beside the shaded lamp to keep watch; her hands were folded upon her lap, her gaze was fixed upon the carpet. After an hour had passed she became conscious of some-

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thing, and raised her eyes. Cicely was looking at her. Eve rose and went to her. "Are we in Savannah?" Cicely asked.

"Yes."

Cicely continued to look at her. "If you really want me to go on, you had better take me at once."

"But you were too tired to travel further."

"It is not a question of tired; I shall be tired all my life. But if you don't want me to go back by the first boat tomorrow, you will take me away now."

"By the midnight train," Eve answered.

And at midnight they left Savannah.

At Charleston they were obliged to wait: a bridge was down.

Some purchases were necessary for their comfort. Eve did not dare to leave Cicely with Jack, lest she should find them both gone on her return. She therefore took them with her. She said to the negro coachman, privately, "If that lady should give you an order, tell you to return to the hotel or to drive to the steamer, when I am not with you, pay no attention to her; she is ill, and not responsible for what she says."

As she was coming out of a shop a face she knew met her eyes—Judge Abercrombie. And he was close upon them.

He recognized them; he hurried to the carriage door, astonished, alarmed. Although he had always been kind to her, Eve seemed cowed by his presence. She no longer took the direction of affairs; she did not speak. It was Cicely who said, "Yes, we are here, grandpa; get in, and I will tell you why."

But when the old man had placed himself opposite to her, when Eve had taken her seat again, and the carriage was rolling toward the hotel, Cicely still remained mute. At last she leaned forward. "I can't tell you," she said, putting her hand into his; "at least I can't tell you now. Will you wait, dearest? Please wait till we get there." Her voice, as she said this, was like the voice of a little girl of ten. She continued to look at him with brimming eyes.

The old man, wondering, held her hand protectingly. He glanced at Eve. But Eve's eyes were riveted to the carriage floor.

The drive was a short one. As they entered their room, Eve took Jack in her arms and went out again into the hall, closing the door behind her.

The hall was broad and long, with a window at each end; a breeze blew through it, laden with the perfume of flowers. Jack clamored for a game; Eve raised him to her shoulder, and went to the window at the west end; it overlooked a garden crowded with blossoms. Then she turned and walked to the east end, Jack considering it a march, and playing that her shoulder was his drum; the second window commanded a view of some of the burnt walls of the desolated town. Eight times she made the slow journey from the flowers to the ruins, the ruins to the flowers. Then Cicely opened the door. "You can come in now. Grandpa knows."

Grandpa's face, in his new knowledge, was pitiful to see. He had evidently been trying to control his emotion, to remain calm. He had succeeded so far as to keep his features firm; but his cheeks, which ordinarily were tinted with pink, had turned to a dead-looking yellow, and his figure seemed suddenly to have shrivelled and grown old. "I should be greatly obliged if you would come with me for a walk," he said to Eve; "I have travelled down from Gary Hundred this morning, and after being shut up in the train, you know, one feels the need of fresh air." He rose, and gave first one leg and then the other a little shake, with a pathetic pretence of preparing for vigorous exercise.

"I don't think I can go," Eve began. But a second glance at his dead-looking face made her relent, or rather made her brace herself. She rang the bell, and asked one of the chamber-maids to follow them with Jack; once outside, she sent the girl forward. "I have taken Jack because we cannot trust Cicely," she explained. "If she had him she might, in our absence, take him and start back to the island; but she will not go without him."

"Neither of them must go back," said the Judge. He spoke mechanically.

They went down the shaded street toward the Battery. "There's poor Sabrina, too," he went on, sighing.

"Cicely is sure that he has not harmed her. She says that when these attacks are on him he is dangerous only to Jack and to her."

"That makes him the greater devil," answered the Judge, sombrely.

"She says she will go only to his bro-

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ther—to this Paul Tennant, wherever he may be—a place called Bois Blanc, I believe, on Lake Superior. She will not go to New York; she will not go anywhere excepting to this Paul. And we shall have to humor her; for I really think that unless we take her to him, she will leave us yet."

"What I fear is that he is already on her track," said the Judge. "He would get over the attack in a day or two—he is as strong as an ox. And if he should follow her, and she should see him; if he should have a chance at her with his d——d repentant whinings—"

"I don't think there has ever been any whining: she says they never speak of it; it is, between them, as though it did not exist. But it is better that she should not see him. And perhaps—perhaps she never will." Her face was convulsed for an instant.

But the Judge did not see it. "We must get off by the first train; I shall of course accompany you."

"I dare say we can go by evening; they think so at the hotel," Eve answered. Then she waited a moment. "If you should write to Miss Sabrina from here, the reply might meet us somewhere on the way. If not at Pittsburgh, then at Cleveland, or wherever we take the lake steamer."

"We mustn't let her know exactly where we have gone: she is weak; she likes the fellow. But she might write to Gary Hundred, and they could forward her letters from there."

"Yes, yes," responded Eve. "I hope you will write at once." Then suddenly she added: "No, don't write; or rather don't let her send any answer for the present. It's better that we shouldn't know. There's enough to bear."

"Better that we shouldn't know that she is safe, poor woman?—better that we shouldn't know whether he is on our track? I don't know what you are thinking of. Perhaps you will kindly explain?"

"You are right. It's only that my head aches; I don't know what I am saying."

"Yes, you must be overwrought," said the Judge. He had been thinking only of Cicely. "You protected my poor little girl; you brought her away. A brave act."

"It was for Jack; I wanted to save my brother's child; and surely, surely that was right?" Eve's voice, as she said this, broke into a sob.

"They were in danger of their lives, then, really?" asked the grandfather, in a low tone. "Cicely didn't tell me."

"She did not know; she had fainted. A few minutes more—only one or two, and I believe he would— We should not have them now."

"But you got the boat off in time."

"But I got the boat off in time," Eve repeated, dully.

They had now reached the Battery; they entered and sat down on one of the benches; the negro girl played with Jack on the broad walk which overlooks the water. The harbor, with Sumter in the distance, the two rivers flowing down, one on each side of the fair city—fair still, though desolated and scarred by war—made a scene full of loveliness. The Judge took off his hat, as if he needed more air.

"You are ill," said Eve, still dully.

"It's only that I cannot believe it even now—what Cicely told me, and what you have added. Why, it is my own little girl, my darling little grandchild, who has been treated so, who has been beaten—struck to the floor! His strong hand has come down on her shoulder so that you could hear it! *Cicely*, Eve; my little *Cicely!*" His old eyes, small and dry, without a tear, looked at Eve piteously.

She put out her hand and took his in silence.

"She has always been such a delicate little creature; we never let her have any care or trouble. Why, we even spoke to her gently always, Sabrina and I. For she was so small when she was a baby that they thought she couldn't live; she had her bright eyes, even then, and she was so pretty and winning; but they said she must soon follow her mother. We were so glad when she began to grow! But—have we saved her for this?"

"She is away from him now," Eve answered.

"And there was her father—my boy Marmaduke; what would Duke have said? His baby—his little girl." He rose and walked to and fro. For the first time his gait was that of a feeble old man.

"Oh, let us hope they don't know what happens to us here! Or else that they see some way out of it that we do not see," said Eve, passionately.

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"I hope so—I hope so," murmured the Judge. "Duke used to call her 'Elf,' she was so small. He died when she was only two years old. 'Father,' he said to me, just at the last, 'I leave you my baby.' And this is what I have brought her to."

"You had nothing to do with it. She married him of her own free-will. And she forgot everything, she forgot my brother, very quickly."

"I don't know what she forgot; I don't care what she forgot," the old man answered. He sat down on the bench again, and put his hands over his face. He was crying—the slow, hard tears of age.

At sunset they started. The negro chamber-maid, to whom Jack had taken a fancy, went with them as nurse, and twenty shining black faces were at the station to see her off.

"Good-by, Porley; take keer yersef."

"Yere's luck, Porley; doan yer forgot us."

"Step libely, Jonah; Porley's a-lookin' at yer."

"*Good-by*, Porley!"

The train moved out.

XII.

The high bows of the propeller loomed up far above them. A wooden bridge, with hand-rails of rope, extended from a square opening in its side to the dock where they were standing; the Judge, bewildered by the deafening noise of the letting off of steam and by the hustling of the wild-looking deck hands who ran to and fro putting on freight; little Jack, round-eyed with wonder, surveying the scene from his nurse's arms; Cicely, listless, unseeing, unhearing; and Eve, with the same pale-cheeked calm and the same devoted attention to Cicely which had marked her manner through all their rapid journey.

"I think we cross here," she said. "By that bridge." She herself went first. The bridge ascended sharply; little slats of wood were nailed across its planks in order to make the surface less slippery. The yellow river, greasy with petroleum from the refineries higher up the stream, heaved a little, from the constant passing of other craft; this heaving made the bridge unsteady, and Eve was obliged to help the nurse when she crossed with Jack, and then to lead Cicely, and to give a hand to the Judge, who came last.

"You are never dizzy," said the Judge.

"No, I am never dizzy," Eve answered, as if she were saying the phrase over to herself as a warning.

She led the way up a steep staircase to the cabin above. This was a long narrow saloon, decked with tables, each covered with a red cloth, whereon stood, in white vases representing a hand grasping a cornucopia, formal bouquets of peonies and the foliage of asparagus. Narrow doors, ornamented with gilding, formed a panelling on each side; between the doors small stiff sofas of red velvet were attached by iron clamps to the floor, which was covered with a brilliant red and white velvet carpet; above each sofa, under the low ceiling, was a narrow gilded grating. Women and a few men sat here and there on the sofas; they looked at the new passengers stonily. Lawless children chased each other up and down the narrow spaces between the sofas and the tables, forcing each person who was seated to draw in his or her knees with lightning rapidity as they passed; babies with candy, babies with cookies, babies with apples, babies with bread-and-butter, crawled and tottered about on the velvet carpet, and drew themselves up by the legs of the tables, leaving sticky marks on the mahogany surfaces, and generally ending by striking their heads against the top, sitting down suddenly, and breaking into a howl. Eve led the way to the deck; she brought forward chairs, and they seated themselves. A regularly repeated and deafening clash from the regions below: the deck hands were bringing steel rails from a warehouse on the dock, and adding them one by one to the pile already on board by the simple method of throwing them upon it. After the little party had sat there for fifteen minutes, Eve said, "It is—it is insupportable!"

"You feel it because you have not slept. You haven't slept at all since we started," said Cicely, in her apathetic voice.

"Yes, I have," responded Eve, quickly.

"You have done everything for us all. We must try to take more care of you," said the Judge.

There came another tremendous clash. Eve visibly trembled; her cheeks seemed to grow more wan, and the line between her eyes deepened.

"This noise must be stopped!" said the old planter, authoritatively. He got up and went to the side.

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"*They* won't stop," said Cicely.

Eve sat still, the tips of the fingers of each of her hands pressed hard into the palm, and bits of her inner cheek held tightly between her teeth. At last the rails were all on board, and the gangways hauled in; the propeller moved slowly away from her dock, a row of loungers with upturned faces watching her departure, and visibly envying the captain, who called out orders loudly from the upper deck—orders which were needed; for the river was crowded with craft of all kinds, and many manœuvres were necessary before the long steamer could turn herself and reach the open lake. She passed out at last between two piers, down which boys ran as fast as they could, racing with the engine to see which should reach the end first. At last they were away, and the noises ceased; there was only the regular throb of the machinery, and the sound of the water churned by the screw. The sun was setting; Eve looked at the receding shores—the spires of Cleveland on the bluffs which rise from both sides of the Cuyahoga, the mass of its roofs extending to the east and the west, bounded on the latter side by the pine-clad cliffs of Rocky River. After the splendid flaming sunset the lake grew dark; it looked as vast and dusky as the ocean. Cicely sprang up suddenly. "I know I shall never come back across all this water!—I know I never shall!"

"Yes, you will, little girl—yes, you will," answered her grandfather, fondly.

"I don't mind. But I can't stay here and think, and think! They must be doing something in there—all those people we saw in the cabin; I am going to see." She went within, and Eve followed her. The nurse carried Jack after his mother. But the Judge remained where he was; he sat with his hands laid over each other on the top of his cane; he had taken off his hat; the wind stirred his thin white hair. He looked at the dark lake. His feeling was, "What is to become of us?"

Within, all was animation; the tables had been pushed together by a troop of hurrying darkies in white aprons, and now the same troop were bringing in small dishes, some flat and some bowl-like, containing an array of food which included everything from beefsteak to ice-cream. The passengers occupying the sofas watched the proceedings; then, at the sound of a tap on the gong, they rose and seated themselves on the round stools which did duty as chairs.

"Come," said Cicely, "let us go too." She seated herself; and again Eve patiently followed her. Cicely tasted everything and ate nothing. Eve neither tasted nor ate; she drank a cup of coffee. When the meal was over she spoke to one of the waiters, and gave him a fee; ten minutes later she carried out to the old man on the deck, with her own hands, a tray containing freshly cooked food, toast and tea; she arranged these on a bench under the hanging lamp (for the deck at the stern was covered); then she drew up a chair. The Judge had not stirred.

"Won't you come?" said Eve, gently. "I brought it for you."

The Judge rose, and coming to the improvised table, sat down. He had not thought that he could touch anything, but the hot tea roused him, and before he knew it he was eating heartily. "Do you know, I—I believe I was cold," he said, trying to laugh. "Yes—even this warm night!"

"I think we are all cold," Eve answered; "we are all numbed and dull. It will be better when we get there—wherever it is."

The Judge, warmed and revived, no longer felt so dreary. "You are our good angel," he said, gratefully. And, with his old-fashioned courtesy, he bent his head over her hand.

But Eve snatched her hand away and fled; she fairly ran. He looked after her in wonder.

Within, the tables had again been cleared, and then piled upon top of each other at one end of the saloon; in front of this pile stretched a row of chairs. These seats were occupied by the orchestra, the same negro waiters, with one violin and a number of banjoes and guitars.

"Forward one; forward two—
De engine keeps de time;
Leabe de lady in de centre,
Bal-unse in er line,"

sang the leader, calling off the figures of the quadrille in rhymes of his own invention. Three quadrilles had been formed; two melancholy women danced with their bonnets on; a tall man in a linen duster and a short man in spectacles bounded up and down without a smile, taking careful hopping steps; girls danced with each other, giggling profusely; children danced with their mothers; and the belle of the boat, a plump young woman with long curls, danced with two youths, changing

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impartially after each figure, and throwing glances over her shoulder meanwhile at two more who stood in the doorway admiring. The throb of the engine could be felt through the motion of the twenty-four dancers, and through the clear tenor of the negro who sang. Outside was the wide lake and the night.

Sitting on one of the sofas alone was Cicely. She was looking at the dancers intently, her lips slightly parted. Eve sat down quietly by her side.

"Oh, how you follow me!" said Cicely, moving away.

Then suddenly she began to laugh. "See that man in the linen duster! He takes mincing little steps in his great broad prunello shoes. See him smile! His hair is the color of molasses candy. Oh! oh!" She pressed her handkerchief over her lips to stifle her spasmodic laughter. But she could not stifle it.

"Come," said Eve, putting her arm round her. Their state-room was near; she half carried her in; light came through the gilded grating above. Cicely still laughed, lying in the lower berth; Eve undressed her; with soothing touch she tried to calm her, to stop her wild glee.

"He turned out his toes in those broad prunello shoes!" said Cicely, breaking into another peal of mirth.

"Hush, dear. Hush."

"I wish you would go away. You always do and say the wrong thing," said Cicely, turning her head away suddenly.

"Perhaps I do," answered Eve, humbly enough.

Jack was asleep in the upper berth; she herself (as she would not leave them) was to occupy an improvised couch on the floor. But first she went out softly, closing the door behind her: she was going to look for her other charge. The Judge, however, had gone to bed, and Eve came back. The dancing had ceased for the moment, and a concert had taken its place; a very plump, very black young negro was singing, and accompanying himself on the guitar; his half-closed eyes gazed sentimentally at the ceiling; through his thick lips came, in one of the sweetest voices in the world,

"No one to love,
None to caress;
Roam-ing alone *through*
This world's wilder-ness."

Eve stood with her hand on her door for an instant looking at him; then she looked at all the people. Suddenly it came over her: "Perhaps it is a dream! Perhaps I shall wake and find it one!"

She went in. Cicely was in her apathetic state, her hands lying motionless by her sides, her eyes closed. Eve uncoiled her own fair hair and loosened her dress; then she lay down on her couch on the floor.

But she could not sleep, and with the first pink flush of dawn she was glad to rise and go out on deck to cool her tired eyes in the fresh air. The steamer was entering the Detroit River; deep and broad, with its mighty current, the great stream yet flowed onward so smoothly and so brimming full between its low green banks that, save for its wide expanse, it might have been, Eve thought, the placid little English Avon. The islands, decked in the fresh verdure of early summer, looked indescribably lovely as the rising sun touched them with gold; the lonely gazer wished that she might stop, might live forever under some other name, in one of these havens of rest. But the steamer glided on. Laggingly the hours succeeded each other; the day was endless. It was like a week. Another morning began. Was the voyage, then, to be interminable? They were now crossing Lake Huron; they were out of sight of land; the crystal purity of the blue water, ruffled by the breeze into little curls of foam, was a picture to refresh the weariest vision. But Eve looked at it unseeingly, and Cicely did not look at all; the Judge, too, saw nothing—nothing but Cicely. There had been no letter at Cleveland; for tidings they must still wait. Cicely had written a few lines to Paul Tennant, telling what had happened and announcing their arrival. But to Eve it seemed as if they should never arrive, as if they should journey forever on this phantom boat.

At last Lake Huron was left behind; the steamer turned and went round the foaming leap of the St. Mary's River, the Sault Sainte Marie (called by lake-country people the Soo), and entered Lake Superior. Another broad expanse of water, another voyage. At last, on the fifth day, Bois Blanc was in sight, a spot of white amid the pines. They were all assembled at the bow—Cicely, Eve, the Judge, and Porley with little Jack. As the pier came into view with the waiting group of people at its end, no one spoke.

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Nearer and nearer; now they could distinguish figures. Nearer and nearer; now they could see faces. Cicely knew which was Paul immediately, though she had never seen him. The Judge took the knowledge from her eyes; he looked at the person at whom she was gazing. Eve's glance remained fastened upon the water. Now people began to call to friends on the pier. Now the pier itself touched the steamer's side, the gangways were put out, and persons were crossing. In another minute a tall man had joined them, and, bending his head, had kissed Cicely.

"Mr. Tennant?" the Judge had asked.

"Yes," answered Paul Tennant. He was looking at Cicely, trying to control a sudden emotion that had surprised him; a man not given to emotions; he turned away for a moment, patting Jack's head. "She is so young!" he murmured, to the Judge, who had followed him.

"Paul," said Cicely, coming to them, "you have heard from Ferdie? There are letters?"

"No, I haven't heard lately. There are two letters for you."

"Here?"

Paul's eyes turned rapidly, first to the Judge, then to Eve. Eve's eyes answered him.

"At the house," he said.

"Is it far? Let us go at once." And Cicely turned toward the stairs.

"It's at the other end of the town; I've a wagon waiting."

Cicely was already descending. She crossed the gangway with rapid step; she would not wait for their meagre luggage. "Take me there at once, please; the wagon can come back for the others."

"I must go too," said Eve. The tone of her voice was beseeching.

"Get in, then," said Cicely. "Paul, take us quickly, won't you?" In her haste she seized the reins and thrust them into his hand. She would not sit down until he had taken his seat.

"I will send the wagon back immediately," Paul said to the Judge. Then, seeing the lost look of the old planter, he called out: "Hollis! Here a moment."

A thin man with gray hair detached himself from the group of loungers on the pier, and hurried toward them.

"Judge Abercrombie, this is Mr. Hollis," said Paul. "He lives here, and he is a great friend of mine. Hollis, will you help about the baggage? I'm coming back immediately."

They drove away, but not before Cicely had asked Paul to let her sit beside him. Eve was left alone on the back seat.

"I wanted to sit beside you, Paul, but I'm afraid I can't talk," Cicely said. She put the back of her hand under her chin, as if to support her head, and looked about vaguely.

"That's right; don't say anything; I like it better. You must be terribly tired," answered Paul, reassuringly.

They stopped before a white cottage. Upon entering, Paul gave an inquiring glance at Eve; then he left the room, and came back with the two letters.

Cicely tore them open.

Eve drew nearer.

In another instant Cicely gave a cry which rang through the house. "He is hurt! Some one has shot him—has shot him!" Clutching the pages, she swayed forward, but Paul caught her. He laid her upon a couch, and tenderly placed a cushion under her head.

Eve watched him. She did not help him. Then she came to the sofa. "Is he dead, Cicely?" she asked, abruptly.

Cicely looked at her. "You want him to be!" Springing up suddenly, like a little tigress, still clutching her letters, she struck Eve with her left hand. Her gloved palm was soft, but as she had exerted all her strength in the blow, the mark across Eve's cheek was red.

"Never mind," said Eve, hastily, as Paul started forward; "I am glad she did it." Her eyes were bright; the red had come into her other cheek. In spite of the mark of the blow, her face looked brilliant.

Cicely had fallen back. This time she had lost consciousness.

"You can leave her to me now," Eve went on. "Go for the others. Of course what she said last means that he is not dead," she added, with a long breath.

"I thank God!" said Paul Tennant, fervently. "Poor Ferdie dead? Never! never!"

Eve had knelt down; she was chafing Cicely's temples. "Then you care for him very much?" she asked, looking at him for a moment over her shoulder.

"I care for him more than anything in the world," said Paul Tennant.

He went out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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MOTLEY'S LETTERS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

IT is nearly twelve years since Motley the historian died, and the two volumes of his letters now published vividly recall one of the most picturesque figures in American literary history. Like Prescott, he climbed to renown by no "cold gradations." He was virtually unknown until he became famous, and his first great work from a national point of view was one of poetic justice.

Irving's *Knickerbocker's History* was the first broad smile in American literature. It was published only eighty years ago, but the day when, as Wendell Phillips said, the New England air was black with sermons was not yet passed, and the general tone of our literature, which began in New England, indicated a people which could still say

> "My thoughts on awful subjects roll—
> Damnation and the dead."

The charming humor of Irving, like a cheerful dawn, penetrated this gloom, and its kindly spirit has been perpetually renewed in our later literature. The Knickerbocker legend is a story of pure good-humor. It is a merry caricature, a rollicking burlesque full of youthful spirits; but the caricature is so obvious that, as it is not poisoned by ill-nature, it leaves no sting. Yet it has been sometimes gravely resented by later Knickerbockers. It has been even alleged that it was a kind of ingratitude in a son of New Amsterdam to make the world laugh, however good-naturedly, at the fathers of Manhattan; and it was held to be a reproach to American literature that its first distinctively creative work should caricature the people to whom America owes so great a debt.

This feeling, perhaps, only deepens the humor of the famous burlesque. But if anybody ever really felt that it was an ungracious return to the land of Leyden, "a fair and beautiful city, and of a sweet situation," the feeling has long since vanished. The great debt of America to Holland has been greatly discharged, for if Irving raised a smile at the Hollander, Motley won for him the admiration of the world. The old republic hospitably sheltered the Puritan on his way to plant the new. Except for Holland, New England might not have been, and it is a signal stroke of poetic justice that a son of New England has told imperishably the splendid tale of Dutch heroism and achievement.

It was a noble subject, one of the most stirring and interesting chapters in the history of liberty, and it is surprising that it was left for so long a time without adequate treatment. But it is fortunate also that it was reserved for so romantic and fervid a genius as that of Motley. He was born in New England when its severe Puritanic tone of life was beginning to soften. His famous *bonmot* in reply to his father's remonstrances upon his tastes and habits in college, "My dear father, I can spare the necessaries of life, but not the luxuries," was the voice of a changed New England. But both the persistence and the modification of the Puritan type were strikingly illustrated in the college trio at Harvard sixty years ago of which Motley was one.

This trio was composed, beside himself, of Wendell Phillips and Thomas Gold Appleton, brother of Mrs. Longfellow. They were all Boston boys, and neighbors, playmates, and constant comrades. Appleton was a man of remarkable wit and quaint originality, with strong literary and artistic tastes, which, however, did not reach the point of high creative power. A sybaritic temperament, favored by prosperous circumstance, held him satisfied all his life within the conservative circle of the most delightful social companionship, in which the wonder was that the latent forces of his nature took no definite and enduring form, so that "Tom Appleton" remains only a marvellous memory, a man tenderly beloved in life, and now affectionately remembered.

But in him as in the others were the stern old Puritan conscience and truthfulness, a scorn of dishonor and indirectness, yet blended with such suavity and accomplishment, such grace of mind, and rectitude of life, and delight in refined enjoyment, that in no other group of friends in New England probably were the characteristic and engaging qualities of Puritan and Cavalier more happily combined. Their careers were widely severed, although Boston was always

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their home. Phillips passed on to the renown of a great orator and leader in one of the noblest causes in history; Motley won the highest laurels of literature in the works which record the defence and development of liberty in Holland; Appleton, placidly drifting with the current of his time, watched with the keenest interest and admiration the course of both, and if perhaps he sometimes felt, with Browning's Pictor Ignotus,

> "I could have painted pictures like that youth's men praise so,"

there was no hint in word or manner that he regretted any prize he had not won. Long after the college days, and after Motley's first unprosperous literary ventures and his diligent study in Europe, he sent Appleton the sheets of his *History of the Dutch Republic*. Appleton received them in Newport, where he read them with delight, and one morning, bursting into the room of a friend, he exclaimed, with unwonted enthusiasm, "I've read it all, and, by Jove, Motley has done it at last!"

After his graduation in 1831, Motley lived much in Europe as a student. But he changed his sky only, not his mind. He was a passionate American; but his ideal of his country was noble, not ignoble. Lincoln's "plain people" were not, in Motley's view, a mob to be flattered. They were intelligent men, with whom, as one of them, to reason and remonstrate upon proper occasion; and he scorned to flatter the people, as he would have scorned to cringe to a king or to insult him because of his crown. It was always the best, not the worst, qualities of his fellow-citizens that Motley had in mind when he spoke of America. His work was necessarily accomplished in Europe, where the documents could be consulted; and after he was made known by it both at home and abroad, he was very little upon this side of the sea. This made personal misrepresentation easy, and a Senator of the United States, arriving in London firmly persuaded that "Senators make foreign ministers," was comically wroth with Motley because, upon the Senator's demand to be taken at once to Windsor Castle and introduced to the Queen, the Minister replied that certain forms must be observed. The indignant statesman returned to America vehemently proclaiming that our Minister in England was a crawling parasite of royalty.

It was fortunate for us that Motley was not only so true, but so intelligent and able and conspicuous an American. For at the beginning of the civil war, when he was a personage in London "society," and that powerful society with mingled disdain and ignorance scornfully turned its sympathy and its voice against the government of the Union, Motley in his two letters to the London *Times* stated the American situation so accurately, comprehensively, and vigorously that even the dullest could understand, and no Englishman afterward could pretend ignorance. There was no American at that time in Europe who could have spoken with such authority; and his lofty enthusiasm for liberty and America not only absolutely vindicated the cause of the Union, but it was a great public service, illustrating the spirit and tone with which the cause was defended.

Nothing is pleasanter in the letters of Motley than this essential American spirit. His profound studies in the history of liberty had confirmed his instinctive confidence in the people. He understood the conditions and the limitations of popular government, and, as we have said, he did not worship the mob nor the monarch. He knew the subservience of ignorance to audacious intelligence. But because a demagogue might sway an ignorant or frantic multitude he did not doubt, for experience showed, that the institutions of free government are the conditions of progressive liberty. He was bred in that Boston conservatism which was as strict and severe as the Puritan character, the conservatism whose "mob of gentlemen" to suppress free speech first kindled in Wendell Phillips the consuming antislavery fire. Unlike his old playmate and comrade, Motley was not an abolitionist. But as time passed he too perceived the real foe of America, and his patriotism glowed into passion as the irrepressible conflict of ideas deepened toward open war.

There was doubtless a certain Oriental cast in his temperament. The brilliant youth of Harvard was noted for Byronic beauty, which, as the letters show, was often remarked afterward in London. He impressed all who saw him with a sensitive, high-bred elegance of aspect and bearing, so that Bismarck said of him

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that "he never entered a drawing-room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies." When he was minister in England Dickens wrote to a friend in this country, "Last week I was at your minister's, and it was a mixture of the Alhambra and the *Arabian Nights*." He had been impressed not only with the fine house and its decorations and its dazzling company, but with the air of the host—an air superb and graceful, which seemed native to elaborate splendor. But this disposition was suggested and implied only. There were the utmost simplicity and affectionate New England domesticity in the master of the house, and no unseemly pretence or haughtiness. For a young man who could dispense with the necessaries of life but not with the luxuries, the half-Eastern glamour of the Russian imperial court and the gilded indolence of "high society" might have seemed a fitting sphere. But when he was secretary of legation at St. Petersburg the stately ceremonial touched only his sense of humor, until, impatient of the magnificent monotony, and bent upon serious aims, he resigned and retired.

During all the long years of European absence and study, whenever he was separated from his family, and especially when his wife was not with him, Motley wrote, constantly and fully, letters which are delightful chapters of autobiography. Dr. Holmes's memoir tells the simple story of the historian's life, and the long and intimate friendship of the two men, with Holmes's acute perception and exquisite skill and grace of expression, enabled him to produce a beautiful and characteristic portrait. No further memoir was necessary. The letters happily supplement the picture drawn by his friend, and with subtle and unconscious self-delineation reveal the very man.

The letters are addressed mainly to members of Motley's family, and have been collected by his daughters, and they are published as they were written, with such omissions of personal comment as undoubtedly the writer himself would have made. The first duty in preparing such correspondence for the press is to the writer. However innocently meant and perfectly understood in the atmosphere in which they are written and read, personal allusions and comments may easily give pain to others, while they do great injustice to the writer. Sarcasms, humorous portraiture, and sparkling exaggeration, which are mutually intelligible and perfectly allowable to the private writer and reader, may none the less be unfair and improper for the public eye. No wit and cleverness with which the shaft may be barbed is any excuse for letting it fly, unless the editor be sure that the writer would have flown it. Without that confidence, he needlessly invites condemnation of the dead. Happily in this instance, whatever may have been properly omitted, there is no sense of omission or loss in the correspondence as published.

There is, indeed, little allusion in the letters to the circumstances of Motley's retirement from the missions to Austria and England, but the circumstances in both instances are detailed in Holmes's memoir, and as nothing could be added to the statement of facts, the comment upon them in letters would only reopen controversy without giving further information and without shedding light upon Motley's character or career. Only an occasional reference has been retained which shows his deep feeling upon the subject. In both cases he felt that he had been sorely wronged, and none of his friends doubt that his feeling was fully justified.

It is as true of Motley's letters as of his books that the generous, impulsive ardor of the man vitalizes every page. He was a quick and sensitive observer, and the mental activity, the instinct of research and thoroughness which distinguish the scholar, are constantly obvious in his correspondence. The letters begin when he was a boy of ten, at school in the neighborhood of Boston, and later at the famous Round Hill school at Northampton upon the Connecticut, the school of Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Cogswell. The early specimens are capital boy's letters. His nose has bled, but he believes it will not bleed much more. He was to go into water, they were all so dirty. He has read Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln*, which he thinks very interesting. He is reading Hume's *History of England*, which Mr. Cogswell lent him, and he finds that also very interesting. He wants some nankeen pantaloons sent up, as his woollenets are uncomfortably tight, and, besides, woollenet is too thick. He has left off butter and gravy, to eat no more until next vacation, nor then either. He has received his paintbox by Tom Appleton, but some kind of cake must be sent up. When he is fif-

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teen he announces that *Hope Leslie* is better than *The Prairie*—in fact, it is the best novel he has read for two or three years, except Scott's.

Upon graduating Motley went to Europe, and studied civil and international law at Göttingen and Berlin, and made the grand tour. His letters give capital glimpses of German university life, with the *Kneipen* and the duels, which he describes in detail. He sees Tieck and Madame Goethe. At Göttingen Bismarck is his fellow-student, and in Berlin Taglioni in her prime is dancing. Bismarck was deeply impressed by the young Motley, and the warm friendship between them, which began at Göttingen, continued with unchanging affection to the end. Last winter, in the speech made by Bismarck to which it may be truly said that all the world listened, he quoted the old college song,

> "In good old colony times,
> When we lived under the King"—

a song, he said, which he learned at Göttingen long ago from his dear friend John Motley. In the student letters Motley says little of Bismarck, but in later letters we have the most graphic and intimate accounts of the man and his domestic life. These glimpses are among the most valuable parts of the letters.

Descending into Italy, Motley comments as he runs on the land of romance and exhaustless interest, and describes in elaborate detail the ascent of Mount Etna. He sees Paris, Vienna, and Salzburg; crosses to England and Ireland, his restless and eager eye noting the charms and the characteristics of countries which fascinate the sensitive and educated young American in a degree and manner which the European cannot understand. His remarks are those of a self-possessed and clever youth, touched often with a certain *Keckheit*, or, as we might say in this day, "cheek." But the gay spirits are unfailing, and if thirty venerable centuries look down upon the youth, he confronts them with the easy assurance of Young America.

He returned to Boston, and in 1837 he was most happily married. His literary tastes and skill were shown in a novel which was published in 1839. It was a tentative work, and its success did not indicate that his talent had found its congenial sphere. Two years later his appointment as secretary of legation at St. Petersburg seemed to open the opportunity for the man of singular social charm, who was also an accomplished student of international law. Colonel Todd, of Kentucky, was the minister, and Motley was to meet him in London and proceed to his post. Both the minister and the secretary had left their families behind, the secretary doubtful whether it would be wise for the young mother and her children to join him in so uncertain a residence. His letters from Russia to his mother and wife contain admirable pictures of the capital and its life nearly half a century ago. Here his formal diplomatic life began. But there was nothing to do, and he hastened home.

Motley was at home after his return in 1842 until he sailed again for Europe in 1857. During these years his studies and literary labors continued, and his interest in public affairs carried him into the Legislature of Massachusetts, where he served, however, but one term. He published another novel, which was praised, but was not successful, and he wrote several papers, especially one upon Peter the Great, and one upon the Polity of the Puritans, which were published in the *North American Review* when it was especially the organ of American scholarship. These papers disclosed the apt historic sense which, with his fervent love of liberty, forecast his career, and which was already determining his studies toward the great republican story which he was to tell with the deepest sympathy and picturesque power.

He was already accumulating the material for his history, and, as Dr. Holmes relates, having heard that Prescott, then in the fulness of his reputation, was meditating a work which would probably cover the period which Motley proposed to treat, the younger man went to the older, and proposed to abandon his enterprise if it would in any degree conflict with Prescott's plans. It is one of the beautiful incidents in the history of our literature that the older man cordially welcomed the younger to the common field, urged him to undertake the work, offered him the use of his books and manuscripts, and in the preface to his *Philip II.*, which was published in the same year with the *History of the Dutch Republic*, announced in the most generous manner Motley's forthcoming book. He had been busy

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upon it for some years when he found that it could not be properly completed in this country, and that indispensable documents could be consulted only in Europe. For this purpose he crossed the ocean again in the summer of 1851, and the series of letters is resumed.

Motley's residence at this time was chiefly in Dresden, but he studied also in Berlin, Brussels, and the Hague. He was absorbed in his work, but his family was with him, and his letters, mainly to his mother, are full of descriptions both of the social life and the art treasures of the Saxon capital. The humor of the state pageant again constantly strikes him. "His Majesty is a mild old gentleman, wadded and bolstered into very harmonious proportions. He has a single tooth, worn carelessly on one side, which somewhat interferes with his eloquence. I do not think that I took notes enough of his conversation to be able to give you a report. He was glad to hear, in answer to a question, that I proposed passing the winter here, and as I felt how much unalloyed satisfaction the circumstance must really cause to his bosom, I internally resolved not to change my plan." To his friend Dr. Holmes, with whom he corresponded constantly, and whose letters to Motley are a delightful part of the work, Motley describes his student life. He was very loath generally to speak of himself and his occupations, and experience had perhaps taught him to restrain his hopes, for there is no trace of enthusiastic expectation of the success of his history. Indeed he writes to his father in 1855 that he does not expect encouragement enough to finish it.

In May, 1854, he goes to London to find a publisher, and his letters to his wife narrate his adventures in that enterprise. He writes that he has cut away at his manuscript with a broadaxe, but he could not squeeze it into less than three volumes. He finally arranged with Mr. John Chapman to publish the work at the author's expense, and in the early part of the year 1856 it appeared. But there is very little in the letters to denote its extraordinary success. The author writes to his father in April, 1856, that he supposes very few copies have been sold. A little later a hearty letter from Prescott assures Motley that he has more than fulfilled the predictions which he had made, and the praise of reviews and newspapers which gradually reaches him, and the increasing sale of the book, confirm the generous congratulations of the senior historian, and show the untiring student that he has at last accomplished the work that he has longed to do.

The word "fascinating" was constantly applied to the *History of the Dutch Republic*. The impulsive, emotional temperament, the tropical nature, of the author throb and beat along his pages. The grave, deliberate Dutchmen, starched and ruffed, with pointed beard and wary eye, long since obscured and half forgotten, start under his spell into vigorous and passionate life. Once more the high and earnest debate proceeds. Those long-vanished politics become as fierce and furious as our own. Questions settled forever, which we know only by name, arise and storm before us as living controversies. The historian himself is kindled by the fire that he blows into life. He takes a part, he reveals his sympathies, he throws himself with ardor into the arena, he argues, he defies, he defends, and we read with all the vivid excitement with which we follow the fortunes of mighty contests yet undecided, upon which the welfare of the world depends. This is the power, due to the temperament of the author, which his fellow-historian Froude felt so deeply that he said of the *History of the Dutch Republic*, "it will take its place among the finest stories in this or any language," and he declared of the author that "his place will be at once conceded to him among the first historians in our common language."

It is in the true sense the romance of history which Motley felt with his whole sympathetic nature, and which makes his pages glow. The personal spell is so strong because, as he pushes on through the realm of his narrative, amid men and events that have so largely moulded the course of political liberty, he unconsciously says, with Tennyson's Ulysses,

> "I am a part of all that I have met."

He feels the essential humanity of men under alien conditions. The unwonted circumstance does not deceive him, and the moral of his tale is applicable to his own country and countrymen.

Tracing his life in his letters, we find that in the year 1855, when his work was printing, Motley met his old university friend Bismarck at Frankfort. "If I had

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been his brother," he writes, "instead of an old friend, he could not have shown more warmth and affectionate delight in seeing me." Bismarck was Prussian ambassador at Frankfort, and Motley says:

"In the summer of 1851 he told me that the minister, Manteuffel, asked him one day abruptly if he would accept the post of ambassador at Frankfort, to which (although the proposition was as unexpected a one to him as if I should hear by the next mail that I had been chosen Governor of Massachusetts) he answered, after a moment's deliberation, yes, without another word. The King the same day sent for him, and asked him if he would accept the place, to which he made the same brief answer, 'Ja.' His Majesty expressed a little surprise that he made no inquiries or conditions, when Bismarck replied that anything which the King felt strong enough to propose to him, he felt strong enough to accept.... Well, he accepted the post, and wrote to his wife next day, who was preparing for a summer's residence in a small house they had taken on the seacoast, that he could not come because he was already established in Frankfort as minister. The result, he said, was three days of tears on her part. He had previously been leading the life of a plain country squire with a moderate income, had never held any position in the government or in diplomacy, and had hardly ever been to court. He went into the office with a holy horror of the mysterious nothings of diplomacy, but soon found how little there was in the whole 'galimatias.' Of course my politics are very different from his, although not so antipodal as you might suppose, but I can talk with him as frankly as I could with you, and I am glad of an opportunity of hearing the other side put by a man whose talents and character I esteem, and who so well knows *le dessous des cartes.*"

Again he gives this picture of the Bismarck household:

"I am there all day long. It is one of those houses where every one does what one likes. The show apartments where they receive formal company are on the front of the house. Their living-rooms, however, are a salon and dining-room at the back, opening upon the garden. Here there are young and old, grandparents and children and dogs, all at once, eating, drinking, smoking, piano-playing, and pistol-firing (in the garden), all going on at the same time. It is one of those establishments where every earthly thing that can be eaten or drunk is offered you; porter, soda-water, small-beer, champagne, Burgundy, or claret are about all the time, and everybody is smoking the best Havana cigars every minute. Last night we went to the theatre to see the first part of *Henry IV.* The Falstaff was tolerable, the others very indifferent. By-the-way, I was glad to find that both Bismarck and his wife agree with me that Emil Devrient was a very second-rate actor."

In 1855, after a few months at home, Motley returned to England in the first flush of his fame, and the letters describe his warm and flattering welcome to the dazzling society of "the centre of the world." Across the pages move the persons whose names are famous and familiar, and it is easy to see as they pass how captivating to an educated man who meets it upon equal terms such society must be. The constant personal sketches in the letters to his wife describing his London life in the season are very graphic:

"I believe you have never seen Thackeray. He has the appearance of a colossal infant, smooth, white, shiny, ringlety hair, flaxen, alas, with advancing years, a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles, a sweet but rather piping voice with something of the childish treble about it, and a very tall, slightly stooping figure—such are the characteristics of the great 'snob' of England. His manner is like that of everybody else in England—nothing original, all planed down into perfect uniformity with that of his fellow-creatures. There was not much more distinction in his talk than in his white choker or black coat and waistcoat. As you like detail, however, I shall endeavour to Boswellize him a little, but it is very hard work. Something was said of Carlyle, the author. Thackeray said, 'Carlyle hates everybody that has arrived—if they are on the road, he may perhaps treat them civilly.' Mackintosh praised the description in the *French Revolution* of the flight of the King and Queen (which is certainly one of the most living pictures ever painted with ink), and Thackeray agreed with him, and spoke of the passages very heartily. I remember old Carlyle snarling at you at Dresden with 'Ye like his Beckies and his Dobbinses, do ye?' but I did not mention the circumstance. Of the Cosmopolitan Club, Thackeray said: 'Everybody is or is supposed to be a celebrity; nobody ever says anything worth hearing, and every one goes there with his white choker at midnight to appear as if he had just been dining with the aristocracy. I have no doubt,' he added, 'that half of us put on the white cravat after a solitary dinner at home or at our club, and so go down among the Cosmopolitans.'"

From a long account of Macaulay we take a few passages:

"His general appearance is singularly commonplace. I cannot describe him better than by saying he has exactly that kind of face and figure which by no possibility would be selected out of even a very small number of persons as those of a remarkable personage. He is of the middle height, neither above nor below it. The outline of his face in profile is rather good. The nose, very slightly aquiline, is well cut, and the expression of the mouth and chin agreeable. His hair is thin and silvery, and he looks a good deal older than many men of his years—for, if I am not mistaken, he is just as old as his century, like Cromwell, Balzac, Charles V., and other notorious individuals. Now those two impostors, so far as appearances go, Prescott and Mignet, who are sixty-two, look young enough, in comparison, to be Macaulay's sons. The face, to resume my description, seen in front, is blank, and, as it were, badly lighted. There is nothing luminous in the eye, nothing impressive in the brow. The forehead is spacious, but it is scooped entirely away in the region where benevolence ought to be, while beyond rise reverence, firmness, and self-esteem, like Alps on Alps. The under eyelids are so swollen as almost to close the eyes, and it would be

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quite impossible to tell the color of those orbs, and equally so, from the neutral tint of his hair and face, to say of what complexion he had originally been. His voice is agreeable, and its intonations delightful, although that is so common a gift with Englishmen as to be almost a national characteristic. As usual, he took up the ribands of the conversation, and kept them in his own hand, driving wherever it suited him. I believe he is thought by many people a bore, and you remember that Sydney Smith spoke of him as 'our Tom, the greatest engine of social oppression in England.' I should think he might be to those who wanted to talk also, for it would take S—— to talk him down thoroughly. I can imagine no better fun than to have Carlyle and himself meet accidentally at the same dinner-table with a small company. It would be like two locomotives, each with a long train, coming against each other at express speed. Both, I have no doubt, could be smashed into silence at the first collision. Macaulay, however, is not so dogmatic or so outrageously absurd as Carlyle often is, neither is he half so grotesque or amusing. His whole manner has the smoothness and polished surface of the man of the world, the politician, and the new peer, spread over the man of letters within. His style of talk is more like that of Frank Gray, or as his would have been had he possessed the enormous and well-won reputation of Macaulay. I do not know that I can repeat any of his conversation, for there was nothing to excite very particular attention in its even flow. As a talker, to judge him by this one occasion, he is not to be compared for a moment to Holmes. There was not a touch of the doctor's ever-bubbling wit, imagination, enthusiasm, and arabesqueness. It is the perfection of the commonplace, without sparkle or flash, but at the same time always interesting and agreeable. I could listen to him with pleasure for an hour or two every day, and I have no doubt I should thence grow wiser every day, for his brain is full, as hardly any man's ever was, and his way of delivering himself is easy and fluent."

Here is Lord Brougham:

"Let me give you a photograph, while his grotesque image still lingers in the camera-obscura of my brain. He is exactly like the pictures in *Punch*, only *Punch* flatters him. The common pictures of Palmerston and Lord John are not like at all, to my mind, but Brougham is always hit exactly. His face, like his tongue and his mind, is shrewd, sharp, humorous. His hair is thick and snow-white and shiny; his head is large and knobby and bumpy, with all kinds of phrenological developments, which I did not have a chance fairly to study. The rugged outlines or headlands of his face are wild and bleak, but not forbidding. Deep furrows of age and thought and toil, perhaps of sorrow, run all over it, while his vast mouth, with a ripple of humor ever playing around it, expands like a placid bay under the huge promontory of his fantastic and incredible nose. His eye is dim, and could never have been brilliant, but his voice is rather shrill, with an unmistakable Northern intonation; his manner of speech is fluent, not garrulous, but obviously touched by time; his figure is tall, slender, shambling, awkward, but of course perfectly self-possessed. Such is what remains at eighty of the famous Henry Brougham."

In the House of Commons Motley heard John Bright.

"Afterwards Bright made a few remarks. He is one of the favorites of the House, belonging to the branch of that extreme Liberal party which has taken the present ministers under its protection, to annoy Palmerston on the one side and Lord John on the other. It was quite amusing to see him patting Disraeli on the head from the Opposition benches. His manner is easy, conversational, slightly humorous, rather fluent. The whole style of thing is very different in Parliament from the American way of proceeding in Congress or State Legislatures. Everything here is toned down to a gentle business-like mediocrity. The invisible but most omnipotent demon of good taste which presides over the English world, social, political, and moral, hangs over the heads of the legislators and suppresses their noble rage. The consequence is that eloquence is almost impossible. Nobody drinks up Esel or eats crocodiles, but at the same time a good deal of passion and rhetoric, which might occasionally explode to advantage, is forever sealed up. I doubt whether Sheridan or Burke in this age would not find the genial current of their soul to be frozen by this clear cold atmosphere of good taste which coagulates the common talk of Englishmen, however wise or witty."

Lady Dufferin was speaking to Motley of Disraeli:

"She said she had always known him and liked him in spite of his tergiversations and absurdities. When he was very young, and had made his first appearance in London society as the author of *Vivian Grey*, there was something almost incredible in his aspect. She assured me that she did not exaggerate in the slightest degree in describing to me his dress when she first met him at a dinner party. He wore a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down upon his shoulders. It seemed impossible that such a Guy Fawkes could have been tolerated in any society. His audacity, which has proved more perennial than brass, was always the solid foundation of his character. She told him, however, that he made a fool of himself by appearing in such fantastic shape, and he afterward modified his costume, but he was never to be put down."

After a long and sparkling draught of this pleasure, Motley continued, with enthusiasm and confidence, his historical studies and the preparation of his second work, the first two volumes of which were published early in 1861. It was received with universal applause, and confirmed the conviction that another master of history had appeared. But his mind turned anxiously homeward. A letter to Holmes in March, 1860, shows his deep interest in American politics and his ardent anti-slavery feeling. There is animated description of his daily life in the letters, and we see in them also the aspect of this country in the dark days of 1860–61 through the quick eyes of his friend Holmes. In March, before hearing of

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Lincoln's inauguration, Motley writes to his mother that his deepest regret is that his "work should be for the present on the wrong side of the Atlantic." Then came the news of the opening war, and unable from profound interest in the state of his country to pursue his work, he returned suddenly to America in June, 1861.

He went to Washington, and saw the forming camps of Union soldiers, and in the middle of August he returned to Europe as American minister to Vienna. But his literary work was relaxed by his absorption in the great struggle. During the years of the war his letters are constantly engrossed with its progress and fortunes. Like a sponge passed over an old picture, the passionate eagerness of his interest and the strength of his convictions and sympathy restore the very form and pressure of those heroic days. The distant thunders of the older battles which he was studying were lost in the loud and incessant crash of the nearer bolt. As the contemporary testimony of one of the most celebrated Americans of the time, these letters of Motley are very valuable. They reveal the feeling, in that tremendous time, of earnest and educated Americans of the highest character and loftiest patriotism. Meanwhile Motley's most important official negotiation was concerning the expedition of Maximilian to Mexico, by which he arrested the march of the Austrian force, and his accounts of other European politics and of the social life of the Austrian capital are full of interest. Of the character and value of his official despatches, his successor, Mr. Jay, who is the most competent witness, bears the most generous testimony. He was a representative whose personal character and accomplishment and great literary distinction were most honorable to his country. He was in every way admirable and efficient as a minister, but his mission was ended in a manner deeply discreditable to our government.

In the letters written after the war there are the most interesting and intimate accounts yet published of the private life of Bismarck, who is a figure of massive, manly simplicity in Motley's description, and in the later letters his cordial relations with the Queen of Holland give a pleasant picture of royal friendship. In 1868 the last two volumes of the *United Netherlands* were published, and returning to Boston in the same year, he delivered there a speech in favor of the election of General Grant, and in New York an address before the Historical Society upon a theme which was very dear to him, "Historic Progress and American Democracy." In 1869 he was sent as minister to England, whence he was recalled suddenly, and in a manner which he felt to be peculiarly humiliating, and which his friends believed showed him to have been an innocent victim of political and personal resentment.

The recall was a bitter blow to Motley, and he turned again to his literary activity. His original design was a history of the eighty years' war for liberty, to extend from the Rise of the Dutch Republic to the Peace of Westphalia in 1648. Before resuming this scheme he wrote, as an episode, the *Life and Death of John of Barneveldt*, which was published in 1874, a work which enhanced his reputation. But in 1873, the year in which he finished it, he suffered an apoplectic attack, and in the next year occurred the death of his wife, "the grief which broke his heart, and from which he never rallied." He returned to Boston for a time in 1875, then went again to England, where his daughters are married, and at the end of May, 1877, at the home of one of his daughters, Motley died.

The letters that cover this closing period of the historian's life are not only interesting from their personal allusions and comments, but they are very touching from an unwonted tone of gentleness. At the opening of the year 1870 Motley would have been called one of the most fortunate of men. His fame, his honors, his domestic happiness, were complete. But from that moment the clouds gathered rapidly and deepened. After the lapse of the intervening years it is delightful to turn these pages and to see once more, and more intimately than ever before, the brilliant and buoyant youth, the ardent student of liberty, the eloquent and fascinating and renowned historian of one of its noblest achievements, the diplomatist, the favorite of the most accomplished and refined society. In Westminster Abbey Dean Stanley spoke of Motley in words which the hearts of those who knew him best fondly echo, as the high-spirited patriot, the faithful friend of England's best and purest spirits, the brilliant, the indefatigable historian, the ardent, laborious, soaring soul.

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A NEW ARABIAN NIGHT.

BY E. E. HALE.

THE President of the United States could not sleep.

He had been in bed an hour. He had calculated the interest on the national debt at three per cent., at three and a half, and at four per cent., and still he could not sleep. He had estimated a payment of $9,000,000 a month for one year, $10,000,000 a month the next year, and so on, and when it would all be paid.

And still he could not sleep. The truth was that the President had spent the afternoon at the reception of Mr. Jaffrey, who was then the Secretary of State. Mr. Jaffrey had four handsome daughters, to be remembered among the finest women in the world. The President and Miss Gertrude were on the pleasantest terms. He sat by her an hour as she presided at the coffee urn, and without so much as thinking of it he drank a great deal more coffee than was good for him, or at the least for his sleeping faculty.

So it was that he lay awake. He thought it was his anxiety about the interoceanic canal. It was not. It was Miss Gertrude's coffee.

The President pulled out his repeater and struck it.

One and two quarters.

He lay calculating the national debt, as he thought, for about ten hours. Then he struck the repeater again.

One and three quarters.

He calculated more. He calculated, at compound interest, four and a quarter a year, how large a sinking-fund would pay it if Thus and So.

He struck his repeater again, after what he thought eleven hours.

Two o'clock.

"This will never do," said the President. "I will do as Aaron the Wise would have done." He tumbled out of bed, he lighted the gas, he began to dress, and rang for his valet, who was a black man from a Carolina plantation, named Mesrour.

"Mesrour, go across the square to Mr. Jaffrey's, and say I want to see him."

"Yes, sare," said Mesrour, who was surprised, but pretended to be surprised at nothing.

Mr. Jaffrey also was surprised. But he also, like a loyal and well-bred diplomatist, pretended to be surprised at nothing.

"Jaffrey," said the President, as he met him under the great porch of the White House, "it is pleasanter out-doors than in. I cannot sleep, and I have called you that we may go to walk together, and see how my people live."

"I hear and I obey," said Jaffrey, pretending to laugh, but thinking in the bottom of his heart that there were disadvantages in being the recipient of Executive favors.

"You see, Jaffrey, I have not many subjects. In Virginia yonder they are the Governor's subjects, and in Baltimore yonder it is the same, with another Governor. Only the people of this city, and the red-skins and those who skin them in the Territories, are my real subjects. And of these here I do not know how they live. Let us go and see. Will not that be a good thing to do? Perhaps there are reforms needed. Perhaps I may send a special message to the House. Or the Commissioners of the District would take a hint from me—eh, Jaffrey?"

Jaffrey tried to rise to the occasion. He saw that the President was in earnest, and really wanted to do the right thing. For him, he had been happily in bed, and he wished he were there still. But he and the President had gone through too many campaigns together in the field and in the caucus for him to flinch now. He knew and he respected this tender spot in the President's heart, and if an hour's tramping up and down the Avenue would help him, why, Jaffrey was not the man to say no.

"No, Mesrour, you need not go," said the President to the faithful negro, who followed them out into the night, as he would have followed his master under a shower of fire, unless he had been sent back.

So the two walked down the Avenue toward the Capitol.

And the poor President was disappointed. There was a moon. The shadows were picturesque. But it was all commonplace, Western, and dull. He had hoped—well, after midnight, you know, alone and on foot, you know— But things would not look strange.

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The grog-shops were all shut. Even at Willard's there was hardly a light. Hardly a hell in the second story had a light in the windows.

"Jaffrey," he said, rather sadly, for he was disappointed, "were you ever in Bagdad?"

"Oh yes, when I was minister to Persia, you know. The Secretary sent me word about some excavations, Mosul, Nineveh, or somewhere, and I went down to Bagdad."

"And is Bagdad like Washington, Jaffrey? Is the street—the main street, you know—quite as well lighted and quite as dead after midnight, or are there—well, are there dervishes and nautch-girls and calenders?"

"What is a calender?" said Jaffrey. "There was a calender in 'John Gilpin,' but I never knew what he was or did."

"Nor I," said the President, "no more nor the dead, as my excellent Mesrour would say. But, Jaffrey, look yonder. What is that? That is not commonplace."

And he pointed down one of those dirty streets to the south of the Avenue, which no one by any accident goes into if he can help himself, where was a tall column of yellow fire. "There is an adventure," said the bebored and ennuyé President. "Let us go and see."

Mr. Jaffrey also was curious. He thought he knew Washington, and he knew that there was no foundry in those regions. When they came near the spot it seemed more mysterious than ever. The flames rose behind a high brick wall. In front of this a modest brick house, of the kind which ambitious speculators built seventy years ago, before men knew which was to be the court end of Washington, was brilliantly lighted. A duet of a piano and violin was heard from within.

The President bade Jaffrey ring, and he did so.

"I have a desire to enter this house," said the President, "and to see who is giving this concert."

"They are a party who have become intoxicated," replied Jaffrey, "and I fear that we may experience ill usage."

"I must enter," said the President, "and you must devise some stratagem by which we can obtain admission."

"I hear and I obey," said Jaffrey, laughing as before; and at that moment a neatly dressed negro girl opened the door.

"Madam," said the courtly Jaffrey, "we are two merchants from St. Louis, who have been in Washington some days. A merchant here invited us to an entertainment to-night, and we went to his house. We ate and drank with him till it was time to depart, and going out into the night we have missed our way to the hotel, and we do not know its name. We trust, therefore, in your generosity that you will admit us to pass the rest of the night in your house. By doing this you will obtain a reward in heaven."

The girl ran back, evidently consulted with her mistress, and then opened the inner door, and said, "Come in." The President entered, therefore, with Jaffrey. They left their hats where they were bidden, and passed into the concert-room. The performance went on as if they had not been seen. But as soon as the sonata ended, the party present arose, and a lady said:

"Welcome are our guests, but we have a condition to impose upon you, that ye speak not of that which doth not concern you, lest ye hear that which will not please you."

They answered, "Good," and from that moment they were treated as if they had always been companions of their hosts.

In the next moment a black butler threw open the large door which parted them from a dining-room, and said: "Supper is served, madam."

The company went in in form, the President and Jaffrey making the last two of the long procession.

The President took his seat rather timidly, the more so that Mr. Jaffrey was taken quite to the other end of the other side of the table. There were flowers arranged in high vases, so that he could not so much as see his faithful companion. He was received with more display of courtesy than would have been shown were this an ordinary boarding-house, but certainly with less interest in his personality than if, when he was Secretary of State, he had presented himself as a guest at the English minister's. On one side a lady sat, on the other a large man—"gentleman," the President would have said, had he met him in a legislative assembly. The gentleman seemed to present the President to the lady as he sat down. But if he did, the President was none the wiser.

The table was elegantly furnished and

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decorated. The President fell into talk with the gentleman by him. In a little the lady opposite spoke to that gentleman. The talk was on some matter of detail as to what would turn up the next day in the Senate, whether it were best that the ladies should take some friends to the gallery. It happened that the President knew the order of business, and he gave the information needed, and so, without formality, he soon found himself in conversation with the others, and recognized as if he were a familiar member of their company.

One seat was still vacant at the end of the tables, and one nearly opposite the President. But this was not for many minutes. Before the next remove two young men came in, looking a little flushed in the face, but perhaps even more carefully dressed than any one else; although, as the President had observed, with some little annoyance, every one, excepting himself and Mr. Jaffrey, was in full evening dress. When these two young men came in they were greeted by a cordial hand-clapping, which ran all around the board. They smiled and bowed, but said nothing, and applied themselves one to his fillet of beef and one to his boiled chicken.

So soon, however, as this course was removed, in the little lull while the servants were changing the plates and rearranging the tables, the lady who sat at the head, far away from the President, struck her glass with her knife, and thus secured absolute silence.

"We will hear the report," she said. And all cried, "Hear! hear!"

The young man with light hair rose to his feet, seemed embarrassed, but read from a slip of paper, "Nine ounces silver, four ounces nickel, two pounds seven ounces and a half copper."

The announcement was received with new hand-clapping. Then the other, who had black hair, rose and said, "One ounce seven pennyweights gold," and the applause was renewed. But nothing more was said. The servants brought round the next course, and the dozen streams of broken conversation began to flow again. As for the President, he was a good deal troubled. Where was he, and what was this report? Were these people debasers of the currency? Was he sharing the food of a lot of people virtually counterfeiters? He shuddered as he remembered the denunciations in the last report of the Mint Master, who had been bitter in his protests as to the quantity of degraded money which came in to him.

But the President was wary. He showed no fear. He did let his fork fall upon the table, so as to judge for himself by the ring whether it were silver or albata. Silver unmistakably! With the indifferent tone of an old diplomate, he said to the lady by him:

"I am very stupid. Am I growing deaf? I did not understand where all this bullion came from."

"Not understand? Why, it came from the straw, of course."

"Straw?" said the President—"what straw?"

"Why, where do you suppose you are?" said she, amazed in her turn.

"I suppose I am at an elegant dinner party, by the side of a very charming lady."

"As you will," said she; "certainly she is by the side of a very flattering gentleman. But, pardon me, I do not know what countryman you are. I do not recognize your *patois*. Still, it is not in many countries that a table like this—what shall I say?—grows on every tree. That is a bad metaphor." And she laughed very prettily.

"Certainly not in any country I have visited," said the President.

"And certainly the club here, the ladies and gentlemen around us, would not expect the lady president yonder to furnish it for them every night."

The President started when he heard the lady president spoken of. But he saw in a moment that he need not be afraid.

"Of course, then," she continued, "it would not be a club. It is a club—well, because the suppers come from the straw."

"What straw?" said the President again, somewhat stupidly.

"Why, what straw is full of gold and silver and nickel and copper? Do you not know? Why, indeed, did you come? The only straw which yields such returns as they have reported is the straw from the street-cars. Our friend here contracts to furnish clean straw every morning, and her people clean out the cars at midnight. Valentine and Asa yonder are the smelters. They graduated at the Argo Works in Colorado. The club lives on the products. Why, if they had reported only two

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ounces copper, seven ounces nickel—*voilà tout!*—we should have had short commons to-morrow night—a fish-ball and a cracker and a glass of water each. But if a traveller like you knows what gold is worth, you see we shall not starve, at least for twenty-four hours."

The President felt as if he had already been repaid for his adventure, and understood better than before what became of the national currency.

But he tried to conceal any annoyance, and indeed he unbent to the Bohemian carelessness of the occasion more than he had done, poor man, since he was at an Alpha Delta supper in New Padua. Once and again he led up to talk which he thought would show who his neighbors were. But, ah me! though he was an old diplomate, these people were too much for him. He had wormed secrets out of Bismarck in Berlin; he had been more than a match, in his Western frankness, for Clémenceau; and Sagasta had told him secrets which he never told to any other man. But the woman at his right and the man at his left told him no secrets, and at the end of two hours the President did not know whether they knew who he was, and he did know very well that he did not know who they were. It was more than two hours, it was nearly three, when the Queen of the Feast clapped her hands and pointed to a gentleman who had sung one or two merry songs before. At the signal he began to sing "We won't go home till morning," and the whole company joined in the chorus. With the last words, the stately butler flung up the heavy curtains of the one window, and lo! in the east the first streak of dawn. In less than two minutes the President and Jaffrey found themselves on the sidewalk walking up the Avenue.

As they walked home the President was silent till they came to Fourteenth Street, and Mr. Jaffrey, if possible, was more silent. But as they turned in at the side gate by which you go up to the White House, the President said to the Secretary,

"Jaffrey, this is very mysterious."

"Yes, it is very mysterious," said the other.

"We cannot have such things right under the shadow of the Capitol without inquiry." And the President spoke with a certain firmness of tone which terrified his Secretary. For Mr. Jaffrey knew very well that when he spoke in that tone he was immovable. In truth it was the power to speak in that tone which made him President.

Mr. Jaffrey thought, indeed, that any inquiry into the proceedings of a horde of Bohemians would be absurd. It would be sure to get into the papers, and there was no saying where it might end. But he knew the President's tone, so he made no opposition. But he said: "Yes, indeed, there must be an inquiry. I will send a note to the Commissioners of the District."

"Fiddle-stick!" said the President. "Commissioners of the Town Pump! I shall make the inquiry myself."

"Make it yourself!" said Mr. Jaffrey, startled out of his usual tact. "But you have no authority in the District. You are not even a Justice of the Quorum."

"Quorum be hanged!" said the President. "I shall make the inquiry." And Mr. Jaffrey knew he had lost the point by the suddenness of his ejaculation. The President at once thanked him for his good company, and said, "I think I shall sleep now."

Poor Mr. Jaffrey went home quite sure that he should sleep now.

The next morning the President sent over to the library of the Department of State, and bade them send him the *Arabian Nights*. Then, while the office-seekers were kept at bay by his private secretaries, the President lighted a cigar, and found what the Caliph Haroun al Raschid would have done in the same circumstances. He varied the detail so as to fit the civilization of the nineteenth century and the longitude of Washington. He struck the bell, saw the steward, and ordered a specially nice lunch at two o'clock for about four-and-twenty people. Then with his own hand, on gilt-edged note-paper, he wrote an invitation which said that the President of the United States invited to lunch that day the lady of the house where he had supped last night, and all her guests.

"There," said he to himself, as he sent off the note by his private messenger; "let us see how much power that has, though I am not a Justice of the Quorum." Then he sent a message to Mr. Jaffrey that he must come to lunch, and gave the next three hours to the office-seekers.

But at two o'clock the office-seekers had

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all gone, and the President was in that pretty oval room which so often changes its name and its furniture at the White House, waiting for his guests. Nor did he have to wait long. A series of coupés and other carriages drove up under the *porte cochère*, and twenty-four ladies and gentlemen were shown in by the ceremonious butler. The President recognized at once his courteous hostess of last night. She made her apologies very simply for those of the company who had been called out of town. In a moment more, lunch was announced. She took the President's arm; Mr. Jaffrey gave his to another lady who had come in the same carriage with her, and the rest followed, much at their own sweet will. The talk at table was quite as gay as it had been the night before. But the President had a better chance than the night before to talk with his very agreeable companion.

When at last they were playing with their iced fruits, the President spoke a little louder than he had done, so that all other conversation was hushed. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I was very much interested in your club last night, and greatly enjoyed your hospitality. My curiosity was excited, but I was not so rude as to ask questions of my hosts. My morning sleep has not allayed it, and, as you see, I am now fortunate enough to reverse our positions. A host may ask questions where a guest must be silent." Then he laughed. "I shall question you now."

"As you please," said the lady; and, as it happened, all the others said, "As you please."

Then Mr. Jaffrey remembered how he had told the President that he could not make any inquiry, and here was the inquiry half over.

"All my life long," said the President, "since I read the *Arabian Nights* and 'John Gilpin,' I have wanted to know what a calender was. Am I right in thinking that some of you are calenders?"

With one voice, even to Mr. Jaffrey's surprise, all the twenty-four answered, "We are all calenders."

"The wish of my heart is answered," said the President.

"Easily gratified, Mr. President," said the first of his guests.

"I will gladly tell you what are my functions as a calender," said a gentleman near him.

THE STORY OF THE FIRST CALENDER.

"A calender is defined by Mr. Lane as a 'royal mendicant.' We are all royal, because we are born from the sovereign people. We are all mendicants, because we live by our wits on the work of the industrious. My business and that of my wife is to stretch new boots for millionaires. They send to us their boots as they come from the makers. We walk in them a few days, till that horrid new look is gone, and then we send them to our patrons. It is not the easiest way to earn one's living, but it does not involve the hardest toil. The business grows upon our hands, or, I should say, on our feet, and we are bringing up to it our sons and daughters."

Then the Bohemian opposite told his story.

THE STORY OF THE THIRD CALENDER.

"My business is to write autographs for collectors. My sons are both dressed neatly in the uniform of pages at the Capitol. Every one in the House end of the building thinks Gustavus is a Senate page; every one at the Senate end thinks Horace is a House page. They are pretty boys, and for a dollar either will take the autograph book of any travelling fanatic and have it filled the same day with distinguished names. If you have little poems you must pay two dollars. I sit down-stairs in the committee-room of the 'Committee on Cross-purposes.' It is very seldom that any one comes in. If he does, he thinks I am private secretary to somebody else. My boys' books are filled much faster than any of the other pages', so that we are very popular. Frankly," he said, laughing, "I cannot often attend a party like this, for these are our best hours, and each hour of them is worth ten dollars."

THE FOURTH CALENDER'S STORY.

"This is an off week with me. There are six of us in all; three work one week, and three another. I and my two friends" —and two stout gentlemen bowed as he waved his hand—"run an elevator on the Sixth Avenue in New York. It takes belated travellers up to the Diedrich Street station of the elevated road. The contrivance is simple—two scales, one at the top, one at the bottom, connected by ropes which pass over pulleys. I and my

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friends weigh more than six hundred; the average passenger weighs only a hundred and fifty. When from above we see three people on the lower scale, we leap upon the upper, and it goes down at once. Then we run upstairs as quickly as we can, leaving, however, number three to take the money, while he who did take it becomes number one, and goes up with us. As you see, Mr. President, we have to run upstairs all the time for a week, always going down on the elevator. It is a very fatiguing occupation, but it is very lucrative, and so we are able to lie off half the time."

All this time Mr. Jaffrey was looking straight at the lady opposite him, and pretending not to know her. But now it was her turn; she said:

STORY OF ANOTHER CALENDER.

"My business is to return calls for the wives of Senators and Secretaries. I make Mrs. Jaffrey's calls every Thursday. I do not know what she does that morning after ten o'clock. I go to her house then with a visible pair of curling-irons. But when I go down-stairs I hide them in a muff, and have her card case and her list. Then the coachman drives me up and down the different streets, and I leave her cards for her. I can do it quite as accurately as she does, and sometimes I think I do it better. As for my husband here—"

"Stop! stop!" cried Mr. Jaffrey; for he was afraid she was going to say that the husband made his calls for him.

Then, amid general laughter, they heard

THE STORY OF THE LAST CALENDER.

"My business," he said, in rather a foreign accent, "is to provide what we call Dromios; you say substitutes. On the regulation list of Adams, Allison, Amos, Anderson, Andrews, as you hear it called in the House, when the yeas and nays are ordered, there are many gentlemen who would like to do something else, if only the press were not after them in their absences. For two dollars a day we provide substitutes for them well got up. For three dollars we give a man who will frank the documents."

"How much a day if he draws the checks?" said Mr. Jaffrey, laughing. But the President hushed him down. He was now intensely interested. He heard this calender's story to the end. When Mesrour came in the moment after with a message, the President pretended there was an important despatch. Of course the party melted away. Only the President kept Mr. Jaffrey and this last calender.

When they were quite alone, he said to the calender, "Have you—have you—could you find a man who would—who would personate me?"

"Of course, eccellenza," said the Italian. "Our Mr. Jones did you last night at some private theatricals in Baltimore. He is as like as the figure yonder." And he pointed to the mirror.

"Jaffrey," said the President, "you know I am dead sick of all this. If I could have a change! The thing will kill me if I cannot run away before the session ends."

Jaffrey was beside himself with alarm. But it was just like last night. The President had the bit in his teeth.

"Six long weeks before the adjournment. I might have a month shooting buffaloes in Manitoba, and leave this man here. Jaffrey, dear fellow, let me go!"

Jaffrey remonstrated. He took the President into a corner and pleaded with him. But you might as well plead with a northeast wind.

"Jaffrey, I will go. That is all." Then turning to the Italian, and speaking in his choicest Tuscan, he said, "Domani, saro eternamente obbligato," and the man withdrew. Again Mr. Jaffrey begged and begged. But the President was like iron.

And the next day the man came with the simulated President. The real President was startled himself—Jaffrey was more startled—when the creature threw off the mackintosh which disguised him. Once and again he and the President even deceived the wary Secretary, alert though he was, by changing places when he was talking to the Italian. The President's madness was complete. This man should not leave the private office. He would leave it himself. He called Mesrour. It proved that his carpet-bag was ready packed. He covered himself with the stranger's water-proof, and he and Mesrour went to the B. and O. station, leaving poor Jaffrey in agony.

But things did not work so badly, after all. The new incumbent was very teachable. Fortunately a great general died,

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and all public receptions were given up. Then it was said that the President had a cold, and could not be abroad. Then he did go abroad, and to every one's amazement developed a very marked passion for driving four-in-hand. At last, on the Fourth of July, there had to be a levee. The President said one or two queer things, but the court journals said the reports of them were all lies. On the whole, Mr. Jaffrey's times were not so hard as he feared. For many days he had a despatch from a Mr. Thompson at the Northwest: "All well." "O. K." "Quite Right." At last these stopped; and then Jaffrey knew that his friend was in Manitoba slaughtering the few remaining buffaloes. But the lull in despatches was longer than he liked. Mr. Jaffrey began to be uneasy, when, late one night, the door-bell rang, and Mesrour appeared! His story, alas! even with all his reiterations, was a very short one.

All had gone well as far as the Butte à Carcajou. Then they crossed to the Dog Knoll. Jaffrey verified these names afterward. They forded the White Sand River in a torrent of rain. Then Mesrour's story was unintelligible, until, after they had crossed Bar River three times on one accursed morning, they came too suddenly on a herd of buffalo. The beasts did not flee, as they were meant to do; they turned and charged the little hunting party. The President was the last to turn his horse; the poor creature stumbled, fell upon his master—and, on the instant, five hundred buffaloes passed over them!

A wretched rag from his coat and a few fragments of letters, with what was left of a gold repeater, were all which Mesrour could bring to verify his tale.

The body had been buried where it fell.

Mr. Jaffrey retired for an hour, leaving poor Mesrour asleep on a lounge in the reception-room. Then he came and waked the faithful negro.

"Not one word of this to any man."

"Nevare, massa!"

"Nor woman!"

"No! nor woman, massa."

"Go back to your duty at the White House to-night. Say you have been West on a private message."

That is what Mesrour did. No public announcement of the President's death was thought necessary by the Secretary of State. Times were prosperous. As always, the country governed itself without much regard to Washington. The incumbent of the White House confided in the Secretary, and the Secretary confided in the incumbent of the White House.

"And so," said Scheherezade, as she finished her story—"so ended the tales of the calenders. But this is nothing to the story of 'Newspaper Row,' if it please your Highness to hear it to-morrow morning."

And this was the end of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments in Washington.

ONE STORY IS GOOD TILL ANOTHER IS TOLD.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS AND GEORGE H. JESSOP.

I.—THE STATEMENT OF MR. LEROY HOWARD, PREPARED BY HIMSELF.

I MUST premise that I know of no reason whatever for the violent assault committed upon me last evening by the brutal Irish ruffian now under arrest. Nor can I imagine any excuse of any kind, save the promptings of his evil nature and the natural turbulence of his race. The attack was absolutely unexpected, and it was wholly unprovoked. So far as I am aware, I had never even laid eyes on the hulking brute five minutes before he rushed across the street and assaulted me. I know nothing whatever of this Tim Dwyer save that I have been the victim of a cruel and cowardly outrage at his hands.

I do not exactly understand the report which is brought to me by my lawyer as to this Dwyer's assertions, and I am unable precisely to meet an allegation most vaguely worded. But there seems to be some sort of an assertion that the photograph I took by the flash light in the dusk last evening, just before the wanton assault was made upon me, was not the first I had taken of him, and that in some way or other I had taken his picture at other times perforce and against his will. I have no doubt that such a man fears to find his brutal features exposed in the

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Rogue's Gallery, but I have had neither part nor lot in any such task, useful to the community as it may be.

To make this perfectly plain, and to destroy any credence which might otherwise be placed in the assertions of this foreign blackguard, I propose to set down here all the circumstances of my brief experiences as a photographer, from which it will be at once apparent there is not a shadow of a support for his allegation that I have in any way pursued or persecuted him. I shall prosecute him now, and I shall insist upon the infliction of the utmost penalty of the law. It will be a severe commentary on the lax administration of justice in this city if an inoffensive citizen is to be exposed to outrage at his very door, and if the brutal assailant can get off scot-free.

The facts of the case are as follows:

It is among the duties of my editorial position on the staff of *Youth*, a monthly magazine for boys and girls—a position I have held for now four months, since my graduation from the Oxbridge Grammar-school—it is among my duties to assist in the art department of our publication. In the estimate of the young, pictures are of prime importance, and we pay especial attention to the proper illustration of the articles we publish. In the pursuance of this portion of my editorial duties I have familiarized myself with the most ingenious and interesting devices for securing photographs of animals in motion, and I have also given time to investigating the use of the "detective camera," commonly so called. As is known by all those whose obligations lead them to study the practical applications of the arts, this name is given to a simple and portable camera, so lightly made that it can be easily handled and unobtrusively carried; it is provided with machinery for taking an instantaneous photograph.

It was suggested to the editors of *Youth* that the charm of the unconscious movements of childhood might be caught and fixed by the so-called "detective camera," for the enjoyment and instruction of all who might see the pictures, and we were requested to consider the advisability of reproducing photographs of this character in the pages of *Youth* for the benefit of our readers. An editorial council was held to discuss this proposition, and it was declared feasible. One of the so-called "detective cameras" was ordered, and I was detailed to perfect myself in the art of taking instantaneous photographs.

On the day when the apparatus arrived at the house where I am boarding, No. 90 East Nineteenth Street, I happened to mention at the dinner-table the studies I was then engaged in, and the pleasant results we anticipated from the mission which had been confided to my charge. My friend Mr. Harry Brackett, one of the editors of the *Gotham Gazette*, who is a fellow-boarder of mine, immediately volunteered his assistance. I found that Mr. Brackett was familiar with the operation of the so-called "detective camera," and he volunteered to instruct me. The next morning, as it happened, was a Saturday, and there were several children in the house, who co-operated with us willingly. We went out into the rear yard, and as the young people frisked about innocently, Mr. Brackett and I succeeded in taking some half-dozen interesting and instructive groups and single figures. I may instance an instantaneous view of a game of hop-scotch, and another of three boys playing leap-frog, as distinct additions to our knowledge of the voluntary and involuntary movements of juvenile humanity. I was delighted with the results of our first day's labors, and I was anxious to proceed at once. But the next day was Sunday, and the day after was Monday, which happened to be the day when we close the forms of next month's number of *Youth*—and so I could not get to work again as speedily as I desired.

On Monday evening when Mr. Brackett took his seat beside me he told me that he had a new scheme, in which he wished my assistance. A friend had told him that a composition was now to be had the ignition of a small portion of which made a light so brilliant that it served for the taking of photographs. A little of this novel compound suddenly exploded by a percussion-cap made a flash, and the glare of this flash would suffice to imprint a picture on a sensitive plate adjusted properly on the so-called "detective camera." Mr. Brackett had procured a small can of this flashing powder, and he suggested that we go out that evening and take photographs in the dead of night. The idea had a distinct fascination, although I could not but doubt its prudence. I am not accustomed to wander at midnight through the highways and byways of a great city. But Mr. Brackett,

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having been formerly a reporter, whose privilege and duty it was to go everywhere and to know everybody, was eager for the proposed nocturnal excursion, and in time I suffered myself to be over-persuaded.

It was about ten o'clock on Monday night when we sallied forth in search of adventure. I confess that I was not without misgivings. The sky was cloudy, there was no moon, and it bade fair to rain. It was our intention to explore rather the less inhabited parts of the city, and especially the remains of what used to be known as Shanty Town. We took the Broadway cars to Central Park, and then we walked to Eighth Avenue and the Boulevard. As we turned the corner of an ill-paved street, in which there were but half a dozen houses on each side, we almost ran into a policeman. After a few words of explanation it was discovered that Mr. Brackett and the officer were old acquaintances. They had met when my friend had been detailed to work up police cases.

We were immediately warmly welcomed by the policeman, who was apparently of German birth, and seemingly a respectable person. He asked us what had brought us to so lonely a neighborhood at so strange an hour. Mr. Brackett then explained to him the object of our enterprise; he described to him the so-called "detective camera," in which the officer expressed the greatest interest, evincing a strong desire to see its operation. He said that he was then about to arrest a minor malefactor, a man who had persisted in keeping poultry in violation of a city ordinance, and to the extreme annoyance of the neighbors. It seems that this man, after repeated warnings, had suddenly hidden his hens from the sight of those who came to take him into custody. That very morning, it appears, the officer had been told that these fowls were then in the basement of an unoccupied house, into which the urban poulterer had found some way of gaining entrance. This house, as it happened, was in the street along which we were walking; and the illicit poulterer had been seen to enter a few moments before. The officer accordingly suggested that we go to the front window and flash the light and photograph the man and his poultry at the very moment when the policeman should present himself.

Mr. Brackett fell in with this suggestion. When we came to the house, which was dark and apparently uninhabited, the policeman left us and went back to the rear door. He told us that he would peer into the rear windows with his dark lantern; then the man with his hens would take refuge in the front room, where we could get a most unexpected and amusing picture.

And so it was. When we heard the officer's signal, a low whistle, Mr. Brackett exploded a cap on the illuminating powder, and I operated the camera. In the flash we saw the figure of a man crouching amid a roomful of roosting fowls, which seemed much disturbed by the sudden radiance. When the policeman joined us he insisted on a full description of the scene, laughing heartily at the strange exhibition. He was so desirous to see such a sight for himself that he gave up his intention of arresting the violator of the law then and there. The patrolman expressed a preference for a promenade with us, stating that he knew where the man lived, and that he could arrest the fellow whenever he chose, whereas he might not again have an opportunity to see the workings of the so-called "detective camera." As he walked along with us he suggested various places where we would certainly be able to get photographs such as we sought. And to these places we went with him, but without finding anything worthy of reproduction.

At last, after we had wasted two hours or more in these fruitless wanderings, the storm, which had held off all the evening, broke suddenly. I declared my intention of returning home at once. But the policeman pleaded so pathetically with me to make one more attempt that I yielded. He said he could take us to a bar-room where the business of liquor-selling was carried on all night, in spite of the fact that a renewal of its license had been refused. It was then long past midnight, but the saloon would surely be full of customers, so the officer said, and he offered to take us there, shrewdly surmising that when he was seen there would be a stampede, which we could photograph "on the wing," as he graphically described it.

To this illicit bar-room we went—it seems to have been our fate to be witnesses only of illegal actions. The policeman gave a curious knock at the door, which was immediately opened from within.

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He instantly pressed forward, and we followed him, ready to take advantage of the occasion. As soon as the bar-tender caught sight of the blue coat of the officer of the law he pulled a cord and put out the gas, hoping to allow his customers to escape under cover of the darkness. But he reckoned without us. Mr. Brackett again flashed the light, and I touched the spring of the camera, and we fixed in black and white the strange scene of hurrying confusion which was revealed to us in the momentary illumination of the premises. This time the policeman was an actual spectator, and his enjoyment of the spectacle was extreme. But it did not interfere with his prompt arrest of the proprietor of the saloon, the only person left in it when the gas was again lighted. Then he notified us that we should have to appear as witnesses against the prisoner.

I hastened to protest, and Mr. Brackett added his arguments to mine. In the end we prevailed, and then we withdrew at once. Mr. Brackett wished to make another attempt, declaring that two photographs were but a meagre result of our night's labors. But I was obdurate. I felt that it was high time we had both retired. I refused absolutely.

We returned home, and I agreed with Mr. Brackett that we should go out again last night. He had an engagement which would keep him down-town until nearly eight o'clock, but he promised to meet me at the South Ferry station of the elevated railroad at nine. We had decided next to attempt the lower end of the city as a more promising field for our investigations.

Yesterday evening, then, a little before eight o'clock, I set forth to keep my appointment. I told the waitress, Katey Maloney, not to lock up the house, as I did not know when I should return; for of course I could not foresee the impending outrage of which I was to be the innocent victim.

As I was descending the steps of the house I heard the shrill whistle of the letter-carrier on his last round. It recalled to me that the necessities of the rapidly increasing circulation of *Youth* are forcing us to go to press earlier and earlier every month, and that although it is now only November, yet in a very few weeks we shall be making up the February number—the Valentine Extra. I remembered that a picture of a postman delivering a letter would be a most appropriate illustration for that number of our magazine, and it struck me that I had now a most excellent opportunity for procuring such a picture, "taken from life," in the exact sense of the words, and with the free movement of an unconscious subject.

I crossed the street, and turned to face the door of our house. Suddenly a man whom I did not recognize as an inmate of the house ran rapidly up the steps and concealed himself in the vestibule, having made no effort to ring the bell. As the letter-carrier ascended the steps, with some envelopes in his hand, this strange man came out on the top of the stoop, as though he lived in the house, and extended his hand for the letters.

This struck me as a very strange proceeding. I had already adjusted the apparatus and prepared the powder. I seized the moment when the stranger and the postman were facing each other, with outstretched hands, to flash the light and fix their image in this attitude on the sensitive plate in the camera.

As the blinding brilliance of the illuminating powder faded away, the darkening dusk descended again, and I was not able to see distinctly what happened. But I am informed that the man who had secreted himself in the vestibule of our house thrust the letter-carrier to one side violently, and sprang down the steps of the stoop, and rushed across the street to the spot where I was standing.

The first intimation I had of his presence was a brutal blow on the ear, which almost stunned me. Then the camera was snatched from my hands and smashed against the pavement. A second blow back of my ear knocked off my spectacles, which fell to the ground and were broken. I was severely bruised, and by the suddenness of the attack I was taken unprepared, and altogether very rudely handled, the man remarking in his barbarous vernacular "that he would larn me to print him unbeknownst."

This is an exact and precise statement of all the circumstances connected with the unprovoked and dastardly assault committed on me yesterday evening by the brutal ruffian who is now in custody, and whose name, I am told, is Tim Dwyer. It will be seen that there is no foundation for his allegation that I had been pursu-

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ing and persecuting him. I had done nothing of the kind. I had never even heard his name. I had never seen him, so far as I know. I had not injured him in any way. Under these circumstances I deem it my duty to demand the uttermost penalty of the law for his outrageous assault.

II.—THE STATEMENT OF MR. TIMOTHY DWYER, DICTATED TO A STENOGRAPHER BY ADVICE OF HIS COUNSEL.

I always was counted a paceable, aisy-goin' man, an' there isn't a black dhrop in me veins, nor niver was, an' all I'm sayin' here to-day is thrue, an' nothin' less, be vartue o' me oath. An' whin I tell ye what that fluffy-faced, kitten-headed omadhawn done to me ye'll wonder that I left a whole bone in his body, an' more be token I wouldn't, if I hadn't a heart in me as soft as the belly of a eel.

It goes widout sayin' that whin there's a ruction the man in the check jumper 'll be in the wrong of it, whin the man in the tall hat an' specs is as innocent as an onconfessed angel—at laste that's always the way of it whin the cops take a hand, an' that's why I'm on me defince now, when av I'd ha' done as I'd a right, I'd ha' bruk his neck wid the first skelp, an' then divil a word he'd ha' let on about the matther at all at all.

To begin wid the beginnin'—an' they say that's the best way whin ye have a long story to tell—I've bin kapein' company off an' on for two year wid Kitty Maloney, her brother bein' an ould towny o' mine, an' the girl herself a dacent slip enough, wid an eye like a young cowlt, and plinty to say for herself. We niver had no cross nor quarrel all the time we were coortin' exceptin' the thrubble the widdy Rooney med, an' sure wanst I got a quiet minnit wid Kitty, an' put the commether on her, she niver would belave that the wind o' the word iver passed betune mesilf an' the widdy, an' she doesn't belave it till this day. Not but what the widdy's a gallus piece in her own way, but she's not in the same strate wid Kitty—ho, an' I'm sayin' it on oath, not widin a thousand mile o' her.

But, as I was sayin', there niver was the cross look betune Kitty an' mesilf, barrin' the contimptuous little ruction the widdy riz, an' I was workin' hard an' doin' fine gettin' ready for the day whin I'd haul the colleen home, whin this thrubble kem on me, an' divil resave the minnit's pace or quiet I've had since.

I had bin out in the counthry a little step—at a beootiful place up the Hudson River, where I've a brother o' mine boordin'. His work does be very confinin', poor fellow, an' whin I want to see him I have to go visit him. Well, that's neither here nor there. It was middlin' late whin I got home, an' afore I retired I thought it well to look at me chickens, for I'd bin away all the evenin', an' there's a gang o' coons beyant the Bullyvard ud smell a growin' feather quicker nor you cud ha' singed wan. By rason o' the onnayborliness o' me naybors I've been kapein' the chickens under the cellar o' a house I've taken charge of. They complained o' me—that is, the naybors did, not the chickens—by rason o' the roosters crowin' in the mornin', which is nothin' more nor the nature o' the baste, an' what's to be expected of every dacent fowl. Be that as it may, I had to sing small an' kape the crathurs packed away in a dark basement, wid a careful eye out all the while for Dutch Peter the cop, who niver was known to ax to stir a burglar or a goat or anny other dangerous baste, but he's a howly terror on fowls.

Well, I went in and counted the hens as well as I cud in the dark, an' the crathurs just sat there an' clucked fair an' aisy, as much as to say, "Tim, *ma bouchla*, niver fear; we'll raise no row to get ye into thrubble." It was late annyway, as I sed. Well, all of a suddint comes the screech of a whistle let off so close to me that it med me jump three fut in the air, an' wid that a flash o' light that almost tuk the sight from me eyes. Well, I was that scared I didn't know which way to luk, an' it was a good piece afore I cud be sure I wasn't shot, for the flash was like a pistol. But a thunderin' big rooster, worse scared nor I was, tuk me a clout on the side of the head that brought me back to me wits agin, for ye see the crathurs were that put about be the suddint light that they were back an' forward like divils. I med out o' that as hard as I cud pelt, an' it was the mercy o' Providince I thought o' the coons, an' locked the dure afther me.

Now ye'll say that was a-middlin' quare thing to happen to a dacent man, an' he comin' back from Sing Sing, but that wasn't only the beginnin' of it. If it had bin a will-o'-the-wisp, an' I'd ha' bin an

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acre o' bog, that little light, bad cess to it! cudn't ha' bothered me more. Afther I'd got out o' the place an' left the chickens to get over their fright the best way they cud, what was the nixt most nateral thing for a man to do under them sarcumstances? Wid the heart put clane acrost in me, an' the sowls o' me feet an' the palms o' me hands as cowld as Christmas Eve, there was nothin' to be done but the wan thing. I didn't know of anny place I cud get it nigher at hand nor Barney's, on the corner, for it was gettin' purty late, an' anny wan that had a license or a character to lose was in bed long ago. But divil a hair did Barney care for character, an' the license he had was no good annyhow.

Kitty's wan o' Father Mathew's girls, an' hates a glass o' whiskey worse nor she does a Protestant, but sure I'm not tellin' Kitty all I do, an' av I did she wouldn't belave it. An' as for the pledge I tuk to plaze her, why, the good intintion is everything, as Father Brennen says, and sure my intintions is always good, av I only have the luck to stick to them.

There was a purty middlin' crowd in Barney's, an' Billy Power wanted to hear all the latest news about me brother Paudeen. I dun know if I mintioned that Paudeen was in thrubble by rason of an unfortinate accident that happened him awhile ago, whin a gintleman's watch chain got twisted round me brother's slave-button some way. I niver got the rights o' the story, an' the cops, who always belave the worst of a man, med out that it was stalin' it he was. They tuk his fortygraft, an' there niver was a Dwyer so disgraced since me father, rest his sowl, was thransported for shape-stalin'; but sure that's an honorable perfession over there, as ye'd know if ye knew annything about the ould counthry.

Well, to come back to me dhrink! Billy Power was thratin', like the dacent gintleman he is, an' I had me elbow, as it might be, half-ways crooked, an' the glass on a level wid the top button o' me vest, when —whirrush! in runs a cop; Dutch Peter himself, divil a less; an' such a surprise ye niver seen in yer life. Men duckin' an' duckin' for a place to hide, an' good liquor left standin' on the bar as if it was as common as muddy wather in Ballinasloe Fair. I had me prisince o' mind, for I was up to Barney's thricks, an' sure enough, afore ye cud say "Howly Moses," he chucked a string he has behind his bar, that works some yoke to the gas fixtures, an' out goes the light, an' there we are. As I sed, I was lookin' out for that, an' I hadn't let go me howlt of me dhrop o' dhrink, so I was just takin' it down fair an' aisy, whin may I niver ate another bit if that same flash didn't ketch me square betune the eyes an' mostly blind me. I had sinse enough to swally down the whiskey wid it all, an' that gimme courage to look, an' I seen the yoke they were shootin' at me; not like anny pistol ever I seen, but more like a tin canister nor that, av ye cud fancy a tin canister loaded up wid blazes instead o' biskit.

Now there were no hens there at all at all. It was mesilf they were aimin' at, an' if they were going to folly me about all over the town wid their ould tin canister, an' pelt at me whiniver they seen me, I'd put it to anny rasonable man if I'd have e'er a bit o' comfort out o' me life at all.

I got out o' that place purty quick, an' I didn't stop to see if Barney was arristed this time, but it's apt he was, for the place was closed whin I got back, an' Barney does be most ginerally arristed the latther part o' the wake. Some people have the hoight o' rispict for Barney, but more doesn't like a bone in his skin. If it wasn't for the pull he has, I think they'd hang him—divil a doubt o' it.

But av this is to be a statement o' why I fetched young fluffy-face a clout on the lug, I dun know if Barney has much to do wid it. Afther lavin' the saloon I hung around the best part o' the night, an' in the mornin' I tuk a turn down as far as Nineteenth Strate. The mornin's an iligant hour for meditation av ye're disturbed in mind, an' the sarvant-girls do be shakin' out the dure mats along about the same time. Kitty Maloney works in a boordin'-house, an' I've no doubt does it well, for she's a raal sinsible slip. Well, sure enough, whin I come round the corner who should I see but Kitty, lookin' mighty plazed at the sight o' me, an' beckonin' me wid her dure mat the same as if it was the flag of ould Ireland.

"Good-mornin', Tim," sez she.

"An' the top o' the mornin' to yersilf, Kitty," sez I.

"An' thin what ails ye?" sez she. "Is it a ghost ye've seen, or what, you look that white?"

"Kitty," sez I, "there's no tellin' what

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I've seen; but down on yer bended knees an' be thankful ye see me on two feet this day, for it's shot an' wounded I've been."

"Is it shot?" sez she.

"Divil a less," sez I, "for I seen the flash, an' I've that confusion of intillict that they all do have from a wound in the head."

Wid that she begun to laugh, an' said it was what I'd been drinkin'; but I towld her that I was a total abstinence son of Father Mathew, an' that no wan knew that betther nor she did, for she'd druv me to sign the pledge hersilf. An' then I up an' towld her all about the tin canister an' the fire flashes.

She didn't take much stock in it. Wimmin is quare annyhow, an' I've seen her take on worse over a little sthroke of a shillalah across me head nor she did over all the dangers I'd bin through. But she had her own talk to let out that mornin', for she was just leppin to go to the Shamrock ball that night, an' she was bound that I should take her.

"Wid a heart an' a half, Kitty," sez I; for she was a very presintible young woman entirely to take to the like; "wid all me heart. But sure what will the ould woman say?"

That was the ould girl that run that hashery, an' she always had a lick o' the rough side of her tongue for me whiniver she seen me.

"Lave me alone," sez Kitty; "sure me aunt in Brooklyn isn't dead yet."

"Begorra she must be the tough ould shtrap, thin," sez I; for more be token she'd been an' pled that aunt to her misthress ivery time she wanted to get out wid me for a year or more.

An' wid that we settled it, not forgettin' a taste of a kiss to kape us good-timpered; an' sure where's the harm in the like, whin there's not a sowl, barrin' a milk wagon, on the block?

Kitty got her lave fast enough to go to her poor sick aunt, an' was waitin' for me below the grocery. Relations is a great convanience av ye use them right.

Well, be the time we'd been at the Shamrock a couple o' hours, an' had welted the flure middlin' lively, accordin' as we could humor the chune o' the band, there was no gayer lad nor mesilf in North Ameriky, an' I'd clane forgotten to think o' the tin canister all the avenin'; though I cudn't get out o' the notion that the fellow meant me some divilment yet, an' maybe ud chance to howld the yoke a thrifle straighter nixt time he seen me.

I was givin' Kitty a taste o' refrishments—divil a much betther it was nor buttermilk—whin who should come in an' stand right foreninst us but the widdy Rooney. She had mischief in her eye, an' I knew she was up to some thavin' thrick whin she spoke so swate to Kitty.

"Good-avenin', Miss Maloney. Ye're havin' an iligant dance, I thrust," sez she.

"I can't deny it," sez Kitty, very brisk an' spirited. "The same to yersilf, ma'am, an' many o' them."

So they went at it hammer an' tongs, the way two wimmen will do whin they can't talk too much blarney an' wish too much harm to wan another, an' these two was so mortial handy at it that I'd as lief thry an' kape the pace betune a bull an' a holly bush.

At last the widdy turns to me, an' sez, sez she, "A word wid ye, Mr. Dwyer, av ye plaze."

"Sartinly, ma'am," sez I, "wid all the pleasure in life," though it's ould Nick himself I'd rather be goostherin' wid that minnit.

"I'm goin' to write to Miss Canby tomorrow," sez she. Miss Canby's the ould maid that kapes the boordin'-house where Kitty works. "I'm going to write to Miss Canby, an' let her know what a mighty plisint avenin' our frinds are havin' here."

"An' for what would ye do the like o' that, ma'am?" sez I, the same as av I didn't know it was for spite.

"For fun an' for fancy," sez she, an' she laughed that plazed that I knew she'd do it, an' av it had ha' bin annywhere else but in a mighty silict ball, I think I'd ha' twisted her neck. "For fun an' for fancy, an' just to aise folk's minds in regard to the health of that very respectable woman Miss Maloney's aunt in Brooklyn beyant."

Wid that she went off sniggerin' an' titterin', as if she'd said somethin' very smart, an' I went back to Kitty.

But girls, the best o' thim, is little betther off nor hens in the matther o' sinse, an' she was that mad, or purtended to be, because I spoke to the widdy, that I had to waste the best part o' an hour an' sivin dances tryin' to soother her. The colleen was scared enough, all the same, whin I did get tellin' her.

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"Is it write to Miss Canby?" she sez, all of a thrimble.

"Divil a less," sez I, thryin' to give it her so I wouldn't frighten her.

"Och, millia murther! she'll turn me out," sez she, "widout as much of a character as ud make a pair o' blankets for a flea."

"Suppose she does itself?" sez I; but I knew all the time that Kitty set great store be her situation; though I wouldn't ha' given a nickle for a dozen o' them.

"She must be stopped from writin'," sez she.

"Kitty, me darlint," sez I, "av ye had as much exparience wid widdies as I've had, ye'd know that the divil himsilf cudn't do that."

"Well, av we cud get howlt o' the letther," sez she.

"That might be done," sez I. "I'll hang around whin the postman comes to-morrow."

"An' what 'll ye say to him whin ye seen him, avick?" sez she.

"Lave that to me," sez I. "Av that limb of a widdy writes to Miss Canby, she'll do it to-morrow; an' I'll hang around an' watch close for the letther, an' let you do the same."

"Ye know the widdy's writin', I suppose, Tim?" sez she, so innocent an' onconcerned like that I slaps out wid, "To be sure; why not?" widout thinkin'. An' mortial sorry I was whin she sez, "Ho! ho!" sez she. "So you've been resavin' letthers from the widdy, have ye?"

"Niver think it, acushla," sez I. "But sure iverybody ud know a widdy's letther."

"An' how wud they do that?" sez she.

"Becase a widdy always writes wid red ink, as is well known. They dar'n't write wid black ink for fear folks ud think they was mournin' too much afther the first husband, an' that ud spoil the new market."

It tuk time an' a good dale o' solid, sinsible talk to mek her belave that; but I got her home quiet an' aisy afther a while.

The next day I dhropped round for a word while the boorders were fillin' up above-stairs—it's always a mighty paceful time in a boordin'-house—an' Miss Kitty towld me a mighty quare thing.

It wasn't about the widdy She'd done nothin' yit; but I wasn't goin' to thrust her, for Kitty set desprit store about her not writin' to the ould maid. No; it was about another sarcumstance altogether. The girl wint at it this way.

"Tim," sez she, "whin are ye goin' to give me that fortygraft ye promised me?"

"Tare an' ages, Kitty!" sez I, for she was always axin' for the same thing, till she had me wore out; "is it off on that ould tack ye are agen? Sure ye know that I niver had me pictur' tuk, an' niver will."

"An' why not, Tim?" sez she. "Sure I've seen uglier faces nor yours in the shop windies."

"Uglier ye have, I don't doubt," sez I. "But, be this and be that, ye'll niver see moine there. Think o' the disgrace o' the like to a dacent boy!"

"Faith an' I can't see the disgrace," sez she.

"Is it not see it?" sez I. "To be put up there for the polis anny time they want me? No, Kitty; av iver I have the misfortin to kill a man, I'm willin' to suffer for it as becomes a Dwyer; but wan man in wan family is enough to be disgraced that way."

"Ah, sure enough. Ye towld me yer brother was fortygrafted. I wondher how he stud it?" sez she.

"Begorra he stud it rowlin' on the flure," sez I. "That was how he stud it. For there were three men howldin' him; an' a docthor, wid some bowld divil they called Annie Sthetic, all on to him at the wanst, an' sure what cud the poor fellow do?"

"Well, Tim," sez Kitty, spakin' middlin' comical, "I'll forgive ye this time; for I have yer pictur', an' an iligant likeness it is." And wid that she showed me, up to me own face an' eyes, a mane little pictur' o' mesilf tuk wid a glass o' liquor at me lips, an' Billy Power alongside o' me, wid his big mouth open an' his ould caubeen on the back o' his head, as nateral as life.

I declare, there was a minnit I didn't know whether I was slapin' or flyin'!

"Well, now, Kitty," sez I, purty soon, "ye can see that's not me wid a whiskey glass, for ye know I niver touch the like."

"It's powerful like ye, Tim," sez she, laughin'.

"Ah, to think o' yer seein' poor Paudeen in his disgrace," sez I, "an' that bigmouthed docthor alongside o' him! Ah, there's no knowin' where a man 'll land whin he begins by havin' his fortygraft tuk."

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"Oh, it's yer brother's pictur'," sez she. "He has a great luk o' ye, thin."

"Powerful," sez I; an' that satisfied her, for she had niver seen him; but I had, an' it didn't satisfy me near so good, for Paudeen no more favors me nor a wisp o' straw favors an ould black kettle. It was aisy enough to contint Kitty, for sure there was the liquor to prove to her it cudn't be me; but I was bothered intirely, an' felt like the praste that the girl kissed widout his ever misthrustin' that she'd done it.

Where in the world cud they have ketched me to stale a pictur' off o' me, an' I niver guess the wrong bein' done me?

I looked closer at the fortygraft, an' I seen a thin edge o' a face wedged in wan corner; nothin' but the grin on wan lip of it showin'; but I cudn't be mistook in that grin. It was Barney.

An' wid that the whole thing lepped at me like a wink, an' I had it. The tin canister an' the flash o' light an' the whole bedivilment o' the other night kem to me, an' I seen how I'd bin abused. But I got off purty aisy, considerin' what determined vilyans they was; for I looked close at the pictur' an' divil a sign o' the hens cud I see, good nor bad.

The bell rung while I was talkin' to Kitty, an' she had to lave me to go crack eggs or the like for the boorders. If iver I had to take boorders, I'd liefer feed pigs; they have nothin' to say agin their victuals, an' they take whativer ye've a mind to give 'em, besides bein' more betther money's worth in the long-run. Annyhow I had to lave suddint that minnit, for I heerd Miss Canby's v'ice on the stairs.

I walked uptown fair an' aisy, an' whin I got to the corner o' Sixtieth Strate, who should I see but the widdy Rooney, an' she just dhroppin' a letther into a lamp-post.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, ma'am," sez I. "It's airly ye are sendin' valentines."

She gev a wicked soort o' a grin. "I like to be in good time, Tim Dwyer," sez she.

Wid that I knew that she had done it, an' that she had bin writin' her lyin' letther to Miss Canby; for I'd liefer she did lie about the colleen itself nor tell the trut, for the trut may be full as damagin' as a lie, an' it's harder work upsettin' it.

I seen a letther-carrier wid whom I had enough of an acquaintance to wish him the time o' day, an' I towld him I'd just mailed a highly important doccyment to Nineteenth Strate, an' what time wud it be delivered.

"A few minnits afore eight o'clock in the avenin'," sez he; an' wid that I seen how I cud euchre the ould cat, an' sure enough I wud ha' euchered her, an' no wan a haporth the wiser, av it hadn't been for that divil of a flash that kem jist in time to mek all this thrubble.

I was hangin' around the dure of No. 90—that's the house in Nineteenth Strate—a quarter afore eight, an' Kitty, the crathur, was watchin' me out o' the front basement, for she's niver so happy as whin she kin have her eyes on me. It was middlin' dark whin the postman kem around; I cud hear his whistle, an' I run up an' hid jist inside the front dure. Well, I stipped out to mate him as bowld as brass, the same as av I owned the block, an' he handed me three or four letthers all in a bunch.

Did anny wan iver hear tell o' the like? A lone woman widout a man to her name gettin' all them letthers at a lick, the same as if she was the Prisidint, jist a purpose to confuse me! I was considtherin' that I'd betther tear them all up, for thin I'd be sure o' the widdy's letther annyhow, whin, bang! may I niver ate another bit av some one didn't shoot me from right acrost the strate. Yis, sir; there it was; the same ould flash leppin up, an' the same ould tin canister, only this time I wasn't scared so much as I was mad. I seen the whole thrick. This fellow was follyin' me round stalin' pictur's o' me. Very apt he had me likeness among all the chickens, or he'd given it to Dutch Peter as ividence agin me, an' I knew he had me cot drinkin' whiskey afther hours. But this time I was breakin' no law, only puttin' a stop to mischeevious letthers, so I didn't give a trauneen for him. I jist tuk a flyin' lape down out o' the stoop, an' I was acrost the strate afore ye cud say whillaloo.

Be vartue o' me oath, I only hot him the three licks—wan to knock him down, wan to sthraighthen him up whin he was fallin', an wan more to lay him down steady an' quiet while I smashed the murtherin' ingine he had; an' av I left a bit o' that bigger nor a bit o' wood, I'm willin' to go to jail fer it. I niver hot him but the three blows, an' he'd been parsecutin' o' me for nights. Av I'd bin a man o' violent timper there's no sayin' but I might

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ha' hurt him, but there was no satisfaction in b'atin' the like. He was shuk wid the first lick, an' all ran together like a spoonful o' milk curd, squealin' for all the world like a shot hare. They tell me I blacked his eyes an' lift a singin' in his ears he mayn't git over in a month. A black eye! That's a purty thing to mek a fuss about. I've known dacent boys ud be ashamed to be seen goin' home from a dance or a wake widout a pair o' them. An' as for his ears—bad cess to them—it's little enough alongside o' my character disgraced be his fortygraftin'.

That's all I have to say, an' is a thrue statement o' why I bruk his infernal yoke an' sthroked his fluffy head fer him. He's tuk me face, that is me own property annyhow, an' lift it lyin' round to disgrace me, for Kitty towld me she found it in his room that mornin', for he boords in wid ould Miss Canby. He's bro't the mowltin' disaise on me fowl by the scare he gev 'em, an' he cost me tin cints to go to mass, for I didn't know but what the divil was afther me, flashin' fire at me in quare places in the dark, an' in close hoults wid me sowl. If that yoke o' his iver takes a pictur' agin, it 'll be because the divil is in it; an' if anny wan blames me for what I've done, all I ax them is to put theirsilves in me place, an' see how they'd like it thimsilves.

Av ye can square this thing wid the young man, I'd let him off an' not take the law o' him for felonious fortygrafts; for Kitty's lost her place wid Miss Canby, an' we'll git married Sunday very apt av I don't be locked up for this night's work.

But sure what can they do to me, widout they mek it out that silf-defince is a crime in New York?

POE'S MARY.

BY AUGUSTUS VAN CLEEF.

SHE was a lively, handsome old lady of seventy-one. I call her an old lady not because she looked one, but because she was. She looked rather sixty than seventy; and though her hair, once auburn, was white, her step was brisk, and her figure was as erect, round, and trim apparently as it was fifty years ago. Her bright dark brown eyes had a kindly sparkle, and her frequent laugh was contagious. She was charming still, and it is easy to believe that, when a young girl, she was loved by and loved a man so strange and fascinating in many ways as Edgar Allan Poe. That she knew the poet and that he had been in love with her had been in later years known only in a vague, general way among her family, of which I am fortunate to count myself one, and friends. During the life of Poe she naturally said little about his early love for her, and since its close she has said but little more, except in general terms. Though for a year, when he lived in Baltimore with Mrs. Clemm and Virginia, they were engaged in fact, if not in name, though she remained to the end his friend and the friend of his wife and Mrs. Clemm, she is mentioned in none of the biographies of the poet.*

Naturally I was curious to hear her story. Finding, after she had told it to me, during a number of conversations, that it gave an intimate insight on certain traits of his character, described him with the minuteness of observation of a loving woman, corrected some statements and threw new light on others, I told her that it ought to be published. I had also prefaced my original inquiries by stating my purpose in making them. She gave her consent, stipulating that her identity should not be revealed. And so the grandmother who was loved in many households in New York and other cities told me the story of what was the chief romance of her life. On that of Poe, those who read it will see it cannot fail to have had a strong influence. If he had not been finally rejected by the heroine of the present story he would never have married Virginia, his child cousin, who acted as go-between during what was probably the first robust passion of his manhood. It also interferes somewhat with the romantic story of the gradual growth of his love for Virginia, in Mr. Eugene L. Didier's life of the poet.

Occasionally, as the old lady told her story, her eyes would become moistened as she spoke of him she called "Eddie" with something of the tenderness of old days, read again, half to me and half to herself,

* The lady died in the West in 1887.

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some of her early lover's poems, and lingered over the lines she thought referred to herself, or looked at the portrait reproduced with this article, which she declared was the best one she had ever seen, and had his expression. She recalled, as being like, one which was in a volume of his poems Poe gave her in after-years. She pronounced those in later biographies caricatures, making an exception in favor of the steel-engraving which accompanies the life by Mr. George E. Woodberry, in the "American Men of Letters" series. I give her recollections as much in her own words as possible, as I took them down at the time, while she sat by my side, and occasionally remarked that I could put what she said in my own words. This I only did when I had to, for sometimes statements in one conversation were amplified in another. In all but dates the old lady's memory was remarkably good, considering the lapse of years.

"When I first met Mr. Poe," she said, "I was about seventeen, and lived in Essex Street, I think it was, in the 'old town' of Baltimore. It was about 1835 (1832?), I think. Our house adjoined that of a Mr. Newman, who was our landlord. He had a daughter about my own age, whose name was also Mary. Mr. Poe had at that time recently come to live with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, after leaving West Point, and while his relations with Mr. Allan, whom he always called father, were not pleasant. Mrs. Clemm lived around the corner from us, in a street which crossed ours. She lived in the upper part of a house, and supported herself by sewing, dress-making, or some similar work. They were all very poor, but everything was wax neat. Mr. Poe was then quite a young man, and Virginia Clemm, who afterward became his wife, was a delicate school-girl of about ten years of age. Her sole beauty was in the expression of her face. Her disposition was lovely. She had violet eyes, dark brown hair, and a bad complexion that spoiled her looks. She had a brother, a dissipated young man, who went West; I never knew what became of him."

When I asked if Virginia was fond of Poe, Mary answered: "Oh my, yes! She was fond of her cousin, as any child would be of anybody that paid her attention."

"The stoops of Mr. Newman's house and ours," she continued, "were adjoining, and each had an inner balustrade. One summer afternoon Miss Newman and I were seated, talking, each on her own stoop, when Mr. Poe passed, as usual, on the other side of the street, on his way home. We were neither of us acquainted with him, but I knew him very well by sight, as we had flirted with each other for some time from the garret windows of our houses. We used to wave handkerchiefs and throw kisses to each other. My mother used to ask me, 'What takes you upstairs so much, Mary?' Mr. Poe once during that time sent Virginia around for a lock of my hair, and I sent it to him. Well, in passing, on the afternoon I have just spoken of, Mr. Poe bowed. My companion asked me if I knew him. I said no. She said he was Edgar Poe, who had recently come from West Point. She also said he wrote poetry. After Mr. Poe bowed he started across the street, and Miss Newman said: 'Why, I declare! there comes Mr. Poe across the street. Oh! isn't he handsome? He is coming to see you, not me.' He was handsome, but intellectually so, not a pretty man. He had the way and the power to draw any one to him. He was very fascinating, and any young girl would have fallen in love with him.

"Mr. Poe, having crossed the street, came up the Newmans' stoop. As he did so, I turned my back, as I was then young and bashful. He said, 'How do you do, Miss Newman?' She then turned and introduced him to me, and then happened to be called into the house. Mr. Poe immediately jumped across the balustrades separating the stoops, and sat down by me. He told me I had the most beautiful head of hair he ever saw, the hair that poets always raved about. It was auburn, and worn with frizzed puffs on the sides, as was then the style. From that time on he visited me every evening for a year, and during that time, until the night of our final lovers' quarrel, he never drank a drop, as far as I knew.

"Mr. Poe was about five feet eight inches tall, and had dark, almost black hair, which he wore long and brushed back in student style over his ears. It was as fine as silk. His eyes were large and full, gray and piercing. He was then, I think, entirely clean-shaven. His nose was long and straight, and his features finely cut. The expression about his mouth was beautiful. He was pale, and had no color. His skin was of a clear, beautiful olive. He had a sad, mel-

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ancholy look. He was very slender when I first knew him, but had a fine figure, an erect military carriage, and a quick step. But it was his manner that most charmed. It was elegant. When he looked at you it seemed as if he could read your very thoughts. His voice was pleasant and musical, but not deep.

He always wore a black frock-coat buttoned up, with a cadet or military collar, a low turned-over shirt collar, and a black cravat tied in a loose knot. He did not follow the fashions, but had a style of his own. His was a loose way of dressing, as if he didn't care. You would know that he was very different from the ordinary run of young men. Affectionate! I should think he was; he was passionate in his love.

"My intimacy with Mr. Poe isolated me a good deal. In fact my girl friends were many of them afraid of him, and forsook me on that account. I knew none of his male friends. He despised ignorant people, and didn't like trifling and small-talk. He didn't like dark-skinned people. When he loved, he loved desperately. Though tender and very affectionate, he had a quick, passionate temper, and was very jealous. His feelings were intense, and he had but little control of them. He was not well balanced: he had too much brain. He scoffed at everything sacred, and never went to church. If he had had religion to guide him, he would have been a better man. He said often that there was a mystery hanging over him he never could fathom. He believed he was born to suffer, and this embittered his whole life. Mrs. Clemm also spoke vaguely of some family mystery, of some disgrace.

"Eddie's life was embittered, and it was a great disappointment to him when Mr. Allan married again. He had no business to treat Eddie as he did, to educate him as he did, and then throw him over. Eddie was never educated to work. He was very proud and very sensitive. Mr. Poe once gave me a letter to read from Mr. Allan, in which the latter said, referring to me, that if he married any such person he would cut him off without a shilling. I think that Eddie told me that Mr. Allan's second wife (Miss Patterson) had been his house-keeper. She said she could not take care of him unless she was his wife. He could do nothing afterward without her approval.

"Eddie and I never talked of his poetry then or in later years. He would not have done that; he would have considered it conceited. We were young, and only thought our love. Virginia always carried his notes to me. I never kept any of his letters. Do you suppose I would, after I had married? Eddie's favorite name was Mary, he said. He used often to quote Burns, for whom he had a great admiration. We used to go out walking together in the evenings. We often walked out of the city and sat down on the hills.

"One moonlight summer night we were walking across the bridge, which was not far from our house. At the other end of the bridge was a minister's house. Eddie took my arm and pulled me, saying, 'Come, Mary, let us go and get married; we might as well get married now as any other time.' We were then but two blocks from home. I was taken by surprise and frightened, and ran from him toward home. He followed, and came in after me.

"We had no definite engagement, but we understood each other. He was then not in circumstances to marry. When my brother found that Mr. Poe was coming so often, he said to me: 'You are not going to marry that man, Mary?—I would rather see you in your grave than that man's wife. He can't support himself, let alone you.' I replied, being as romantic as Eddie was, that 'I would sooner live on a crust of bread with him than in a palace with any other man.'

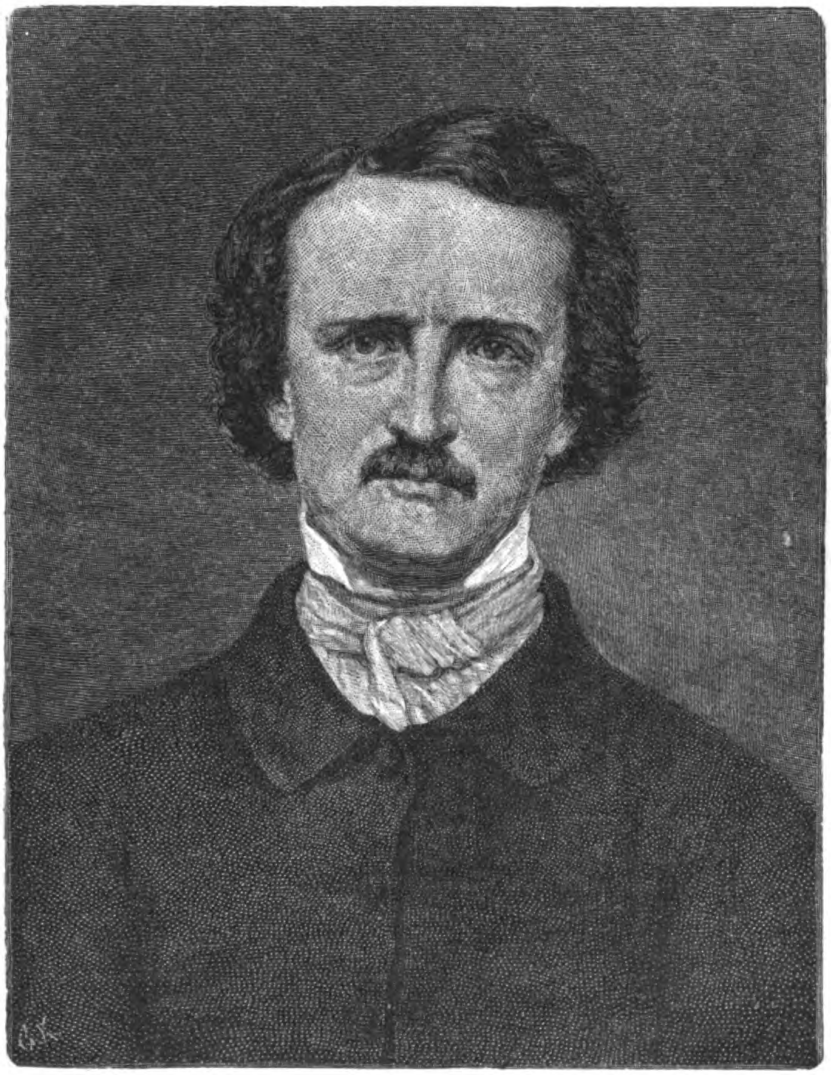
"The only thing I had against him," she continued, "was that he held his head so high. He was proud, and looked down on my uncle, whose business did not suit him. He always liked my father, and talked with him a good deal.

"The following little story will show you how much Mr. Poe was a creature of sudden impulse: One day in Baltimore, after some very heavy rains, the streets were flooded and almost impassable. A young lady stood at a corner wondering how she should get across. The first thing she knew, Eddie came up behind her, picked her up in his arms, and carried her across the street. His feet were wet when he came to our house and told me about it. The young lady was the daughter of a rich man living 'on the Point.' She asked Mr. Poe to whom she was indebted. He took out his card and

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gave it to her, and she fell in love with him, though she had never seen him before. He said she was a beautiful girl, and 'I guess I will have to go and see her.'

"To show you how jealous he was, I will tell you of the cause of one of our quarrels. One evening a friend of my brother's, a Mr. Morris, was visiting us. He knew that Mr. Poe's favorite song, which I often sang him, was 'Come rest in this bosom.' He asked me to sing it, in order to tease Mr. Poe. I went to the piano and began to sing. Mr. Morris stood by me and turned the leaves. Mr. Poe walked, with one hand behind his back, up and down the room, biting the nails of the other hand to the quick, as he always did when excited. He then walked over to the piano, and snatched the music and threw it on the floor. I said that it made no matter, that I could sing the song without the music, and did so. Mr. Morris, knowing me well, called me always 'Mary.' That also made Eddie jealous.



EDGAR A. POE.—From a photograph by Brady, New York.

He staid after Mr. Morris left, and we had a little quarrel.

"Our final lovers' quarrel came about in this way: One night I was waiting in the parlor for Eddie, and he didn't come. My mother came into the room about ten o'clock and said, 'Come, Mary; it's bedtime.' The parlor windows were open, and I lay with my head on my arms on one of the window-sills. I had been crying. Eddie arrived shortly after

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my mother spoke to me, and had been drinking. It was the only time during that year that I ever knew him to take anything. He found the front door locked. He then came to the window where I was, and opened the shutters, which were nearly closed. He raised my head, and told me where he had been. He said he had met some cadets from West Point when on his way across the bridge. They were old friends, and took him to Barnum's Hotel, where they had a supper and champagne. He had gotten away as quickly as possible to come and explain matters to me. A glass made him tipsy. He had more than a glass that night. As to his being a habitual drunkard, he never was as long as I knew him.

"I went and opened the door and sat on the stoop with him in the moonlight. We then had a quarrel, about whose cause I do not care to speak. The result was that I jumped past him off the stoop, ran around through an alleyway to the back of the house, and into the room where my mother was.

"She said, 'Mary! Mary! what's the matter?'

"Mr. Poe had followed me, and came into the room. I was much frightened, and my mother told me to go upstairs. I did so.

"Mr. Poe said: 'I want to talk to your daughter. If you don't tell her to come down-stairs, I will go after her. I have a right to."

"My mother was a tall woman, and she placed her back against the door of the stairs, and said, "You have no right to; you cannot go upstairs.'

"Mr. Poe answered: 'I have a right. She is my wife now in the sight of Heaven.'

"My mother then told him he had better go home and to bed, and he went away.*

"He didn't value the laws of God or man. He was an atheist. He would just as lief have lived with a woman without being married to her as not. Well, I made a narrow escape in not marrying him. I don't think he was a man of much principle.

"After the quarrel I have just told you about I broke off all intercourse with Mr. Poe, and returned his letters unopened. My mother also forbade him the house. He sent me a letter by Virginia. I sent it back unopened. He wrote again, and I opened the letter. He addressed me formally as Miss ——, and upbraided me in satiric terms for my heartless, unforgiving disposition. I showed the letter to my mother, and she in turn showed it to my grandmother, who was then visiting us. My grandmother read it, and took it to my uncle James. My uncle was very indignant, and resented Mr. Poe's letter so much that he wrote him a very severe, cutting letter, without my knowledge. Mr. Poe also published at the same time in a Baltimore paper a poem of six or eight verses, addressed 'To Mary ——.' There was an initial for my last name. The poem was very severe, and spoke of fickleness and inconstancy. All my friends and his knew whom he meant. This also added to my uncle's indignation. Mr. Poe was so incensed at the letter he received that he bought a cowhide, and went to my uncle's store one afternoon and cowhided him. My uncle was a man of over fifty at the time. My aunt and her two sons rushed into the store, and in the struggle to defend my uncle tore his assailant's black frock-coat at the back from the skirts to the collar. Mr. Poe then put the cowhide up his sleeve and went up the street to our house as he was, with his torn coat, and followed by a crowd of boys. When he arrived at our house he asked to see my father. He told him he had been up to see his brother, pulled out my uncle's letter, said he resented the insult, and had cowhided him. I had been called down-stairs, and when Mr. Poe saw me he pulled the cowhide out of his sleeve and threw it down at my feet, saying, 'There, I make you a present of that!'

"He then asked to see me alone, and upbraided me for telling about his letter, and being the cause of all the trouble. I told him I would have nothing to say to him, and did not wish to see him again. At the same time it was breaking my heart. My uncle had no business to take it up. I could have done so myself. We soon after this moved from Baltimore and back to Philadelphia, where I was born. I was so much disturbed by the quarrel with Mr. Poe that I was sick for a long

* This is evidently the second of the occasions which Poe's friend Mr. L. A. Wilmer spoke of in his recollections published on May 23, 1866, in the Baltimore *Daily Commercial*, as when Mrs. Clemm scolded her nephew "for coming home intoxicated the night before from a tavern, but as if it were a rare occurrence."

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time. I never saw him again until after he was married to Virginia. I married, and settled in New York city. When on a visit to Philadelphia, several years after, I met Mr. Poe on the street with his wife and Mrs. Clemm. I stopped and talked with them. They asked me to come to see them. I went, with a young lady cousin of mine. They lived in Seventh Street, in the back part of a little house. Eddie asked me to sing one of my old songs. I asked him what song. He said, 'Come rest in this bosom.' I sang it, and he thanked me. We spent a pleasant evening, and Mr. Poe accompanied my cousin and myself back to her house.

"A few years afterward, when living in Jersey City, I saw Mr. Poe again. He was still living in Philadelphia. He came to New York, and went to my husband's place of business to find out where we lived. He was on a spree, however, and forgot the address before he got across the river. He made several trips backward and forward on the ferry-boat. He asked different people on board if they knew where I lived, and finally found a deck hand who happened to know, and told him. Mr. Poe said he was determined to find me, if he 'had to go to hell' to do it. When my husband returned home he was told on the boat that a crazy man had been looking for his wife!

"When Mr. Poe reached our house I was out with my sister, and he opened the door for us when we got back. We saw he was on one of his sprees, and he had been away from home for several days. He said to me: 'So you have married that cursed —— [referring to her husband's business]. Do you love him truly? Did you marry him for love?' I answered, 'That's nobody's business; that is between my husband and myself.' He then said: 'You don't love him. You do love me. You know you do.'

"Mr. Poe staid to tea with us, but ate nothing; only drank a cup of tea. He got excited in conversation, and taking up a table-knife, began to chop at some radishes on a dish in front of him. He cut them all up, and the pieces flew over the table, to everybody's amusement. After tea he asked me if I would not play and sing for him, and I sang his favorite song again. He then went away. A few days afterward Mrs. Clemm came to see me, much worried about 'Eddie dear,' as she always addressed him. She did not know where he was, and his wife was almost crazy with anxiety. I told Mrs. Clemm that he had been to see me. A search was made, and he was finally found in the woods on the outskirts of Jersey City, wandering about like a crazy man. Mrs. Clemm took him back with her to Philadelphia.* This was in the spring of 1842.

"I visited them afterward in New York city, in Amity Street, and at the cottage at Fordham. The cottage was very humble, you know—you wouldn't have thought decent people could have lived in it; but there was an air of refinement about everything. There were vines growing all over the house, which had been fixed up for them by the owner; and Virginia loved flowers. So there was a bed in front of the porch. Over a door in the parlor stood on a bracket a plaster cast of a bird. I suppose it was a raven, but it might have been a parrot. It was the only piece of sculpture in the room.

"When Eddie was composing a poem he walked up and down the floor of the little parlor, with one hand behind his back in his usual way, biting the finger-nails of his other hand till the blood came. When he got what he wanted he would sit down and write the lines, and then begin walking again. I have heard it said that at times, after Virginia's death, when he could not sell a poem, he would say to the person to whom he offered it, 'Then give me a glass of brandy, and take it.'

"The day before Virginia died I found her in the parlor. I said to her, 'Do you feel any better to-day?' and sat down by the big arm-chair in which she was placed. Mr. Poe sat on the other side of her. I had my hand in hers, and she took it and placed it in Mr. Poe's, saying, 'Mary, be a friend to Eddie, and don't forsake him; he always loved you—didn't you, Eddie?' We three were alone, Mrs. Clemm being in the kitchen. On the day Virginia died I came down from the cottage to the city in the same stage with Mrs. Dr. Shew. She was a great friend of theirs, and we talked about Virginia. On the day of the funeral I remember meeting at the cottage Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Shew, N. P. Willis and his partner

* This was evidently the time that he was away for a short time from his desk as editor of *Graham's Magazine*, and on coming back found Dr. Griswold temporarily in his place, and left the office with wounded feelings, not to return again.

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Morris, and some of the neighbors. It was very cold, and I did not go to the grave, but staid at the house.

"They were so very poor that Mrs. Clemm told me that, in order to get money to live, she picked manuscripts out of Mr. Poe's waste-paper basket which he had rejected, and sold them without his knowledge. When my daughter was to be married I wanted Eddie and Mrs. Clemm to come to the wedding. She said they could not, as neither she nor he had any clothes. She wanted me to buy Virginia's gold thimble for ten dollars for a wedding present, but I could not afford it, as I had many things to buy. Mrs. Clemm however, did sell the thimble."

In talking of Poe's intended marriage to Mrs. Shelton, whom he had known as a young man while she was Miss Sarah Elmira Royster, Mary said that Mr. Allan had originally intended them for each other, and spoke of the lady as being a protégée or adopted daughter of that gentleman. As Mr. Woodberry speaks of this affair as coming to naught on account of Mr. Allan's opposition, and Mr. Gill says it was strongly opposed by that gentleman, and the cause of a violent quarrel between him and his adopted son, perhaps the statement of the lady who followed Miss Royster in Poe's affections should have some weight. It is evident that with the natural disposition of a man to make light of a previous affair he intimated to his new love that it was Mr. Allan who wanted the match, and not he. In this there was, it is likely, also considerable truth. My informant having been perhaps naturally inclined to laugh at much of the story of the love of Poe for his child cousin Virginia, which his biographers speak of as if it made up, with the motherly love of Mrs. Clemm, the whole sum of his experience in female affection during his stay at the latter's home in Baltimore, was also at variance with these gentlemen on another point. She insisted, contrary to all accounts, that Mrs. Shelton, who was the widow, she said, of a rich Southerner, old enough to have been her father, sent first for Mrs. Clemm, and that the latter then sent for Poe. There were some details given about this matter which gave the statement a strong air of probability, but are not worth relating here.

NORWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

Second Paper.

FROM my first article the reader will no doubt have received the impression that the Norwegian people, according to the life-work allotted to them by Nature herself, are divided into two classes, the inland people carrying on agriculture and forestry, and the coast people mainly engaged in shipping and fishing, and who also rely upon what the soil can produce, which indeed is not of slight importance. Even in the north of the country, where the great fisheries take place, the people would scarcely be able to exist if the crops should fail any year.

Other countries have also inland and coast population with different occupations, but no other country has such a lengthy coast with such regular and rich fisheries, or such a number of harbors and fjords sheltered by a *skjærgaard*—the skerries or islands which all along the Norwegian coast protect the entrance to most of these. The number of the coast people is therefore comparatively great, and the contrast between them and the inlanders particularly marked. Probably they are not altogether quite the same race of people. The old Viking life led to the introduction of slaves, *i.e.*, captives of war. The Norwegian settlements in foreign countries have also probably contributed to the mixtures of races. A great number of the people on the western coast seem, beyond doubt, to have Gaelic or Celtic blood in their veins. The inland population, on the other hand, are Teuton mixed with Lapps. The latter are the oldest inhabitants of the country, and lived in the woods for a long time after it had been conquered by the *Norröna* people. As late as in the time of Harald Haarfager (872–930) we hear of a Lapp maiden with whom the King fell in love and married. He loved her passionately, and on her death he had to be severed from her corpse by force.

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But the difference in the mixed races and in the modes of obtaining their living becomes still greater by their different environment. Even if the people originally had been of exactly the same race, and their occupation the same, they would in time, with such diverse surroundings, become two. In the inland country are the wooded hills and mountains, the valleys with the many well-built farms dotted about here and there, the *sæter* life and the exhilarating sport to be had on the mountains and in the rivers hovering over it all like an idyl; the work and the life in the great forests as a recreative change; five months winter, with splendid roads for sleighing; the same method of work year after year, happy in its peacefulness; the summer, with its "light life" of four months, like an Eastern fairy tale, enhanced by a solitude in which all impressions become lasting.

Their method of working is slow but steady. Opinions are slowly formed and tenaciously held, and much independence is developed by the rigorous isolation of farm from farm, each on its own freehold ground, unannoyed and uncontradicted by any one. The way the people work and live together in the fields and in the forests and in their large rooms has given them a characteristic stamp of confidence in each other, and the fact that every farm through generations has been dependent upon its own resources has developed a rare many-sidedness in the peasants' minds. Until recently the roads were bad, and communication with the towns and neighboring districts difficult. The men were compelled in consequence to become their own handicraftsmen in addition to their daily work on the farm, to shooting, snaring, fishing, and tree-felling. The women too on a Norwegian farm must, besides cooking and general household work, understand baking, brewing, tailoring, etc.



A HARDANGER BRIDE.

The Norwegian peasant has a decided aptitude for trading and for travel, and is consequently naturally inclined to knowledge. Education is making steady progress in the country; every one can read and write, and on every farmstead one or more newspapers are regularly taken. The *husmænd* (tenants or cotters) even are beginning to subscribe to newspapers. Books they can get from the parish library, or very often they buy them for themselves. The modern literature of the country has penetrated into every valley, and is now generally bought by the well-to-do among the peasantry.

In addition to our excellent *almueskoler* (national schools), the so-called

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BRIDE FROM VOSS.

folkehöiskoler (high-schools for the people) have spread themselves from Denmark. In these, lectures are given for grown-up people of both sexes. Besides these there are also the *amtsskoler* (county schools), essentially the same as the former, but "removable." After a couple of years' teaching in one parish they are moved on to the next. The teachers are, as a rule, well fitted for their calling, and very self-sacrificing. Their object is not profit, but to make the school self-supporting. At these schools the teachers give popular lectures on the physical geography of the country, the political history of the people, and they make the pupils conversant with the social questions of the day. With these schools are associated colleges for agriculture; often they are connected in one. A special feature in the teaching at the *folkehöiskoler* is the study of modern Norwegian literature, which is read aloud to the pupils. The best songs of the people, both old and new, are sung until both melody and words are learned by heart. Women and men who thus have learned these songs hand them down to the succeeding generation.

This rise of enlightenment, which more and more brings the peasantry to take part in the discussion of social and political questions, at first in private and then in public, and especially at election times, gives a sound counterbalance to the religious speculations which still linger among them from the time when they had nothing else to ponder upon besides their ordinary work. Superstition gave imperious explanation of everything which general ignorance could not solve, while religion was also at hand with its explanation. As education in time gave another and a natural explanation, the mind of the people showed itself to be—what one might know beforehand—of a strong realistic character. A religious revival does not last longer than one generation. The Norwegian peasant's conception of God is generally a feeling of moral responsibility, while dogmas are unessential. Attempts to fanaticize the people against the modern liberal movement in Europe as "freethinking," or even "godless," have been unsuccessful. With the population on the coast it is different.

Last winter I made a journey round the coast from Bergen to Christiania, calling at almost every town. If I came by sea, the steamer passing in between the islands, which generally protect the entrance to the harbors, I found the towns lying there before me, overhung by mountains, or, bright and irregular, climbing up along the mountain-side; or when I came by land through the most splendid winter landscapes, often across ice-bound lakes, through narrow valleys and then out again upon open plains, surrounded here and there by the small broken hills with which the mountain ranges finish out toward the sea; and when I looked at the fir and pine trees sprouting with life in the midst of the snow, or at the red-painted houses with white casements under the shelter of hills and rocks spotted with greenish brown or wholly black patches; and when we at last came upon the town and saw the open ocean outside the islands, the town at our feet or right in front of us, like a cluster of birds' nests on an island—one cannot imagine one's self coming upon anything more enclosed and at the same time more open, the landscape so lively, so daring in the

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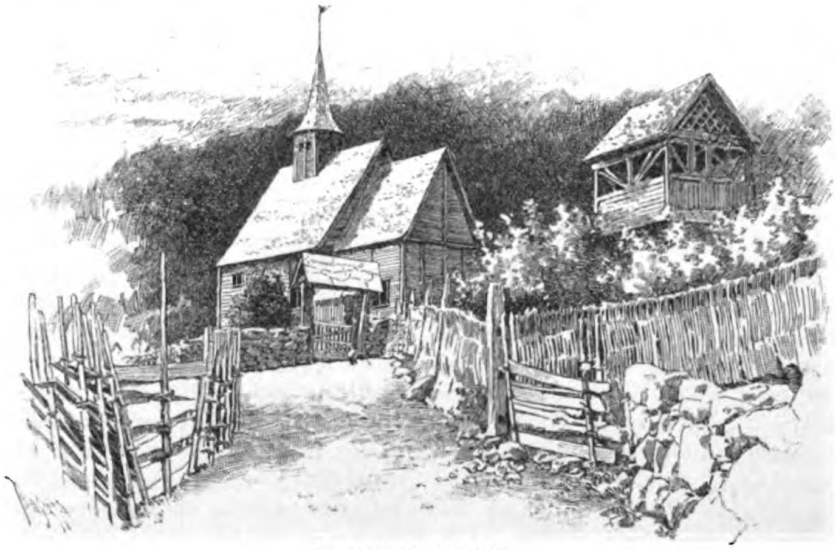
situation, so ready for setting out for sea, but at the same time so sheltered and secure behind the islands and the hills. One could not but believe that a daring race of people dwelt here, and its imagination was as salt and wild as the sea-foam, but its will carefully guarded withal.

On the west coast the character of the people partakes something of that of the sudden squalls which rush down the steep mountain-sides and along the fjords. On the east coast, between the low hills and islands, the character, however, becomes more that of the pilot on the lookout for vessels, or that of the fisherman setting out to see if the mackerel or herring shoals are at last coming into the fjords: the first more unruly and energetic; the other clever and witty enough, but more prudent.

I think that this anticipatory characterization will, on further acquaintance, prove to be the correct one, and if there is any part or district to which it does not exactly apply, the reason will be found in temporary circumstances.

Before I began my journey from Bergen I went there overland from Christiania, right across the southern part of the country, and I shall never forget the impression which the difference between the inland and the coast made upon me as I approached the latter. It was shortly after Christmas: I chose the route through Valders, which the Fillefjeld separates from Lærdalen in Sogn, one of the most splendid landscapes on the west coast, torn asunder by fjords and by mountains.

The journey itself in winter I can recommend as one of the healthiest I know of. One must be well equipped for it, and take care to be dressed according to the severity of the weather, and to keep one's feet warm. With a smart horse, and the roads in a good condition, you can easily do the seven or ten miles between the posting stations; the air is clear and keen, purified by the snowfall; you stretch your legs at the station while the horses are being changed, and then off again!



CHURCH IN VALDERS.

Norway is a "winter land," and in my eyes it is then it is most beautiful: white valleys, dark gray rocks, and mountains covered with forests. How finely the latter stand out against the white background! Or perhaps the naked mountain-sides are overrun by frozen streams and torrents, which shine in all colors from grayish white, emerald green, to rusty yellow; one part of the forest stands snow-powdered, another partly powdered, and yet another wholly green, and by its sides the birch-trees delicately rime-frosted to their finest tips, or standing out brownish blue against the verdant pines and firs. The many buildings on the farmsteads, with their snow-clad roofs, lie comfortably nestled together in the dazzling white snow fields. And then the air! There are no bacteria in that air. I do not understand why people who travel for the sake of their health do not choose the winter in which to visit Norway, and then

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make this tour, or one through Gudbrandsdalen. The stations are now very comfortable, and in the winter, especially after Christmas, there is a greater variety in the food than in the summer-time.

The further I travelled through Valders, the grander the scenery became, the livelier the people. These—our "mountain folk"—have from olden times looked down upon the people in the lowlands as slow and stupid, while the lowlanders have looked on the mountain folk as rough, poor, and proud in the midst of their poverty. But this spirit is now gradually disappearing.

But although the scenery in Valders is grand and the people lively, the scenery in Lærdal is grander still and its people yet more lively. When you have passed the Fillefjeld, the road over which may be difficult enough in the winter, but where there are excellent accommodations at the posting stations and safe conveyance by experienced and well-known drivers, the mountains in the narrow valley of Lærdal begin to rise precipitously, and become so lofty that the further we get into the valley the more uncomfortable we feel, and how "cabined, cribbed, confined!"

We sit and think: "This must at last crush those who live here." The post-boy on the seat behind speaks to us. He talks in a dialect the cadence of which jumps and meanders like a rippling mountain brook, and the words in this wild melody are full of r's and diphthongs, and rush out in a dashing torrent. You feel in high spirits, raised still higher by the loud tone of his voice, for he who speaks quickly generally speaks loudly, and the folks from Sogn outvie the roaring river or the breakers on the sea-shore. They never meet each other on the road in their carts or sledges without calling out to one another and exchanging some words, continuing to shout for some time after having passed each other.

And if you enter into conversation with the boy, you will find from his questions and answers that he is possessed of a dauntless view of life and upright courage, and you will understand the truth of the saying: "These people are masters over the nature they live in; they soar higher than the mountains."

The "lyrism" of the west coast, begotten of its grand scenery, where mountain and sea meet, and nourished by the struggle between the two, is the vital force of the country. The "lyrism" of the west may show a more unstable will, but then it is more fruitful in enterprise. What they lose by the one they gain by the other. Here the pioneers of the country, in all branches of mental activity and business, are reared.

Those of the population on the coast who are fishermen or sailors, and consequently are aware that their lives are in danger, and that they themselves and their calling depend upon circumstances over which they have no control, reckon with supernatural factors. Human nature has an indomitable need for knowledge. If a natural explanation cannot be found, a supernatural one is sought. When the boats were open and smaller, the coast not so well known, and finding the fish depended largely on chance, no telegraph to tell of their approach, of the sea-gulls and the whales, no steamer to convey the fishermen out to sea with their boats—all was then to them chance, or even a miracle; superstition supplied the explanation, and blind submission was the one condition for success. Since science and experience have changed the doubtful to a certainty, and built shelters where formerly there were none, and laid down rules for what formerly was haphazard, superstition has, of course, yielded little by little, and other conditions have now more weight than blind submission.

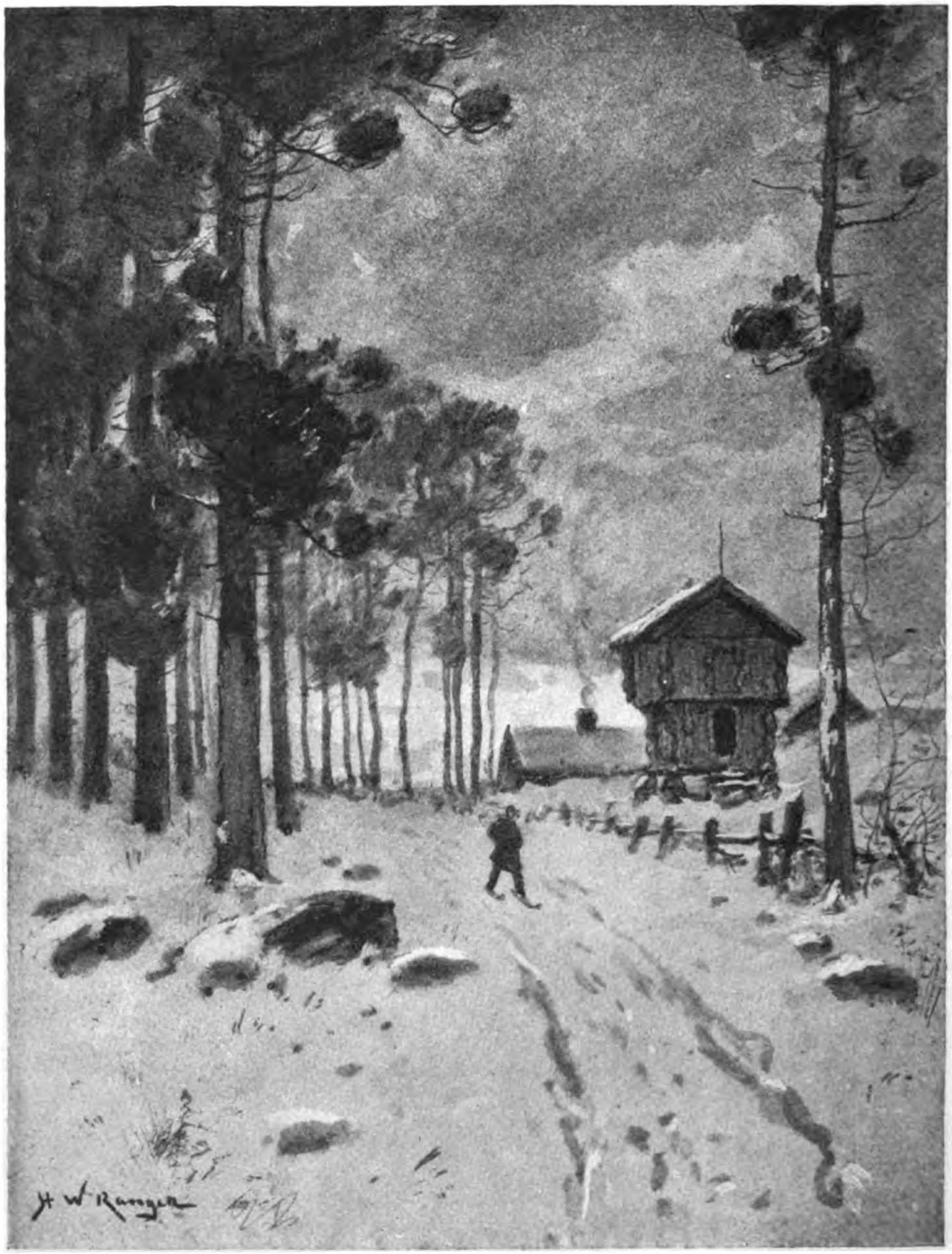
At one time the greater part of the western coast of Norway was covered with great forests: often, when digging into the soil on the islands or in the crevices of the rocks, one comes upon roots of large trees. Now it is completely denuded of trees. The houses on the coast are in consequence, as I have already mentioned, small and few; but more than a hundred years ago it was, in this respect, even worse. The dwelling-houses on the islands and in the districts nearest the coast had only a couple of small rooms; the one, from four to six feet broad and from ten to twelve feet long, served as kitchen and a kind of anteroom; the other, about ten to twelve feet square, where the people lived, took their meals, kept their provisions and clothes, and slept, and when you add that it served also as workshop—in those days all people were their own handicraftsmen—you will be able to picture to yourself the appearance of these dwellings. But worse remains: in these

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AT THE POSTING STATION (SKYD STATION).

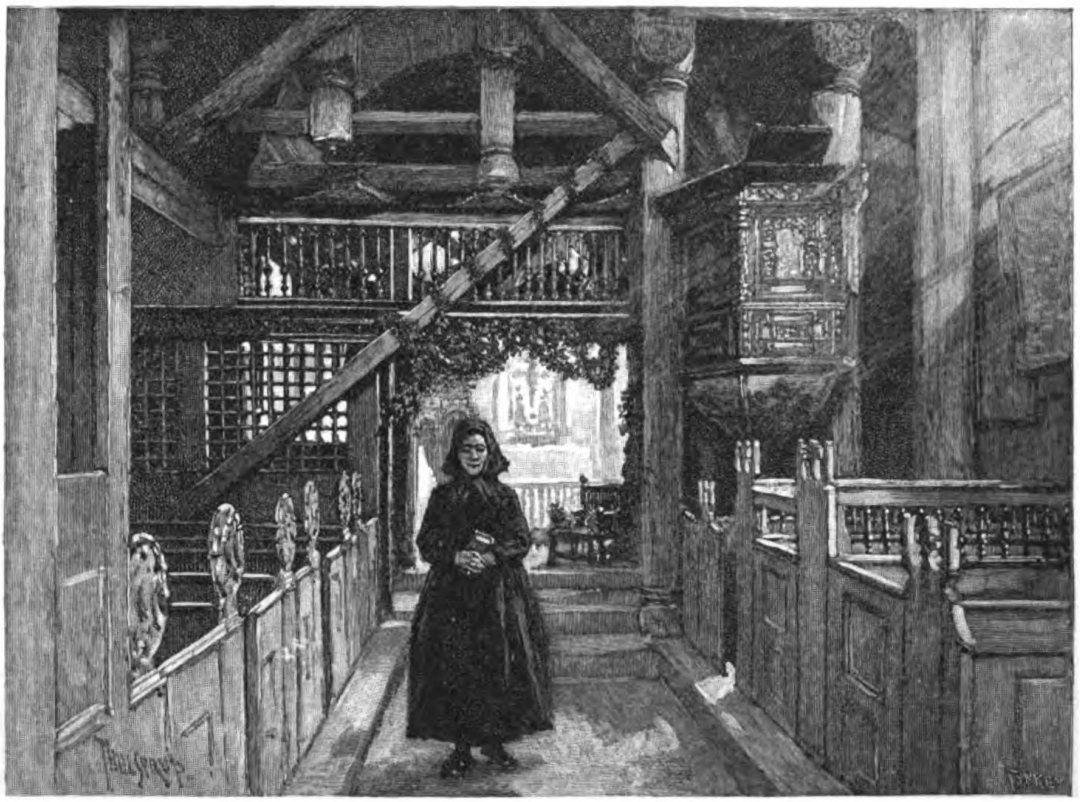
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A ROAD IN WINTER.

rooms lived sometimes as many as four families. The fact that these rooms were *rögstuer*—rooms without a chimney, but with a hole in the roof for the smoke—will explain how they were able to live in them without the air being vitiated. The great long table always found in the dwellings of the Norwegian peasantry was here divided for each family; so also was the floor. Endless quarrels and fights were the consequence. Their food was very plain: a basin of oatmeal soup and a *lubbesild* (dried herring) for breakfast; fish and oatmeal soup for dinner; porridge and milk

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INTERIOR OF OLD CHURCH AT SOGN.

for *mellemmad* (a third meal, taken about five o'clock), and for supper the same as for breakfast. The food was portioned out to each, the master's share greater than that of the others. The women had to do the work on the farm—in other words, the heaviest—while the men were away fishing or taking rest at home. And when there was nothing for the women to attend to on the farm, for instance, in the winter months, they had also to go out with the men in the boats to assist in rowing or in the fishing. The children were shut up in the house, the oldest taking care of the younger ones. Consequently there was little sense of domestic order and comfort. The floor of the room was scoured once or twice a year. Sand was strewn on it every Saturday, or whenever the floor became too wet.

From such conditions the people have raised themselves. And in this the strict religious teaching has assisted. Every Saturday evening and Sunday morning they had family worship, as well as before dinner on Sundays. The children had always to join in these devotions. If they had done anything wrong, they had to choose between saying a long evening prayer or grace and—the rod.

The great *markeder* (fairs), where the inland and the coast population met to sell, buy, or barter with each other, were notorious. They were held in the summer-time, near the main roads over the mountains which separate the western from the eastern districts, generally in the neighborhood of a church, which from olden times had been a *lovekirke*—one to which sailors and fishermen had promised something when in danger. Here they worshipped God, had horse-racing and rough fights promiscuously; here the men from the west measured strength and brutality with those from the east; "here many a fine horse had its wind broken, and many a smart lad was thrashed," as the saying was, and a very wild and licentious life on the whole was carried on. The fairs often lasted as long as eighty days.

And this in full swing even in our century! The women had in many places, when they were preparing to go to any feast or merrymaking, to take their husbands' shroud with them; no one could

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A NORDFJORD BRIDE.

foresee the issue of the inevitable fights on these occasions. In these encounters such feats as who could first gouge his opponent's eye out were included. They practised fighting with knives as soldiers practise with swords, and it was agreed to beforehand how deep the opponents were to stab each other. There was little or no respect for the authorities in those times. Even among men of the official classes life was not as it should be. Thus excessive drinking was the rule at all social gatherings and festivals. As late as in the early part of the present century it happened in Valders, one of our wildest districts, that the sheriff, the judge, the undersheriff, and the counsel who came to the assizes, and who had been invited to dinner by the clergyman, who lived hard by, forgot all about the people who were waiting for them outside the court-room. When at length the satiated and inebriated guests came reeling out of the house on their way to the court, they were seized hold of by the people, who had ranged themselves in a row on either side of the door, and judge, sheriff, and lawyers were all soundly thrashed in their turn as they were passed along from man to man.

During the long period that Norway was united with Denmark (1450–1814) all official positions in the country were almost exclusively held by Danes, and it frequently happened that they were totally unfit for their post, and did not even understand the language of the peasants.

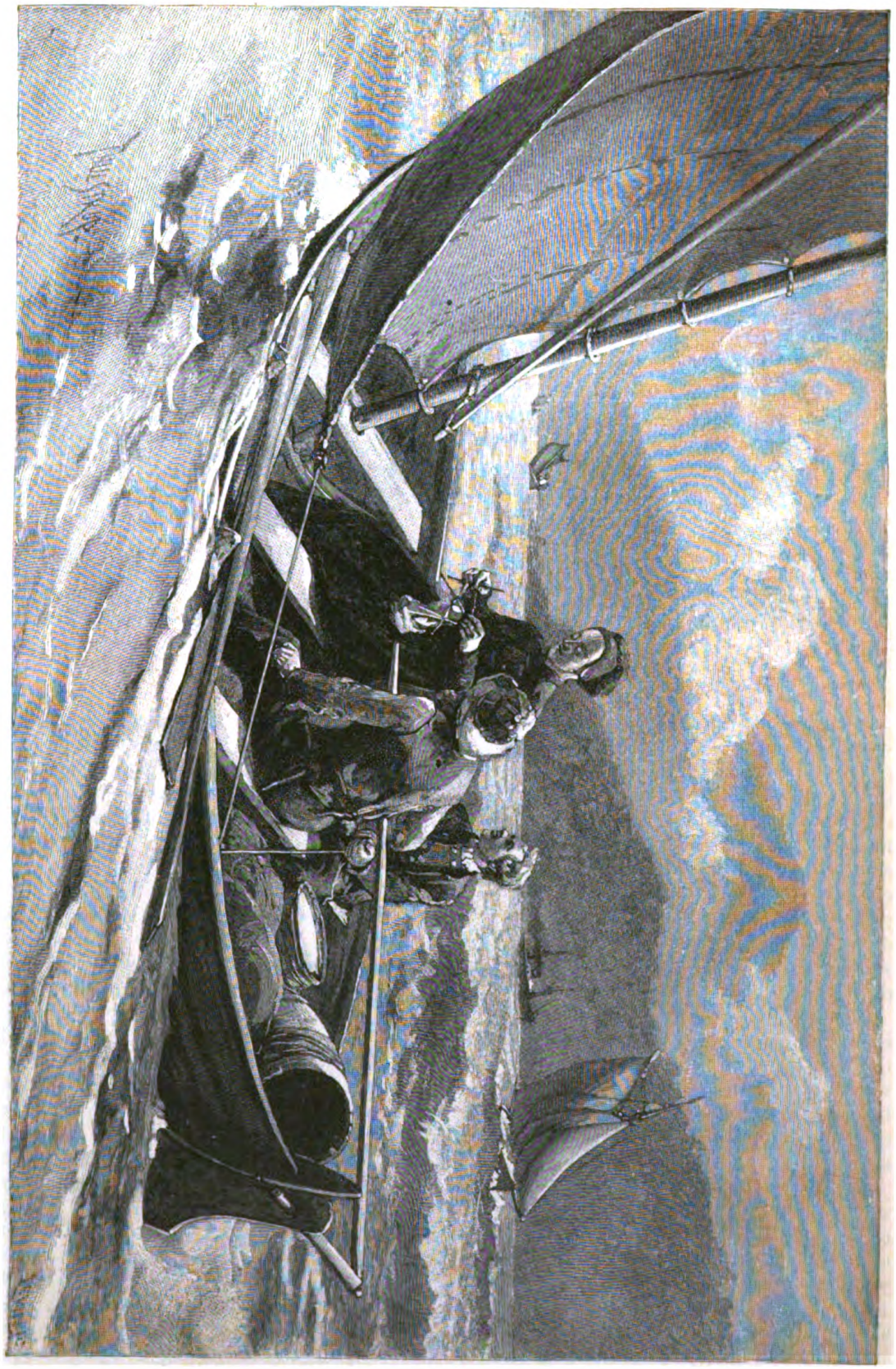
Less than the many errors and the insolence of these officials was needed to arouse the independent spirit of the Norwegian peasantry, who during the long union with Denmark never for a moment had allowed any encroachment upon their independence, which the udal right to their farms, inherited from their forefathers, had for generations—nay, for centuries—maintained.*

An attempt to bind Norway more closely to Denmark was made by inducing some of the sons of the old peasant families on the large farms to stay for some time in Denmark. Most of these farms are found in the heart of the country, and in the Trondhjem district, while many are found on the coast as far up as Nordland. These sons were to be made noblemen—which they, however, thought they already were. They were at first to go through a course of military discipline and to learn "good manners," but the attempt proved a most miserable failure, for the lads gave the officers and their teachers a sound thrashing, and got up a mutiny, and had at last to be sent home again. An attempt to organize a Norwegian corps of Lifeguards, in attendance upon the King at Copenhagen, was just as unsuccessful, and terminated in the same way. Such occurrences, however, tended to strengthen the claim of the country for national independence. What was Norwegian could not be made Danish; this was gradually being understood.

Thus the yearning for independence developed quietly, and soon found a mouth-piece in the *Norske Selskab* (the Norwegian Society), a literary gathering of Norwegian students at the Copenha-

* The udal right (*odelsretten*) means that the land is not held from any superior, but by original right, and is consequently not subject to any of the burdens or casualties affecting land held by feudal tenure.

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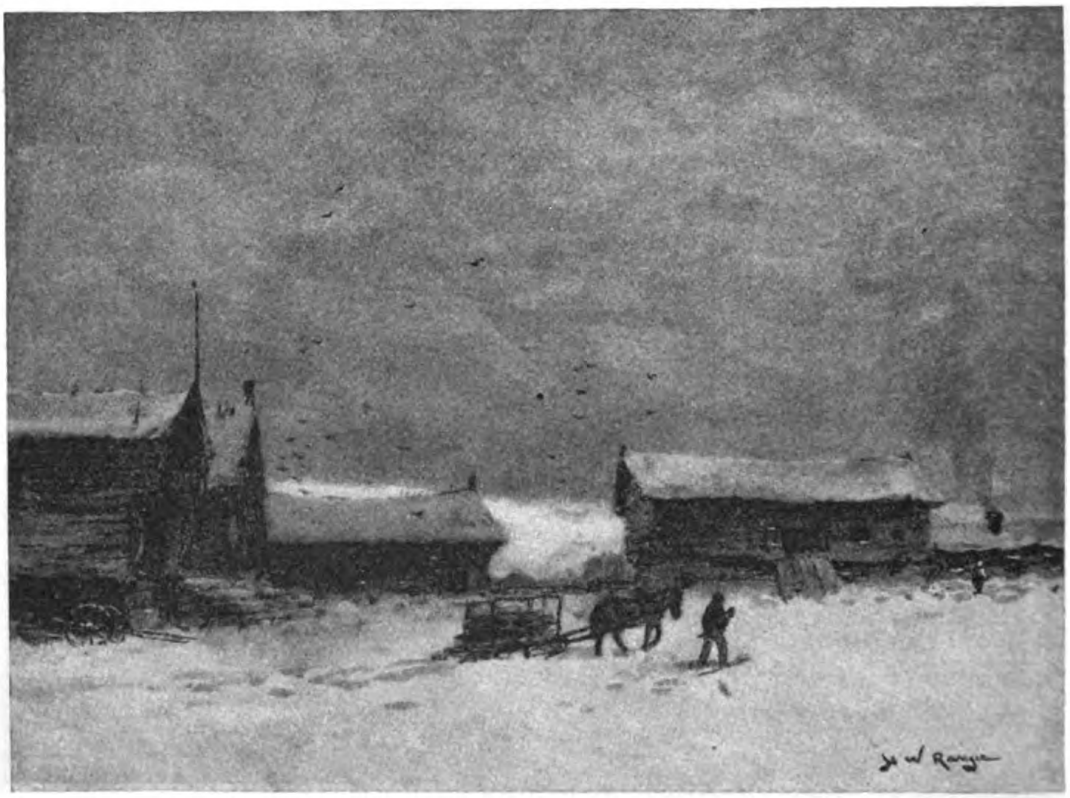


FISHER-FOLK RETURNING HOME FROM MARKET.

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FARM-YARD IN WINTER.

gen University; their victorious fisticuffs with their Danish brethren became in time a spiritual alliance for the welfare of the father-land. The ancestral pride of these independent odel-peasants had long been the natural foundation for this awakening patriotism; now it also became the historical-legal ground for their claim for political self-government. In due time it attained its end, when Norway in 1814 became an independent kingdom.

Then the people entered upon a new era, which quickly dissevered them from their old barbarous customs, and in which the natural strength and ability of the people reached to attainments which united what hitherto had been disunited and hostile.

Under this gradual growth, with self-made laws, and with municipal as well as national self-government, with an increasing enlightenment and good schools, with newspapers, with a literature, with lectures, meetings, political and social movements, the people have made astonishing progress, and under this newly awakened life the old-fashioned religious intolerance has become an archaism.

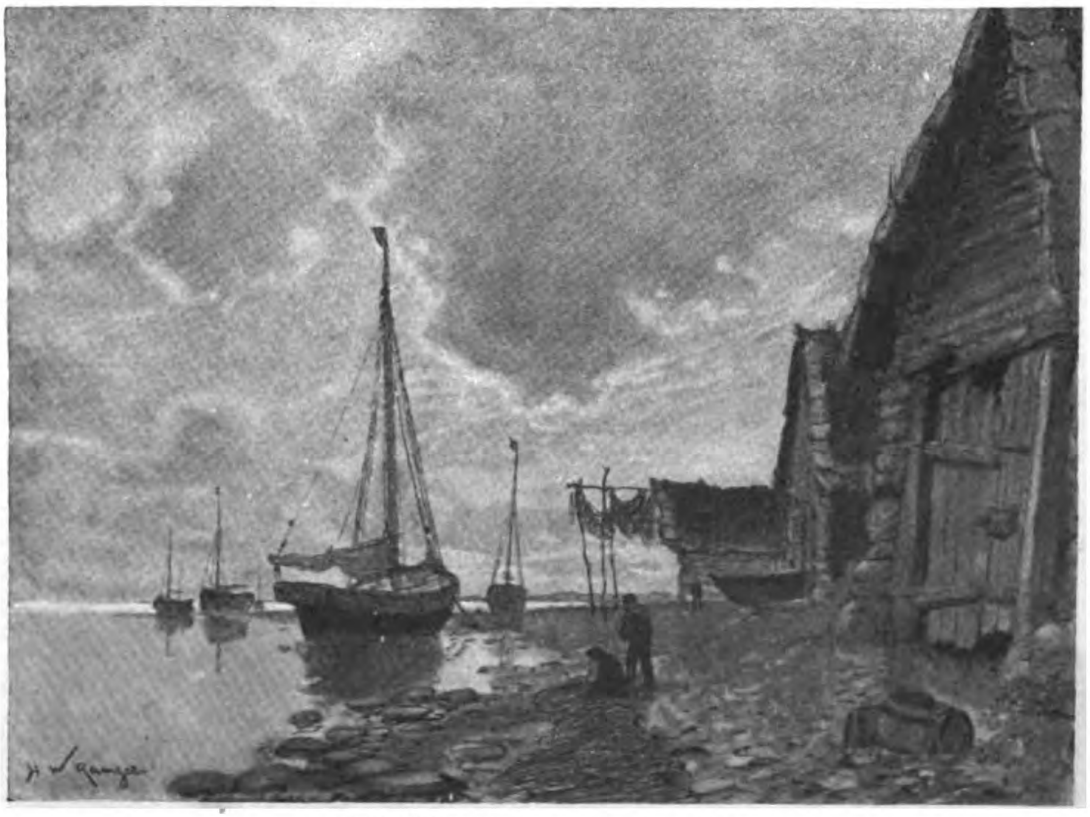
When in my first article I described the Norwegian people in their life work I intended to show how the peculiar conditions of the country, proceeding from its situation and natural characteristics, necessarily made their daily toil a strenuous education.

I do not believe there is another peasantry for whom progress is easier. It is, at any rate, certain that no other country possesses so many men in official positions—doctors, clergymen, engineers, teachers, merchants—who are peasant-born, often even from the tenant and working classes; and that no other country has so many eminent poets, artists, men of science, and statesmen who have also risen from the peasantry. I do not think I can better illustrate my assertion than by mentioning a few who yesterday were peasants and who to-day are leading men in the country. These men are in every point abreast of the age, whether they have received their education at school and university, or whether they, as self-made men, have travelled a far more thorny path to knowledge and position in life than the ordinary one.

Norway is not the only country where

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the clergy are recruited so largely from the ranks of the peasantry. But I ought to explain that in Norway no one can be ordained before he has taken his degrees at the university like other officials, and no one can be appointed to a bishopric unless he has taken degrees with honors. It is therefore all the more remarkable that several of our bishops have been peasants. Of these I will mention Bishop Jörgen Moe, also well known as a hymn-writer; and of clergymen, Landstad, who likewise is a hymn-writer. Skrevsrud is one of the greatest missionaries of our time; in conjunction with a Danish friend he has converted the Santals, one of the aboriginal races of India. He is a linguistic genius; not only has he formed a grammar of the language of this ancient people, but he himself speaks twelve languages. Ivar Aasen is our greatest linguist, and as such widely known; he was also a peasant. Vinje is a great lyrical poet; many of his songs have been set to music by our celebrated composer Edvard Grieg. Arne Garborg is one of our rising authors, and a witty controversialist, also peasant-born. Skredsvig, whose name as a painter is known far beyond the borders of Norway, is the son of a working-man. The father of the Norwegian school of painting, Dahl, was a peasant boy from the west coast. A number of our best painters and nearly all our sculptors are of the peasantry. Thus Skeibrok, the sculptor, is a peasant from the Mandal coast; he is also a clever humoristic writer, and reproduces with great talent the characteristic dialect and manners of the people from his district. Svendsen, the composer, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, and at present holding the honorable position of musical director at the Royal Opera at Copenhagen, is the son of a working-man. Arvesen, our most prominent teacher at the high-schools for the people, and a popular orator, O. Thommessen, one of our most gifted editors, Baard Haugland, our present Minister of Finance, Sivert Nilsen, President of the Storthing, are all peasant-born; the latter two have never gone through any of the higher schools or the university, but have nevertheless reached the highest positions of honor in the country.



BOAT-HOUSES ON THE HARDANGER FJORD.

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THE SHIPMAN'S TALE.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

LISTEN, my masters! I speak naught but truth.
From dawn to dawn they drifted on and on,
Not knowing whither nor to what dark end.
Now the North froze them, now the hot South scorched.
Some called to God, and found great comfort so;
Some gnashed their teeth with curses, and some laughed
An empty laughter, seeing they yet lived,
So sweet was breath between their foolish lips.
Day after day the same relentless sun,
Night after night the same unpitying stars.
At intervals fierce lightnings tore the clouds,
Showing vast hollow spaces, and the sleet
Hissed, and the torrents of the sky were loosed.
From time to time a hand relaxed its grip,
And some pale wretch slid down into the dark
With stifled moan, and transient horror seized
The rest who waited, knowing what must be.
At every turn strange shapes reached up and clutched
The whirling wreck, held on awhile, and then
Slipt back into that blackness whence they came.
Ah hapless folk, to be so tost and torn,
So racked by hunger, fever, fire, and wave,
And swept at last into the nameless void—
Frail girls, strong men, and mothers with their babes!

And were none saved?

My masters, not a soul!

Oh shipman, woful, woful is thy tale!
Our hearts are heavy and our eyes are dimmed.
What ship is this that suffered such ill fate?

What ship, my masters? Know ye not?—The World!

WINTER BOUGHS.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

HOW tenderly, spread to the sunset's cheer,
Far on the hill, the elm's old sinews fade!
A broidery of sea-weed, by a maid
Shut in her book, were scarce more fine and clear.
The loom is robbed of dyes since June was here,
The bower of music; yet thereon is laid
Such ghosted beauty, speech is all afraid,
Bold with the green dome many a braggart year.

O ye forgetting and outliving boughs,
With not a plume, gay in the jousts before,
Left for the archer! So, in evening's eye,
So stilled, so lifted, would your lover die,
Set in the upper calm no clamors rouse,
Stript, meek, withdrawn, against the Heavenly door.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THIS year, the centenary of the opening of our national constitutional epoch, will be a Washington year. As on a saint's day there is a special service in his honor, so through all this year there will be especial remembrance of Washington, and natural self-congratulation that in him we have a glory beyond that of other nations. The last striking tribute to him is also most timely, for it is that of Mr. Bryce in his *American Commonwealth*, whose publication happily coincided with the opening of this *annus mirabilis*. He says, in speaking of Hamilton's death, "One cannot note the disappearance of this brilliant figure, to Europeans the most interesting in the earlier history of the republic, without the remark that his countrymen seem to have never, either in his lifetime or afterward, duly recognized his splendid gifts." The explanation of this seeming want of appreciation is, however, very characteristic, for it lies in the instinctive American regard for morality.

Mr. Bryce touches it when he proceeds: "Washington, indeed, is a far more perfect character. Washington stands alone and unapproachable, like a snow-peak rising above its fellows into the clear air of morning, with a dignity, constancy, and purity which have made him the ideal type of civic virtue to succeeding generations. No greater benefit could have befallen the republic than to have such a type set from the first before the eye and mind of the people." That benefit is incalculable, and it will be acknowledged with every form of stately ceremonial and of eloquent enthusiasm during this year.

The great event of 1789 was Washington's inauguration as President, and it is the most important event in the annals of the city. The cosmopolitan character of the city from its settlement and in the early time of the little town, when it was said that more than a dozen different languages were spoken in its streets, down to the present, when it is the third or fourth city in size upon the globe, has always checked the sentiment of local pride which is so great a force in the development of a community. Among all the original States New York has seemed to care least for its significant events and its great men. That the Revolution was tactically largely a contest for the control of the Hudson, that the contest culminated at Saratoga, and that the new national order which resulted from the Revolution began in the city of New York, are facts which are known, indeed, but which have not grown into a proud tradition universally cherished and constantly repeated and celebrated like similar great events in New England.

This year, however, the last event, Washington's inauguration, will be the occasion of a great national observance. The President and cabinet, Senators and Representatives and judges, distinguished delegates from every State, will attend, and there will be religious and oratorical exercises and civil and military display. One fact, indeed, invests such a celebration with especial triumph. It is that while the government which was organized a hundred years ago was unprecedented in form and wholly untried in the experience of states, and while it was regarded with interest but with incredulity as essentially unequal to the great shocks of fate to which other states have succumbed, it has passed, within the century, not only unshaken but strengthened, through the most tremendous and prolonged ordeal to which such a government could be submitted.

Chief among its extraordinary good fortunes at its organization was that of the presence of a man without whom at that time its establishment would have been hardly possible. The French Minister at the time of the inauguration wrote home to his government that it was the universal confidence in Washington which secured assent to the Constitution. John Lamb, who was unfriendly to the Constitution, told Hamilton in Wall Street that only his faith in Washington overcame his repugnance to it. The hour had plainly come for union, but except for the man it is probable that union would not then have been effected.

The value of Washington to his country transcends that of any other man to any land. Take him from the Revolution, and all the fervor of the Sons of Liberty would seem to have been a wasted flame. Take him from the constitutional epoch, and the essential condition of union, personal confidence in a leader, would have been wanting. Franklin,

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when the work of the Constitutional Convention was completed, said that until then he had not been sure whether the sun depicted above the President's chair was a rising or a setting sun, but now his doubt was solved. Yet it was not the symbolic figure above the chair, it was the man within it, which should have forecast the great result to that sagacious mind.

From the moment that independence was secured no man in America saw more clearly the necessity of national union, or defined more wisely and distinctly the reasons for it. He is the chief illustration in a popular government of a great leader who was not also a great orator. Perhaps that fact gave a solid force to his influence by depriving all his expressions of a rhetorical character, and preserving in them throughout a simplicity and moderation which deepened the impression of his comprehensive sagacity. He was felt as both an inspiring and a sustaining power in the preliminary movement for union, and by natural selection he was both President of the Convention and the head of the government which it instituted. John Adams was Vice-President, and Hamilton and Jefferson were in the cabinet. After Washington himself, they were the three most eminent figures in the country. But it is not possible to conceive any one of them organizing and establishing the new system without controversy which would have rent it asunder.

Indeed this year commemorates the auspicious beginning of the most arduous task which devolved upon Washington, and which transcends that to which any other man in history has been called. Yet how little in his performance of that task his countrymen would change! During the course of the century they have been divided largely upon views of the Constitution and upon principles of administration, and have engaged in a long and momentous civil war, but they would certainly not desire that any chief act of Washington's administration should have been other than it was. He acted without precedent, but with the calm majesty of rectitude, and although the serpent of party spirit struck at him as he retired, no honest partisan to-day either distrusts his motives or doubts his wisdom.

It is a benignant fortune that so great a celebration as that of this year is an act of homage to so great a man. It was his happiness to know the affectionate reverence in which he was held. The memoirs and letters of the time show that Washington's was not a tardy and posthumous greatness, but that those who knew him best honored him most, and that America was conscious of the worth of her chief citizen. One of the most striking contemporary personal tributes to him is that of John Bernard, the English actor, who was in this country at the close of the last century, and who met Washington near the end of his life, by chance and without knowing him, near Mount Vernon. Bernard's book, *Retrospections of America*, 1797–1811, was published but a year or two since, and his account of Washington is very pleasant reading for this centennial year of the Union.

Bernard had paid a visit to a friend upon the banks of the Potomac, and was returning upon horseback to Alexandria behind a chaise which seemed to be in difficulties, and was presently upset. The actor hastened to the rescue simultaneously with another horseman, and after some exertions they succeeded in placing the occupants of the chaise—a man and woman, who were fortunately not injured—again upon their way. After their departure Bernard's companion politely offered to dust his coat, and in returning the favor Bernard made a close survey of his companion.

"He was a tall, erect, well-made man, evidently advanced in years, but who seemed to have retained all the vigor and elasticity resulting from a life of temperance and exercise. His dress was a blue coat buttoned to his chin and buckskin breeches. Though the instant he took off his hat I could not avoid the recognition of familiar lineaments, which, indeed, I was in the habit of seeing on every sign-post and on every fire-place—still I failed to identify him."

Washington recognized Bernard as the actor whom he had "had the pleasure of seeing perform" in Philadelphia during the previous winter, and after some pleasant chat an invitation to ride with him to Mount Vernon, only a mile distant, revealed to Bernard the name of his companion. He was profoundly impressed, and upon reaching Mount Vernon they found that Mrs. Washington was indisposed, and the General ordered refreshments into a little parlor looking upon the Potomac. At some length his guest describes the commanding presence of Washington, in which "a feeling of awe and veneration stole over you." During a conversation of an hour and a half "he

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touched on every topic that I brought before him with an even current of good sense, if he embellished it with little wit or verbal elegance."

"When I mentioned to him the difference I perceived between the inhabitants of New England and of the Southern States, he remarked: 'I esteem those people greatly; they are the stamina of the Union, and its greatest benefactors. They are continually spreading themselves, too, to settle and enlighten less favored quarters. Dr. Franklin is a New-Englander.' When I remarked that his observations were flattering to my country, he replied, with great good-humor: 'Yes, yes, Mr. Bernard, but I consider your country the cradle of free principles, not their arm-chair. Liberty in England is a sort of idol; people are bred up in the belief and love of it, but see little of its doings. They walk about freely, but then it is between high walls; and the error of its government was in supposing that after a portion of their subjects had crossed the sea to live upon a common, they would permit their friends at home to build up those walls about them.'

"A black coming in at this moment with a jug of spring-water, I could not repress a smile, which the General at once interpreted. 'This may seem a contradiction,' he continued, 'but I think you must perceive that it is neither a crime nor an absurdity. When we profess, as our fundamental principle, that liberty is the inalienable right of every man, we do not include madmen or idiots; liberty in their hands would become a scourge. Till the mind of the slave has been educated to perceive what are the obligations of a state of freedom, and not to confound a man's with a brute's, the gift would insure its abuse. We might as well be asked to pull down our old warehouses before trade has increased to demand enlarged new ones. Both houses and slaves were bequeathed to us by Europeans, and time alone can change them—an event, sir, which, you may believe me, no man desires more heartily than I do. Not only do I pray for it on the score of human dignity, but I can clearly foresee that nothing but the rooting out of slavery can perpetuate the existence of our Union, by consolidating it in a common bond of principle.'"

At the end of a century which has vindicated his view so nobly and so completely it is pleasant to read these words, and in this new and vivid glimpse of our Washington to find only a stronger title to our veneration. Bernard recalls the words of De Chastellux:

"The great characteristic of Washington is the perfect union which seems to subsist between his moral and physical qualities, so that the selection of one would enable you to judge of all the rest. If you are presented with medals of Trajan or Cæsar, the features will lead you to inquire the proportions of their persons; but if you should discover in a heap of ruins the leg or arm of an antique Apollo, you would not be curious about the other parts, but content yourself with the assurance that they were all conformable to those of a god."

THE Easy Chair recently spoke of the statue of Longfellow which has been erected in the city of Portland, where he was born, and "Charter Oak," writing from Connecticut, asks why there is as yet no statue of Washington Irving in Central Park, the beautiful sylvan resort of his native city of New York. It is a question which the Easy Chair has already asked, and which must constantly suggest itself in the spacious public grounds which are becoming the most comprehensive of Walhallas. The London *Times* calls Westminster Abbey "our Walhalla," meaning that of England only. But the pleasure-ground of New York is truly a Pantheon. It is dedicated to all the gods except its own. With unwonted metropolitan modesty the city honors especially those who are not children of New York.

Webster is there, but not John Jay; Shakespeare and Scott and Burns and Dante and Halleck even, but not Irving. It is grotesque that a space set apart in New York for recreation, and decorated with marbles and bronzes commemorating illustrious men, and among them authors and statesmen, should still lack a fitting memorial of the greatest statesman and the greatest author who were born in the city. Webster's famous panegyric of Jay, that when the ermine of the Chief-Justiceship fell upon his shoulders it touched nothing that was not as pure as itself, suggests that a statue of John Jay might be of peculiar service as an object of admonitory meditation in the bowery seclusion of a city that more recently contemplated a statue to Tweed. In Couture's picture of the "Decadence of the Romans," behind the luxurious and voluptuous groups of intoxicated revellers in the foreground stand in sad severity the statues of the elder Romans surveying the scene. In the lofty aspect of Jay, filling with calm dignity the seclusion of some winding walk, would there be felt amazement and reproof? Is it to escape the sculptured rebuke of contrast with the civic heroes of to-day that it is not seen, and that the eye of the student who reflects that the city of New York has contributed few very great names to our history seeks in vain the statue of John Jay in Central Park?

Irving has every claim to this especial distinction. It is his kindly genius which made the annals of New Amsterdam the first work of our creative literature, and which invested the great river of New

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York with imperishable romance. Undoubtedly he wrote those annals in characters of rollicking fun, and even over the heroism of the doughty Peter Stuyvesant he has cast a humorous halo. But not all our authors combined are so identified with New York as Irving. His earlier squib of "Salmagundi" treats "the town" with an arch memory of the Spectator loitering in London, and his spell was such that in a later day Dennett, in the *Nation*, happily nicknamed the work of the talent which he had quickened the Knickerbocker literature.

The same genius in a tenderer mood colored the shores of the Hudson with the softest hues of legend. The banks at Tarrytown stretching backward to Sleepy Hollow, the broad water of the Tappan Zee, the airy heights of the summer Katskill, were mere landscape, pleasing scenery only, until Irving suffused them with the rosy light of story, and gave them the human association which is the crowning charm of landscape. In many a scene a hundred mountain ranges survey the lower land far reaching to the ocean. The scene is grand, but nameless, bare of tradition, and forgotten. But where

> "The mountains look on Marathon,
> And Marathon looks on the sea,"

the eye and the heart are enchanted with the story of Greece and its heroic human associations.

In the first century of our literature, which is ending, very few of our authors have laid this legendary spell upon American scenes as Irving did upon the Hudson. They have not much endeared the country to the popular imagination, like Burns and Scott in Scotland, where every hill and stream and bird and flower is reflected individually and fondly in tale and song. The Easy Chair once met at Niagara a young Scotchman who had come straight from his native land, and at every turn and glimpse upon Goat Island and along the banks of the river he fairly bubbled and murmured with the music of Burns and the other poets about Scottish streams and scenes, of which he was reminded at every step. So in his "Poems of Places" Longfellow reveals the charm which literature imparts to scenery—a charm which he illustrates in his "Nuremberg" and "Belfry at Bruges," and in his "Lost Youth," with its beautiful pictures of Portland, a poem which probably gives to a larger number of persons a more distinct and pleasing interest in that delightful city than anything else connected with it.

Irving is the magician who has cast this glamour upon New York, the roaring mart of trade, the humming hive of industry. He shows us in these crowded and hurried streets the leisurely forms of old Dutch burghers, their comely wives and buxom daughters, and their tranquil existence. Upon this very spot, which thus becomes a palimpsest, one life overwriting another, he awakens a romantic interest which gives it an endless fascination. He is thus a universal benefactor.

His Rip Van Winkle, indolent but kindly vagabond that he is, asserts the charm of a loitering life in the woods and fields, against all the tremendous energy and lucrative devotion to dollars, the overpowering crowd and crushing competition, of the whirring emporium. It is not necessary to defend poor Rip, or justify him as a moral exemplar. Pax, good Zeal-in-the-land Busy! But how soothing, as we mop our brows in the ardent struggle, and waste our lives in the furious accumulation of the means of living, to behold that figure stretched by the brook, or pleasing the children, or sauntering homeward at sunset! Other figures allure us, but still he holds his place. The new writers create their worlds. The new standards, another literary spirit, a fresh impulse, appear all around us. But still Rip Van Winkle lounges idly by, an unwasted figure of the imagination, the first distinct creation of our literature, the constant, unconscious satirist of our life.

The edicts of Fortune are caprices. Halleck, who sang of Marco Bozzaris, has his statue in the Park. Bryant still awaits his, and Irving, first of all, is without his memorial. The Germans have justly honored Humboldt in our Walhalla, the Scotch have commemorated Burns, the Italians have given to it Mazzini. The Puritan Pilgrim, ancestor of distinctive America, New England in bronze, is properly there. But where, asked the thoughtful child, reading the epitaphs in the graveyard, where be the bad people buried? Those whom the statues recall are all well and wisely honored in this most cosmopolitan of countries and of cities. But where, amid Germans and

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Italians and Scotchmen and great New-Englanders—where be the New-Yorkers?

A PLEASING and constant topic of English writers is the American girl. One of the later commentators says of her, "American girls have shown they can receive, travel, and live without chaperons, escorts, or husbands, and are fast developing a bright, clear, intelligent, self-reliant, courageous, and refreshing variety of the human race." And again, "Even if in future years the slender Yankee belle is hidden behind the ampler beauty of the English matron, we may still hear from her lips the wit and shrewdness, the acute accent, the intelligent question, and the rapid repartee that proclaim her original nationality." The "society" pictures in the papers and magazines represent the dismay of the British matron with marriageable daughters as she surveys the avatar of the American divinity and rival. The essential differences of society in the two countries are at once suggested, and the alarm of the watchful parent is justified.

The charm of Miss Austen's novels is their acknowledged fidelity of portraiture of the society with which they deal. They are miniatures, but the likeness is wrought with exquisite skill of detail, and as the American reader reflects he perceives that the great object of the game which they describe is eligible marriage. Indeed the motive of the novel in general is love and marriage. We open the book, we are at once introduced to Paul, and presently to Virginia, and we proceed over the pages until we hear the approaching beat of the Wedding March, which in fact we have heard from the first page, and we know that the end is at hand. But in the English novel of society, although the theme be marriage, it is not necessarily love. If that were essential, a host of rival fair ones with golden locks would bring no pang to the maternal bosom, because she would know that love will find out the one among the thousand.

The passages that we have quoted apparently describe by contrast, which is a fact which does not seem to have occurred to the writer. Doubtless at heart he is loyal to the English girl, and does not admit even in debate that her supremacy of maidenhood can be disputed. When he says that American girls have shown that they can receive, travel, and live without chaperons, escorts, or husbands, he seems to mean that they have shown this distinctively as compared with other girls. When he adds that they are fast developing a bright, clear, intelligent, self-reliant, courageous, and refreshing variety of the human race, can he mean that it is a new variety of girl, and that it is not perfectly familiar in England? So in the other passage, when, supposing the American girl transformed into the British matron, he remarks, with evident admiration, "we may still hear from her lips the wit and shrewdness, the acute accent, the intelligent question, and the rapid repartee that proclaim her original nationality," would he have us understand that these are not the characteristics of the British matron of to-day? Or does he intimate only that the coming of the Americans will but enlarge the number of these delightful ladies?

The writer certainly seems to describe by contrast, but he has wisely left a little cloud in which to envelop his retreat in case of emergency. Certainly we need not press him. Whatever he may think or say of the English girl, he has spoken well and truly of her American sister. His description applies to the girl who grows up amid the average conditions of American life, the girl who is portrayed in her more jejune condition in Henry James's Daisy Miller. The two chief qualities of that young woman, as represented by the shrewd and subtle artist, are self-respect and self-reliance. The perplexity of the phenomenon to the foreign reader lies in the fact that she does what the European girl without self-respect does.

A distinguished writer in New York, no longer living, once said to the Easy Chair, with an air of consternation: "Do you know that the best girls in New York go without escort to the matinées at the Academy? Goodness knows what will be the end of it!" The good man was seriously troubled. He seemed to apprehend that the young woman who could go to a matinée without an escort would probably run off with a circus troupe, and presently ride—in a very short skirt—bare-backed horses in the ring. He evidently felt that the young women whom he had seen were in grave danger of losing maidenly reserve, and that their conduct betrayed a want of refinement of feeling. The se-

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cret of his alarm lay in the fact that the social conventions of foreign society had acquired in his mind the force of rules of morality. He shared the feelings of the delightful lady who remarked that in her opinion it was immodest to go abroad without gloves. Nothing is more common than this confusion of mind, and one of the advantages of genuinely American society is that it dissipates such illusions. The Lady Mavourneen, who was familiar with the finest society both in France and England, said that the respect shown to women in this country was so sincere and universal that she should not hesitate to cross the continent alone. Why, then, should the Easy Chair's friend have been troubled that young women went unattended to the concert at the Academy? Every man there would have been her instant defender against insult. But they went, and they were allowed to go, because the insult was more improbable than fire.

In what is called distinctively society in large cities there is a great deal of the feeling evinced by the observer at the Academy. There is abundant regard for misplaced conventions. Young women in Vienna and Paris who go unattended are generally working-women or another class, and as working-women are not respected by Lovelace and Lothario, they are exposed to insult. To avoid the chance of insult, therefore, a young woman must have an escort in a partially civilized city like Paris or Vienna. But no presumption lies against any woman in America. Her self-respect and self-reliance are unquestioned, and American women, old and young, are perpetually passing in railway trains by day and night from one part of the country to another, unsuspected and unsuspecting.

In a country where social classes are not permanent or rigidly defined, as hitherto in America they have not been, the daughter as well as the son of the house contemplates the possibility of self-support. In such a country the harem view of the sphere and occupation of woman, however modified, wholly disappears. The word "obey" gradually vanishes from the marriage service, or is smoothed away by interpretation. The ideal of woman changes, and, as we think in America, improves. All the excellent qualities which the London writer attributes to the American girl spring from this change, from social conditions which foster self-respect and self-reliance. The demand of the suffrage, the rise of the woman's college, the challenge to the great universities to lift up their gates that woman may come in, show no decline of the feminine ideal of woman, but its transformation from the fancy of a goddess or a toy into the old Scriptural conception of the helpmeet.

The British matron, as she scrutinizes what she may hold to be an invader of her realm, will not find that in any feminine quality or grace, even to the most exquisite taste in dress, or delicate charm of manner, or essential refinement of mind, Pocahontas defers to Boadicea. Where the American imitates the English or any other, as when the English girl affects the French, she must suffer from the inevitable inferiority of all imitation. When her self-reliance is boisterous, or without tact and fine perception, Daisy Miller will be as crude and distasteful as Lady Clara Vere de Vere is heartless and cruel. But Rosalind and Viola and Beatrice, and Tennyson's Eleanore and Adeline and Margaret, meet in the American a sister of the same lineage as their own, bred in an atmosphere most fortunate and fair.

Editor's Study.

I.

"DIDST thou stand forth by my worthy friend and bear him company? Did thy soul suffer with him and rejoice with him, riding in his chariot of triumph, to the block, to the axe, to the crown, to the banner, to the bed and ivory throne of the Lord God, thy Redeemer?"

These glowing words were written by one Fifth Monarchy man to another who had followed Sir Harry Vane to Tower Hill the day when the great republican gave up his life for his faith in the people's right to rule themselves. The fortunate ecstatic had seen his leader lay his head on the block after his broken and insulted endeavor to read his defence before the crowd; and when the headsman

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asked him, "Will you raise your head again?" he had heard Vane answer, "Not till the final resurrection." It was the valorous close of a career which, whatever its errors had been, never wavered from that faith; the end of a man who had been true to the people against the first Charles, whom he would not have slain; against Oliver Cromwell, whom he rebuked for his usurpations; against Richard, whom he despised for "an idiot without courage, without sense — nay, without ambition"; against the second Charles, who divined that one holding him the servant not the master of the state was "too dangerous a man to let live," and who forswore himself in Vane's death.

The story of his life is told again with all fulness, and with luminous conscience and singular attractiveness, by Professor J. K. Hosmer, whose studies have peculiarly fitted him for the work; and it is told with the constant purpose of showing how early, how in the very dawn of our light here, English statesmanship began to feel and reflect that light. This *Life of Young Sir Henry Vane* is, in fact, the opening chapter of any modern history of the American Revolution, of the war for the Union. Unquestionably there is a spiritual, a moral sequence in all these events, though the reader may question how much or how little influence Vane's brief sojourn among the heroes, the zealots, the bigots, of New England had in forming him to the shape of steadfast truth to the principle of popular sovereignty. It does not seem to us quite the school of such ideal love of liberty as his; but without doubt he might well have first imagined there the possibility of a state without a prince, of which our present greatness is the realization. Our pride would be willing to give conjecture the furthest reach in this direction, but Professor Hosmer himself does not suffer us to forget that Vane was acquainted with practical republicanism in Switzerland before he saw it in New England, and that he knew Geneva before he knew Boston. It is very likely he found the like social and religious conditions in both countries, in both cities; one does so still; and it is not very likely that Vane learned his subtlety, not to say his sinuosity in some things, on one continent altogether, and strengthened himself in the courage and the love of freedom, which nevertheless ruled his decisive actions, altogether on the other, as Professor Hosmer seems to think. The biographer may be right or he may be wrong about this; the important fact is that he honestly shows Vane in his defects as well as his virtues, and does not try to make him appear one of those monsters of perfection which history as well as fiction has so long foisted upon us. He lets us know that Vane's early life was worldly, that he was many times tempted by personal, not to say selfish, motives, and that at some times his conduct had an effect of duplicity; it is all the more edifying that he overcame himself in the main and in the end, and that he died a martyr to the principle which now, theoretically at least, governs the whole English-speaking world. He would very willingly not have died a martyr; when the King cast about for some means by which he could "honestly put him out of the way," and had him accused of treason, he fought hard for his life; he fought not only with truth and with right, but he met wrong with legal cunning, and injustice with subtlety. No man need think the worse of him for that, and every sensible man will be glad that this great soul is suffered to be seen with the passions and dispositions of the average little human soul. He did not die the less nobly and exemplarily on that account; he was not less a martyr because he would rather not have been one; and we have to thank his present biographer for making this very clear. He has a courage in portraying Vane's character throughout which is excellent; and a frankness in recording contemporary and subsequent opinion of him which goes far to turn even Carlyle's wrath to praise, and inclines the reader to the author's more patient and more generous mind. His chapter on how Vane has been judged is a triumph of impartiality, for which, indeed, there is a constant endeavor in his fascinating book.

It is all so interesting that we are not sorry for any of the excursions which the author makes to include the history of Vane's time, even where Vane is not actively a part of it. We could not so well understand him without that fulness of contemporary light; and besides, one is never tired reading of the English commonwealth which foreran the American commonwealth, and in its extinction long gave the enemies of both so much hope

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of our own downfall. That hope seems now finally defeated, or, if not quite defeated, then very thoroughly baffled. Our facts pretty effectually refute the criticisms upon our theories, and Professor Hosmer believes they will continue to do so as long as men of English race dominate our political and social life.

II.

Perhaps America will not cease to be America even when it ceases to be English. It is pleasant to indulge our race piety in the fancy that constitutional liberty was given to our keeping solely, but we cannot think it is altogether free from a taint of superstition. Mr. Walt Whitman, in his letter to the Spanish fellow-citizens who celebrated a few years ago the three-hundredth anniversary of the city of Santa Fe, said some things pertinent to this point: "We Americans have got really to learn our antecedents. . . . They will be found ampler than has been supposed, and in widely different sources. Thus far, impressed by New England writers and school-masters, we tacitly abandon ourselves to the notion that our United States have been fashioned from the British Islands only, and essentially form a second England only--which is a very great mistake. Many leading traits for our future national personality, and some of the best ones, will certainly prove to have originated from other than British stock."

It does not seem safe to claim a perpetuity of rôle for any race in the drama of humanity. Israel was the vessel consecrated to the reception of religious truth; but have the Jews now a genius for religion above other people? The Italian love for beauty, if we are to believe most of their modern art, has lapsed to tastelessness; but, on the other hand, they are among the foremost contemporary nations in the wise conduct of their political affairs. The French were long dedicated to gayety, then to glory; but they have apparently had enough of pleasure and of war. What has become of the impassioned and aggressive monotheism of Islam? and will knowledge of the one God be less in the Orient and the Levant when Christianity prevails there? It seems to us that there is much which is arbitrary in the ascription of this or that quality or function to this or that nation. It is like dividing the mind into faculties: the imaginative faculty, the reflective faculty, the critical faculty; as if either of these were something that could act alone. As far as the English race is concerned, it may almost be said that there is no such thing, the English are so mixed of British, Saxon, Dane, Norman. Professor Hosmer tells us that Vane himself derived from a far-off Celtic ancestor, the Welsh Howel ap Vane; and in his letters and speeches Vane is always citing classic examples, as if his soul had been nurtured in the love of popular supremacy upon

> "The glory that was Greece,
> And the grandeur that was Rome,"

rather than upon any English tradition.

No one has had greater influence in forming the citizens of this republic to their faith in themselves and in one another than Jefferson; yet Mr. Bryce in his new book says that Jefferson was one with Rousseau in supposing a natural elevation in average human nature and trusting to it. As Rousseau was the first one, he was probably *the* one, and through his foster-son was the father of American democracy, of that in us which more distinctively than anything else we can call Americanism—our faith in humanity, our love of equality. One cannot claim that Americans of English origin are alone the depositaries of this belief, this passion; and we rather doubt if either would perish though all Americans of English stock perished. The ideal America, which is the only real America, is not in the keeping of any one race; her destinies are too large for that custody; the English race is only one of many races with which her future rests. A man of quite different race, in fact, has conceived a loftier and nobler civic ideal than any Englishman has done; and Giuseppe Mazzini's commonwealth, in which duties shall have an equal recognition with rights, may be the form of our more civilized, our more Christian, future.

III.

But we had no intention of wandering from Professor Hosmer's delightful book into thistly byways of dissent; and we return to it if for no other purpose than to give ourselves the pleasure of praising the charming attitude of the author throughout. In some such way all history might be rewritten, to the great gain of those who are to read it hereafter. It is simple, familiar, personal, without

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being undignified; and it is especially effective when the author rehabilitates the old battle-fields by visiting them and vivifying their great moments against a background of actual observation. If this blending of travel and history, of past and present, is not quite new, then no one else has carried it on so large a scale to such harmonious perfection. It is a very different sort of thing from the romantic picturesqueness attempted formerly in minor historical narrations, which expired of its own offensiveness in the efforts of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Professor Hosmer's serious theme is always first in his mind, and with more than the usual temptation to be emotional in the treatment of a figure whose qualities, great and little alike, appeal strongly to a sympathetic biographer, he does not sentimentalize him.

He has in his way as great a literary charm as Mr. John Fiske, whose collected papers on *A Critical Period in American History* we had been reading before we took up Professor Hosmer's book, with a sort of despair of finding again anything so easy and so good. The path by which he leads you through the story of our transition from a Confederation to a Union, from the end of the Revolutionary war to the adoption of the Constitution, is not inviting in the prospect, but he makes it blossom with interest at every step. There is a sort of poetic heat in Mr. Fiske's thinking which kindles life in the driest material, and even the facts of a period of provincial jealousies and bickerings between the authorities of the newly liberated colonies are not proof against it. Before the reader well knows he knows the whole situation; he assists, in fact, at a kind of dramatic representation of it, and with no more fatigue than if it had actually been put upon the scene before him; perhaps with not so much. It is true that till slavery enters, the events do not fuse; but when once that danger appears they take the tragic impress which they bore more or less sharply throughout our national life from 1787 till 1865. It was a proper effect of the intrigue that the compromise which alone made the Union possible should at last make it impossible, and that when it was reconstituted at Appomattox, it was upon a basis in which that treacherous cement had no part.

Mr. Fiske likes as well as Professor Hosmer to turn the light of accomplished facts upon his subject, but he does not otherwise deal with them; and it would not be just to suppose that he lets the dramatic quality of the slavery question in the Constitutional Convention lure him from any of the others before it. Mr. Fiske in his work shows how weak and cold the sentiment of union became after the Revolution, when the pressure of a common danger was relaxed. The sentiment of local patriotism was not then tempered by humor as it is now, when the rivalry of Chicago and St. Louis is mainly expressed in question of the size of the shoes respectively worn by the ladies of those cities; it was something ignorant and morose—a real distrust between the people of New York and Connecticut, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, like that which twenty years ago divided the different provinces of Italy. It was then such a poor little country, hemmed in by hard circumstances, and bowed by heavy burdens; and the notion of a closer union and a veritable nationality was repugnant not only to the traditions, but the envies, the fears, almost the religions, of the different particles of the old Confederation, which existed only to invite foreign contempt and aggression. When one looks at the map of the continent as sketched by the friendly court of France in 1782, with a narrow strip of Atlantic coast for the United States, and all the rest for the savages, the English, and the Spaniards, one realizes a little the need felt by our statesmen in the five ensuing years for a union strong enough to assert itself against such misconceptions of our destiny.

IV.

Even after the "compromises of the Constitution" had given us the Union there was a willingness, not to say an eagerness, on the part of some European countries to run our politics for us. It is always polite to suppose that American readers know American history, and so we will say that those who have forgotten how much this was the case may refresh their recollection from the "Omitted Chapters of History," which Mr. M. D. Conway discloses in the *Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph*, our first Secretary of State under our first President. In Washington's time we had a French party and a British party in our politics, each more or less championed by the

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French minister and the British minister. Everybody who read the newspapers last summer remembers how Washington was obliged to send M. Genet his passports for taking part in our private affairs, and attempting the direction of public opinion among us in a measure which makes the Murchison letter of poor Lord Sackville appear a model of discreet impartiality. But not everybody remembers (we ourselves in the pressure of critical duties had almost forgotten) that his successor, M. Fauchet, quite as ill-advised as to his proper functions, if not as imprudent as M. Genet, had power enough for evil to bring Randolph to political ruin, or at least to cause his withdrawal from Washington's cabinet. His enemies said the worst of him, and perhaps even believed that he had corruptly lent himself to the machinations of the French minister against England or the English party. Washington did not believe that at the worst he was worse than imprudent, by Mr. Conway's showing; but Mr. Conway thinks that Washington himself was perhaps not quite candid with the man he had so wholly trusted and esteemed; at any rate he finally suffered him to be sacrificed to the English party. The charge of a default brought against Randolph his biographer proves to be wholly unfounded. It is a pathetic story, told with ardor, and with recognition of the fact that the fathers of this republic were of the same clay as its sons; they had their prejudices and their animosities, and they knew quite as well as we how to make these do duty for principles and virtues. Among the rest Edmund Randolph's character may be studied for instruction in humanity, unselfish patriotism, and political instinct, and hardly found less than the greatest. He seems to come into a little sharper perspective in Mr. Fiske's account of the Constitutional Convention than he does in Mr. Conway's, but in both he appears a leading and controlling force for good and not for evil. He was of that older Virginian race who lived before the time when the cotton-gin began to illumine the minds and consciences of Southern statesmen, and he believed that slavery was wrong; he assented as reluctantly as any Northerner to its recognition in our polity; he expected its early extinction, and he abolished it as far as he could by offering his own slaves their freedom when he took them to Philadelphia: in Virginia he could not free them. In all the personal and private relations of life Mr. Conway paints him endearing and beautiful; but he would say that it was not through these that he wished to urge his claim to our regard, our reverence, our regret; that with the fresh evidences of public integrity which he has studied and which he presents so fully he demands attention for a statesman wronged in his own time and not righted in ours. The book is one which Americans disposed to know America as well as possible cannot ignore; and if one does not care for its immediate object, it may be read and enjoyed for many spacious passages where the question of Randolph's defence does not enter—passages where we see the men of an earlier day swayed by the interests and passions of ours, and the past wearing the complexion of the present in that unity of motives which makes all ages contemporary.

V.

These books are all three extremely suggestive, and in some sort they supplement one another. It is the enlightened philosophy of American civilization, its origins and its destinies, which unites them even in the differing conclusions they might lead to upon particular points. A vaster than either in scope, and closer and finer in its observation of the field, is Mr. James Bryce's grand work on *The American Commonwealth*. Many Studies, in long concameration, would fail of room for justice to it at every point; and it may be as well to say a few things in this corner about it, and then release the reader to the book itself. If he is an American reader he will pass with comparative lightness over the first volume, in which Mr. Bryce studies with remarkable insight and frankness our duplex polity and its working in State and nation. This might, we could imagine, be the main interest for some Englishmen, but Americans will (erroneously in most cases) consider themselves sufficiently informed upon the subject already, and will hurry to such chapters of the second volume as those on the operation of public opinion in this republic; our popular fatalism; the real and supposed faults of our democracy; the position of women; religion; railroads; and in fact all that relates to the social and economic aspect of our national life and character. We shall not say that, with

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all his carefulness as to facts, Mr. Bryce is not sometimes (perhaps often) mistaken in his inferences; it could not be otherwise with any writer, native or foreign; but it is only fair to this most thorough and able man to say that he seems never mistaken through narrowness, wilfulness, or ungenerous prejudice. Prejudice he has, of course; this is merely allowing that he is a man born and nurtured in conditions different from ours. But his prejudices are usually in our favor, and we would not ourselves undertake to keep as perfect temper as he does, with all the shortcomings and excesses of this sufficiently faulty people. If the world should make up its opinion from Mr. Bryce's book, and condemn us, most Americans would have nothing to say, not only because they would not really care (which is true), but because no people were ever before studied with such conscientious earnestness, such large-minded friendliness. At no moment does he suggest the propriety of our making ourselves over. He knows we are what we are because we have not only willed it, but because we could not help it; he becomes himself fatalistic in his patience with the most fatalistic nation which has ever spread its rule over so measureless a space. For some sense of this we may commend the reader not only to his chapter on "The Fatalism of the Multitude" among us, but to his whole book; it colors nearly all his conclusions. Yet he recognizes that we never submit without a struggle, and that our fatalism is not a faith but a reason, the sane conviction that it is folly to fight the majority, at least on its own ground. He perceives that all the same we proceed to turn it into a minority, and that we are long-suffering to that end, and seize every occasion to it. We try a thing, and if it will not work we give it up, and try something else. That is our vitality; that is our difference from the Oriental fatalists. They yield because it is foreordained; we acquiesce because the other side had the most votes, which, if we are very much in earnest, we mean to have ourselves by-and-by. This accounts for our willingness to experiment in all directions, and for the readiness of a nation more individualized than any other to throw the doctrine of *laissez faire* overboard whenever it suits the public convenience.

At the end Mr. Bryce does not romance us. His last words, where he treats of our social and economic future, embody the thoughts of every enlightened American when he clears his head of the denser fumes of patriotism and allows himself to look our facts in the face. Mr. Bryce sees us for what we are when we have not dined off spread-eagle—a practical, patient, straightforward people, vulgarized as all commercial peoples must be by the war of interests, but lifting ourselves above them when there is supreme need; fatalistic, but not desperately fatalistic, because of failure and disappointment; hopefully fatalistic, on the contrary, because we have hitherto experienced prosperity and success.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of January, 1889.—Congress adjourned from December 21st to January 2d for the usual holiday recess.

The Nicaragua Canal Bill passed the House January 4th.

The following United States Senators were elected: Delaware, Anthony Higgins, Republican; Maine, W. P. Frye, Republican; Massachusetts, George F. Hoar, Republican; Colorado, Edward O. Wolcott, Republican; Michigan, James McMillan, Republican; Illinois, Shelby M. Cullom, Republican; Nebraska, Charles F. Manderson, Republican.

The President sent a special message to Congress January 15th, relative to the disturbance in Samoa, and asked that immediate action be taken by Congress to preserve the treaty rights made with Samoa between Great Britain, Germany, and the United States.

The Connecticut Legislature elected N. G. Bulkeley, Republican, Governor of the State, January 10th.

The Electoral Colleges of the various States met January 14th, and cast the ballots for President and Vice-President of the United States. The total number of votes cast for Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, and Levi P. Morton, of New York, was 233. Grover Cleveland, of New York, and Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, received 168 votes.

The popular vote of the last election was as follows: Cleveland and Thurman, Democrat, 5,539,891; Harrison and Morton, Republican, 5,442,367; Fisk and Brooks, Prohibition, 248,960.

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The British and Egyptian troops attacked the rebels at Suakin December 20th, defeating them with great loss. The attacking party had but few killed.

News received December 23d of a number of engagements in Samoa between the forces of the rebel chief Malietou Mataafa and the pretended King Tamasese, the rebels winning. The followers of Mataafa, led by an American, attacked a party of German troops on December 18th, killing eighteen men.

General François Denis Légitime was elected President of the Republic of Hayti December 16th, and inaugurated December 18th. The captured steamer *Haytian Republic* was surrendered to Admiral Luce, of the United States navy, December 20th.

The Prussian Landtag was opened January 14th. The Emperor in his speech remarked that the continued blessings of peace were shown in a gratifying manner by the improved economic situation of the artisans. The financial position of the country was satisfactory.

DISASTERS.

December 23d.—The Mississippi River steamboat *Kate Adams* burned near Commerce, Mississippi. Over twenty-five lives lost.

December 24th.—The Ouachita River steamer *John M. Hanna* burned near Plaquemine, Louisiana. Thirty lives lost.

December 28th.—A shell in a powder magazine at Messina, Sicily, burst, killing sixteen men.

January 4th.—Explosion of fire-damp in a colliery in the province of Oviedo, Spain. Twenty-seven persons killed.

January 9th.—A severe tornado caused much damage in Reading and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Forty lives lost.

January 15th.—A despatch from Singapore states that the steamer *Phyapeket* was sunk by a collision with an unknown vessel. Forty-two persons were drowned.

OBITUARY.

December 18th.—In Brooklyn, General Charles G. Dahlgren, aged seventy-nine years.

December 20th.—In Buffalo, James N. Matthews, proprietor of the Buffalo *Express*, aged sixty years.

December 21st.—In Boston, Oliver Ditson, music publisher, aged seventy-seven years.

December 26th.—In Nice, General Loris Melikoff, aged sixty-four years.

December 23d.—In London, Laurence Oliphant, author, aged fifty-nine years.

December 29th.—News received from London of the death of Charles Shaw-Lefevre, Viscount Eversley, P.C., in his ninety-fifth year.

January 3d.—In Hollingbury Copse, near Brighton, England, James Orchard Halliwell-Phillips, Shakespearian scholar, aged sixty-nine years.

January 7th.—In Pasadena, California, Owen Brown, only survivor of the famous raid on Harper's Ferry, aged seventy-four years.

January 11th.—News received of the death of Alessandro Gavazzi, anti-popery lecturer, in his eighteenth year.

January 13th.—In New York, Helen D. Gould, wife of Jay Gould, aged fifty-one years.

January 15th.—In Paris, Edmond Hédouin, artist, aged seventy years.

Editor's Drawer.



THE Drawer has no wish to make Lent easier for anybody, or rather to diminish the benefit of the penitential season. But in this period of human anxiety and repentance it must be said that not enough account is made of the moral responsibility of Things. The doctrine is sound; the only difficulty is in applying it. It can, however, be illustrated by a little story, which is here confided to the reader in the same trust in which it was received. There was once a lady, sober in mind and sedate in manner, whose plain dress exactly represented her desire to be inconspicuous, to do good, to improve every day of her life in actions that should benefit her kind. She was a serious person, inclined to improving conversation, to the reading of bound books that cost at least a dollar and a half (fifteen cents of which she gladly contributed to the author), and she had a distaste for the gay society which was mainly a flutter of ribbons and talk and pretty faces; and when she meditated, as she did in her spare moments, her heart was sore over the frivolity of life and the emptiness of fashion. She longed to make the world better, and without any priggishness she set it an example of simplicity

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and sobriety, of cheerful acquiescence in plainness and inconspicuousness.

One day—it was in the autumn—this lady had occasion to buy a new hat. From a great number offered to her she selected a red one with a dull red plume. It did not agree with the rest of her apparel; it did not fit her apparent character. What impulse led to this selection she could not explain. She was not tired of being good, but something in the jauntiness of the hat and the color pleased her. If it were a temptation, she did not intend to yield to it, but she thought she would take the hat home and try it. Perhaps her nature felt the need of a little warmth. The hat pleased her still more when she got it home and put it on and surveyed herself in the mirror. Indeed, there was a new expression in her face that corresponded to the hat. She put it off and looked at it. There was something almost humanly winning and temptatious in it. In short, she kept it, and when she wore it abroad she was not conscious of its incongruity to herself or to her dress, but of the incongruity of the rest of her apparel to the hat, which seemed to have a sort of intelligence of its own, at least a power of changing and conforming things to itself. By degrees one article after another in the lady's wardrobe was laid aside, and another substituted for it that answered to the demanding spirit of the hat. In a little while this plain lady was not plain any more, but most gorgeously dressed, and possessed with the desire to be in the height of the fashion. It came to this, that she had a tea gown made out of a window-curtain with a flamboyant pattern. Solomon in all his glory would have been ashamed of himself in her presence.

But this was not all. Her disposition, her ideas, her whole life, were changed. She did not any more think of going about doing good, but of amusing herself. She read nothing but stories in paper covers. In place of being sedate and sober-minded, she was frivolous to excess; she spent most of her time with women who liked to "frivol." She kept Lent in the most expensive way, so as to make the impression upon everybody that she was better than the extremest kind of Lent. From liking the sedatest company she passed to liking the gayest society and the most fashionable method of getting rid of her time. Nothing whatever bad happened to her, and she is now an ornament to society.

This story is not an invention; it is a leaf out of life. If this lady that autumn day had bought a plain bonnet she would have continued on in her humble, sensible way of living. Clearly it was the hat that made the woman, and not the woman the hat. She had no preconception of it; it simply happened to her, like any accident—as if she had fallen and sprained her ankle. Some people may say that she had in her a concealed propensity for frivolity; but the hat cannot escape the moral responsibility of calling it out if it really existed. The power of things to change and create character is well attested. Men live up to or live down to their clothes, which have a great moral influence on manner, and even on conduct. There was a man run down almost to vagabondage, owing to his increasingly shabby clothing, and he was only saved from becoming a moral and physical wreck by a remnant of good-breeding in him that kept his worn boots well polished. In time his boots brought up the rest of his apparel and set him on his feet again. Then there is the well-known example of the honest clerk on a small salary who was ruined by the gift of a repeating watch—an expensive time-piece that required at least ten thousand a year to sustain it: he is now in Canada.

Sometimes the influence of Things is good and sometimes it is bad. We need a philosophy that shall tell us why it is one or the other, and fix the responsibility where it belongs. It does no good, as people always find out by reflex action, to kick an inanimate thing that has offended, to smash a perverse watch with a hammer, to break a rocking-chair that has a habit of tipping over backward. If Things are not actually malicious, they seem to have a power of revenging themselves. We ought to try to understand them better, and to be more aware of what they can do to us. If the lady who bought the red hat could have known the hidden nature of it, could have had a vision of herself as she was transformed by it, she would as soon have taken a viper into her bosom as have placed the red tempter on her head. Her whole previous life, her feeling of the moment, show that it was not vanity that changed her, but the inconsiderate association with a Thing that happened to strike her fancy, and which seemed innocent. But no Thing is really powerless for good or evil. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CLARINDA TAKES THE AIR.

Oh wot ye how fair Mistress Prue
  Doth purse her lips and frown,
To see one fleet along the street
  All in a trim new gown?
Sing louder, robin, pipe, O wren,
  And, thrush, your quavers dare;
Let every throat be vocal when
  Clarinda "takes the air."

She hath a smile that would beguile
  A monk in robe and cowl,
And yet her eyes can look as wise
  As grave Minerva's owl.
Lo, when she speaks, across her cheeks
  The chasing dimples fare.
Oh, young again I would be when
  Clarinda "takes the air."

Nor left nor right her glances light;
  Demurely on she goes;
In all the wide, wide country-side
  There's not so sweet a rose.
And ye, my gallant gentlemen—
  Tut! tut! ye should not stare;
And yet how may ye help it when
  Clarinda "takes the air"?

CLINTON SCOLLARD

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A PROFITABLE SUGGESTION.

IN a town in Lower Canada, the locale of which for obvious reasons cannot be given, there lived and moved a very thriving business firm, whom we shall designate as McPherson and Parblue, the former Scotch and Presbyterian, the latter French and Catholic. That the profits of the firm should not be diminished by a too rigid observance of the holydays of the Church or the holidays of the separated brethren, it was understood between them that they were to be open for business six days in the week. Thus it happened on holydays Monsieur Parblue devoutly attended the parish church, while his partner looked after the "siller." Then on Dominion and Thanksgiving days the son of the heather attended kirk, and listened with rapt attention to the cheerful seventeenthly of the minister, while Monsieur Parblue carefully gathered in the shekels. It came about on one of these latter days, just previous to Mr. McPherson's going to church, he was speaking to his partner at the door of their store, when a witty descendant of the tribe of Benjamin, who was passing, took in the situation at a glance, and said, "Gentlemen, take me into the firm, and you can keep open *every day* in the year."

EDWARD MCSWEENEY.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS WINTRY JUNE.

A NEW ZEALAND MADRIGAL.

WHAT though the icy winds of June
Around my cottage sweep and roar,
And bitter blizzards tell that soon
July's deep drifts shall block my door?

Each April leaf that passed away,
Each blade that died on mead and glen,
Each flower slain by cruel May,
December's sun shall see again.

The mild nor'easter's balmy breath
Shall kiss the vale and mountain-side;
The stream by August chilled in death
Shall leap and laugh at Christmas-tide.

Then be of joyful heart, my love;
To hope its tender chords attune;
For, as I have remarked above,
It is not always wintry June.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

SATISFACTION WANTED.

MAGISTRATE (*to Mrs. Con Kelly*). "You claim, Mrs. Kelly, that Mrs. O'Toolihan gave you that bruised and blackened face?"

MRS. CON KELLY. "She did, yer honor, or I'm not Irish born."

MAGISTRATE. "And what you want is damages?"

MRS. KELLY. "Naw, sir; I want satisfaction. I have damages enough."

IT is a wise poet that knows his own poem after it has been copied half a dozen times in the newspapers.

VERY LITERAL OBEDIENCE.

"PEOPLE are always making fun of us Russians for taking things so literally," said a Russian major, in whose company I was ascending the Dnieper, "and not without some reason, I must admit. You remember that story you told me the other day about a man who had a china cup given to him as the model for a complete set, and finding that it had been cracked and mended, turned out the whole set cracked and mended in the very same way? Well, I could find you half a dozen men in any Russian town you like who would do just the same thing themselves."

"Very likely," said I, "though I doubt whether they would carry their literal obedience quite so far as the American printer who was told to 'follow his copy,' and when the copy blew out of the window, jumped after it and broke his leg."

"Well, I can match even that," laughed Major K——. "Did you ever hear how the telegraph line between St. Petersburg and Peterhof was left unofficered? Well, you know, before the electric wires were laid, we used to telegraph in the old fashion by signals, and all along the Peterhof road there were signal stations planted just within sight of each other, and at each station a clerk, with strict orders to repeat exactly any signal made by his right-hand or left-hand neighbor. One day the first clerk on the line, in a fit of despair at having lost nearly all his money, hanged himself on the nearest telegraph post. His next neighbor, seeing this, took it for a signal, and instantly strung himself up in like manner, and the end of it was that all the clerks on the line hanged themselves in regular rotation."

"Well," remarked I, "that's no worse than the story of the order sent from Pekin to the authorities of a great Chinese town, commanding that a certain native merchant should be 'hung up in his counting-house'; and then after his execution somebody discovered that the words should have been translated, 'suspended in his office.'"

DAVID KER.

A "DINNER" JOKE.

CARBOY (*at dinner*). "Who is that little, insignificant, unintellectual—"

POMPANO. "Do hush, Carboy! That is Twaddel, celebrated wit and after-dinner talker. Listen: he's going to tell one of his inimitable stories."

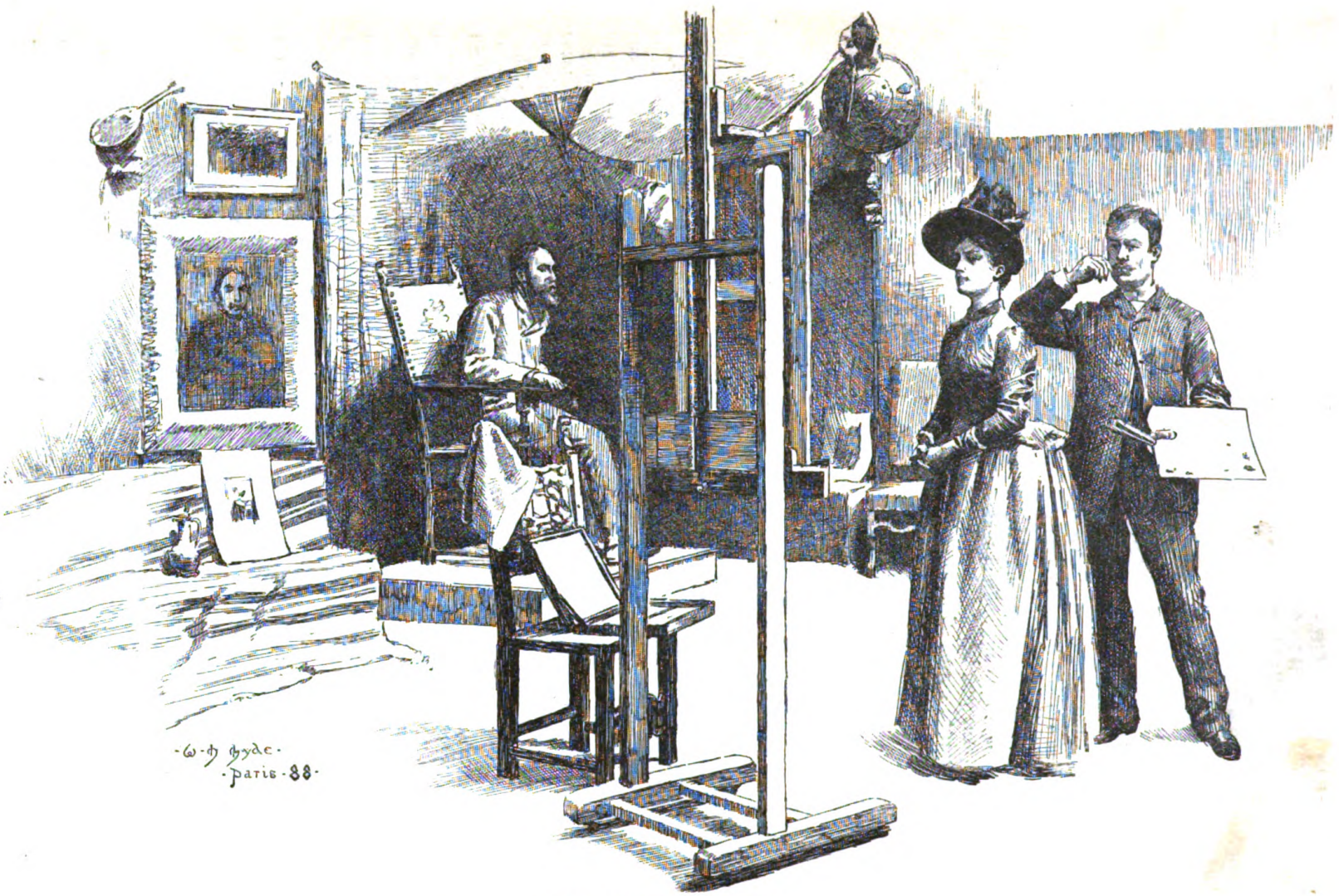
TWADDEL. "I remember when I was in Paris [laughter] I met Colonel Gordon [roars]. We dined together [ha! ha!] in the Café de [tempest of merriment]. 'Gordon,' said I—'Gordon, you remind me of a sheep [yells of delight]. I shall never forget the expression on his face as he replied 'Bah!'" (Applause and uproarious laughter.)

CARBOY (*to Pompano*). "Where's the joke?"

POMPANO. "I don't know; but I beg of you don't give me away." (Laughs louder than all the rest.)

J. H. SMITH.

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LIKE THE WRONG MAN.

DAUBMAN. "Looks a good deal like Velasquez, doesn't it?"
MISS JONES. "Well, it may; I never saw him. But it doesn't look a bit like my father."

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RAMBLING PHILOSOPHY.

THE infidel studies the heavens by the light of the sun, and learns infinitely less than the humble watcher by night.

The short-cut does not always pay, and unchewed food may bring a night of repentance.

A poor idea is not always as bad as it looks. It may have been disabled in escaping from an inferior head.

When you prepare to shoot a fish in the water, aim a little above it, and aim above anything else that you may strive for in life; for the light of intellect is not exempt from the law of refraction.

A wise man never laughs at an undug potato.

Autumn leaves are most melancholy when found pressed in the Bible or dictionary, for then they indicate that somebody has neglected valuable reading.

A wise man handicapped with ignorance is not more unfortunate than the natural fool handicapped with limited knowledge.

The man who follows the back track of happiness should not rail at the slower persons who cannot keep up with him.

The hardest work that an atheist has to do is to keep himself convinced of his own honesty.

Foppishness of intellect is more inexcusable than foppishness of dress or manners, for the man who affects the former has sense enough to know better.

It is hard to say whether the hermit or the cynic is the more hopeless fool; but the man who combines the two in himself is sure of the championship in that particular line.

J. A. MACON.

AN IRREPRESSIBLE BRIDEGROOM.

"Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife—" began a young divine who had been called upon to unite in matrimony a couple from the rural districts.

"*Yaas*," promptly put in the groom, not waiting for the complete question.

"To love—" went on the reverend questioner again as soon as he had recovered from the explosive affirmative so unexpectedly given.

"*Yaas*," came again with undiminished vigor from the groom.

"And to honor, to—"

A third "*Yaas*" came equally forceful and prompt, to the entire defeat of Mr. Brown's scheme of gliding into the next phrase.

"To cherish—"

"*Yaas*."

And so on through the entire paragraph.

It was quite evident that the young man was willing.

The same gentleman tells a story of a groom who after the ceremony slipped a two-dollar bill into his hand, murmuring, apologetically, "I'll do better next time."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

AGESILAUS, upon being asked why there were no walls about Sparta, replied that it was to avoid the expense of gate-keepers.

A GENIUS.

"That was a very clever jest of yours in the *Gazette*, Mr. Cynicus, about—"

"Pardon me, madame, it could not have been mine. I never write cleverly. My jests are either brilliant or bad."

A HINT TO LITERARY BEGINNERS.

A critic who was asked if imagination were essential to literary success is said to have replied: "In history and biography, especially autobiography—yes. In fiction we can dispense with it."

ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

FRENCHMAN. "Sare, you haf deceif me. You tolt me you haf come of ze noble family."

WOUNDED ENGLISHMAN. "I have. My father is the Duke of Bettscoyd."

FRENCHMAN. "No, sare. 'Tis impossible. Your blood is not blue, it ees r-r-red."

WIT.

A wit is a person of eminent sense,
Whose sayings are bright and amusing;
And wit in itself would seem to be, hence,
Nonsensical sense—'tis confusing.

ELIZABETH'S GRACIOUS CLEMENCY.

On one Christmas Eve in the early part of her reign, Queen Elizabeth entertained a party of nobles at the palace. It had happened unfortunately that the First Lady of Her Majesty's Laundry had failed to keep her appointment, and the Queen appeared at the dinner in one of her unofficial collars.

Shortly after the boar's head had been served, the Queen turned to the Earl of Leicester, who sat at her right hand, and remarked that she was very uncomfortable.

"And why, me liegess?" queried the handsome courtier.

"Because me collar befitteth not the hour. It hath no jewels, and sore doth vex me for that it is upon the edges frayed."

"By me halidom," quoth Raleigh, who sat upon her Majesty's left, "but that is ruff."

As may be well imagined, this ill-timed jest threw the table into an uproar, and the Queen's anger knew no bounds.

"To the block at dawn," she cried, and swooned away.

It would have fared ill with Raleigh had her Majesty not been brought to, and in honor of the season been induced to pardon the offender. Raleigh was sent to represent the Court of England in Siberia for a year, and those who were in the confidence of the Queen at the time assert that but for his uncalled-for affront to her Majesty the well-remembered statesman would have found the Order of the Garter in his stocking the following morning.

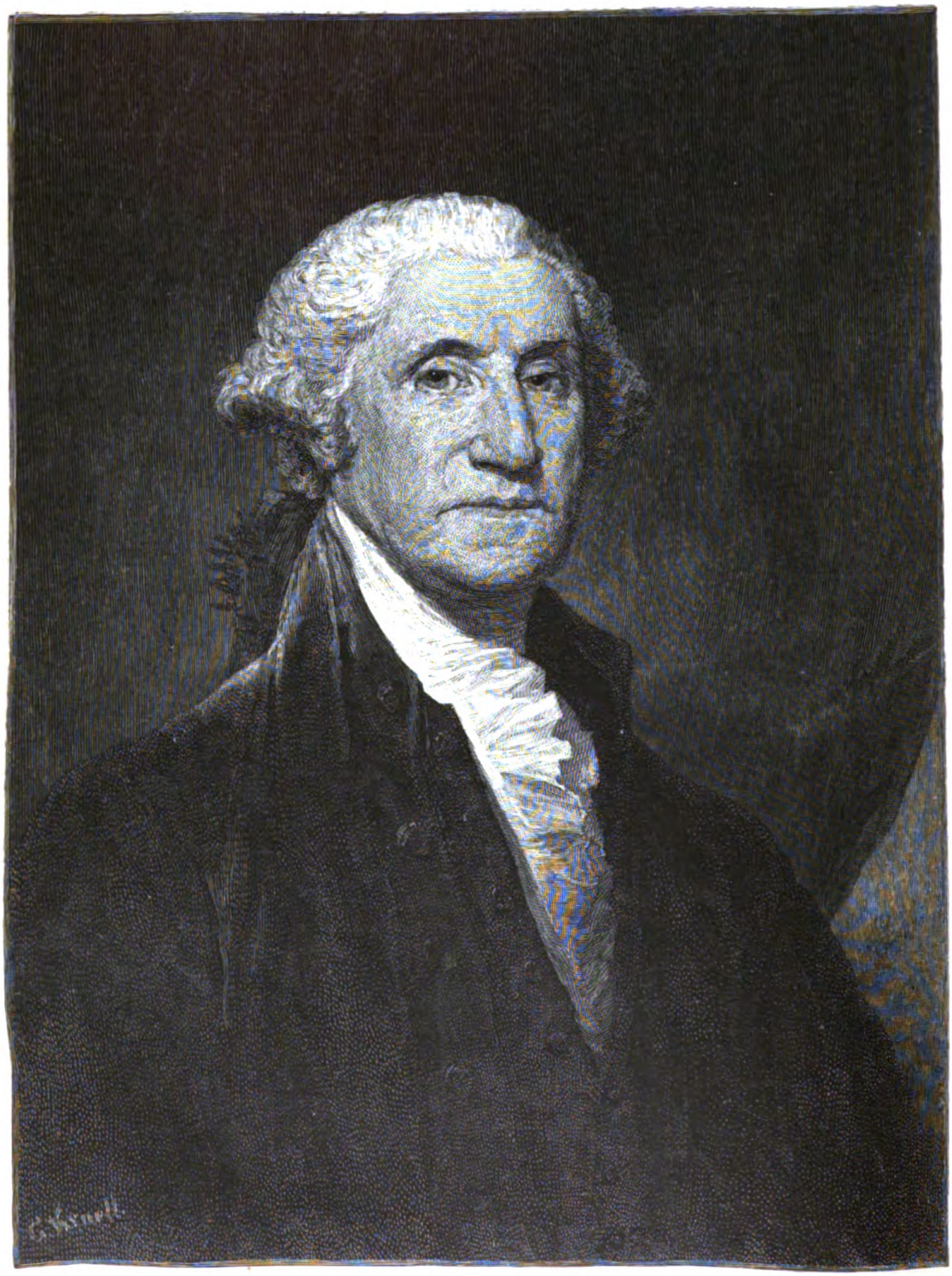
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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THE GIBBS-CHANNING PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.—By Gilbert Stuart.
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION.

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER.

THE Constitution of the United States, as every one knows, was framed by a convention of delegates from twelve States, sitting behind closed doors in the old State-house at Philadelphia. After a stormy session of four months the "Dark Conclave," as the antifederalists delighted to call the convention, ended its labors September 17, 1787, signed the Constitution, and sent the document to Congress, to be in turn transmitted to the States. This done, the States began to act at once, and, when the year closed, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey had accepted the Constitution without amendments. Georgia and Connecticut ratified in January, 1788, and were followed in quick succession by Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, and Virginia. Under the Articles of Confederation the assent of nine States in Congress assembled was necessary to pass an ordinance of any importance. This rule the convention had adopted, and had provided that the assent of nine States should dissolve the old Confederation, should set up the Constitution, and make it the supreme law for each of the ratifying States. When, therefore, on July 2, 1788, the President of Congress rose and announced the ratification by New Hampshire, he reminded the members that the needed number was complete, that the new plan of government was approved, and that it remained for Congress to make such provisions and to take such steps as were necessary to put it into force. An ordinance was thereupon passed, and a committee chosen to examine the notices of ratification, and report an act for putting the Constitution into operation.

The duty of the committee-men seemed simple enough. They were to name a day on which the States should choose electors of President and Vice-President, a day on which the electors should vote, and a day and a place for the meeting of the Senate and House, and the beginning of government under the new plan. But, simple as it seemed, the committee found it hard to perform. Indeed two weeks went by before they reported an act providing for the needed days, but leaving the place of meeting blank. Nor did Congress succeed in filling that blank till a great display of sectional feeling had been made, and a long and bitter contest ended. Every one agreed that the place should be central, and that central should mean somewhere between the shores of Chesapeake Bay and the mouth of the Hudson River. Within these limits, however, were many large and opulent towns, and which had the best claim to be considered central, Congress was long unable to say. Some members insisted that population should be considered, pointed out that more people dwelt south of the Potomac than north of it, and thought Baltimore or Annapolis would be a good town. Others were for considering distances, and urged Wilmington and Lancaster and Philadelphia as places no further from the eastern border of the province of Maine than the southern border of Georgia. Still others, on the ground of policy and economy, stood out for New York. To be constantly shifting the government from place to place was to make it seem weak and unstable, and sure to bring it into contempt among the people. To pack up cart-loads of books and tons of papers and drag them over the country, unless they went forth to that federal city which was to be the lasting home of the new Congress, was a piece of wanton extravagance.

These arguments fell on dull ears. For a time all was jealousy, local bias, petty spite. September was almost half gone when Congress finally decided that

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the States should choose electors on the first Wednesday in January, 1789, that the electors should cast their votes on the first Wednesday in February, and that the new Congress should meet on the first Wednesday in March in the city of New York.

The history of the Congress thus about to expire is worth recalling. It begins with the meeting of the fifty-three colonial delegates who, in September, 1774, assembled at Philadelphia. Gathered in response to the call of Massachusetts, they passed the non-intercourse, non-importation, non-consumption agreement; issued the colonial Declaration of Rights; drew the famous address to the King and the address to the People of Great Britain, and after a session of eight weeks called a new Congress to meet in May, 1775, and adjourned. But long before the 10th of May arrived the crisis in the quarrel with the mother country was reached, the stores at Concord were destroyed, the battle of Lexington was fought, and the new Congress, seizing authority that had not been given, entered at once on the conduct of the war.

Between the day when this Congress met and the day when the Articles of Confederation were put in force a period of seventy months went by. During these seventy months the Congress of the United States acted under no constitutional authority whatever. The States were parties to no instrument of government, and every act committed by their delegates was done with the tacit or express consent of the States. No system of representation was in use. To the secret deliberations of the little body that bore the name of the Congress came delegates chosen in such a way and in such numbers and bearing such instructions as best pleased the States that sent them. Once seated in Congress, these men found themselves members of what a few years later would have been denounced as a "dark and secret conclave." The doors were shut, no spectators were suffered to hear what was said, no reports of the debates were taken down in short-hand or long-hand; but under a strict injunction of secrecy they went on deliberating day after day. From month to month so much of the journal as Congress thought fit was indeed given to the people; but Congress thought fit to give merely a dry record of ordinances passed, of motions made, of reports read, of committees chosen. Over these deliberations presided a President elected by the Congress, and looked up to as the representative of the sovereignty of the States united for common defence. As such, his house, his table, his servants, were all provided at public cost. But the expense of every other delegate was borne by the State that sent him.

Thus formed, the Continental Congress no sooner met in 1775 than it proceeded, without any authority, to raise armies, equip navies, to borrow money, to set up a post-office, to send out ministers, to make treaties, and to do innumerable acts of sovereignty in the name of the States. It was Congress that commissioned Washington; that sent Franklin to the court of France; that voted the Declaration of Independence; that framed the Articles of Confederation; that advised the colonies, in the quaint language of the resolution, "to take up civil government."

The Articles of Confederation went out to the States in 1778, but it was not till the 1st of March, 1781, that the thirteenth State signed and put them into force. Meanwhile the Congress was fast sinking into open contempt among the people. The great things which it did were soon forgotten; the things which it did not do were long remembered. Most of its dealings were with the States. In but a few ways did it touch the people, and in the most delicate of these its record is that of disaster after disaster. The bills of credit which no one would take, the loan offices set up in every State, the Congress lottery that failed so miserably, the forty for one act, the old tenor and the new tenor, commissary certificates, quartermaster certificates, hospital certificates, interest indents, were constant reminders of the financial imbecility of Congress, and did far more to bring it into contempt than any of its great acts did to bring it into honor. Every other expression of contempt, "not worth a farthing," "not worth a tinker's dam," gave way to the new expression of worthlessness, "not worth a continental."

Happily, at this juncture, the Confederation was finished, and Congress, for the first time in its history, met under the shadow of constitutional authority. Great things were expected of the Union, and for a time it seemed likely that the expectations would be fulfilled. But when

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Congress organized under the newly ratified Articles of Confederation in November, 1781, Cornwallis had surrendered, the war had virtually ended, and the Confederation began at once to fall in pieces. By the Articles the character of the Congress was little changed. The President was still chosen by the members. The members were chosen annually; could not serve more than three years in any term of six; could not be more than seven nor less than two from any State, and were paid by those who sent them. As the charge of maintaining them was not light, as no delegation, however large, could cast more than one vote, a strong incentive was created to keep the delegations down to two, and in time to send none at all. Twenty delegates, representing seven States, were present when Washington resigned command of the army. Twenty-three delegates, from eleven States, voted to ratify the treaty of peace with Great Britain. Thenceforth, to the end of its career, Congress rarely consisted of twenty-five members. Again and again it was forced to adjourn day after day for want of a quorum. More than once these adjournments covered thirteen consecutive days. Ordinances of trifling importance could be passed by the assent of a majority of the States. But no measure of importance, no ordinance to provide for the issue of money, the payment of the debt, the ratification of a treaty, the raising of a body of troops, could pass unless nine States assented. Most of the time but eleven States were represented. Of these eleven it often happened that nine had but two delegates each, and it thus became possible for three men to defeat the weightiest measures.

Acting on the States and not on the people, Congress never won the affections of the people, but was looked on, was spoken of, was treated, as a foreign government rather than a creature of their own making. When a band of ploughmen gathered under the window of its room at Philadelphia and broke up its sitting with taunts and threats, not a citizen could be found willing to aid in defending it. Driven from the city, it fled to Princeton, and there found a refuge under the guns of fifteen hundred soldiers. From Princeton it soon adjourned to Annapolis. There, disgusted at the perpetual sitting of Congress, the Rhode Island delegates, acting under instructions from their Legislature, moved a recess. This was carried, and, as the Articles of Confederation required, a committee of the States was chosen to sit during the recess. But the members quarrelled, separated with bitter words, and for two months the country was without a general government of any kind. In November, 1784, the Congress reassembled at Trenton, and from Trenton in time they adjourned to New York. In the taverns, meanwhile, the wits were expressing their contempt in the popular toasts, "A hoop for the barrel," "Cement for the Union." In the newspapers Congress was likened to a wheel rolling from Dan to Beersheba and from Beersheba to Dan. Neglected by its members, insulted by the troops, a wanderer from town to town, the subject of jest by the people, the Congress of the Confederation sank rapidly to the condition of a debating club. It made requisitions that never were heeded, voted monuments that never were put up, rewarded great men with sums of money that never were paid, planned wise schemes for the payment of the debt that never were carried out, and looked on in helplessness while English troops held and fortified American forts, while State after State openly violated the Articles of the Confederation, refused it power to regulate trade, refused it power to lay a tax on imported goods, and finally called that convention which, in 1787, framed the Constitution, and gave to Congress the duty of fixing the day when it should cease to exist.

Having thus fixed the day of its death, the Continental Congress of the Confederation began to die fast. When the ordinance passed, on the 13th of September, 1788, nine States were present. September 18th, this number had dwindled to six. October 14th, there were but two in attendance, and all government was ended. Day after day a few delegates, sometimes six, sometimes two, would saunter into the hall, have the secretary take down their names, and then go off to their favorite tavern. But no sittings were held, no business was done, and the Congress whose name is bound up with so much that is glorious in the annals of our country expired ignominiously for want of a quorum.

While these few men, true to their trust, were striving to keep up the semblance of a Congress, the first Wednes-

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day in January, 1789, arrived, and electors were chosen in all of the ratifying States save New York. In that great commonwealth the choice was to be made by the Legislature, and the Legislature was divided against itself. The Assembly was in the hands of the Clinton men, and strongly Antifederal. The Senate was in the hands of the friends of Hamilton, and was by a small majority Federal. The bill which the Assembly framed provided that the Senate and Assembly, having each nominated eight electors, should meet and compare lists, that men whose names were in both lists should be considered elected, and that from those whose names were not in both lists one-half of the needed number should be chosen by each branch of the Legislature. The Senate amended the bill by proposing that the two branches of the Legislature should not meet, but should exchange lists, and that, if the lists differed, each branch should propose names to the other for concurrence, and should go on doing so till all the electors were chosen. The Assembly promptly rejected the amendment; a conference followed; the Senate stood firm, and no electors were chosen. New York, therefore, cast no vote in the first Presidential election, and had no representative on the floor of the Senate during the first session of the first Congress under the Constitution.

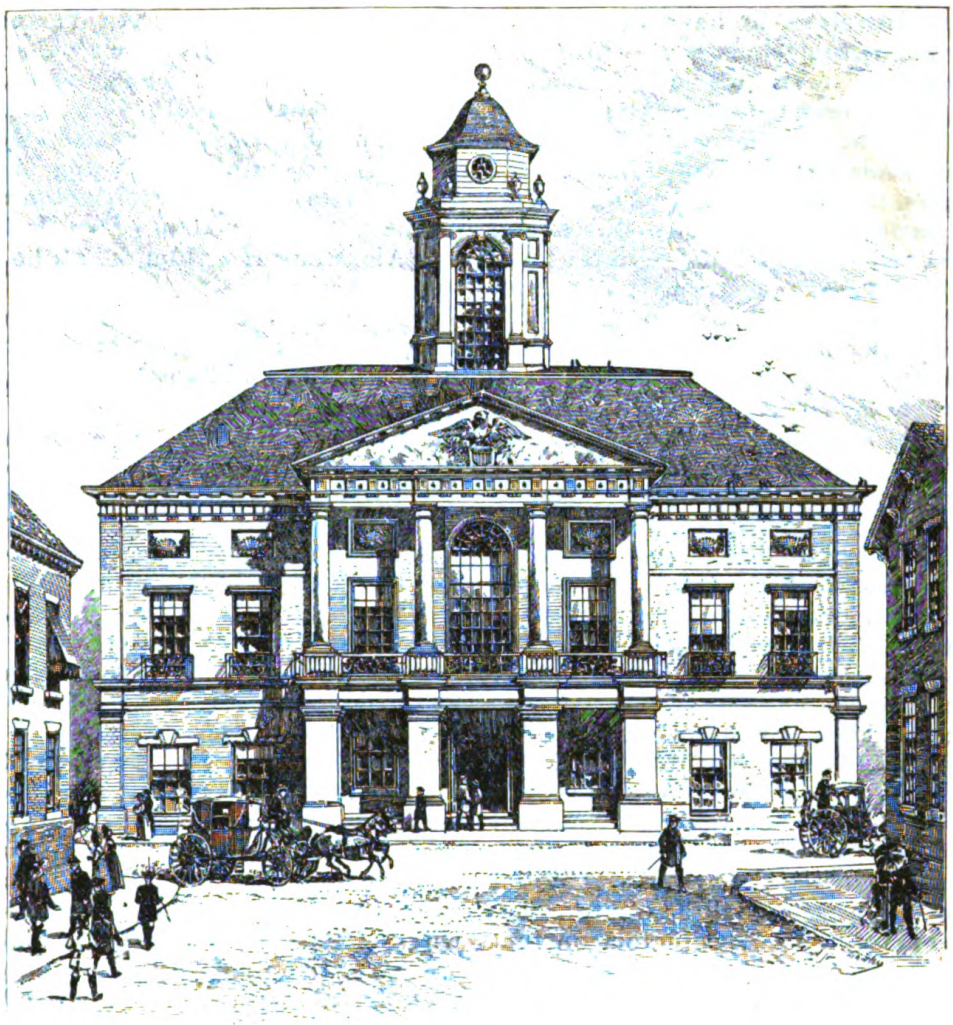
Very similar was the quarrel that took place in New Hampshire. There the law gave the people the right of nominating, and the Legislature the power of appointing, but was silent as to the way in which the appointment should be made. The Assembly was for a joint ballot. This the Senate would not hear of, and stood out for a negative on the action of the Assembly as complete and final as in the cases of resolutions and bills; a wrangle followed, and midnight of the 7th of January was close at hand, when the Assembly gave way, made an angry protest, and chose electors, each one of whom was a Federalist.

In Massachusetts the General Court chose two electors at large, and eight more from a list of sixteen names sent up from the eight Congressional districts. In Pennsylvania the choice was by direct vote of the people, and the counties beyond the mountains being strongly Antifederal, two general tickets were promptly in the field. On the Lancaster ticket were the names of ten Federalists well known to be firm supporters of Washington. On the Harrisburg ticket were the names of men who had signed the address and reasons of dissent of the minority of the Pennsylvania convention, had been members of the Antifederal societies and committees of correspondence, had labored hard to defeat the Constitution, and, even after nine States had ratified, had sat in the famous Harrisburg convention which petitioned the Legislature to ask to have the Constitution sent for amendment to a new convention of the States. These men, the Federalists declared, were planning to make Patrick Henry President, and though some were given a great vote, not one secured election.

In Maryland, where the choice was also made by the people, the excitement became intense, for the lines which parted the Federalists and Antifederalists were precisely those which a few years before parted the non-imposters and the paper-money men from the men who wished for honest money and the prompt payment of the Continental debt. All over the State meetings were held, addresses were issued, and each party accused of fraud. But, when the votes were counted, the Federalists were found to have carried the day. Virginia likewise left the choice with the people, and in that State some fights took place and some heads were broken. But these were of common occurrence, often happened when members of the House of Burgesses were elected, and were thought nothing of. In Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, South Carolina, and Georgia, the electors were chosen by the Legislatures of the States. In Rhode Island and North Carolina no elections were held; they had not accepted the Constitution, and were not members of the new Union.

Of the sixty-nine electors thus appointed, not six were formally pledged to the support of any man. In Baltimore and Philadelphia, where the contest was close, a few had been charged with Antifederalist leanings, and had issued cards declaring that if elected they would cast their votes for Washington and Adams. But the others gave no pledges, and none were wanted. Differ as men might touching the merits of the Constitution, there was no difference of opinion touching the man who should fill the highest office under the Constitution, and voters and electors alike united on General Washington.

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VIEW OF FEDERAL HALL, NEW YORK.—After an old Print.

There all unanimity ceased, for no other name was a charmed name with Americans. That of Franklin stood high, but Franklin had passed his eightieth year, was sorely afflicted with an incurable disease, and was justly thought too old and feeble for the second place. The services and the claims of Samuel Adams were almost as great, but he had begun by opposing the Constitution, had ended by accepting it with much reluctance, and was accordingly passed over by the Federalists, who brought forward the name of John Adams in his stead.

John Adams was a native of New England, and this was given out by some as a good and sufficient reason why Southern Federalists should oppose him. He had lived long abroad, and was declared by others to have come home less of a republican than he went out. He had, his enemies admitted, written a book called *A Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America.* But it ought, they said, to be called an insidious attack. Could any man read such stuff as this—"The rich, the well-born, and the able will acquire an influence among the people that will soon be too much for simple honesty and plain sense in a House of Representatives"—and call it republican? Was the author of such nonsense a fit man to rule over a free people? A better reason for opposing Adams came from the Antifederalists of New York. Eleven States, these men argued, have ratified the Constitution, yet six sent with their ratifications long lists of proposed amendments. These amendments are not trivial; they are very serious. The new government will have to consider them. It is highly im-

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portant, therefore, to have in the new government some man who will do his best to further them. Such a man is Governor George Clinton. His name is not written at the foot of the Declaration of Independence; he has never sat in Congress, nor gone on a mission to foreign parts to caper before dukes and princes, and dance attendance in the antechambers of kings; he has no theory about the place to be given to the rich and the "well-born" in the state; but he is a stanch republican, a friend to the liberty of the press, an enemy of standing armies, a hater of consolidated governments in every form, a man in whose hands the interests of the six States proposing amendments will be safe. So eager were his friends to see him Vice-President that they formed clubs, took the name of Federal-Republican, and, while electors were yet to be chosen, canvassed, corresponded, and sent out a circular letter in his behalf. For a time his chances of success were good; but when it was known that Clinton could not carry his own State, that New York had chosen no electors, all hope of success was given up. And well it might be, for when the electors met on the first Wednesday in February, Clinton got but three votes, and these three were cast by Virginia. Washington, on that day, was given sixty-nine; John Adams received thirty-four. Thirty-five more votes were thrown away on ten men, no one of whom received more than nine.

States.	Washington.	Adams.	Huntington.	Hancock.	Jay.	Clinton.	R. H. Harrison.	Rutledge.	John Milton.	James Armstrong.	Telfair.	Benjamin Lincoln.
New Hampshire....	5	5										
Massachusetts.....	10	10										
Connecticut.....	7	5	2									
New Jersey.....	6	1			5							
Pennsylvania.....	10	8		2								
Delaware.....	3				3							
Maryland.....	6						6					
Virginia.....	10	5		1	1	3						
South Carolina.....	7			1				6				
Georgia.....	5								2	1	1	1
Total.....	69	34	2	4	9	3	6	6	2	1	1	1

That a vote or two should be thrown away was necessary. As the Constitution then read, it was the duty of each elector to write down on his ballot the names of two men, without indicating which he wished should be President. The man receiving the greatest number of electoral votes was to be President, and the man receiving the next highest, Vice-President. Had every elector who voted for Washington also voted for Adams, neither would have been elected, and the choice of a President would have devolved on the House of Representatives. So great a scattering, however, was unnecessary, and is to be ascribed to a fear that Washington would not be given the vote of every elector—a fear Alexander Hamilton did all he could to spread.

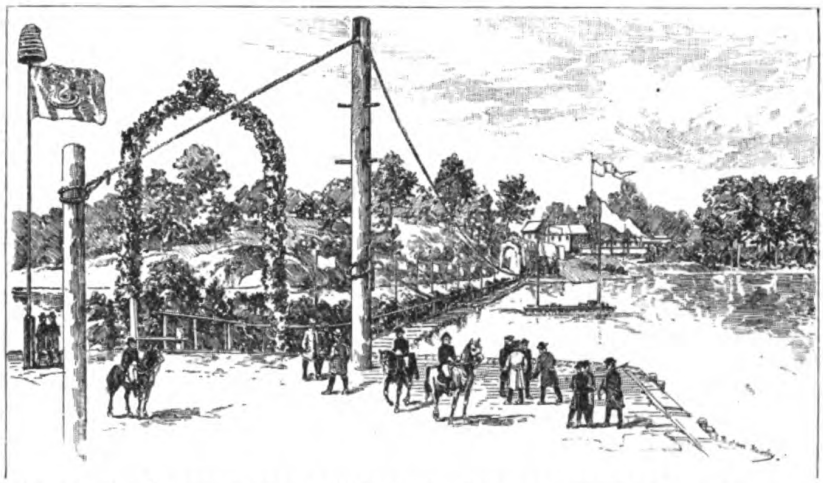
The choice of Representatives was left with the people. By the Constitution, any man who could vote for a member of the lower branch of his State Legislature could vote for a member of Congress. But not every man could on election day write a ballot and bring it to the polls or stand in the crowd that shouted "aye" when the name of his candidate was called. Suffrage was far from universal. The elective franchise belonged to the rich and well-to-do, not to the poor. The voter must own land or property, rent a house, or pay taxes of some sort. Here the qualification was fifty acres of land, or personal property to the value of thirty pounds; there it was a white skin and property to the value of ten pounds. In one State it was a poll tax; in another, a property tax; in another, the voter must be a quiet and peaceable man with a freehold worth forty shillings, or personal estate worth forty pounds. To vote in South Carolina a free white man must believe in the being of a God, in a future state of reward and punishment, and have a freehold of fifty acres of land; to vote in New York, he must be seized of a freehold worth twenty pounds York money, or pay a house-rent of forty shillings a year, have his name on the list of tax-payers, and in his pocket a tax receipt.

The effect of restrictions such as these was to deprive great numbers of deserving men of the right to vote. Young men just starting in life, sons of farmers whose lands and goods had not been divided, wandering teachers of schools, doctors and lawyers beginning the practice of their profession, might count themselves fortunate if at the age of twenty-eight they could comply with the conditions imposed by the constitutions of many of the States. Of the mass of unskilled laborers—the men who dug ditches, carried loads, or in harvest-time helped the farmer gather in his hay and grain—it is safe to say that very few, if any,

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ever in the course of their lives cast a vote, for they were thought well paid if given food, lodging, and sixty dollars a year.

While such as could vote were choosing their Representatives, fit meeting-places for the Senators and Representatives were being made ready by some public-



AN EAST VIEW OF GRAY'S FERRY, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, WITH THE TRIUMPHAL ARCHES, ETC., ERECTED FOR THE RECEPTION OF GENERAL WASHINGTON, APRIL 20, 1789.—After an old Print.

spirited citizens of New York. Driven from Philadelphia in 1783 by the threats of a band of mutinous soldiers, the Congress of the Confederation at last found a refuge at New York, and had been given quarters in the City Hall, which then stood on the corner of Nassau Street and Wall. The Congress room was on the second story at the east end, and would not even now be thought mean. Travellers who came to the city, and, prompted by curiosity, visited the room where the Congress sat, never failed to go away much impressed by the pictures, the furniture, the hangings, it contained. The railed-in platform on which the President sat; the great chair of state; the crimson silk canopy with its curtains of heavy damask; the mahogany tables; the chairs, rich with carving and gorgeous with seats of crimson morocco; the great curtains of damask that hung at the windows; the long line of portraits of officers who died in the war; the huge canvases from which, when the curtains were pulled aside, the King and Queen of France seemed ready to step to the floor beneath—drew from every visitor exclamations of admiration and surprise. Yet neither this room nor the building was thought fine enough for the use of the new Congress, and money to put the building in better form was soon being asked for at every coffee-house in the city. Thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars was quickly collected, and the work of alteration made over to Major L'Enfant, who deserves to be remembered as the man to whom is due all that is good and nothing that is bad in the plan of the city of Washington.

No time was lost; yet the masons and carpenters were still busy when the 4th of March arrived. This mattered little, however, for no President was to be inaugurated, no Senate, no House, was ready to take possession; nothing was to be done to mark in any way the fact that the weak and crumbling Confederation had given place to a strong and vigorous government. Toward sunset on the evening of the 3d a salute was fired at the Battery as a long farewell to the old Confederation. At daylight on the morning of the 4th, at noon, and at six in the evening, salutes were again fired and all the church bells rung as a welcome to the Constitution. But no celebration was attempted; for the new Congress seemed to have inherited all the sloth, all the indifference, all the torpor, of the old. The Senate was to consist of twenty-two members and the House of fifty-nine. Yet while the bells were ringing and the cannon firing there were but eight Senators and thirteen Representatives in the city. This seemed quite as it should be. The terrible condition of the roads in February, the long distances many would have to ride, the late day on which the elections were held,

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might, it was urged, account for the absence of many. When, however, a week went by and not one more Senator came, the patience of the eight gave way, and they issued a strong appeal to the absentees to hurry.* But another week passed, and another address was issued, before the ninth Senator crossed the Hudson to take his seat. The tenth came two days later, the eleventh a week later, and the twelfth, who made a quorum, reached the city on the 5th of April.

The House of Representatives meanwhile had been more fortunate—had secured a quorum, had chosen a Speaker, and was hard at work on a tariff act, when a messenger from the Senate knocked at the door and informed the Speaker that the Senate was ready to count the electoral vote.

This duty done, the Houses parted, and Charles Thomson was sent to carry a certificate of election to Washington, while Sylvanus Bourne went on a like errand to John Adams at Braintree. The journey of these two men from their homes to the seat of Congress was one long ovation. Adams set out first, and was accompanied from town to town along the route by troops of soldiers and long lines of men on horseback, was presented with addresses, was met at Kingsbridge by members of Congress and the chief citizens of New York, and escorted with every manifestation of respect to the house of John Jay. His inauguration took place on April 22d, and was attended by one incident, unnoticed at the time, but serious in its consequences. In the crowd that stood about the doors of Federal Hall to catch a glimpse of Mr. Adams as he went in were John Randolph of Roanoke and his elder brother Richard. The lads were students at Columbia College, and, pressing too close to the Vice-President's carriage, Richard, in the language of his brother, "was spurned by the coachman." In a healthy-minded lad the wrath which the "spurning" called forth would surely have gone down with the sun. But John Randolph was far from healthy-minded. To him the act was past all forgiveness, and to the last day of his life he hated, with a fierce, irrational hatred, not the coachman, but John Adams himself.

Washington set out on the

* The following is a copy of such an appeal, sent to the Hon. George Read, with autograph signatures:

NEW YORK, *March* 11th, 1789.

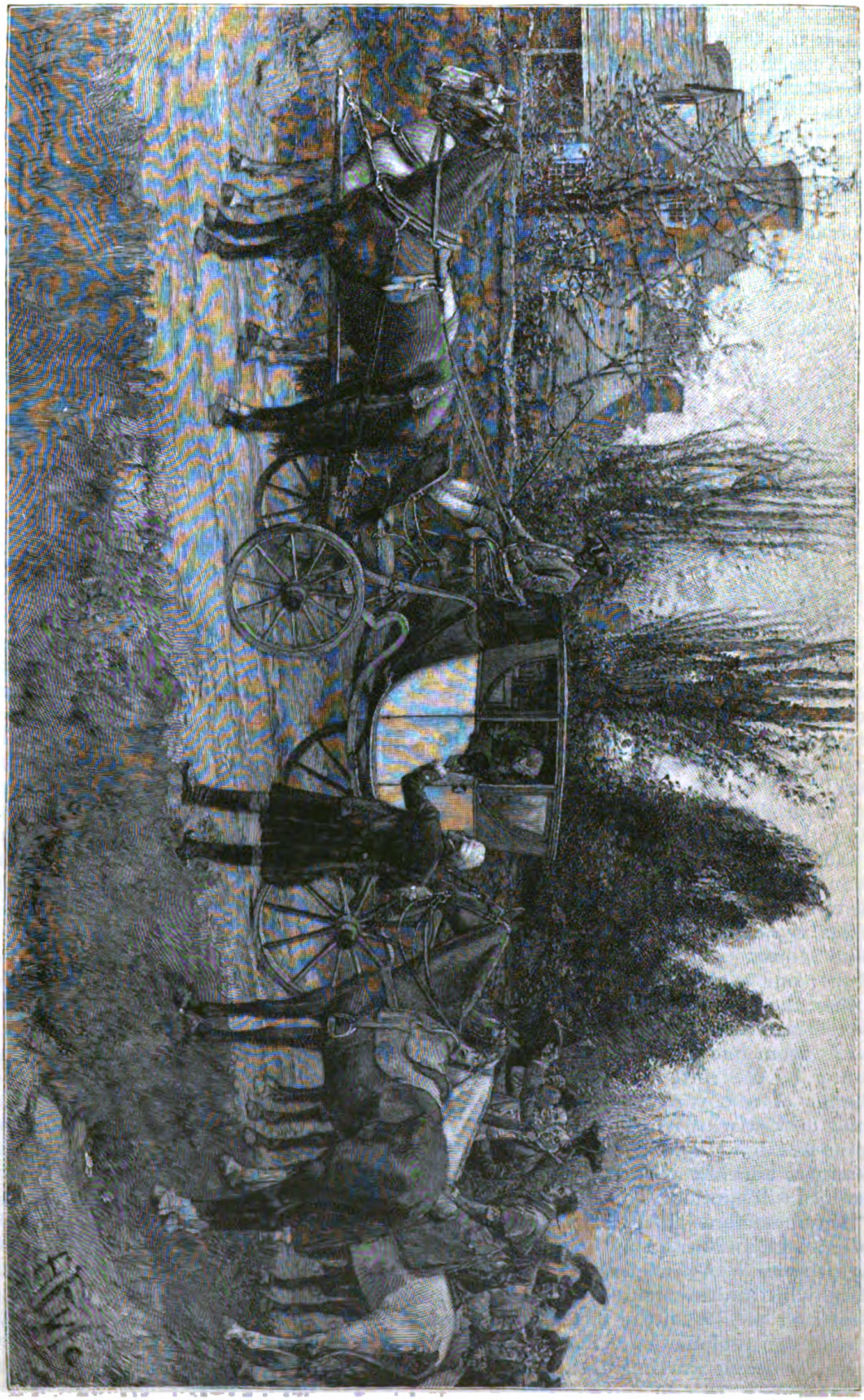
The Honorable George Read, Esqr.:

SIR,—Agreeably to the Constitution of the United States, eight Members of the Senate and eighteen of the house of Representatives have attended here since the 4th of March. It being of the utmost importance that a Quorum sufficient to proceed to business be assembled as soon as possible, it is the opinion of the Gentlemen of both houses, that information of their situation be immediately communicated to the absent Members.

We apprehend that no Arguments are necessary to evince to you the indispensible necessity of putting the Government into immediate operation, and therefore request that you will be so obliging as to attend as soon as possible.

We have the honor to be
Sir —
Your obedient
humble servants —
John Langdon
Paine Wingate
Caleb Strong
Wm. Jam. Johnson
Oliv. Ellsworth
R. Morris
Wm. Maclay
A. Few

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WASHINGTON MET BY HIS NEIGHBORS ON HIS WAY TO THE INAUGURATION.

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16th of April. But he had not gone a mile from his door when a crowd of friends and neighbors on horseback surrounded his carriage, and rode with him to Alexandria. There the Mayor addressed him, in the fulsome manner of the time, as the first and best of citizens, as the model of youth, as the ornament of old age, and went with him to the banks of the Potomac, where the men of Georgetown were waiting. With them he went on till the men of Baltimore met him, and led him through lines of shouting people to the best inn their city could boast. That night a public reception and a supper were given in his honor, and at sunrise the next morning he was on his way toward Philadelphia.

In size, in wealth, in population, Philadelphia then stood first among the cities of the country, and her citizens determined to receive their illustrious President in a manner worthy of her greatness and of his fame. The place selected was Gray's Ferry, where the road from Baltimore crossed the lower Schuylkill—a place well known and often described by travellers. On the high ridge that bordered the eastern bank was Gray's Inn and gardens, renowned for the greenhouse filled with tropical fruit, the maze of walks, the grottoes, the hermitages, the Chinese bridges, the dells and groves, that made it "a prodigy of art and nature." Crossing the river was the floating bridge, made gay for the occasion with flags and bunting and festoons of cedar and laurel leaves. Along the north rail were eleven flags, typical of the eleven States of the new Union. On the south rail were two flags: one to represent the new era; the other, the State of Pennsylvania. Across the bridge at either end was a triumphal arch, from one of which a laurel crown hung by a string, which passed to the hands of a boy who, dressed in white and decked with laurel, stood beneath a pine-tree hard by. On every side were banners adorned with emblems and inscribed with mottoes. One bore the words, "May commerce flourish!" On another was a sun, and under it, "Behold the rising empire." A third was the rattlesnake flag, with the threatening words, "Don't tread on *me*." On the hill overlooking the bridge and the river was a signal to give the people warning of the President's approach.

Toward noon on the 20th of April the signal was suddenly dropped, and soon after Washington, with Governor Mifflin and a host of gentlemen who had gone out to meet him at the boundary line of Delaware, was seen riding slowly down the hill toward the river. As he passed under the first triumphal archway the crown of laurel was dropped on his brow, and a salute was fired from the cannon on the opposite shore, and the people, shouting, "Long live the President!" went over the bridge with him to the eastern bank, where the troops were waiting to conduct him on to Philadelphia. The whole city came out to meet him, and as he passed through dense lines of cheering men the bells of every church rang out a merry peal, and every face, says one who saw them, seemed to say, "Long, long, long live George Washington!"

That night he slept at Philadelphia, was addressed by the Executive Council of State, by the Mayor and Aldermen, by the judges of the Supreme Court, the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, and the members of the Society of the Cincinnati, and early the next morning set out with a troop of horse for Trenton. On the bridge which spanned the Assanpink Creek, over which, twelve years before, the Hessians fled in confusion, he passed under a great dome supported by thirteen columns, and adorned with a huge sunflower, inscribed, "To thee alone." The women of Trenton had ordered this put up, and just beyond the bridge were waiting, with their daughters, who, as he passed under the dome, began singing:

"Welcome, mighty chief, once more
Welcome to this grateful shore:
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow—
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

"Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arms did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers.
Strew ye fair his way with flowers—
Strew your Hero's way with flowers."

As the last lines were sung the bevy of little girls came forward, strewing the road with flowers as they sang. Washington was greatly moved, thanked the children on the spot, and before he rode out of town the next morning wrote a few words to their mothers.

From Trenton he passed across New Jersey, escorted from county to county by the State militia, to Elizabethtown, where a committee, with a barge provided by

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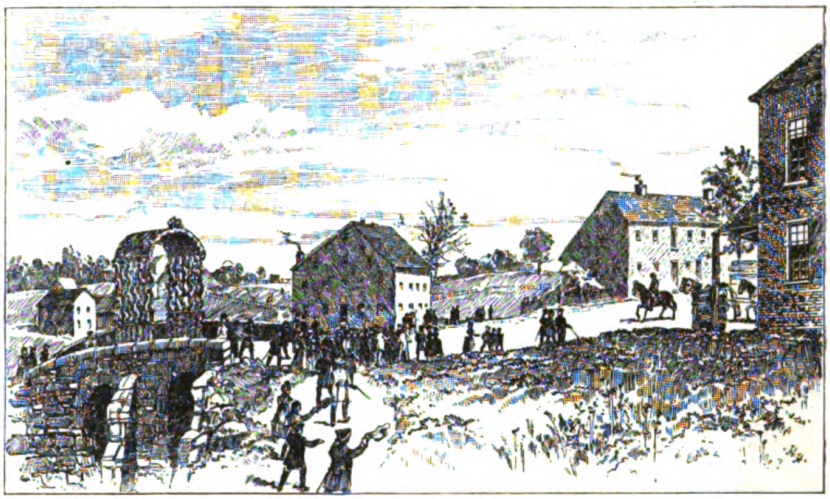
Congress, was ready to carry him to New York. Rowed by thirteen of the harbor pilots, the barge sped on through the Kill van Kull toward New York Bay, followed by a train of boats bearing the few officers of the old Confederation necessity still kept in their places. In one was the Board of Treasury; in another, the Secretary of War; the Secretary of Foreign Affairs was in a third.

About the entrance to the Kill was gathered a navy of river craft gay with flags and brightly dressed women, and noisy with cheering men. As the barges of the President and his party passed by, snows and shallops, trackscouts and row-boats, with one accord took place in line, and the procession, stretching out for more than a mile, swept on toward New York, past the Spanish war ship *Galveston*, which saluted with thirteen guns; past the ship *North Carolina*, which answered the Spaniard's salute, while over the water to those on shore came the blare of conchs and trumpets, the sound of song and music, and the stirring notes of "Stony Point." As the little fleet came round the head of Governor's Island the shouts were taken up by the crowd that lined the shore or stood in a dense mass about the spot which, bright with flags and bunting, marked the landing-place at Murray's Wharf. There Washington was met by Governor Clinton and the members of Congress, and escorted by all the troops in the city to the house made ready for his use. That night the revelry was louder than ever, for scarcely a tavern but had a song or an ode written for the occasion by some frequenter who passed for a poet. Of the few that have come down to us, one was sung to the air of "God save the King":

"Hail, thou auspicious day!
For let America
Thy praise resound.
Joy to our native land!
Let ev'ry heart expand,
For Washington's at hand,
With glory crowned.

"Thrice beloved Columbia, hail!
Behold before the gale
Your chief advance.
The matchless Hero's nigh;
Applaud him to the sky,
Who gave you liberty,
With gen'rous France.

"Thrice welcome to this shore,
Our leader now no more,
But ruler thou.



VIEW OF THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AND THE MANNER OF RECEIVING GENERAL WASHINGTON AT TRENTON ON HIS ROUTE TO NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1789.—After an old Print.

O truly good and great,
Long live to glad our state,
Where countless honors wait
To deck thy brow!"

The friends to the new government had hoped for a speedy inauguration. But Federal Hall was still unfinished, and the ceremony of taking the oath was put off one week. This week was spent by the President in receiving and returning the calls of Congressmen, and in riding about the streets and noting the great change which had taken place since he saw the city last. Five years before, some of the same men who so lately welcomed him as President had gone out to the Bull's Head Tavern to welcome him as General, and after a few days had escorted him to the same wharf at which he so recently landed, and had there, with hearts full of love and gratitude, waved farewell as he was rowed over the bay on his journey to Congress at Annapolis. Then the city was a scene of desolation. Her commerce was gone; her docks were empty; two terri-

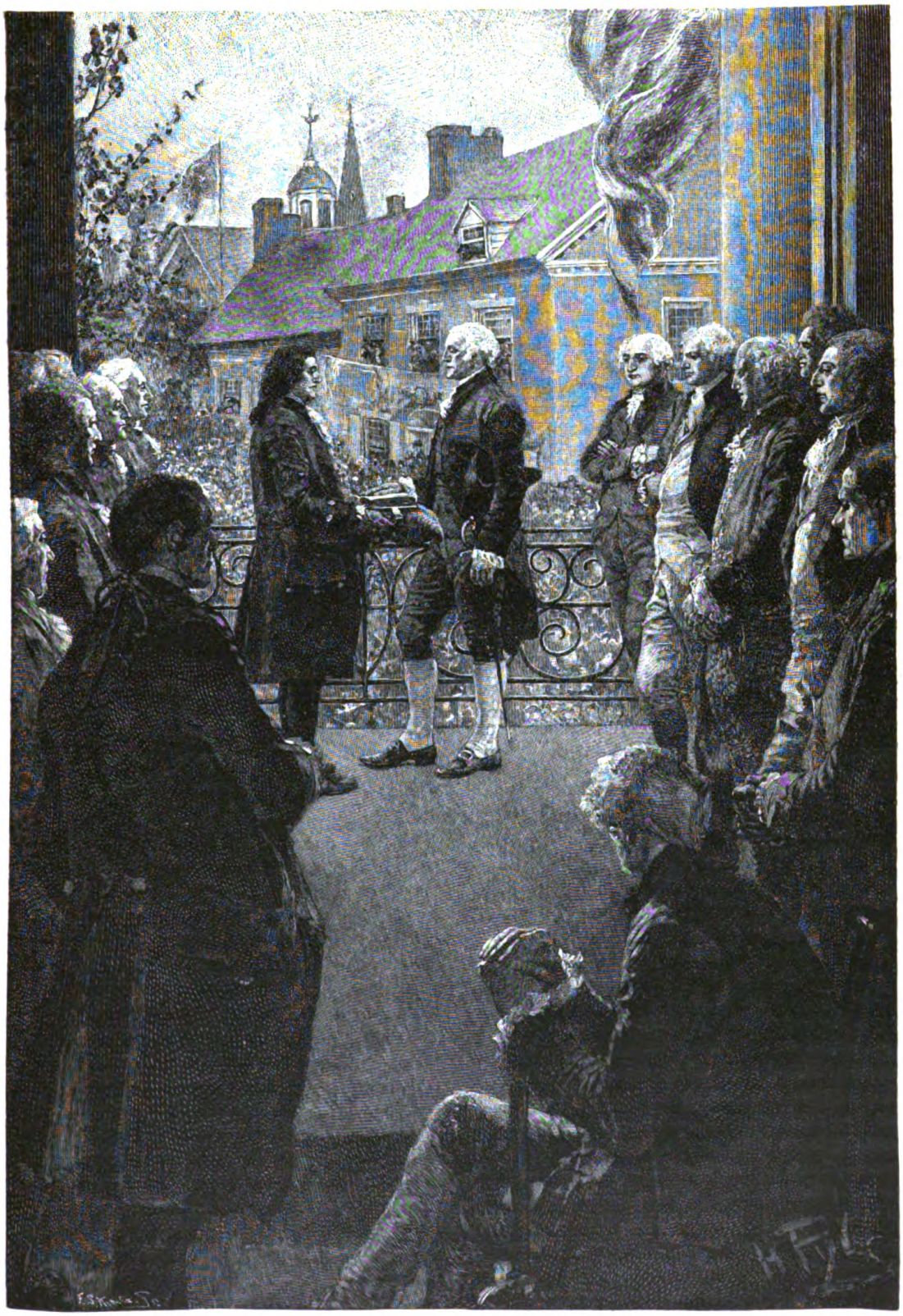
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ble fires had burned down nearly a thousand of her houses. During the seven years of British occupation many of her streets and buildings had been suffered to fall into decay, many of her churches had been desecrated and turned into riding-schools and stables, and thousands of her citizens had been living in exile up the Hudson or in New Jersey. But no sooner were the British driven out than her citizens returned, and with an energy that seemed marvellous began to repair and more than repair the damage done by fire and war. The streets were better paved and better lighted; the houses every year became more grand and pretentious, and the limits of the city extended by steady encroachments on the rivers and bay. Public opinion had already doomed Fort George, which stood just below the Bowling Green, and in a few months workmen were levelling the ramparts to make way for a house for the President. One traveller described the city as a miniature London. Another puts down in his journal some remarks on the markets, where fish are sold both dead and alive; on the fine houses he saw on Dock Street and Queen Street and Hanover Square; on the goodness of the footways, so wide that three persons could walk abreast; on the pavements, over which no drays drawn by more than one horse were ever allowed to pass; and on the sights which he saw on Broadway. The buildings along it were new and poor, but the street was long, wide, and unpaved, and therefore a favorite drive. There every morning and afternoon "the gentry" rode in their coaches and phaetons, and "the common people" in open chairs. It was fashionable to be seen, toward sunset, walking on the mall that surrounded the fort, or to go over to Brooklyn and stroll about the earthworks while an oyster supper was being made ready at the inn.

In these amusements the President-elect took no part, but waited with solemn gravity for the inauguration. At nine on the morning of that day the people repaired by thousands to the churches to offer up prayers for his Divine guidance. At ten Congress met.

In the Senate all was confusion; for, the moment the business of the day began, Mr. Adams had propounded a question of etiquette. The House, he said, would soon attend them, and the President would surely deliver a speech. What should be done? How would the Senate behave? Would it stand or sit while the President spoke? Members who had been in London and had seen a Parliament opened were for following the custom of England, which was, Mr. Lee declared, for the Commons to stand. Mr. Izard declared the Commons stood because there were not benches enough in the room for them to sit. A third was in the midst of a strong protest against aping the follies of royal governments, when Mr. Adams announced that the clerk of the House was at the door. A new question of etiquette at once arose, for the Vice-President was at a loss how to receive him. The sentiment of the admirers of England was that the clerk should never be admitted within the bar, but that the sergeant-at-arms, with the mace upon his shoulder, should march solemnly down to the door and receive the message. This unhappily could not be done, for the Senate had neither a mace nor a sergeant. What should be done was still unsettled when the Speaker, with the House of Representatives at his heels, came hurrying into the Chamber. All business was instantly stopped, and the three Senators who ought to have attended the President long before, set off for his house. As Washington could not leave till they arrived, the procession, which had been forming since sunrise, was greatly delayed, and for an hour and ten minutes the Senators and Representatives chafed and scolded. At last the shouting in the streets made known that the President was come. A few minutes later he entered the room, and both Houses were formally presented. This ceremony over, Mr. Adams informed him that it was time to take the oath of office. He rose and, followed by the members of Congress, went out on the balcony of Federal Hall. Before him were the windows, the house-tops, the streets, crowded with citizens of every rank, brought thither from every kind of occupation by the novelty of the scene. Behind him were gathered many of the ablest and the most illustrious citizens the country had then produced. Among the Senators stood John Langdon, of New Hampshire, once President of his State, and long a delegate to the Continental Congress; Oliver Ellsworth, soon to become a Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court; William Paterson, ten times Attorney-General of New Jersey; Richard

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THE INAUGURATION.

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Henry Lee and Richard Bassett and George Read, men whose names appear alike at the foot of the Declaration of Independence and at the foot of the Constitution of the United States; William Johnson, a scholar and a judge, and one of the few Americans whose learning had obtained recognition abroad; while conspicuous even in that goodly company was the noble brow and thoughtful face of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution.

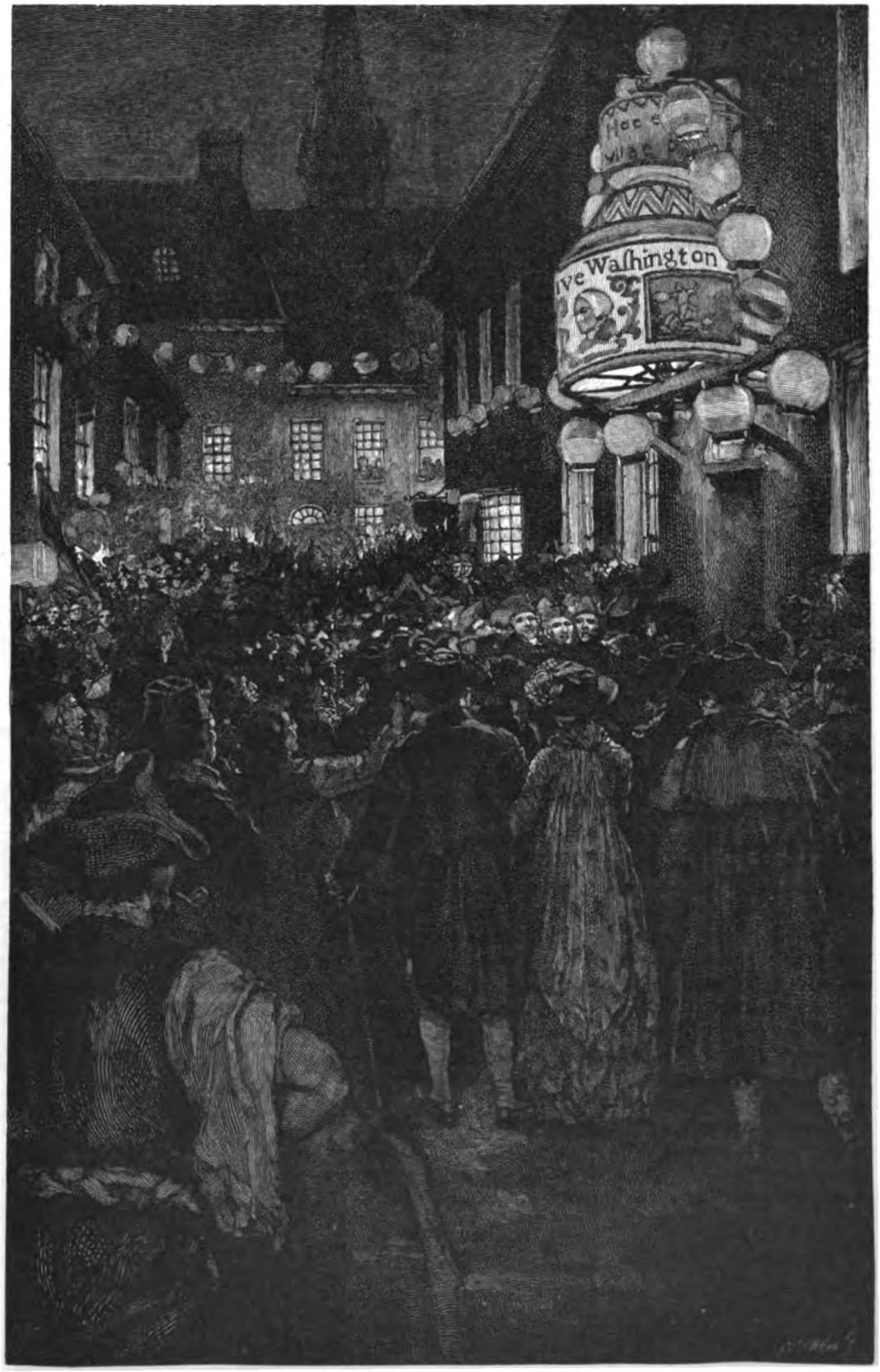
The Representatives as a body were men of lesser note. Yet among those who that morning stood about the President were a few whose names are as illustrious as any on the roll of the Senate: there were James Madison, to whom, with James Wilson, is to be ascribed the chief part in framing and defending the Constitution; and Fisher Ames, the finest orator the House ever heard till it listened to Henry Clay; and Elbridge Gerry, the Antifederalist, who pronounced the Constitution dangerous and bad, who would not sign it in convention, but who lived to see his worst fears dissipated, and died a Vice-President of the United States; and Roger Sherman and George Clymer, who with Gerry dated their public service to a time before the Revolution, and who in defence of that cause had staked "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," and signed the first grand charter of our liberties.

When the President, surrounded by men such as these, had taken his place before the railing of the balcony, and the shouts of welcome had died away, Robert R. Livingston administered the oath of office. Livingston was then Chancellor of the State of New York, and when the last words of the oath had been uttered he turned to the people and cried out, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The cry was instantly taken up, and with the roar of cannon and the shouts of his countrymen ringing in his ears, Washington went back to the Senate-Chamber to deliver his speech. What there took place is best told in the language of one who saw it: "This great man was agitated and embarrassed more than ever he was by the levelled cannon or pointed musket. He trembled, and several times could scarce make out to read, though it must be supposed he had often read it before. He made a flourish with his right hand, which left rather an ungainly impression. I sincerely, for my part, wished all set ceremony in the hands of the dancing-master, and that this first of men had read off his address in the plainest manner, without ever taking his eyes from the paper, for I felt hurt that he was not first in everything."

The people meanwhile went off to their favorite taverns to drink prosperity to Washington and Adams, and wait with impatience for the coming night. As the first stars began to shine, bonfires were lighted in many of the streets, and eleven candles put up in the windows of many of the houses. The front of Federal Hall was a blaze of light. There was a fine transparency in front of the theatre, and another near the Fly Market, and a third on the Bowling Green, near the fort. But the crowd was densest and staid the longest before the figure-pieces and moving transparencies that appeared in the windows of the house of the minister of Spain, and before the rich display of lanterns that hung round the doors and windows of the house occupied by the minister of France.

The country over which Washington was thus made ruler was not three and a half times as large as the present State of Texas, and did not contain as many people by a million as are at present living within the State of New York. By the treaty of peace with Great Britain the boundary of the United States was defined as the St. Croix River from its mouth to its source; a meridian to the highlands parting the waters that flowed into the Atlantic from the waters that flowed into the St. Lawrence; the highlands to the northwest branch of the Connecticut River; down the river to the forty-fifth degree of north latitude; westward along this forty-fifth parallel to the middle of the St. Lawrence; up the St. Lawrence to the lakes; and up the great lakes to the most northwestern corner of the Lake of the Woods. There all geographical knowledge ended. The Mississippi had not been explored above the present city of St. Paul. Where its source was no man knew; but supposing it to be somewhere in British America, the northern boundary was to be finished by a line due west from the Lake of the Woods to the Mississippi. Thence the line ran down the middle of the Mississippi to the thirty-first parallel, eastward along this parallel to

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CELEBRATION ON THE NIGHT OF THE INAUGURATION.

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the Appalachicola, down the Appalachicola to the Flint, and then along the northern boundary of the present State of Florida to the sea.

Around their limits lay the possessions of two great powers with whom our relations were far from friendly. Spanish territory surrounded us on the south and west; yet there was no treaty of any kind with Spain. The possessions of Great Britain bounded us on the north and east; yet the only treaty with England was that of independence made in 1783, and, claiming this treaty to have been violated because the States did not repeal the laws forbidding the recovery of debts due her subjects, she held and fortified the ports on Lake Champlain, at Oswegatchie, at Oswego, at Niagara, at Detroit, on the island of Michilimackinac, in what is now Michigan, and continued to hold them for thirteen years. Spain would make no treaty unless it was distinctly agreed that the citizens of the United States should not navigate the Mississippi River below the thirty-first degree.

Of the 865,000 square miles contained within the boundaries of the United States, part belonged to the eleven States, and part had been inherited by the new government from the Continental Congress. Maine was still a district of Massachusetts, Vermont had as yet no recognition as a State, and was not a member of the Union. Neither was Rhode Island, nor North Carolina, nor what is now Tennessee. Over these regions, therefore, the laws of Congress and the authority of Washington did not extend. Pennsylvania did not own all her frontage on Lake Erie. Kentucky was still a part of Virginia. What is now Alabama and Mississippi above the parallel of thirty-one degrees was claimed entirely by Georgia, and in part by the United States. The wilderness north of the Ohio and west of Pennsylvania had, save some reservations by Virginia and Connecticut, been ceded by four States to the old Congress, and passed by the name of the Territory of the United States northwest of the river Ohio.

Three-fourths of the United States were uninhabited. The western frontier then ran close along the coast of Maine, crossed central New Hampshire and northern Vermont to Lake Champlain, passed round the shores of the lake, down the Hudson River, across New Jersey and the mountains of Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh, over Maryland and the tide-water region of Virginia, and along the Blue Ridge Mountains to the Altamaha River, and by it to the sea.

The area of this inhabited strip was, in round numbers, 240,000 square miles, or one square mile for each sixteen of the inhabitants. But population was by no means so equally distributed. One-fifth were in Virginia; one-ninth in Pennsylvania; almost one-half in the five States that lay south of the Mason and Dixon line. These were the great plantation States, and populous as they were, they did not contain but one city of the first class. Savannah and Charleston and Wilmington and Alexandria and Richmond were smart towns and nothing more. Not one of them had a population of five thousand souls. Indeed the inhabitants of the six great cities of the country summed up to but 131,000—not so many by 20,000 as are now required to reside in each Congressional district.

Sparse as the population was, the rage for emigration had already seized it, and hundreds of emigrants were pouring over the mountains in three great streams. One, made up of New England men, went out through Massachusetts, and were pushing rapidly up the Mohawk Valley; a second, from the Middle States, was hastening up the Potomac River to its head waters, and spreading over the rich valleys of West Virginia between the Ohio and the Great Kanawha; a third had crossed the mountains of North Carolina, and was hurrying down the valley of the Tennessee, there to begin that wonderful progress which is the most marvellous in the history of man.

EXILES.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

HOPES grimly banished from the heart
Are the sad exiles that depart
To Melancholy's rayless goal—
A bleak Siberia of the soul!

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TYPES OF WAITERS AND WAITRESSES.

CHARACTERISTIC PARISIAN CAFÉS.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

IN Paris, public-houses where liquid refreshments are sold take many names, of which "café" is the most general and comprehensive. "Brasserie" is a café where beer is made a specialty; "cabaret" is the old-fashioned, but still used, word meaning a place where both drink and food are sold. Then there are the popular names not recognized by the standard dictionaries, such as "caboulot," "boussingot," or "bouchon," meaning a little low café; "bouisbouis," meaning a low café with the attraction of music and singing; and "mannezingue," "mastroquet," and "troquet," which are equivalent to the "marchand de vin"—the man who sells liquor over a polished zinc counter, and who varies in worthiness from a respectable tradesman and prominent elector down to the keeper of a "tapis franc," or thieves' den. Such establishments of different kinds are to be found in Paris by tens of thousands; furthermore, the number of them is increasing, and, according to statisticians, alcoholism is increasing too, especially amongst the lower classes. Far be it from me to distrust the

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figures of the statisticians, or even to quote them, for statisticians, I have remarked, are willingly foreboders of evil, and their conclusions full of menace. My own experience during many years of peripatetic observation has been that it is a very rare thing to see a drunken man in the streets of Paris; and when, on two or three occasions within as many years, I have seen a man lying helpless on the sidewalk, I have always attributed the accident to the slipperiness of the pavement, or to the sleepiness of the man, or to his having thought that there was an earthquake.

The Frenchman does not get drunk; he becomes lively—or, as he says, *ému*—under the influence of liquor, and in such circumstances he is expansive, persuasive, and singularly eloquent. Frédérick Lemaître and Gambetta achieved their most brilliant successes, the one as an actor, the other as an orator, when they were exceedingly *ému*. In his younger days, I have heard, the Duc d'Aumale, passing at the head of his regiment the Clos Vougeot, halted his men, and made them salute the famous vineyard, as being one of the great nursing mothers of French wit. But, strange to say, the Parisian does not drink wine at a café: he drinks deleterious distilled liquors, such as vermouth, absinthe, various bitters supposed to have merits as "appetizers," or harmless syrups made from fruits or aromatic plants. On the other hand, he drinks but small quantities of these liquids, and that, too, so slowly that he is capable of sitting for two hours in a café before a single thimbleful of liqueur brandy, having thus paid for a pretext for lounging, talking, and reading the newspapers. In fact, the café and the newspaper came into vogue almost simultaneously about a century ago, when Louis XVI. was King. As the times became more interesting, the gazettes became more numerous, and the calm topics of art, the drama, and the scandals of the court gave way to hot discussions about the rights of man, in which the women also took part. At the Café Corazza the Jacobins gathered round Chabot and Collot d'Herbois, while the Royalists held their own as well as they could at the Café de Foy. Then, the summer of 1789 happening to be persistently rainy, and the gossips being more eager than ever for news, the politicians and their orators sought shelter in various other cafés, where they formed sympathetic groups, and so prepared the way for the clubs of the period of the Revolution. In those critical times, when the formidable subject of the rights of man was being argued and settled for all time, the politicians established clearly and by example that it was the right of the French citizen to read the gazettes, to talk loudly, and to enjoy all the other advantages of a café, during the space of at least six hours, on the condition of ordering one cup of coffee or a single thimbleful of brandy. And this right has been maintained by succeeding generations up to the present day. Thus we have one important point settled, namely, the Frenchman does not go to a café for the sake of drinking, nor does he drink at the café for the sake of drinking, much less because he is thirsty: he drinks simply because he wants to go to the café.

Why the Frenchman wants to go to a café is a complex question which can be answered only roughly and incompletely by noting the triple attraction which the café exercises. First of all, it satisfies the need of public life and life in public which the Latin nations in particular have felt since the Revolution of 1789; secondly, it takes the place of family life, which the conditions of modern existence have profoundly undermined; finally, it flatters a certain taste for degradation and lowness which is peculiar to male humanity, and which the wisest legislator will never be able to suppress. All men, it seems, feel the need of escaping occasionally from the gentle influence of their women-folk, and of enjoying masculine society and masculine talk; hence the café and hence the club, which is an outcome and modification of the café, and the most exclusively masculine of all the institutions of modern civilization. In itself the café is tiresome and full of ennui, like everything which is not natural, and the pleasure which it gives cannot be formulated.

Let us take a walk along the boulevard between five and seven o'clock, the "green hours," when the Parisians are wont to drink absinthe, read the evening papers, and gossip in the cafés. The boulevards extend for miles until they reach the Bastile Column, where they connect with other boulevards which surround the city. But the real boulevard —*the* boulevard—is a short stretch bounded at one end by the Madeleine and at the

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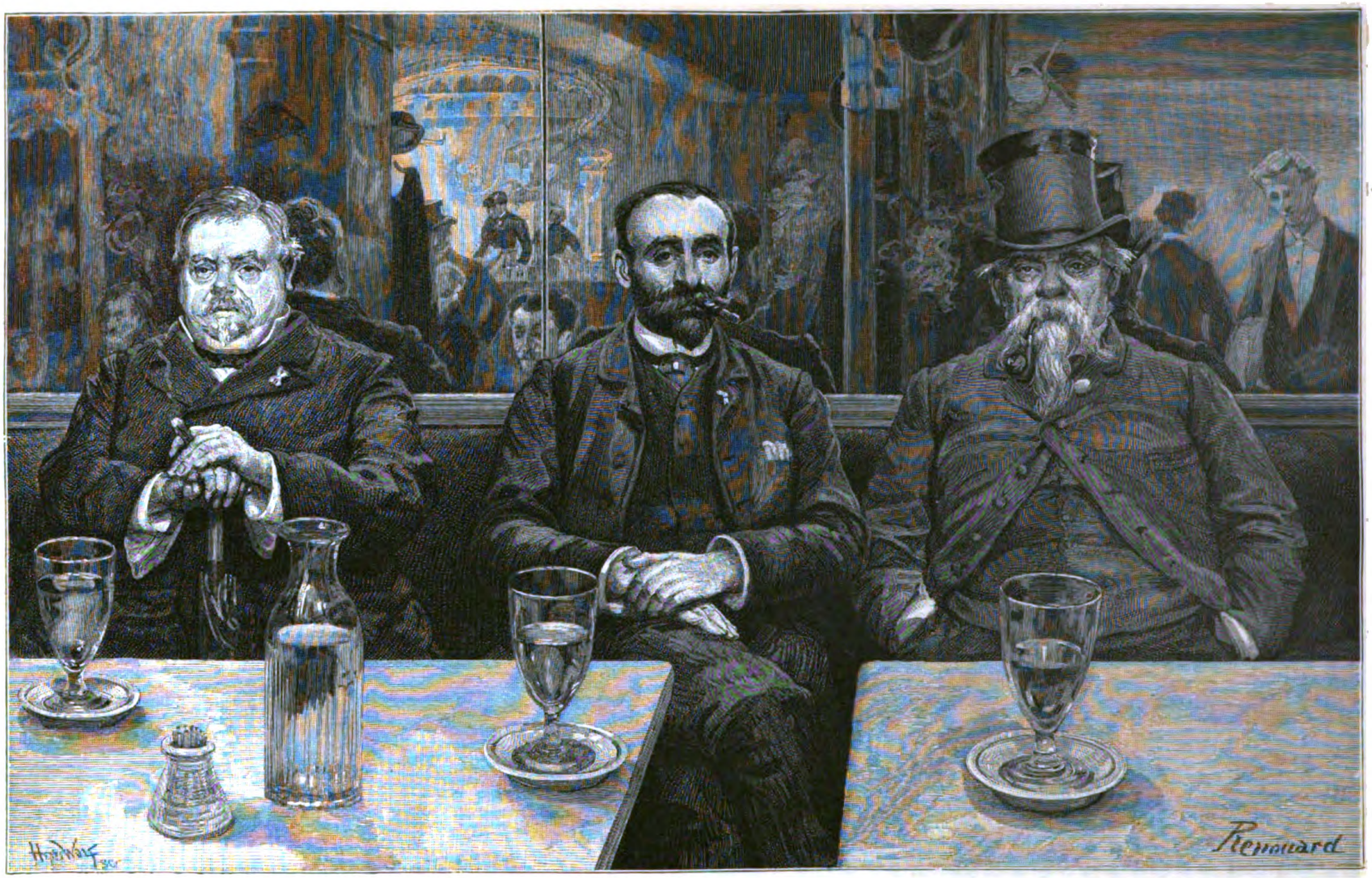
CAFÉ TORTONI.

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other by the Rue Montmartre, and the centre and quintessence of it is the Café Tortoni. The history of Tortoni is the history of the boulevard, and of that superior kind of Bohemian who bears the generic name of *boulevardier*. Under the First Empire the wits assembled there to comment upon the bulletins of the Grand Army, or to criticise the last tragedy of Luce de Lancival. In the little room at the back, Talleyrand was wont to sit, and through the window watch the gay movement of the Boulevard de Gand, which we now call the Boulevard des Italiens. Later, M. Thiers, aged thirty, elegant, ambitious, and determined to succeed, used to ride up to Tortoni's on a white horse, stay just long enough to eat an ice, and then quick to the saddle again, and *en route* for fortune. Throughout the Restoration and the Second Empire Tortoni was a centre of fashion, wit, and elegance, and the little café at the corner of the Rue Taitbout still remains, a monument, an institution, a tradition, the sanctum of the *chroniqueurs* of the Parisian newspapers of the *Figaro* type, the head-quarters of the wits, the gossips, and the scandal-mongers of the capital. At the Café Américain, novelists, poets, other *chroniqueurs*, literary men, and painters indulge regularly in "apéritifs," cigarettes, and piquant talk. At the Café Riche, the financiers and stock-brokers outnumber the literary men, who used to predominate in former days, when Offenbach, Clément Laurier, Wolff, About, and Saint-Victor were the habitués of a particular round table. On the other side of the boulevard, the Café du Helder is the rendezvous of military and naval officers, who on their brief visits to Paris are sure to find some friend there with whom to discuss the latest promotions and the newest reforms invented by their hierarchic chief the Minister of War, and in case of need they can appeal for information to the habitués, who are not all army men, but who have a particular affection for all that is military, and who sit at the little marble tables, drink absinthe, and are invariably decorated. One may be a retired captain with a rubicund nose, long shaggy mustaches, a goatee beard, and in his button-hole the rosette of the Legion of Honor, won perhaps by good service in Africa. With his hands in his pockets, he sits heavily on the red velvet divan, propping his gross body against the back, and never removing his rather rakish hat from his denuded skull. Another may be a horse-dealer or an army contractor, whose sympathies and interests make him prefer to drink his green poison in a military café. A third, corpulent, apoplectic, faded, and sulky, smokes stolidly, with a cross expression on his countenance, his temper having been irremediably soured by long years of sedentary ennui in the bureaux of the War Department.

Then there is the Café de la Paix, the rendezvous of the gilded youth of Paris, and of the rich strangers, who sit at the little round tables placed on the sidewalk, and marvel at the animation and variety of the boulevard. At the Café de la Paix you can see any day and at almost any hour specimens of all the nationalities of the earth — Brazilians scintillating with diamonds, Englishmen conspicuous by their strange head-gear and light-colored clothes, Chinese clad in radiant silks, Arab sheiks who mar the majesty of their turban and burnoose by wearing yellow kid French gloves stitched with black. And in the midst of this cosmopolitan company the young French "dude" sucks the handle of his cane, cramped and angular in his tight-fitting garments, dull-eyed, stolid, and proud of the weary emptiness of his existence. At the Café de Madrid may be seen the members of the radical newspaper press, intermingled with business men and miscellaneous idlers, for the café is no longer the almost exclusively political rendezvous which it was in the later years of the Empire, when Ranc, Spuller, Gambetta, and Vallès were the chief orators in this sort of forum, where most of the prominent politicians and journalists of the present day took their first lessons in Republican arms. This was about 1886, when on the other side of the river the future chiefs of the Commune, Raoul, Rigault, Tridon, Dacosta, and Landowski, began to frequent the Café de la Renaissance on the Boulevard Saint-Michel. In 1871, when these gentlemen came into power at the Hôtel de Ville, they and their parasites, with their long boots, clanking spurs, and brilliant uniforms, transferred their custom to the Café de Madrid; but as they paid only when they pleased, and were pleased to pay never, the café soon closed through the ruin of the proprietor. The Café de Madrid is now a noisy and pestiferous cavern,

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"WHO SIT AT THE LITTLE MARBLE TABLES, DRINK ABSINTHE, AND ARE INVARIABLY DECORATED."

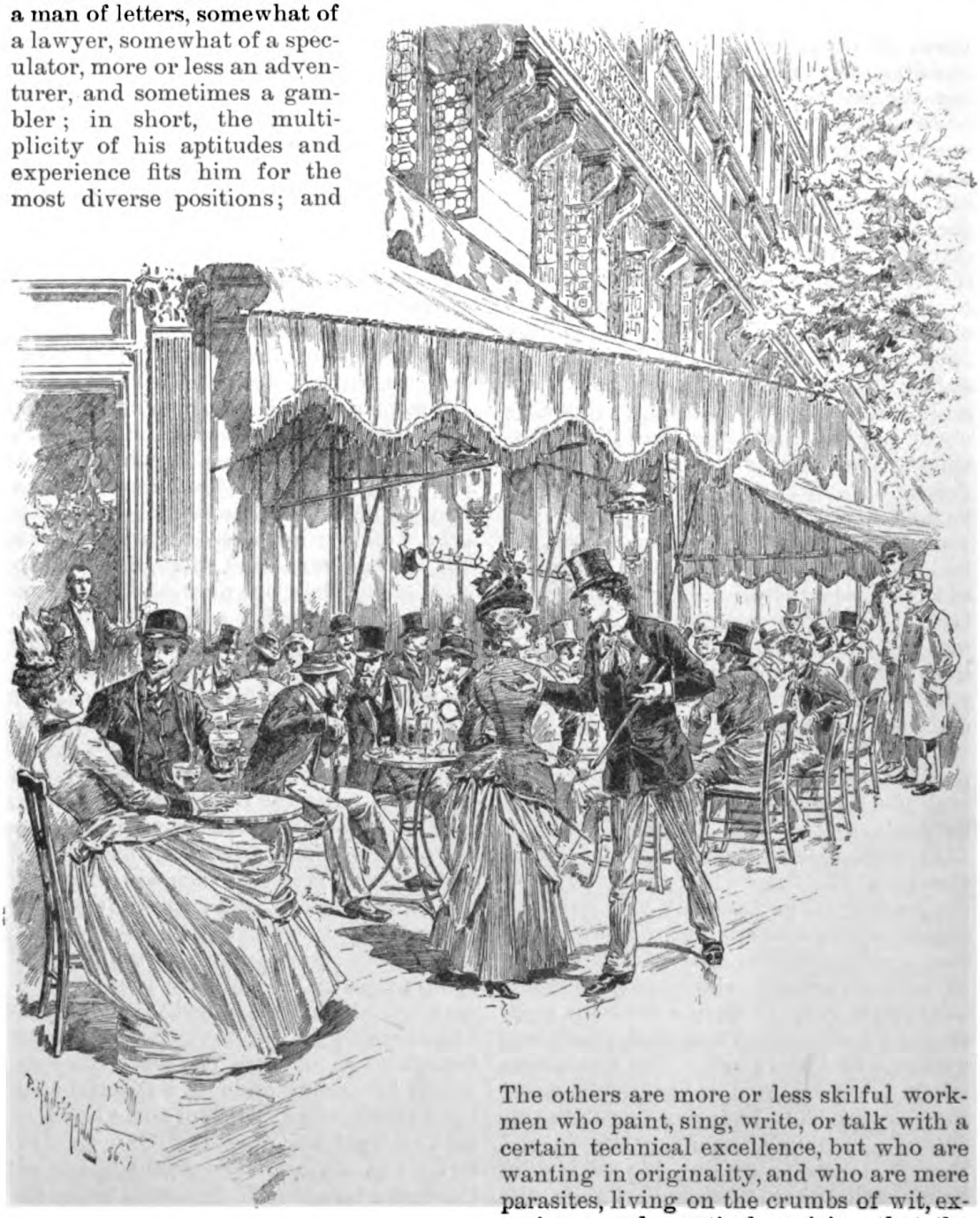
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where the voice of the talkers rises with difficulty above the clatter of the dominoes incessantly shaken up on the marble tables, and the rattling of dice on innumerable backgammon boards. Opposite, at the Café de Suède, the habitués are lyric and dramatic artists, and in the room on the first floor the diamond merchants meet to do business and to play dominoes. Next door, the Café des Variétés used to be the favorite resort of Rochefort, Murger, Barrière, and other vaudevillists and playwrights, and it was there, at the table where Théodore de Bauville and Baudelaire presided, that Catulle Mendès founded the Parnassian school of poetry which has flourished since, and is now represented in the French Academy by Coppée and Sully Prudhomme. But gradually puffed up by the glory of his customers, the proprietor grew proud and insolent, and one day the literary men left in a body, and since then the Café des Variétés has remained nondescript and unrenowned. Further east, along the boulevard, the cafés become less and less elegant, and more and more crowded and noisy, while the German beer-houses, with their baskets of "pretzel," are more frequent as we approach the commercial quarters of the Boulevards de Sebastopol and Strasbourg, where there is much billiard-playing, domino-playing, and card-playing, and where the habitués sit round the tables in strident and vulgar groups, smoking, sipping absinthe, and talking all at once at the top of their voices, in an atmosphere thick with tobacco smoke, and heavy with the fumes of alcohol, boots, kitchen grease, and the natural exhalations of crowded humanity. As for the life of the Parisian café, it is much the same all over the city. In the morning a few homeless beings come there to take their coffee and milk; before lunch some customers arrive to take the morning *apéritif* and to read the papers; toward five o'clock the tables begin to fill, and until seven the crowd thickens; during the dinner hour there is a lull, and then toward nine o'clock the tables fill once more, and the activity continues until one or two o'clock in the morning, when the cafés are closed in accordance with the police regulations.

Such are the principal cafés of the boulevard *par excellence*, and it is at these cafés, and along the bitumen pavement between the Madeleine and Brébant's, that the *boulevardier* flourishes, exerting his powers of glittering more especially in the late afternoon at the absinthe hours. Then the trees between the endless lines of houses spread their bare branches or their sickly verdure in a perspective of luminous newspaper kiosques, green benches, and tall advertising columns crowned by a ring of gas jets, which light up the many-colored patchwork of play-bills announcing the amusements of the evening. The cabs and private carriages glide over the wooden pavement, dotting the scene with yellow and black patches; the monster omnibuses plough their way brutally through the surging current of wheels and hoofs; at intervals a refuge in the middle of the roadway is marked by a gas lamp surmounted by the blue dial of a pneumatic clock; the shops are all brilliantly lighted; the cafés fill rapidly, and the waiters hurry to and fro with strange cries: "Un Turin terrasse," "Boum!" "Absinthe anisette à l'as," and other cabalistic words, intelligible only to the initiated. At this hour of the day the aspect of the boulevard changes entirely; a curious tribe of men descends from all quarters to this central hunting-ground. Some come in search of wit; some in search of news; some in search of relations and influence; some to be seen, to prove that they are still living, and to make themselves and others believe that they occupy a place in Paris. Many again come simply to see and enjoy that unique spectacle of varied movement, life, and color, which the streets and boulevards of Paris alone can offer. And this is why it is difficult to define the *boulevardier*, for amongst those to whom this appellation is given you find men of all ages, all characters, all professions, and all reputations; the only bonds of union are certain daily habits, a special language, a love of gossip and scandal, a peculiar turn of wit, and a tendency to gyrate in the neighborhood of Tortoni's. The pure *boulevardier* is always indifferent and generally selfish, which is not strange when we reflect that he is an isolated unit struggling for life in the midst of the selfishness and indifference of Paris, where he daily shakes hands with a hundred of his fellows, and cherishes no illusions as to the incontestable insignificance of that ungraceful form of salutation. The typical *boulevardier* is a superior species of Bohemian, but generally a Bohemian with expensive tastes,

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whose existence is a perpetual problem which occupies himself and sometimes others; whereas the existence of the ordinary Bohemian is a matter to which he does not deign to give thought. The *boulevardier* is somewhat of a man of letters, somewhat of a lawyer, somewhat of a speculator, more or less an adventurer, and sometimes a gambler; in short, the multiplicity of his aptitudes and experience fits him for the most diverse positions; and so, in Paris, we find *boulevardiers* everywhere—in the clubs, in the newspaper offices, in the directing boards of financial administrations, in the Chamber of Deputies, and in official situations of all kinds. Amongst the *boulevardiers* whom one sees every night taking their absinthe or their bitter and gossiping on the sidewalk, there are twenty men of rare wit.



CAFÉ VACHETTE.

The others are more or less skilful workmen who paint, sing, write, or talk with a certain technical excellence, but who are wanting in originality, and who are mere parasites, living on the crumbs of wit, experience, and practical cynicism that the leaders let fall from their table.

Some observers pretend that the palmy days were those of the Second Empire, when the *boulevardier*, sleek, witty, elegant, and gallant, lived in the midst of the ambient luxury, heedless of politics

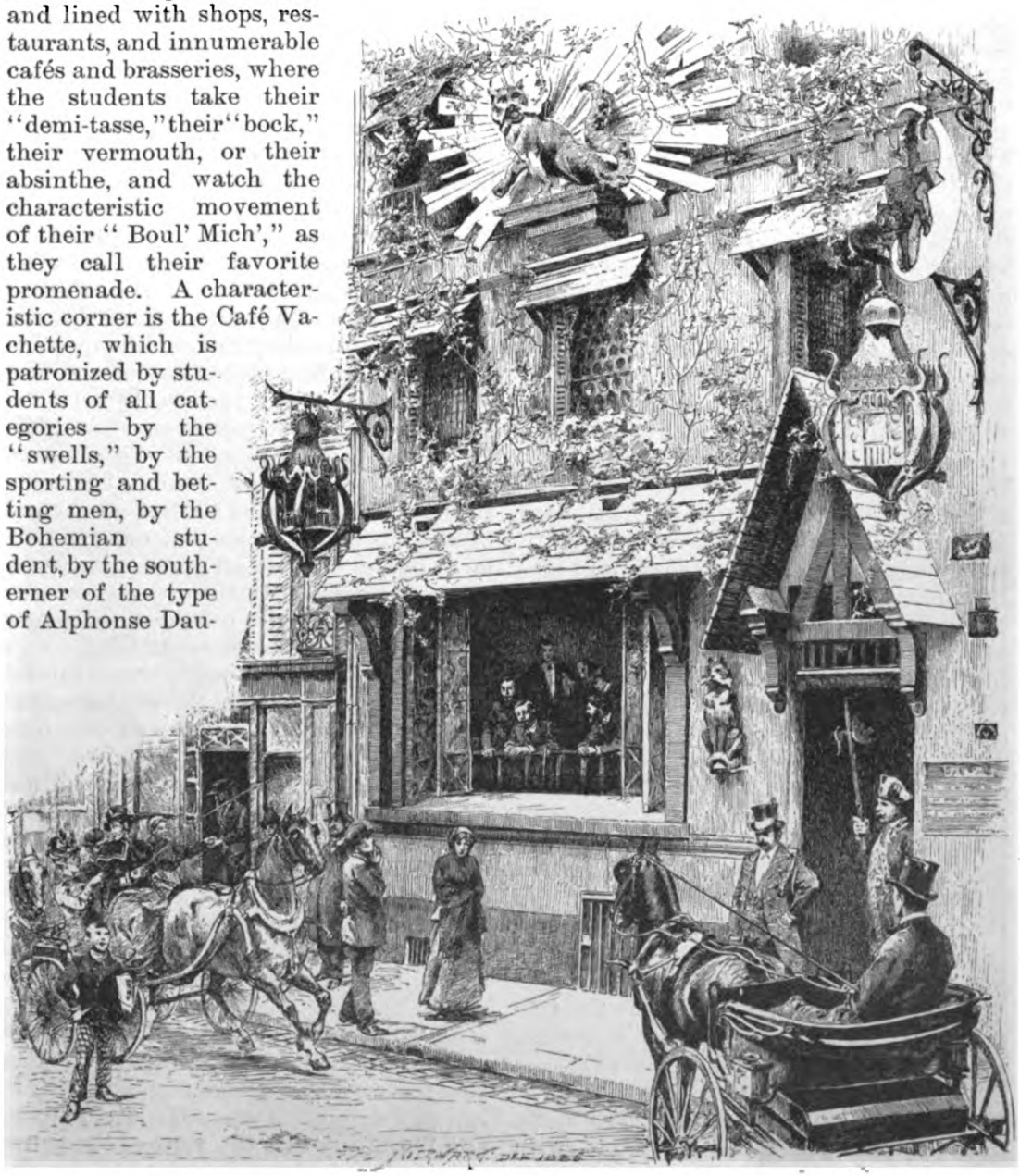
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and vulgar cares. After 1871 politics invaded all Paris; the habitués of Tortoni's had to choose an opinion; the first tendency of the *boulevardiers* was toward the Comte de Chambord and the white flag; then, veering with success, they turned toward Gambetta, thanks to whom many of the veterans now hold official positions. As for the young generation, say the critics, it includes few genuine *boulevardiers* of the old style; the boulevard is being gradually annexed by Montmartre, and in the bustle and promiscuity of triumphant democracy, the asphalt of the Boulevard des Italiens is losing its stamp of adventurous elegance and intelligent exclusiveness. It is always well to mistrust the praisers of the past, especially in France, where the prestige of the book and of the printed picture is so very strong. The boulevard such as Balzac and Gavarni have depicted probably never existed, any more than the Latin Quarter as Murger described it in his *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, and as Gavarni drew it in his beautiful lithographs. The creations of these great artists doubtless had a certain reflex action on a few of their contemporaries, just as nowadays Grévin's caricatures influence in a reflex manner the costume and bearing of certain frivolous French women. Or, to take another example, Alexandre Dumas's comedies are rarely studied from life, and yet such is the logical consistency of the persons whom his imagination creates, that you find women who have formed themselves after the impossible type of *L'Étrangère*, for instance. Thus, although at the time when it was written the heroine of this comedy was purely a fiction of the author's brain, it would be easy now to point to half a dozen women in Parisian society who have conformed themselves reflexly to this fictitious model, and thus rendered true that which was untrue a few years ago. The characters whom Murger placed in his famous novel were not students, but notorious and scandalous Bohemians. During the Second Empire Bohemianism was *à la mode;* the looseness of the Bohemian's habits, the brutality of his persiflage, the monstrousness of his paradoxes, the picturesqueness of his silhouette, represented a reaction against the affected respectability of a society whose hero was the Duc de Morny, and whose ideal was external correctness, *le chic* or *la tenue*. Democracy, however, does not like these threadbare parasites, with their unkempt locks and greasy hats; in the Bohemian it sees and hates a useless member in a society where all work. The traveller must therefore be prepared to seek in vain for Bohemians of the Murger type in busy modern Paris.

In the Latin Quarter of the present day one rarely observes eccentricity of costume. On the contrary, the students affect rather the dress and bearing of the boulevard "dude," more especially the law students, who do not disdain to cross the Seine, go into society, and lose their money at the races. The real student is the medical student, for whom the eight or ten years which he passes in Paris are the heyday of his existence. After he has obtained his diploma, the medical student will have to leave the capital, settle down in some provincial town, and work up a practice; and so, while he is in Paris, he makes a point of having a happy time, but a happy time in his own fashion. The medical student is not a "dude"; he does not always wear a silk hat and varnished shoes, like the law student; he does not play cards and baccarat in the sporting cafés; nor does he cross the river and go into society, for he must be up early in the morning for the rounds in the hospitals. The medical students live very much together; they monopolize certain restaurants; they smoke and discuss at night in certain cafés, such as La Source, on the Boulevard St.-Michel; they are bound together by a sort of freemasonry, resulting from their special and almost secret studies, which are unknown to the uninitiated. On the other hand, the medical students love to make a noise, and to promenade in Indian file on little or no pretext. Occasionally a new policeman, who is unaccustomed to such manifestations of youthful exuberance, interferes, and then there is great agitation, which invariably ends by a procession to the Prefecture of Police of some hundred or two students, carrying Chinese lanterns, and crying: "Conspuez Gragnon! Conspuez Gragnon!" Gragnon being the name of the Prefect of Police, whom they invite the public thus to treat with contempt. Hearing the noise of tramping feet and seditious cries, the guard marches out of the court-yard of the Prefecture, and the students howl with laughter and return to their Latin Quarter,

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happy and contented with the success of their harmless escapade. The population of the Boulevard St.-Michel is accustomed to these noisy ways, but over the water such manners are not appreciated, and the jokes of the medical students have generally led to disturbances when they have ventured to practise them elsewhere than in their own Latin Quarter. Therefore the medical student will tell you that he does not care to cross the river, and that the grand boulevard has no charms for him. His boulevard is that named after St.-Michel, a fine modern thoroughfare, shaded with splendid trees, and lined with shops, restaurants, and innumerable cafés and brasseries, where the students take their "demi-tasse," their "bock," their vermouth, or their absinthe, and watch the characteristic movement of their "Boul' Mich'," as they call their favorite promenade. A characteristic corner is the Café Vachette, which is patronized by students of all categories — by the "swells," by the sporting and betting men, by the Bohemian student, by the southerner of the type of Alphonse Daudet, with long black hair, curly mustache, and forked beard, who wears a flat-brimmed hat tilted on the back of his head, and has a gay word to say to all the impertinent *étudiantes*, who are not all rigorously inscribed on the books of the University. Even the French schoolboy goes to the café, and on Saturday especially you see the pupils of the state lycées, the *potaches* as they are called, airing themselves along the "Boul' Mich'," with their hands in their pockets, and their "semi-rigide" képi pulled well down over their ears, smoking gi-



NEOMEDIÆVAL CAFÉ.

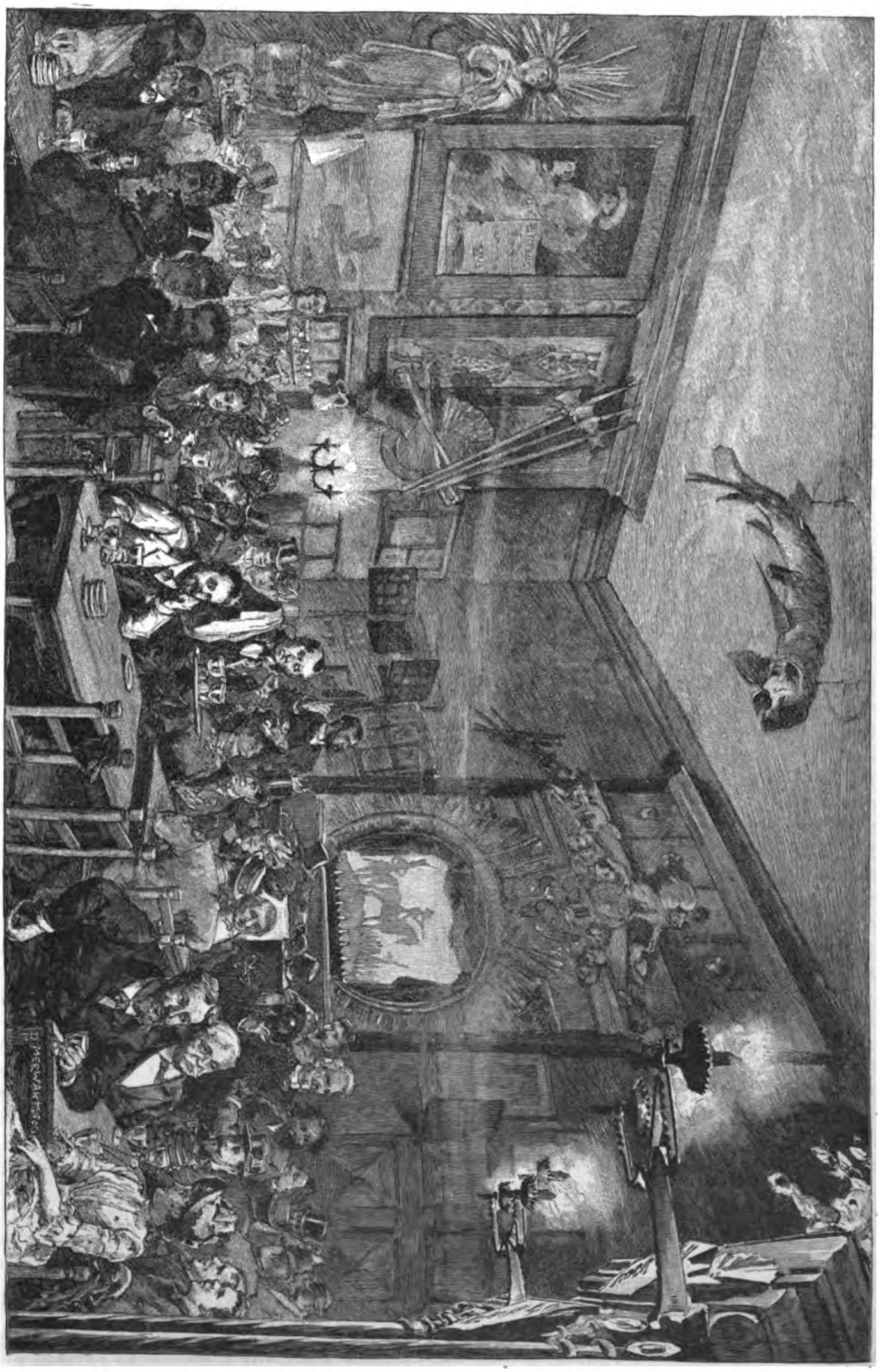
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gantic cigars, and looking as stolid and unintelligent as they can, for the ideal of the modern French school-boy of the silly class, as it is also of the modern French "dude," is to look stupid, or *abruti*, as the French term is.

In the Latin Quarter there are but few cafés of historical interest, and even those that have survived the transformation of the district do not retain even a vestige of their pristine glory. Thus the Café Procope, with its souvenirs of Diderot, d'Alembert, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Holbach, Voltaire, and Mirabeau, exists now with difficulty as a very cheap eating-house. The new Boulevard St.-Germain has swept away Andler's, in the Rue Hautefeuille, where the "realists" used to meet under the artistic chieftainship of Courbet and the literary guidance of Champfleury. From 1850 until 1860 Andler's, also called the "Brasserie des Réalistes," enjoyed great vogue in artistic Paris. It was there that the Parisians first learnt to drink beer; for forty years ago, it must be remembered, the Parisians went to the café to drink coffee: beer was then regarded as a strange drink, almost a gastronomic curiosity, which was always served with the accompaniment of cakes or nougat, while appetizing liqueurs, such as absinthe, vermouth, or bitters, were rarely seen, being looked upon as potions for the use of persons whose constitution had been debilitated by the African climate. In those days, too, the pipe was held in higher honor than the cigarette or the cigar, whereas now the use of the pipe has almost disappeared, in public at least; and in the hundreds of cafés and "brasseries" which now exist in the Latin Quarter the consumption of beer and of appetizing drinks far exceeds the consumption of coffee. Since the exhibition of 1867, when German, Swiss, English, Austrian, and Hungarian bar-maids were first seen in Paris, waitresses have taken the place of waiters in many of the beer saloons of the Latin Quarter, and that strange institution called the "brasserie à femmes" has gradually spread all over Paris, at the same time that it has become the custom to fit up the beer saloons in quaint, fantastic, and pseudo-historical styles, and to costume the waitresses as Opéra Comique nurses, with peaked caps and a doll in their pocket; as barristers, with long blond wigs, black gowns, white bands, and a bouquet of roses to mark the place of their easily won hearts; as almées; as Arlésiennes, and I know not what other disguises, which give to the humblest "caboulot" the suggestion of the coulisses of some ideal and inoffensive theatre, where there is never any acting of unreal comedies or tearful tragedies. The old-fashioned café, with its white walls picked out with simple gold beadings, its neat marble tables, its light chairs, its unpretentious looking-glasses, and its *comptoir*, where sits the waxen-faced lady book-keeper, is becoming more and more rare in modern Paris. The mediæval semi-German tavern is the fashion now, and in every street you find some paltry little establishment with stained-glass windows, heavy wooden tables, imitation tapestry on the walls, and imitation faience mugs, which are filled with Bavarian beer by waiters or waitresses more or less costumed.

The café being in itself a tiresome and unpleasing place, there is no objection to be made to costume or to any fantastic decoration which makes of the whole a spectacle amusing to the eye. In our modern civilization the development of the spirit of dilettanteism and of criticism has extended the museum beyond the public or private collection, and introduced what may be called the museum spirit into the smallest details of furnishing, and thus created the bibelot. And by the bibelot we mean that minute fragment of the work of art which puts something of the East, of the Renaissance, or of the Middle Ages on the corner of a drawing-room table or on the ledge of a dresser. It is this love of the bibelot which has transformed the decoration of our modern homes, and given them an archaic physiognomy so curious and amusing that, as a subtle analyst has said, our nineteenth century, by dint of collecting and verifying the styles of the past, will have forgotten to create a style of its own. This love of bibelot, this research of the quaint, the dainty, and the bizarre, has naturally penetrated from the home to the café; and in the brasseries of the Latin Quarter, the son of the provincial bourgeois who has just arrived in the capital finds himself sitting in a beer saloon at a Renaissance table, drinking out of an imitation Venetian glass, and regretting that the view of the movement of the street is estopped by the painted mediæval windows. And so there

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CABARET DU CHAT NOIR.

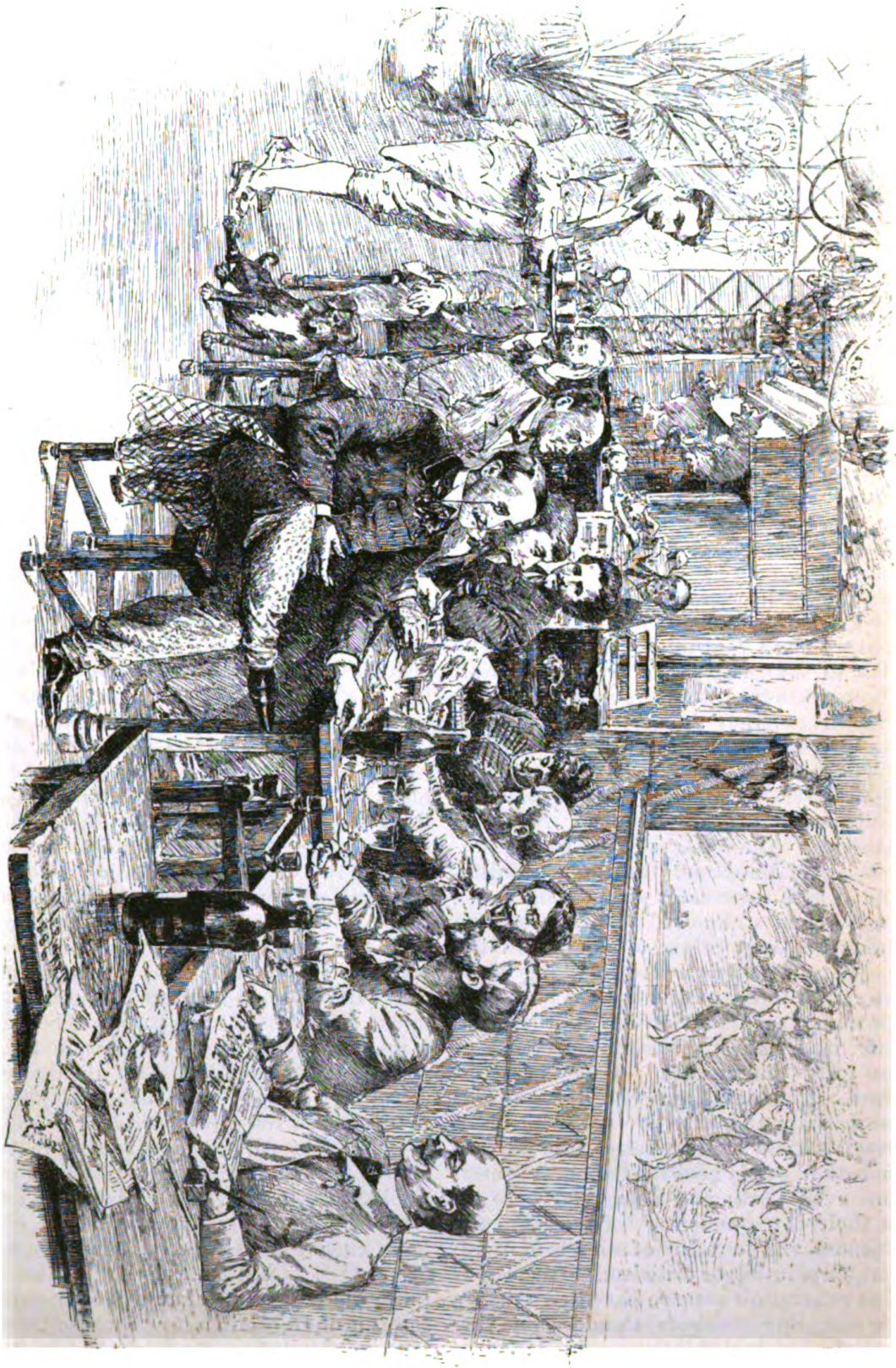
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is no more curious excursion to be made in Paris than a rapid visit to the queer cafés and brasseries of the Latin Quarter. The personnel is a study in itself: the caissière who sits at the desk amidst sheaves of spoons, piles of saucers, and battalions of small carafons of cognac, and inscribes in a book every order that the waiters announce as they pass; the maître d'hôtel, corpulent and dignified, whose duty it is to superintend the general service of the café, and to inquire kindly after the health of habitués; the waiter who cries "Boum" in reply to orders, and carries five glasses of beer in one hand while he balances a heavy tray with the other; the "sommelier," or butler, who runs from table to table, laden with bottles, and distributes here and there strange liquids—Absinthe, Amer Picon, Chartreuse, Bitters, Groseille, Madère, Vermouth, Cassis, Guignolet, and a dozen other deleterious distillations; the "verseur," who carries a coffee-pot and a milk-pot, and fills the cups when the waiter bellows out "Versez 10!" thus indicating the number of the table; the waitresses in their innumerable fancy costumes. All these novel types, and all the amusing accessories of a Parisian café—the tables, the newspapers fixed on sticks, the water bottles, the glasses, the foaming bocks, the steaming plates of sauer-kraut—all help to form a curious vision of souvenirs in the brain of the observer, admirably prepared for dreaming by repeated stations in an atmosphere impregnated with the mixed perfumes of tobacco and onion soup, which are the dominant elements in the characteristic odor of a Parisian beer saloon of an evening.

Leaving the noisy brasseries of the Latin Quarter, we will recross the Seine, and direct our steps toward Montmartre, the Bohemia of modern Paris. On our way, however, we will pay a visit to the Café de la Régence, on the Place du Théâtre Français, the great rendezvous of the French chess-players. The present café is not the one where Bonaparte played, or even Alfred de Musset. The historic Café de la Régence was pulled down when the Place du Palais Royal was transformed, and the name and the habitués of the old café were transferred across the street to the present establishment, together with the table on which Napoleon used to play chess before he was Napoleon, or even First Consul. This café, thanks to its proximity, is naturally the resort of the actors of the Comédie Française; it has also its champion domino-player and its champion billiard-players; but its chief glory is chess, in which game the Régence has boasted a long line of champions, beginning a hundred and fifty years ago with Philidor, and continuing through Mouret, Deschapelles, Labourdonnaye, Saint-Arnaud, Kiezeritsky, Neumann, Harwitz, and Rosenthal, who has now abandoned the Régence, and left the chieftainship to Arnous de Rivière.

Now let us climb the Rue Pigalle or the Rue des Martyrs, and scale the heights of Montmartre. We have just been in the Pays Latin; we are now in the Pays de Bohème, a country inhabited by painters, sculptors, poets, budding novelists, struggling journalists, starving musicians, and even by well-to-do citizens, but essentially a country where all that is conventional is held in supreme abomination, so much so that Montmartre has come to be one of the most congenial camping-grounds in Paris for the modern personifications of those immortal prototypes of moral untidiness, Manon Lescaut and the Chevalier Des Grieux. But at Montmartre at the present day we do not find Bohemians of the Murger species any more than we have found them in the Latin Quarter. There was one generation and one only of grand Bohemians in modern France, and that was the generation of Théophile Gautier, Gérard de Nerval, and the leaders of the romantic movement of 1830—the Bohemians of the Impasse du Doyenné—a generation full of grand fantasy and singularly rich in talent, inasmuch as it produced artists of the rank of Delacroix, of Corot, and of Barye. The spirit of revolt against received ideas and somnolent institutions which animated these men in their youth was doubtless a necessity in the literary and artistic battle. The Bohemianism of Courbet and the realists under the Empire had little or no excuse, for the battle was already won. As for Bohemianism of the militant kind, it has nowadays absolutely no *raison d'être*, and carries with it inevitably an odor of vice and a stigma of impotence, even when it becomes pedantic and loses what talent it might have had in eccentric or tortuously ridiculous theories, such, for instance, as certain exaggerations of Impressionism in art, and certain manifestations of the recently

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EDITORIAL BREAKFAST AT THE CHAT NOIR.

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hatched literary sects of Symbolists and Decadents. The fact is that Bohemianism, which was originally a purely literary phenomenon and a purely literary conception, has become something else. The primitive province of Bohemia, a small and joyous country, has annexed two larger provinces, political and social Bohemia, which are far from sympathetic. The country of Bohemia is overgrown with thistles and poisonous plants; it is no longer a place for the gentle, the delicate, the dreamers, and the volunteers in the service of the Muses. Bohemian is a title which will soon be as unenviable as communist or anarchist.

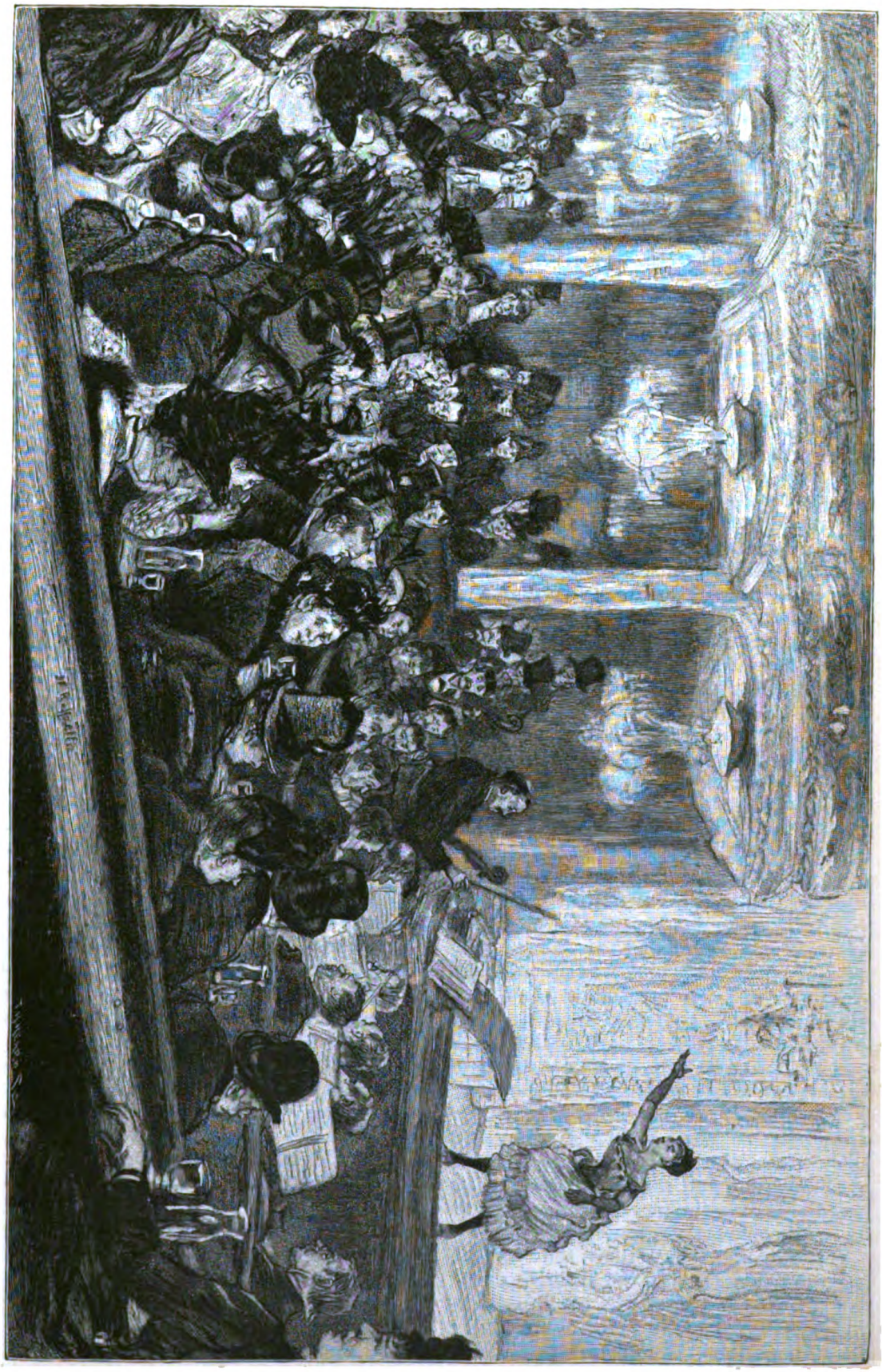
Nevertheless, we need some term to express that hatred of ennui and that gay spirit of enormity and exuberant aspiration which characterize the artistic nature in its early developments; and if Murger had not perverted it there would be no objection to be made to Bohemianism, the more so as Saint-Simon and Madame de Sévigné both used it in the sense of exaggeration of the artistic sentiment. And it is only Bohemianism of this kind that we shall venture to glance at in our visit to Montmartre, for an examination of other kinds of Bohemianism and of the cafés where they glory in their depravation might lead us into unsavory details.

The two traditional artistic cafés of Montmartre are the Café de la Rochefoucauld and the Café de la Nouvelle Athènes. The latter used to be the rendezvous of Manet and the Impressionists, and at both these cafés you still see many known and unknown "celebrities," the unknown ones being, of course, in the majority, which is not astonishing when we reflect that in Paris there is not a single man, except the Secretary of the Academy, who knows by heart the names of the forty "immortals." Glory is a vain word. The devil and Sarah Bernhardt are perhaps the only two celebrities universally known. It is useless, therefore, to more than barely mention Babou, Duranty, and even Cazin and Zola, who were all in their day frequenters of the Nouvelle Athènes, and founders of schools of literature or painting or criticism. The men of that generation seem to have had a mania for enrolling themselves under some flag and chief. And this craze went so far, as I have heard the engraver Bracquemond relate, that one day Alphonse Legros, now a grave professor at London, calmly proposed, between two pots of beer, "Let us found a school, and I will be the chief."

Nowadays the glory of these two cafés is much diminished, and also the craze for founding schools, though it has not yet quite died out, and the most famous and curious café of Montmartre is at present the "Chat Noir," which is at once the prototype and beau ideal of the fantastic neomediæval tavern, a most amusing place, whose host, by dint of intelligent "cheek" and a keen prevision of the wants of the age, has become one of the celebrities of Paris. Formerly a painter and somewhat of a poet, he concluded one day, after due reflection, that drink was a greater necessity than art, and that he could better tempt the public to give him money in exchange for beer than in exchange for his pictures. But being an artist, he could not sell beer in ordinary and vulgar conditions; he must sell it in an artistic manner and in artistic surroundings. And so he hired a modest shop at Montmartre, and fitted it up with real old wood-work, old tapestry, old faience, and old arms; the fireplace was a vast open chimney, with the traditional chain and pot suspended therein; on the ceiling was fixed an immense "glory," bought at the Hôtel Drouot at a sale of old ecclesiastical accessories, and in the middle of the glory was placed a black cat's head; the windows were of stained glass and adorned with the emblematic cat; and the swinging zinc sign outside the door represented a black cat standing with mountainous back and tortuous tail on that astronomical abstraction, the crescent moon. In the room were rough wooden tables and a piano; gradually curious pictures by painters of talent covered the walls; the inn became a rendezvous for poets, painters, and actors; and in order to affirm its literary character, some of the habitués joined their host in founding a weekly newspaper, *Le Chat Noir*, which is now in the sixth year of its existence, and which has published prose, verse, and drawings of a whole host of young men of talent, who have since worked their way to reputation.

Now the "Chat Noir" has outgrown its modest cradle, and taken up its abode in the Rue de Laval, in a house whose façade is adorned with strange colored glass windows, with the old swinging zinc sign, and with a colossal cat enthroned in the rays of an immense golden sun. At the

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A CAFÉ CONCERT.

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door stands a messenger, or "chasseur," in radiant livery, and an ornamental janitor, who carries a halberd in sign of his office. Inside, the rooms on the first, second, and third floors are amusingly fitted up with queer bric-à-brac, stained-glass windows, tapestry, and pictures or frescoes by Willette—the painter of Pierrots—by Rivière, by Caran d'Ache, and by other odd geniuses, who have become known chiefly as illustrators and graphic satirists. But before being allowed to penetrate to the upper rooms you must show clean hands, *patte blanche*, or rather a hand stained with ink or with paint; for our host professes a violent hatred of *bourgeois* and philistines, and pretends to be at home and master in his inn, affable, bantering, *fantaisiste* in the highest degree, and making his *fantaisie* serve his interests and his industry of beer-selling. The moment the face of any one known in art or letters appears, our host prostrates himself before the "dear master" who honors the cabaret by his visit, and orders an "immortal" to offer "monseigneur" a cup of foaming ale; for the service is performed by waiters who are dressed literally in the costume of the members of the French Academy, in order, as the facetious host tells us, "to show the young what one may come to in literature by dint of industry and good conduct." Here we have the note of parody and persiflage; but in reality amongst the habitués of the "Chat Noir" I have seen many true men of letters, who scoff at the Academy only because they are not yet ready to knock at its doors. The Academy, as Voltaire said, is always the desired mistress of those who make songs and epigrams against her until they have won her favor. At the "Chat Noir" the epigram is a little heavy, and smells of advertising, and of that theatrical spirit of vanity and show which the French call "cabotinage." However, in reality nothing can be more academic than this café, where the hottest discussions are over a sonnet, and the most furious disagreements over the merits of a new comedy or the charms of a new picture.

But no one better than the "gentilhomme cabaretier," as he styles himself, can describe the merits of his inn. The "Cabaret du Chat Noir," he begins, "is a creation unique in the world. Situated in the centre of Montmartre, the modern capital of intellect, this inn is the rendezvous of the most celebrated poets, painters, and sculptors. It is an absolutely curious place, in the purest Louis XIII. style. You can see there the drinking-glasses which were used by Charlemagne, Villon, Rabelais, Cardinal Richelieu, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, Mme. de Rambouillet, Mlle. de Scudéry, Louis XIV., Mlle. de la Vallière, Voltaire, Diderot, Robespierre, Bonaparte, Mme. de Staël, Mme. Récamier. . . ." Enough! enough! excellent "gentilhomme cabaretier"! The "Chat Noir," we will admit, is unique in the world; it is fitted up most artistically; it is even a marvel of the purest Louis XIII. style, if you will; but, above all, it is an amusing place, where Schopenhauer is held in execration; where people try to amuse themselves, and generally succeed; and where, when they do not succeed, they drink beer in order to deceive themselves into the belief that they are having a good time. From this item of the programme there is no escape, for during the evening, between every song, monologue, or witticism, at least every quarter of an hour, the "gentilhomme cabaretier" cries, with the voice of Stentor:

"Messeigneurs, c'est le moment où les gens bien élevés renouvellent les consommations!" (My lords, this is the moment when people who have been well brought up call for more drinks.)

One of these days some anecdotic historian of Paris will doubtless write a monograph on this fantastic "Chat Noir," on its newspaper, its habitués, and its literary evenings. The newspaper is a comic illustrated sheet, which is invariably put together by the joyous editorial staff around the breakfast-table, under the presidency of the worthy host and hostess; and as some of the smart junior members of the great daily press usually drop in for the sake of auld lang syne on the editorial morning, it generally happens that in this gastronomico-journalistic group the dog is the only serious member. As for the literary evenings of the "Chat Noir," they are of course private, and frequented only by the friends and invited guests of the members of the little cénacle; but amongst these friends and invited guests have figured all who have a name in art and letters in modern Paris—poets, journalists, painters, sculptors, men of fashion, actors, and actresses, and even some great ladies of high social rank, the last of course incognita. The taste of great ladies

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for seeing queer haunts is not new. Collé used to take duchesses to the Porcherons, and Mme. de Montarcy escaped occasionally from the court of Louis XIV., and in the guard-room, as Bouilhet tells us, "brûlait sa lèvre rose à la pipe des Suisses." But naturally in the quaintly decorated upper room of the "Chat Noir," with its marionette show, its revolutionary musicians, its droll monologuists, and its canopy of smoke floating in mid-air, you do not expect to find Parisian matrons and their daughters.

There remains only one type of café still to be noticed, namely, the café-concert, which is the French equivalent for the Anglo-Saxon music hall. The type might furnish the material for a long study, of interest from many points of view; for of late years the cafés-concerts have become the most popular form of amusement in Paris, and absorbed a large part of the public which used to support the theatres. And yet anything more inept and stupid than a French music hall it would be difficult to conceive. Why people go to them I cannot explain, unless it be because some mysterious destiny forces mankind in general to seek distraction perpetually, and the Frenchman in particular, to escape from the ennui of his own fireside. And so the cafés-concerts, which abound particularly in the commercial quarters of Paris, are always crowded; the shopkeepers of the neighborhood, their wives and their daughters, their cook-maids and their clerks, patronize them steadily night after night. In serried ranks they sit, packed literally so closely that they cannot move their legs six inches in any direction; in front of the seats is a narrow ledge on which is placed the "consommation" of each visitor—cherries preserved in eau-de-vie, coffee, beer, peppermint, or red currant syrup; with their hats on or off, the men smoke at their ease. As the evening advances the atmosphere of the hall becomes more and more hot and foul, the audience more and more swarming and more and more perspiring; the flaring gas jets become gradually obscured by the thick blue fog of smoke; while on the stage the lean and hoarse-voiced cantatrice, with awkward angular gestures, screams, over the bald heads of the musicians in the orchestra, the senseless refrain of some popular absurdity, or of some sentimental romance.

JUPITER LIGHTS.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

XIII.

"I SHALL go, grandpa. To-night. There's a boat, somebody said."

"But, my dear child, listen to reason a moment: Sabrina does not say that he is in danger."

"And she does not say that he is out of it."

The Judge took up the letter again, and putting on his glasses, he read aloud, with a frown of attention: "'For the first two days Dr. Daniels came over twice a day'"—

"You see?—twice a day," said Cicely.

—"'But as he is beginning to feel his age, the crossing so often in the row-boat tired him; so now he sends us his partner, Dr. Knox, a new man here, and a very intelligent person, I should judge. Dr. Knox comes over every afternoon and spends the night—'"

"You see?—spends the night," said Cicely.

—"'Going back early the following morning. He has brought us a nurse, an excellent and skilful young man, and now we can have the satisfaction of feeling that our poor Ferdie has every possible attention. As I write, the fever is going down, and the nurse tells me that by to-morrow, or day after to-morrow, he will probably be able to speak to us, to talk.'"

"I don't know exactly how many days it will take me to get there," said Cicely, beginning to count upon her fingers. "Four days—or is it three?—to Detroit, where I take the train; then how many hours from there to Washington? You will have to make it out for me, grandpa; or rather Paul will. Paul knows everything."

"My poor little girl, you haven't had any rest; even now you have only just come out of a fainting fit. Sabrina will write every day. Wait at least until her next letter comes, to-morrow morning."

* Begun in January number, 1889.

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"You are all so strange! Wouldn't you wish me to see him if he were dying?" Cicely demanded, her voice growing hard.

"Of course, of course," replied the old man, hastily. "But there is no mention of dying; Sabrina says nothing that looks like it. Daniels, our old friend—why, Daniels would cross twenty times a day if he thought there was danger."

"I can't argue, grandpa. But I shall go; that is all I can say. I shall go to-night," Cicely responded.

She was seated on a sofa in Paul Tennant's parlor, a large room, barely furnished with what the furniture dealer of Bois Blanc called a "drawing-room set." The sofa of this set was of the pattern named tête-a-tête, very hard and slippery, and upholstered in hideous green damask. Cicely did not lean back, she was sitting on the edge of this unreposeful couch, her feet close together on a footstool, her arms tight to her side and folded from the elbows in a horizontal position across the front of her waist. She looked very small and very rigid.

"But supposing, when you get there, that you find him up?" suggested the Judge.

"Shouldn't I be glad?" answered Cicely, defiantly. "What questions you ask!"

"But *we* couldn't be glad. Can't you think a little of us? You are all we have left now."

"Aunt Sabrina doesn't feel as you do—if you mean Aunt Sabrina; she would be delighted to have me come back. *She* likes Ferdie. It is only you who are so cruel."

"Sabrina doesn't know. But supposing it were only I, is my wish nothing to you?" And the old man put out his hand in appeal.

"No," answered Cicely, inflexibly. "I am sorry, grandpa; but for the moment it isn't; nothing is anything to me now but Ferdie. And what is it that Aunt Sabrina doesn't know, pray? There's nothing to know; Ferdie had one of his attacks—he has had them before—and I came away with Jack; that is all. Eve has exaggerated everything; she has made all this trouble by pretending I don't know what. I told her I would come here, come to Paul, because Ferdie likes Paul. But I never intended to stay here forever; and now that Ferdie is ill, do you suppose that I will wait one moment longer than I must? Of course not."

The door opened and Eve came in. Cicely glanced at her; then she turned her eyes away, looking indifferently at the whitewashed wall.

"She is going to take the steamer back to-night," said the Judge.

"Oh no, Cicely; surely not to-night," Eve began. In spite of the fatigues of the journey, Eve had been a changed creature since morning; there was an excitement in her manner, in her eyes an expression of deep happiness, which was almost exaltation.

"There is no use in explaining anything to Eve, and I shall not try," replied Cicely. She unfolded her arms and rose, still standing, a rigid little figure, close to the sofa. "I love my husband, and I shall go to him. What Eve says is of no consequence, because she knows nothing about love. But I suppose you cared for grandma once, didn't you, grandpa, when she was young; and if she had been shot, killed, wouldn't you have gone to her?"

"Cicely, you are cruel," said Eve.

"When grandpa thinks so, it will be time enough for me to trouble myself. But grandpa doesn't think so."

"No, no," said the old man. And for the moment he and his grandchild made common cause against the intruder.

Eve felt this; she stood looking at them in silence. Then she said, "And Jack?"

"I shall take him with me, of course. That reminds me that I must speak to Porley about his frocks; Porley is so stupid." And Cicely turned toward the door.

Eve followed her. "Another long journey so soon will be bad for him."

"There you go again! You are a bird with one song. But I shall not leave him with you, no matter what you say; useless, your constant asking." She opened the door. On the threshold she met Paul Tennant coming in.

He took her hand and led her back. "I was looking for you; I have found a crib for Jack, but I don't know that it will do."

"You are very good, Paul, but Jack will not need it. I am going away to-night; I have only just learned that there is a boat."

"We don't want to hear any talk of boats from a little woman who left one only a few hours ago," Paul answered. He drew her toward the sofa and placed

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her upon it. "Sit down; you look so tired!"

"I'm not tired; at least I do not feel it. And I have a great deal to do, Paul. I must see about Jack's frocks."

"Jack's frocks can wait. There's to be no journey to-night."

"Why, yes, there is," said Cicely, with a mutinous little smile. Her glance turned toward her grandfather and Eve; then it came back to Paul, who was standing before her. "None of you shall keep me," she announced.

"You will obey your grandfather, won't you?" Paul began, seriously.

The Judge got up, rubbing his hands round each other.

"No," Cicely answered; "not about this. Grandpa knows it; we have already talked it over."

"You are wrong; he is the same as your father; he has brought you up. You ought not to be willing to grieve him."

"Never mind about that, Tennant; I'll see to that," said the Judge. He spoke in a thin old voice which sounded far away.

Paul looked at him, surprised. Then his glance turned toward Eve. "Miss Bruce too; I am sure she does not approve of your going?"

"Oh, if I should wait for *Eve's* approval!" said Cicely. "Eve doesn't approve of anything in the world except that she should have Jack, and take him away with her, Heaven knows where. She hasn't any feelings as other people have; she has never cared for anybody excepting herself, and perhaps her brother, and I dare say that when she had him she tried to rule him, as she tries to rule every one. She is jealous about him now, and that makes her hate Ferdie: perhaps you didn't know that she hates Ferdie? She does; she was sorry this morning, absolutely sorry, when she heard that though he was dreadfully hurt, he wasn't dead."

"Oh, Cicely!" said Eve. She turned away and walked toward one of the windows, her face covered by her hands.

Paul's eyes followed her. Then they came back to Cicely. "Very well, then, since it appears to be left to me, I must tell you plainly that you cannot go to-night. We shall not allow it."

"We! we!" ejaculated Cicely. "Who are we?"

"I, then, if you like—I alone."

"What can you do? I am married; I am free; no one has any authority over me except Ferdie." Paul did not reply. "You will scarcely attempt to keep me by force, I suppose?" she went on, contemptuously.

"If necessary, yes. But it will not be necessary."

"Grandpa would never permit it. Grandpa?" She summoned him to her side with an imperious gesture.

The old man came toward her a step or two. Then he left the room hurriedly.

Cicely watched him go, with startled eyes. But she recovered herself, and looked at Paul undaunted.

"Why do you treat me so, Cicely?" he said. "I care about Ferdie as much as you do; I have always cared about him. Hasn't he ever told you? There never were two boys such chums; and although since he has grown up he has had others, I have never had any one but him; I haven't wanted any one. Is it likely, then, that I should try to set you against him?—that I should turn against him myself?—I ask you that."

"It is setting me against him not to let me go to him. How do we know that he is not dying?" Her voice was quiet and hard.

"We know because the letters do not speak of danger; on the contrary, they tell us that the ball has been extracted, and that the fever is going down. He will get well. And then some measures must be taken before you can go back to him. Otherwise it would not be safe."

"And do I care about safe? I should like to die if *he* did it!" cried Cicely, passionately. She looked like a hunted creature at bay.

"And your child; what is your idea about him?"

"That's it; take up Eve's cry—do! You know I will never give up baby, and so you say that." She sank down on the sofa, her head on her arms, her face hidden.

Her little figure lying there looked so desolate that Eve hurried forward from the window. Then she stopped; she felt that at that moment Cicely hated her.

"I say what I think will influence you," Paul was answering. "Ferdie has already thrown the boy about once; he may do it again. Of course at such times he is not responsible. But these times are increasing, and he must be brought up short; he must be brought to his senses." He went

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to the sofa, sat down beside her, and lifted her in his arms. "My poor desolate little sister, you must try to trust me. Ferdie does; he wrote to me himself about that dreadful time, that first time when he hurt you. Isn't that a proof? I will show you the letter if you like."

"I don't want to see it. Ferdie and I never speak of those things; there has never been an allusion to them between us," replied Cicely, proudly.

"I can understand that. You are his wife, and I am only his brother—his big brother to whom he has always told everything." He placed her beside him on the sofa, with his arm still round her. "Didn't you know that we have always kept on being cronies," he went on, gently, "telling each other everything and having all in common? I have been the slow member of the firm, as one may say, and so I've staid along here; but I have always known what Ferdie was about, and have been interested in his schemes as much as he was."

"Yes, he told me that you gave him the money for South America," said Cicely, doubtfully.

"That South American investment was his own idea, and he deserves all the credit of it; with his talent, he will make it a success yet. See here, Cicely: at the first intimation that he is worse, I should go down there as fast as boat and train could carry me. I've telegraphed to that Dr. Knox to keep me informed exactly, and if there should be any real danger I will take you to him instantly. But I feel certain that he will recover. And then we must cure him in another way. The trouble with Ferdie is that he thinks he is not a slave to it or to anything; he is sure that he can stop at any moment, and being so sure, he has never really tried. The thing has been on him almost from a boy; he inherits it from his father. But he has such a firm will, he is so brilliant"—

"Oh yes! isn't he?" said Cicely, breathlessly.

—"That he has never considered himself in danger, in spite of these lapses. Now there is where we must get hold of him; we must open his eyes. And that is going to be the hard point, the hard work, in which, first of all, *you* must help. But once he is convinced, once the thing is done, then, Cicely, then"—

"Yes, then?"

—"He will be about as perfect a fellow as the world holds, I think," said Paul, with quiet enthusiasm. He stooped and kissed her cheek. "I want you to believe that I love him," he added, simply.

After a moment he got up, and smiling down upon her, "Now will you be a good girl?" he said, as though she were a child.

"I will wait until to-morrow," Cicely answered, after a moment's hesitation.

"Come, that's a concession," said Paul, applaudingly. "And now won't you do something else that will please me very much?—won't you go straight to bed?"

"A small thing to please you with," Cicely answered, without a smile. "I will go if you wish. I should like to have you know, Paul, that I came to you of my own choice," she went on; "I came to you when I would not go to any one else: Eve will tell you so."

"Yes," assented Eve from her place by the window.

"Well, I'm glad you had some confidence," Paul responded; "I must try to give you more before you leave. And now who will—who will see to you? Does that wool-headed girl of yours know anything?"

He looked so anxious as he said this that Cicely broke into a faint laugh. "I haven't lost my mind; I can see to myself."

"But I thought you Southerners—However, Miss Bruce will help you." He looked at Eve.

"I am afraid Cicely is tired of me," Eve answered, coming forward. "All the same, I know how to take care of her."

"Yes, she took care of me all the way here," remarked Cicely, looking at Eve coldly. "She needs to be taken care of herself," she went on, in a dispassionate voice; "she has hardly closed her eyes since we started."

"I feel perfectly well," Eve answered, the color rushing to her face in a brilliant rose flush.

"I don't think we need borrow any trouble about Miss Bruce; she looks the image of health," observed Paul (but not as though he admired the image). "I am afraid your bedrooms are not very large," he went on, again perturbed. "There are two, side by side."

"Cicely shall have one to herself; Jack and I will take the other," said Eve.

"Where is Jack?" demanded Cicely, suddenly. "I must see him this instant. What have you done with him, Eve?"

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Paul opened the door. "Polly!" he cried, in a voice that could have been heard from garret to cellar. Porley, amazed by the sound, came running in, with Jack in her arms. Paul looked at her dubiously, shook his head, and went out.

Cicely took her child, and began to play all his games with him feverishly, one after the other.

Jack was delighted; he played with all his little heart. And Eve looked on.

XIV.

"What do you think, Judge, of this theory of the shooting that they have down there?" It was Paul who spoke.

"It's probable enough. Niggers are constitutionally timid; and they always have pistols nowadays. These two boys, it seems, had come over from the mainland to hide; they had escaped from the lock-up, and they got a boat somewhere and crossed. Your brother, perhaps, went wandering about the island; if he came upon them suddenly, with that knife in his hand, like as not they fired."

"It's possible. Still Ferdie was found lying very near the point where *your* boat was kept."

"The niggers might have been hidden just there. And I don't think we can tell exactly where our boat was; Cicely doesn't remember; I have asked her."

"Miss Bruce may have clearer ideas."

"No; Eve seems to have a greater terror at the mere thought of it than Cicely even; she cannot speak of it at all."

"Yes, I have noticed that," said Paul.

"I suppose it is because, at the last, she had it all to do. She's a brave woman."

Paul was silent.

"Don't you think so?" said the Judge.

"I wasn't there. I don't know what she did."

"You're all alike, you young men; she's too much for you," said the Judge, with a chuckle.

"Why too much? She seems to me very shy. When you say that we are all alike, do you mean that Ferdie didn't admire her? Yet Ferdie is very liberal in his tastes," said the elder brother, smiling.

But the Judge did not want to talk about Ferdie. "So you find her shy? She did not strike us so at Romney. Quiet enough—yes; but very decidedly liking to have her own way."

Paul dismissed the subject. "I suppose those two scamps, who shot him, got safely away?"

"Oh yes; they were sure to have run off on the instant; they had the boat they came over in, and before daylight they were miles to the southward probably; I dare say they made for one of the swamps. In the old days we could have tracked them; but it's not so easy now. And even if we got them we couldn't string them up: times are changed."

"You wouldn't hang them?"

"By all the gods, I would!" said the planter, bringing his fist down upon the table with a force that belonged to his youth.

"Ferdie may have attacked them first, you know."

"What difference does that make? Damnation, sir! are they to be allowed to fire upon their masters?—to shoot whites?"

"They did not shoot very well, these two; according to Dr. Knox, the wound is not serious; his despatch this morning says that Ferdie is coming on admirably."

"Yes, I suppose he is," said the old man, relapsing into gloom.

"As soon as he is up and about I am going down there," Paul went on; "I must see him and have a talk. Some new measures, new steps, must be taken. I don't think it will be difficult when I have once made him see his danger, he is so extraordinarily intelligent."

"I wish he were dull, then—dull as a blind owl!" said the Judge, with a long sigh.

"Yes, regarded simply as husbands and fathers, I dare say the dull are the best," responded Paul. "But I expect great things of Ferdie. You must excuse me if I cannot look upon him simply as the husband of your daughter."

"Granddaughter. If her father had lived—my boy Duke—it would have been another story. Duke would have protected his child; he would not have been a broken old man like me." He leaned his head upon his hand.

"I beg your pardon, sir: don't mind my roughness. It is only that I am fond of Ferdie and proud of him; he is my 'boy Duke.' I am older than he is; let *me* be a son to you as well as I can—at least while you are here."

Paul had risen, and was standing before him with outstretched hand. "Thank you; you mean well," said the Judge.

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He had let his hand be taken, but he did not look up. He felt that he could never really like this man—never.

"I am to understand, then, that you approve of my plan?" Paul went on, after a short silence. "Cicely to stay here for the present—the house, I hope, is fairly comfortable—and then, when Ferdie is better, I to go down there and see what I can do with him; I have every hope of doing a great deal! Oh yes, there's one more thing: you needn't feel obliged to stay here any longer than you want to, you know; I can see to Cicely. Apparently, too, Miss Bruce has no intention of leaving her."

"I shall stay, sir—I shall stay."

"On my own account, I hope you will; I only meant that you needn't feel that you must; I thought perhaps there was something that called you home."

"Calls me home? Do you suppose we do anything down there nowadays? Nothing in the world; the whole coast is ruined. As for the house, Sabrina is there, and women like illness; they absolutely dote on medicines, and doctors, and night-watching, and ghastly talking in whispers."

"Very well; I only hope you won't find it too dull, that's all. The mine isn't bad; you might come out there occasionally. And the steamers stop two or three times a day. There's a good deal going on in the town, too; building's lively."

"I am much obliged to you."

"But you don't care for liveliness," pursued Paul, with a smile. "I am afraid there isn't much else. I haven't many books; but Hollis has—Kit Hollis. He is the man for you; you want to know him better. Queer, and all abroad; never can decide anything; always beating round the bush, and miles from the practical point; still, in his way, tremendously clever."

"He appears to be a kind of dry-nurse to you," said the Judge, rising and shaking his legs with two little jerks. (Lately, when he had been seated even for a few minutes, it seemed to him that they got into painful tangles.)

Paul laughed, showing his white teeth. He was very good-natured; his guest had already discovered that.

The Judge was glad that their conversation had come to an end; he could no longer endure a constant dwelling upon sorrow. Trouble was not over for them by any means; their road looked long and dark before them. But for the moment Cicely and her child were under this safe roof; let them enjoy that and have a respite; let them enjoy the view!

The view consisted of the lake in front, and the forest which stretched away on the east and on the west; there was nothing else. The lake had no tides, and the forest was wild; this made the effect very unlike that of the Sounds with the open glades and fields of the islands. This forest was primeval; this high pure air was virgin. The South had forgotten her beginnings; but here was the freshness of a new world, here still lingered signs of the first struggles for human existence with the inert forces of nature. With other forces too, for Indians lived here; they were few in number, harmless; but as they paddled their canoes up and down the lake they carried the mind back to the time of sudden alarms and the musket laid ready to the hand; the days of the block-house and the guarded well, the high stockade. But the old planter as he walked about did not think of these things, did not care for them. The rough forest was fit only for rough-living pioneers; the Indians were but another species of nigger; the virgin air was thin and raw; he preferred something more thick, more civilized; the great fresh-water sea was abominably tame; no one could possibly admire it; as for Bois Blanc itself, it was simply hideous; it was a blatant "corner store," with the voice of a tin horn; it was a place composed entirely of beginnings and mud, talk and ambition, the sort of place which the Yankees produced wherever they went, and which they loved; that in itself described it; how could a Southern gentleman like what they loved?

And Bois Blanc was ugly. Its outlying quarters were still in the freshly plucked state, deplumed, scarred, with roadways half laid out, with shanties and wandering pigs, discarded tin cans and other refuse, and everywhere stumps, stumps. Within the town there were one or two streets where stood smart wooden houses with Mansard-roofs. But these were elbowed by others much less smart; they were hustled especially by the scaffolding of the new mansions which were rising on all sides, and with republican freedom taking whatever room they found convenient during the process. Even those

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abodes which were completed as to their exteriors had a look of not being fully furnished, a blank, wide-eyed, unwinking expression across their façades which told of bare floors and echoing spaces within. Always they had temporary fences; often paths of movable planks led up to the entrance. Day after day a building of some sort (they constantly succeeded each other) was voyaging through Bois Blanc streets by means of a rope and windlass, a horse, and men with boards; when it rained, the house stopped and remained where it was, waiting for the mud to dry; meanwhile the roadway was blocked, and the sidewalks were used instead. All these things, the universal all-pervading beginnings, the jokes and slang, the smell of paint, the lack of ceremony, and always the breathless constant hurry, were hateful to the old Georgian. It might have been said, perhaps, that between houses and a society uncomfortable from age, falling to pieces from want of repairs, and houses and a society uncomfortable from youth, unfurnished and encumbered with scaffolding, there was not much to choose. But the Judge did not think so. To his mind there was a great deal to choose.

As the days passed, Christopher Hollis became more and more his companion; the Judge grew into the habit of expecting to see his high head, topped with the silk hat, put stealthily through the crevice of the half-open door of Paul's dining-room (Hollis never opened a door widely; whether coming in or going out, he always squeezed himself through), with the query: "Hello! What's up? Busy?" There was never anything up; but the Judge, sitting there forlornly, with no companion but the local newspaper (which he loathed), was glad to welcome his queer guest. Generally they went out together; Bois Blanc people grew accustomed to seeing them walking down to the end first of one pier, then of the other, strolling among the stumps in the suburbs, or sitting on a pile of planks which adorned one corner of the Public Square, the long-legged, loose-jointed Kit an amusing contrast to the small, precise figure by his side.

"I say, he's pretty hard up for entertainment, that old gentleman of yours," said Hollis one day, peering in through the crevice of the door of Paul Tennant's office in the town.

"I dare say he is; I depended on you to entertain him," answered Paul, without lifting his head, which was bent over a ledger.

"Well, I've taken him all over the place; I've pretty nearly trotted his legs off," Hollis responded, edging further in, the door scraping the buttons of his waistcoat as he did so. "And I've shot off all my Latin at him too—all I can remember. I read up on purpose nights."

"Is he such a scholar? I shouldn't have thought it."

"No, he ain't. But it does him good to hear a little Horace in such an early-in-the-morning, ten-minutes-ago place as this. See here, Paul; if you keep him on here long he won't stand it—he'll mizzle out. He'll simply die of Bois Blanc." (Hollis pronounced this name Bob-lar.)

"I'm not keeping him. He stays of his own accord."

"I don't believe it chords too dulcetly! But, I say, ain't he a regular old despot though! You ought to hear him hold forth sometimes."

"*I* don't want to hear him."

"Well, I guess he don't talk that way to you, on the whole—not much," said Hollis, jocularly.

And Paul Tennant did not look like a man who would be a comfortable companion for persons of the aggressive temperament. He was tall and broad-shouldered; not graceful like Ferdie, but powerful. His neck was rather short; the lower part of his face was firm. His features were fairly good; his eyes, keen, gray in hue, were not large. His hair was yellow and thick, and he had a mustache and short beard of the same yellow hue. No one would have called him handsome exactly. There was something of the Scandinavian in his appearance; nothing of the German. His manner, compared with Ferdie's quick brilliancy, was quiet, his speech slow.

"Have you been thinking about that proposition—that sale?" Hollis went on.

"Yes."

"What are you going to do?"

"It's done. I've declined."

"What! not already? That's sudden, ain't it?"

Paul did not answer; he was adding figures.

"Have you been over the reasons?—weighed 'em?"

"Oh, I leave the reasons to you," said Paul, turning a page.

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Hollis gave his almost silent laugh, hardly louder than a giggle. But he gave it uneasily. "Positively declined? Letter gone?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well!" He waited a moment; then, as Paul did not speak, he opened the door and edged himself out without a sound.

Ten minutes later his head reappeared with the same stealth. "Oh, I thought I'd just tell you—perhaps you don't know—the mail doesn't go out to-day until five o'clock: you can get that letter back if you like."

"I don't want it back."

"Oh, well!" He was gone again.

Outside in the street he saw the Judge wandering by, and stopped him. "That there son-in-law of yours—" he began, his hands in the pockets of his trousers, his long flat body slanted forward from the head like a codfish attired as a man.

"Son-in-law?" inquired the Judge, stiffly.

"Whatever pleases you; step-sister."

"Mr. Tennant is the half-brother of the husband of my granddaughter."

"You're a genealogy! 'T any rate, that man in there"—and Hollis threw back his head with a slight turn to the right to indicate the door he had just closed—"that Paul, he's so tremenjously rash there's no counting on him; if there's anything to do he goes and does it right spang off without a why or a wherefore. He absolutely seems to have no reasons! Ab-so-lutely not a rease!"

"I cannot agree with you. To me Mr. Tennant seems to have a great many."

"But you haven't heard about this. Come along out to the Park for a walk, and I'll tell you."

He moved on. But the Judge did not accompany him. A hurrying mulatto carrying a large basket, a waiter from one of the steamers, had jostled him off the narrow plank sidewalk; and at the same moment a buggy which was passing, driven at a reckless speed, spattered him with mud from shoulder to shoe.

"Never mind; come on; it 'll dry while you're walking," suggested Hollis from the corner where he was waiting.

The Judge stepped back to the planks; he surveyed his befouled person; then he brought out a resounding expletive—half a dozen of them.

"Do it again—if it 'll ease you off," called Kit, grinning. "When you're blessing Bois Blanc, I'm with you every time."

The Judge rapped the planks with his cane. "Go on, sir! go on!" he said, violently.

Hollis went loafing on. And presently the Judge caught up with him, and trotted beside him silently.

"Well, that Paul now, as I was telling you, I don't know what to make of him," said Hollis, returning to his topic. "I think I know him, and then he up and stumps me. Like as not you suppose it's very deep when he doesn't talk. If you do you make a big mistake; he has nothing to keep back; he would never dream of hiding anything. But once he has made up his mind—and it does not take long—off he goes and *does* it, I tell you. He *does* it."

"I don't know what he does. His conversation has a good deal of the sledge-hammer about it," remarked the Judge.

"So it has," responded Hollis, delighted with the comparison; he was so delighted that he stopped and slapped his thigh. "So it has, by George!—convincing and knock-you-down." The Judge walked on. He had intended no compliment. "To-day, now, that fellow has gone and sent off a letter that he ought to have taken six months to think over. Told you about his Clay County iron?"

"No."

"Well, he was down there on business—in Clay County. It was several years ago. He had to go across the country, and the roads were awful—full of slew-holes. At last, tired of being joggled to pieces, he got out and walked along the fields, leaving the horse to bring the buggy through the mud as well as he could. By-and-by he saw a stone that didn't look quite like the others, and he gave it a kick. Still it didn't look quite like, so he picked it up. The long and short of it was that it turned out to be hematite iron, and off he went to the county-seat and entered as much of the land as he could afford to buy. He hasn't any capital, so he has not been able to work it himself. All his savings he has invested in something or other in South America. But the other day he had a tip-top offer from a company; they wanted to buy the whole in a lump. And *that's* the chance he has refused this identical morning!" The Judge did not reply. "More iron may be discovered

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near by, you know," Hollis went on, explainingly, his forefinger out. His companion still remained silent. "He may never have half so good an offer in his whole life again."

They had now reached the Park, a dreary enclosure where a few small evergreens had been set out here and there, together with a rock-work, and a fountain which did not play. The magnificent forest trees which had once covered the spot had all been felled. Infant elms swathed in rags and tied to whitewashed stakes were expected to give shade in fifteen or twenty years. There were no benches. Hollis seated himself on the top of a rail-fence which bordered the slight descent to the beach of the lake; the heels of his boots caught on a rail below, propped him, and sent his knees forward at an acute angle.

"There were all sorts of side issues and possibilities which that fellow ought to have considered," he pursued, ruminatively, his mind still on Paul's refusal. "There were other speculations that might have come of it too. It was a cock-a-doodle chance for a fortune." The Judge did not answer. "For a fortune," repeated Hollis, dreamily, gazing down at him from his perch. No reply. "A *for*-chun!"

"Da-a-a-m your fortune!" said the Judge, at the end of his patience, bringing out the first word with a long emphasis, like a low growl from a bull-dog.

Hollis stared. Then he gave his silent laugh, and stretching down one long arm, he laid it on the old man's shoulder soothingly. "There, now; we *are* awful Yankees up here, all of us, I'm afraid; forever thinking of money and bargains. Fact is, we ain't high-minded, and we ain't poetical; you *can't* be forever eating salt pork." The Judge had pulled himself from the other's touch in an instant, but Hollis remained unconscious of any offence.

"'*At the battle of the Nile I was there all the while;*
I was there all the while at the battle of the Nile,'"

he chanted, meditatively.

"'*At the bat*—'

"Why, isn't that Miss Bruce coming down the beach? Yes, sure-ly; I know her by the way she carries her head." Detaching his boot heels from the rail, he sprang down, touching the ground with his long legs wide apart; then giving his waistcoat a pull over the flatness below it, he looked inquiringly at the Judge.

But that gentleman ignored the inquiry. "It is time to return, I reckon," he remarked, leading the way inflexibly toward the distant gate and the road.

Hollis followed him with disappointed tread. "She won't think us very polite, skooting off in this fashion," he hazarded.

The Judge vouchsafed him no reply. It was one thing for this backwoodsman to go about with him; it was another to aspire to an acquaintance with the ladies of his family. Poor Hollis aspired to nothing; he was the most modest of men; all the same it would never have occurred to him that he was not on an equality with everybody. They returned to Bois Blanc by the road.

The beach was in sight all the way on the left; Eve's figure in three-quarter length was visible whenever Hollis turned his head in that direction, which was often. She gained on them. Then she passed them.

"She's an A-number-one walker, isn't she? Light as a feather. I see her coming in almost every day from 'way out somewhere—she doesn't mind how far. Our ladies here don't walk much; they don't seem to find it interesting. But Miss Bruce, now—she says the woods are beautiful. Can't say I have found 'em so myself."

"Have you had any new cases lately?" inquired the Judge.

"Plenty of hard ones."

"Law cases, sir?"

"That Paul told you I was a lawyer, I suppose? Was once, but have given up practising. I've got an Auction and Commission store; never took you there because business hasn't been flourishing; sometimes for days together there's been nothing but the skeleton." The Judge looked at him. "Oh, I don't mean myself! Say, now, did you really think I meant myself?" And he laughed tremendously, though without a sound. "No, this is a real one; bony; it was left with me over a year ago to be sold on commission—medical students, or a college, you know. Man never came back—perhaps he's a skeleton himself in the lake somewhere—so there it hangs still; first-class, and in tip-top condition. To-day there's an oil-painting to keep it company—the 'Cra-co Vyan'; and there's a wagon, a steam-pump, and six bunnets; so we're full."

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They were now entering the town. Presently, at a corner, they came suddenly upon Eve; she was waiting for them. "I saw you walking in from the Park; so I came across to join you," she said.

Hollis showed his satisfaction by a broad smile; he did not raise his hat, but extracting one of his hands from the depths of his trousers pocket, he offered it frankly. "You don't mind a longish walk, do you? You look splendid."

"We need not take you further, Mr. Hollis," said the Judge. "Your time must be valuable to you."

"Not a bit; there's no demand to-day for the bunnets—unless the skeleton wants to wear 'em."

"Is it an exhibition?" said Eve, non-comprehendingly.

"It's my store—Auction and Commission; not crowded. It's round the next corner. Want to go in?" And he produced a key and dangled it at Eve invitingly.

"By all means," said Eve.

It was evident that she liked to be with him. The Judge had perceived this before now.

Hollis unlocked a door, or rather two doors, for the place had been originally a wagon shop. A portion of the space within was floored, and here, between the two windows, the large white skeleton was suspended, moving its legs a little in the sudden draught. Propped on a chair before it was a colored print of Fanny Elssler executing a classic pirouette; Fanny was attired in a Polish costume; her eyes were much larger than her coral mouth, her feet shorter than her Greek nose. Underneath was inscribed "La Cracovienne."

"I'm sure to sell this right here in Bois Blanc," said Hollis. "High-grade oil-paintings are very uncommon, and this one has got a magnificent frame. But the bunnets, now, they may have to go out to the mines. You see it's part of a bankrupt stock, and everybody here has seen 'em. Not but what they ain't elegant—remarkably so." He went to a table where stood six bandboxes in a row; opening one of them, he took out a bonnet, and freeing it from its wrappings, held it anxiously toward Eve, perched on one of his fingers.

"Are you trying to make Miss Bruce buy that old rubbish?" said a voice at the door. It was Paul Tennant.

"Old?" said Hollis, seriously. "Why, Paul, I dare say this bunnet was made in Detroit not later than one year ago."

"If I cannot buy it myself," said Eve, "I might take it out to the mines for you, Mr. Hollis, and sell it to the women there; I might take out all six." She spoke gayly.

"You'd do it a heap better than I could," Hollis declared, admiringly.

"Let me see; I can try." She opened a bandbox and took out a second bonnet. This she began to praise in very tropical language; she referred to the woods and the flowers and the skies; she turned it round, now rapidly, now slowly; she magnified its ribbons, its general air. Finally, taking off her round hat, she perched it on her own golden braids, and holding the strings together under her chin, she said, dramatically, "What an effect!" She did not smile, but her eyes shone. She looked brilliant.

The Judge stared, amazed. Hollis, contorting himself like an angle-worm in his delight, applauded. Paul looked on tranquilly.

"Whatever the rest of you may do, I must be going," said the Judge, determinedly. He went toward the door, each short step sounding on the planks.

"So must I," said Eve. "Wait until I put back the bonnets." With deft hands she returned them to their boxes, Paul and Hollis looking on. Then they all went out together, Hollis relocking the door.

"I was on my way home," said Paul, "and I suppose you were too. Hollis, won't you come along?"

He went on in advance with Eve, Hollis following with the unwilling Judge, whose steps were still like little taps with a hammer.

The cottage was on the outskirts of the town. To walk thither took twenty minutes.

XV.

"What is that?" said Eve.

"That? That's Jupiter Light." It was Paul who answered.

And then there came to Eve's mind a memory of the same question and the same answer the previous December, when she was approaching Abercrombie Island for the first time. As in a vision she saw again the dark Sound, with the beacon flash ahead, the white tower standing on the flat tongue of sand, with its little railed gallery at the top like a cap on its head. But this Northern light-house

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was far away; she could see only its flash.

They were coming out of a river into the lake. The sun had set some time before, but, as far north as this, June twilight lingers long, and though the light-house had begun its work, though the evening star was glittering in the band of pale green above the after-glow, it was not yet night. The two boats entering the lake were birch-bark canoes, those light craft of the American red men which for grace and beauty have never been surpassed. Two red men were paddling one of them at present; they were civilized red men. They called themselves Bill and Tim; but under their straw hats hung down the long straight Indian hair, and the eagle profiles and keen eyes seemed out of place above the coats, trousers, and copper watch chains. On their slender feet they wore beaded moccasins. Paul Tennant and Hollis also wore moccasins, and the Judge had put on his thinnest shoes, for the birch-bark canoe has a delicate floor.

The boat paddled by the Indians carried Cicely, Porley and Jack, and the Judge; the second held only three persons — Eve, Hollis, and Paul Tennant. Paul was propelling it alone, his paddle touching the water now on one side, now on the other, lifted across, as occasion required, as lightly as though it had been a feather. They had been exploring Lost River; for Hollis had at last found something that placated the tired old Judge, and made him for the time being forget Bob-lar, its mud and its hurry. This was fishing, fishing for trout; not the great rich creature of the lakes which passes under the name, but that exquisite morsel the brook trout. The Judge had gone off contentedly, even happily, in search of this delicate prey, sitting in battered, leaking boats with his feet in water. He and Hollis had explored the trout regions of the Dead River, the Temperance, Chippewa Creek, and a stream called simply "The Leg." But Lost River was reported to be richer than any of these, and now at last they had reached it, not only the two fishermen, but Cicely also, and Eve, and Paul. They had crossed by steamer to a village on the North Shore, an old fur-trading post; here they had engaged canoes and two Indians, and had spent a long day afloat on the clear stream, which in some places, broadened out over pebbles, was so shallow that only a brook trout or a bark canoe would have deemed it a channel (to anything else, Hollis said, it would have seemed but a damp spot), and in others so deep, in dark still pools at one side, that the Indians announced gutturally that here there was no bottom. Its shores were rocky, deeply covered to the water's edge with virgin forest; the branchlet trout brooks had been hard to find, therefore, under the low-sweeping foliage. But in this Hollis was an expert; with his silk hat tipped more than ever toward the back of his head he kept watch, and he and the Judge were put ashore half a dozen times in the course of the day, returning amiable and contented, whether they brought trout or not, according to the serene custom of fishermen. The others remained in the canoes, Cicely listless, Paul good-natured, but indifferent also—so it seemed to Eve; and Eve herself quiet enough (as the Judge had described her), but at heart excited. These thick woods, without a path, without a sound, the river growing constantly more wild as they ascended it, the high Northern air which was like an intoxicant—all these seemed to her wonderful. She breathed rapidly; it seemed as if she must clasp her arms about herself to hold herself in, to check her unshared enthusiasms. "Why don't they admire it? Why doesn't he admire it?" she thought.

Once the idea came suddenly that Paul was laughing at her, and the blood sprang to her face. She kept her gaze down until the stuff of her dress over her knees seemed to expand into two large circles in which everything swam; she closed her eyes dizzily. And then, when she did look up, her anger and her effort and her dizziness had all alike been unnecessary, for Paul was gazing calmly at the wooded shore behind her; it was evident that he had not thought of her, and was not thinking of her now.

This was late in the day, on their way back. It was a few moments afterward, as they entered the lake, that she had seen the flash from the light-house and asked what it was.

"There is a Jupiter Light on Abercrombie Island too," she said.

"It's a common enough name," Paul answered; "the best-known one is off the coast of Florida. We get ours probably from Jupiter River, which comes in over there."

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The Indians passed them, paddling with rushing rapid strokes.

"They're right; we shall be late for the steamer if we don't look out," said Paul. "You can help now if you like, Kit."

He and Hollis took off their coats, and the canoe flew down the lake under their feathery paddles; the water was as calm as a floor. Eve was sitting at the bow, facing Paul; Hollis was nearer the stern. Twilight still lingered; no one spoke, though Hollis now and then crooned, or rather chewed, a fragment of his one song:

"'*At the battle of the Nile I was there all the while; At the bat—*'"

The little voyage lasted half an hour.

They reached the village in time for the steamer, and soon afterward not only Jack and Porley, but Cicely, the Judge, and Hollis, tired after their long day afloat, had gone to bed. When Cicely sought her state-room, Eve also sought hers, the tiny cells being side by side. In Eve's room Jack was asleep in the lower berth, and Porley, also asleep, was on a pallet beside him on the floor; Eve was to take the second berth, above Jack's. In the two weeks which had passed since their arrival at Bois Blanc, Cicely had become more lenient to Eve; she was not so cold; sometimes she even spoke affectionately. But she was very changeable; only at intervals did she allow her to have Jack; during the whole of to-day, for instance, she had kept the child closely by her side. To-night, however, she had said, "Isn't he a darling?" (The little fellow was in his night-gown.) "You may take him if you like, you poor old thing: you haven't got anything at all." This was a concession, because having him at night meant having him when he first woke in the morning, and this was his prettiest moment, when he had not yet fully made up his little mind as to the desirability of leaving his soft pillow, but nestled there with his curls in a fluff, responding with dimpling smiles if any one touched him, but only occasionally opening his blue eyes, still heavily drenched with sleep. The two women both adored this moment. And once in a while the mother was generous. But not often.

To-night, after seeing that all was safe in her room, Eve tapped at Cicely's door.

"Are you really going to bed so early?"

"I am in bed already."

"Do you want anything? Isn't there something I can bring you?"

"No."

Eve went slowly back to her cell. But the dimness, the warm air, oppressed her; she sat down on a stool behind her closed door (there was scarcely room to turn), the excitement of the day still remaining with her. "Is it possible that I am becoming nervous?—I, who have always despised nervousness?" She folded her hands firmly. She said over to herself old ballads that her father had sung—"Lord Lovell he stood at his castle gate," "All the blue bonnets are over the border." She kept saying to herself, "I will go to bed in a few minutes." But the idea of lying there on that narrow shelf, staring at the light from the grating, repelled her. "At any rate I will *not* go on deck."

Ten minutes later she opened her door and went out.

The swinging lamp in the saloon was turned down; the place was empty. She crossed the short half-circle which led to the stern deck, and stepped outside. There was no moon, but a magnificent aurora borealis was quivering from horizon to horizon, now an even band, now sending out long flakes of light which waved to and fro. Before she looked at the splendid heavens, however, she had scanned the deck; there was no one there. "I am very glad," she said, mentally. She sat down on one of the benches.

Presently she heard a step; some one was approaching. There was a gleam of a cigar; a man's figure; Paul.

"Is that you? I thought there would be no one here."

"We are the only passengers," Paul answered. "But, as there are six of us, you cannot quite control us all."

"I control no one." ("Not even myself!" she thought.)

"You will have your wish, though you ought not to; despots shouldn't be humored. I shall turn in soon—the time to finish this cigar—if you don't mind the smoke?"

"No, I don't mind," she answered, a chill of disappointment creeping slowly over her.

"Hasn't it been jolly?" Paul said, after a moment: he had seated himself on a stool near her bench. "I do love to be out like this, away from all bother."

"Do you? I thought you didn't."

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The words were no sooner out than she feared he would say, "Why?" And then her answer (for of course she must say something; she could not let him believe that she had had no idea, that she was an idiot)—her answer would show that she had been thinking about him.

But apparently Paul was not curious; he did not ask. "It's very good for Cicely too; I wish we could take her often. Her promise to stay on here weighs upon her heavily. I don't know whether she would have kept her word to me or not; but you know, of course, that Ferdie himself has written, telling her that she must stay?"

"No."

"She didn't tell you?"

"She tells me nothing," replied Eve, humbly. "If she would allow it, I would go down there to-morrow. I could be the nurse; I could be the house-keeper; anything."

"You're not needed down there; they have plenty of people. We want you here to see to her."

"One or the other of them. I hope they will always permit it. I can be of use, perhaps, about Jack."

"You are too humble, Miss Bruce. Sometimes you seem to be almost on your knees to Cicely, as though you had done her some great wrong. The truth is the opposite: she ought to be on her knees to you; you brought her away when she hadn't the force to come herself, poor little woman! And you did it boldly and quickly, just as a man would have done it; now that I know you, I can see the whole thing."

Eve had put her hands over her face, but Paul could not see this in the darkness. "Never speak of that time; never."

"Well, I won't, then, if you don't like it. But you will let me say how glad I am that you intend to remain with her, at least for a while. You will see from this that I don't believe her story about your dislike for my brother."

"There is nothing I would not do for him."

"Yes, I think you like to do things; to be active. They tell me that you are fond of having your own way; but that is the very sort of person they need—a woman like you, firm and cold—of course I mean cool. After a while you would really like Ferdie; you couldn't help it. And he would depend upon you; he would look to you for everything."

"He could never like me. It is impossible." She rose quickly.

"You're going in? Well, fifteen hours in the open air *are* like an opiate. Should you care to go forward first for a moment? I can show you a place where you can look down below; there are two hundred emigrants on board; Norwegians."

She hesitated, drawing her shawl about her.

"Take my arm; I can guide you better so. It's dark, and I know the ins and outs."

She put her hand upon his arm.

He drew it further through. "I don't want you to be falling down."

They went forward along the narrow side. Conversation was not easy. They had to make their way round various obstacles by sense of feeling. Still Eve talked; she talked hastily, irrelevantly. When she came to the end of her breath she found herself closing with this sentence, "I like your friend Mr. Hollis so very much!"

"Yes, Kit is a wonderful fellow. He isn't as practical as he might be, perhaps. But he has extraordinary talent." He spoke in perfect good faith.

"Oh, extraordinary?" said Eve, abandoning Hollis with feminine versatility, as an obscure feeling, which she did not recognize, rose within her.

"If you don't think so, it's because you don't know him. He is an excellent classical scholar, to begin with. He has read everything under the sun. He is an inventor. A skilled geologist. And one of the best lawyers in the State, in spite of his notion about not practising."

"You don't add that he is an excellent auctioneer?"

"No; that he is not, I am sorry to say; he is a very bad one."

"Yet it is the occupation which he has himself selected. Does that indicate such remarkable talent? Now you, with your mining—" She stopped.

"I didn't select mining," answered Paul, roughly. "And I'm not particularly good at it. I took what I could get; that's all."

They had now reached the forward deck. Two men belonging to the crew were sitting on a pile of rope; above, patrolling the small upper platform, was the

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officer in charge; they could not see him, but they could hear his step. To get to the bow, they walked as it were uphill; they reached the sharp point, and looked down over the high smooth sides which were cutting the deep water so quietly. Eve's glance turned to the lake; then to the splendid aurora quivering and shining above.

"This *T. P. Mayhew* is an excellent boat," remarked Paul, who was still looking over the sides. "But as to that, all the N. T. boats are good."

"N. T.?"

"Northern Transportation." He gave a slight yawn.

"Tell me about your iron," said Eve, quickly. ("Oh, he will go in! he is going in!" was her thought.)

"It isn't mine—I wish it was. I'm only manager."

"I don't mean the mine here. I mean your Clay County iron."

"What do you know about that?" said Paul, surprised.

"Mr. Hollis told me; he said you had declined an excellent offer, and he was greatly concerned about it; he told me the reasons why he did not agree with you."

"It must have been interesting! But that all happened some time ago. Didn't you know that he had come round to my view of it, after all?"

"No."

"Yes, round he came. It took him eight days. He has got such a look-on-all-sides head that when he starts out for whys and wherefores he tramps all over the sky; if he intends to go north, he goes east, west, and south first, so as to make sure that these are *not* the right directions. However, on the eighth day he appeared, squeezing himself through a crack, as usual, and explained to me at length the reasons why it was better, on the whole, to decline that offer. He had thought the matter out to its remotest contingencies—some of them went over into the next century! It was remarkably clear and well argued. And of course very satisfactory to me."

"But in the mean time you had already declined, hadn't you?"

"Yes; but it was a splendid piece of following up. I declare I always feel my inferiority almost too much when I am with people who can really talk—talk like that."

"Oh!" said Eve, in accents of remonstrance. Her tone was so eloquent that Paul laughed. He laughed to himself, but she heard it, or rather she felt it; she drew her hand quickly from his arm.

"Don't be vexed. I was only laughing to see how—"

"How what?"

"How invariably you women flatter."

"*I* don't." She spoke hurriedly, confusedly.

"You had better learn, then," Paul went on, still laughing; "I'm afraid that when we're well stuffed with it, we're more good-natured. Shall I take you back to the stern? I'm getting frightfully sleepy; aren't you?"

He offered his arm. She took it. On the way back she did not speak.

When they reached the stern deck, "Good-night," he said, promptly opening the door into the lighted saloon.

She looked up at him; in her face there was an inattention to the present, an inattention to what he was saying. Her eyes scanned his features with a sort of slow wonder. But it was a wonder at herself.

"You had better see that the state-room windows are closed," said Paul. "There's going to be a change of wind."

XVI.

"So then her sister started on the piano an accompaniment that went like this: *Bang!* la-la-la; *bang!* la-la-la, and Miss Parthenia she began singing,

'O why should the white man follow my path,
Like the hound on the tiger's track?'

And then, with her hand over her mouth, she gave us a regular war-whoop."

"At a party? How I wish I had been there!" said Cicely, with sudden laughter.

"They would have another for you if you would go back," said Paul; "they would be delighted. Mrs. Drone loves to invite, just as Parthenia loves to whoop."

"Have *you* heard her?" inquired Cicely, still mirthful.

"Of course I have; it's considered very pathetic. Parthenia introduced it; you take lessons from the Indians, and give *bona fide* ones."

"Wel-ll," said Hollis, going on with his narrative nasally, "after the *bang!* la-la-la was over—and of course it couldn't last forever, though the whoop was encored three times—Mother Drone, she sat back in her chair, and loosened

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her cap-strings. Says she: 'I hope the girls won't see me doing this, Mr. Hollis; they think tarlatan strings tied under the chin for a widow are so sweet. I told them I'd been a widow fifteen years without 'em. But they say now they're grown up, I ought to have strings for their sakes, and be more prominent. Is Idora in the room? I can't see so far. If she isn't, I guess she has gone out about the supper; and it's high time. I'm dropping for my tea: ain't you? But perhaps she's only out on the steps with Wolf Roth: would you mind peeking?' So I peeked. But Wolf Roth was there alone. 'He doesn't look dangerous,' I remarked, when I'd loped back. Says she: 'He'd oughter, then. And he would, too, if he knew it was me he was singing to these moonlight nights! With my asthma, it's a dreadful trouble to get up, Mr. Hollis, and I don't deny it; but when I hear his guitar beginning, for the life of me I can't help it, because, you see, I was romantic myself when I was young. But my girls don't take after me one bit; my! no. I pound 'em on the shoulder: "Girls, Wolf Roth and his guitar!" But you might as well pound the seven sleepers. So *I* have to cough. And *I* have to glimp. And Wolf Roth—he little thinks it's ma'am!'"

"Oh, what is glimp? What fun!" said Cicely.

"It's showing a light through the blind, very faint and shy.

"'*Thou know'st the mask of night is on me face,*
Else would a maiden blush bepaint me cheek,'"

Hollis went on, quoting gravely. "That's about the size of it, I fancy."

Cicely had been ill. The Bois Blanc doctor had at length given a name to her constantly increasing weakness; he called it nervous prostration (one of the modern titles for an aching heart).

"What do you advise?" Paul had asked.

"Take her away."

Two days later they were living under tents at Jupiter Light.

"We cannot get off this evening; it is perfectly impossible," the Judge had declared, bewildered by Paul's sudden decision, not knowing as yet whether he agreed with it, and furthermore harried by the arrival of tents, provisions, Indians, cooks, and kettles, the kettles invading the dining-room, his only retreat.

"Oh, we shall go; never you fear," said Hollis, who, with his coat off, was boxing up an iron bedstead. "Heaven knows how. But at the last moment Paul will marshal us all on board like a flock of sheep. And you will find, too, that nothing has been forgotten, from pork to tacks."

And at nine o'clock that night they did embark, the Judge, who had given up comprehending anything, walking desperately behind the others; Hollis, weighed down with rods and guns and his own clothing escaping from newspapers; a man cook; four Indians; Porley and Jack; Eve; and last of all Cicely, tenderly carried in Paul's arms. They had now been living under canvas for ten days, and the complete change, with the aromatic air of the pines, had acted like magic. Cicely was regaining her strength. She could not walk far as yet, but the alarming weakness had nearly disappeared; sometimes she was even merry. Every day there came a letter—one of the Indians went fifteen miles for it in his canoe; the letter was from Miss Sabrina, but often there were several lines from Ferdie at the bottom of the page. All was arranged: Paul was to go southward in July. He and Cicely had cheerful talks; perhaps next winter they should all be living together in Bois Blanc; that is, in case it should be thought best to give up Valparaiso, after all. Cicely read her letters; she kept the last one under her dress, on her heart; for the rest, she floated in the canoe, swung in the hammock over the carpet of brown pine needles, and played with Jack, who bloomed with health and ruddiness to that extent that he was called by all the Porpoise. The Judge, happy in the improvement of his darling little girl, fished; snarled with Hollis; then fished again. Hollis, always attired in the same black clothes, showed positive genius as regarded the frying-pan. And Paul? Paul, as he said himself, was lazy as the dormouse of the Hatter's tea party.

"You see, he is just as complete in his lazying, when he *does* lazy, as he is in driving ahead when he drives," explained Hollis to Eve.

But Eve did not need explanations.

Paul, however, was lazy only when at the camp. As he could not be absent long from Bois Blanc, he made the night journey thither every three days, leaving Hollis in charge; then he came back and was lazy again. To-day, Hollis too had returned from Bois Blanc, whither he had been on a flying visit; while there he had

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attended the evening party which he was now describing for Cicely's entertainment. For she was the central person to them all; they gathered round her; they obeyed eagerly her slightest wish; when she laughed, they laughed also, they were so glad to see life again animating her wan little face; it was for this that Hollis had prolonged his narrative and quoted Shakespeare; he would have stood on his head and quoted Hebrew if it would have made her smile.

Cicely's face was a contrast to Eve's. Eve's cheeks showed a deep rose bloom. She was no longer the snow-white woman whom near-sighted Miss Sabrina had furtively scanned upon her arrival at Romney six months before. She was still markedly erect, but her step had become less confident; her despotic manner had disappeared. Often now she was irresolute; and she had grown awkward—a thing new with her. She was aware of these changes; it was her wonder at herself that made her so awkward, and, for the first time in her existence, timid. She did not know how to arrange her actions, hampered by this new quality.

But since the terrible hour, since that vision of Ferdie at the end of the corridor with his candle held aloft and his fixed eyes, life with her had rushed along so rapidly that she had seemed to be powerless in its current.

The first night in Paul's cottage, in her little room next to Cicely's, she had spent hours on her knees by the bedside pouring forth in a flood gratitude to Some One, Somewhere—she knew no formulas of prayer—that she had been delivered from the horror that had held her speechless. Ferdie was living! She repeated it over and over.

At the time there had been no plan; she had stepped back into her room to get the pistol, not with any purpose of attack, but in order not to be without means of defence: it was one of Jack's, which she had found and taken possession of soon after her arrival, because it had been his; she had seen him with it often; with it he himself had taught her to shoot. And then at the last, when Jack's poor little boy had climbed up by the boat's seat, and the madman had made that spring toward him, then she had—done what she did. She had done it mechanically. It had seemed the only thing to do.

But, once away, the horror had come, as it always does and must, when by violence a human life has gone out. She had dropped the pistol into the Sound; but she could not drop the ghastly picture of the dark figure on the white sand, with its arms making two or three spasmodic motions, then becoming suddenly still. Was he dead? If he was, she, Eve Bruce, was a murderer, a creature to be imprisoned for life, or hanged. How people would shrink from her if they knew! And how monstrous it was that she should touch Cicely! Yet she must. Cain, where is thy brother? And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him. Would it come to this, that she should be forced to take her own life, in order to be free at last from the horror? These were the constant thoughts of that long journey northward, without one moment's respite day or night.

But deliverance had come: he was alive! God was good, after all; God was kind. He had lifted from her this pall of death. The rest of her life she would give to Cicely; all of it would not be atonement enough. He was alive! He was alive!

"Oh, I did not do it! I am innocent! That still figure has gone from the sand; it got up and walked away." She laughed in the relief, the reaction; she buried her face in the pillow to stifle it. "Cicely will not know what I am laughing at; she will wonder. I need never tell her any of it now, I need not make her hate me forever, because the only men who were suspected have got safely away. She is safe; little Jack is safe. Little Jack, I did it for you! He is not dead; he is alive—alive!" So swept on through the night the tide of her immense joy. For the next day and the next, for many days after, this joy surged within her, its outward expression being the flush, and the light in her eyes.

Eve Bruce had a strongly truthful nature; she was frank not only with others, but with herself; she possessed the unusual mental quality (unusual in a woman) of recognizing facts, whether they were agreeable or not; of living without illusions. This had helped to give her, perhaps, her brusque manner, with its absence of gentleness, its scanty sweetness; for illusions make women sweet, illusions keep them gentle, and those who preserve them unbroken through life are the happiest. With her innate truthfulness, it

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was not long before this woman perceived that there was another cause contributing to the excitement that was quickening her breath and making life seem new. The discovery had come suddenly.

It had been arranged that on a certain day they should walk out to the mine, Paul, the Judge, Hollis, and herself. When the time came, Hollis appeared alone; Paul was too busy to leave the office. They walked out to the mine. But Eve felt her feet dragging. She was unaccountably depressed. Upon her return, as she came in sight of the cottage, she remembered how happy she had been there the day before, and for many days. What had changed? Had she not the same unspeakable great cause for joy? For what reason did the day seem dull and the sky dark? And then the truth showed itself: it was because Paul Tennant was not there; nothing else.

Another woman would have veiled it, would not have acknowledged the fact even to herself. For women have miraculous powers of really believing only what they wish to believe. For many women there are no facts. But Eve had no such endowments. She had reached her room; she pushed to the door and stood there motionless; after two or three minutes she sank into the nearest chair. Here she sat without stirring for some time. Then she rose, went down the stairs, and out again. It was six o'clock. But there were still two hours of daylight; she hurried toward the nearest border of forest, and just within its fringe she began walking rapidly to and fro, her hands clasped together, hanging before her, her eyes on the ground. She did not come back until nightfall.

As she entered she met Paul coming out.

"I was starting to hunt you up. Where have you been?" He spoke with surprise.

Eve looked at him once. Then she turned away. What a change in herself! Now she understood Cicely. Now she understood—yes, she understood everything—all the things she had always despised—pettiness, jealousy, efforts, impossible hopes, disgrace, shame.

"I was so afraid Cicely would be alarmed!" Paul went on.

And Eve was not offended that it was Cicely of whom he was thinking; it had not yet occurred to her that he could think of her.

She went in search of Cicely, who had nothing to say to her; then, excusing herself, she retreated to her room. Here she took off her dress and began to unbraid her hair. Then the thought came to her that Paul would go to the parlor about this time; that he would play a game of chess, perhaps, with the Judge. Hastily repairing the disorder she had made, she rearranged the braids, felt in the rough closet for her evening shoes, put them on, and went down-stairs again with rapid step.

Cicely made no remark as she came in. Paul and the Judge were playing their game, with Hollis looking on. Eve took a book and sat reading, or apparently reading, at some distance. "Oh, how abject this is! How childish, how sickening!" Anger against herself rose hotly, and under its sting she felt her strength returning. She sat there as long as the others did. "I will not make a second scene by going out" (but no one had noticed her first). She answered Paul's good-night coldly. But when she was back in her room again, when there was no more escape from its four walls until morning, then she found herself without defences, without pretexts or excuse, face to face with the fact: she loved this man, this Paul Tennant, with all her heart. It was a surprise as great as if she had suddenly become blind, or deaf, or mad—"stricken of God," as people call it. "I am stricken. But I am not sure it is of God." That she, no longer a girl, after all these years untouched by such feelings—that she, with her clear unflattering vision and strong will (she had always been so proud of her will), should be led captive in this way by a stranger who cared nothing for her, who did not even wish to capture—it was a sort of insanity. She paced her room to and fro as she had paced the fringe of woods. She stretched out her hands and looked at them as though they had been the hands of some one else; then she struck one of them upon her bare arm. She was so humiliated that she must hurt something; that something should be herself. "If he should ever care for me, I would refuse him," she repeated, in bitter triumph over herself. Immediately the thought followed, "He will never care!" Where was now her love for her brother, that love which had hitherto been enough, which had filled all her life? Had it taken a second place? The question was

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a degradation. "No, I do not love him really. I am not well; it will pass." But while she was saying these things there came a glow that contradicted her, a glow before whose new sway she was helpless. "Oh, I do love him! I loved him the first day I saw him. What is that old phrase?—I love the ground he walks on." She buried her face in her hands.

"How strange! I am happier than I have ever been in my life before; I didn't know that there was such happiness!" New vistas opened out before her, and there rose a vision of subtle sweetness—her life through the future with this passion hidden like a treasure in her heart, no one to know it, no one to suspect its existence. "As I am to be nothing to him, as I wish to be nothing to him, I shall not care whom *he* loves; that is nothing to me." Upon this basis she would arrange her life.

But it is not so easy to arrange life. Almost immediately she began to suffer, a species of suffering, too, to which she was unused: trifles annoyed her like innumerable stings; she was not able to preserve her calm. As regarded anything important, she could have been herself, or so she imagined; but little things irritated her, and the days were full of little things. She rebelled against this nervousness; but she could not subdue it; and gradually the beautiful vision of her life, as she had imagined it, faded away miserably in a cloud of petty exasperations and despair. After wretched hours, unable to endure her humiliation longer, she resolved to conquer herself at any cost, to set herself free. She could not go away, because she would not leave Cicely: there was still her atonement; there was still her brother's child. But here on the spot, here in his presence, she would overcome and cast out this baleful feeling that had taken possession of her, and changed her so that she did not know herself. "I will!" she said. It was a vow. Her will was the strongest force of her being.

This very will blinded her. She was too sure of it. She was in earnest about wishing and intending to win in her great battle. But she forgot the details.

These are some of the details:

The one time of day when Paul was neither at the mine nor in his office was at sunset. Twice she went through a chain of reasoning to prove to herself that she had a necessary errand at that hour at one of the stores. Both times she met him. She had heard Paul say that he liked to see women sew. She was no needle-woman; but presently she began to embroider an apron for Jack (with very poor success). Paul was no reader. He looked through the newspapers once a day, and when it rained very hard in the evening, and there was nothing else to do, occasionally he took up his one book. For he had but one, at least so Hollis declared; at any rate he read but one. This one was Gibbon. The only edition of the great history in the little book-store of Bois Blanc was a miserably printed copy in paper covers. But a lady bought it in spite of its blurred type.

Finally this same lady went to church. It was on a Sunday afternoon, the second service; she came in late, and took a seat in the last pew. When had Eve Bruce been to church before? Paul went once in a while. And it was when she saw his head towering above the heads of the shorter people about him, as the congregation rose to repeat the creed—it was then suddenly that the veil was lifted and she saw the truth: this was what she had come for.

She did not try to deny it. She comprehended her failure. After this she ceased to struggle; she only tried to be quiet. She lived from day to day, from hour to hour. It was a compromise. "But I shall not be here long. Something will separate us; soon, perhaps in a few weeks, it will have come to an end, and then I may never see him again." So she reasoned.

To-day Hollis, having related all his adventures, and drawn the last smile from Cicely, went to his tent. The Judge, after waiting for him a long while in vain, set off in a very bad temper for the nearest trout brook.

Paul came up from the beach. "There's an Indian village two miles above here, Cicely; do you care to have a look at it? I could take you and Miss Bruce in the little canoe."

But Cicely was tired: often now, after sudden merriment (which seemed to be a return, though infinitely fainter, of her old wild moods), she would look white and exhausted. "I think I will swing in the hammock," she said, languidly.

"Will you go, then, Miss Bruce?" Paul asked, carelessly.

"Thanks; I have something to do."

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Half an hour later, Paul having gone off by himself, she was sitting on a fallen tree on the shore, at some distance from the tents, when his canoe glided suddenly into view, coming round the near point; he beached it and sprang ashore.

"You surely have not had time to go to that village?" she said, rising.

"Did I say I was going alone? My plan had been to take you. Apparently what you had to do was not so very important," he added, smiling.

"Oh yes, I was occupied," she answered.

"We can go still, if you like; there is time."

"Thank you. No."

Paul gave her a look. She fancied that she saw in it regret. "Is it very curious —your village? Perhaps it would be amusing, after all. Yes, I will go."

He helped her into the canoe, and the next moment they were gliding up the lake. The village was a temporary one, twenty or thirty wigwams in a grove. Only the women and children were at home, the sweet-voiced young squaws in their calico skirts and blankets, the queer little mummy-like pappooses, the half-naked children. They brought out bows and arrows to sell; agates which they had found on the beach; Indian sugar in little birch-bark boxes, quaintly ornamented.

"Tell them to gather some bluebells for me," said Eve. Her face had an expression of joyousness; every now and then she laughed like a merry girl.

Paul repeated her request in the Chippewa tongue, and immediately all the black-eyed children sallied forth, returning with large bunches of the fragile-stemmed flowers, so that Eve's hands were full. She lingered, sitting on the side of an old canoe. She distributed all the small coins she had. Finally they were afloat again; she wondered who had suggested it. "There's a gleam already," she said, as they passed Jupiter Light. "Some day I should like to go out there."

"I can take you now," Paul answered. And he sent the canoe flying toward the reef.

She had made no protest. "He wished to go," she said to herself, contentedly.

The distance was greater than she had supposed; it was twilight when they reached the miniature beach.

"Shall we make them let us in, and climb up to the top?" suggested Paul.

She laughed. "No; better not."

She looked up at the tower. Paul, standing beside her, his arms folded, his head thrown back, was looking up also. "I can't see the least light from here." Then again, "*Don't* you want to go up?"

"Well—if you like."

It was dark within; a man came down with a lantern, and preceded them up the narrow winding stairway. When they reached the top they could see nothing but the interior of the little room. So down they came again, without even saying the usual things: about the probable queerness of life in such a place, and whether any one could really like it, and that some persons might be found who would consider it an ideal residence and never wish to come away. Though their stay had been so short, their going up so aimless, the expedition did not seem to Eve at all stupid. In her eyes it had the air of an exciting adventure.

"They will be wondering where we are," said Paul, as he turned the canoe homeward. She did not answer; it was sweet to her to sit there in silence, and feel the light craft dart forward through the darkness under his strong strokes. Who were "they"? Why should "they" wonder? Paul too said nothing; unconsciously she believed that he shared her mood.

When they reached the camp he helped her out. "I hope you are not too tired? At last I can have the credit of doing something that has pleased you; I saw how much you wanted to go."

He saw how much she wanted to go!

Two hours later she stood looking from her tent for a moment. Cicely and Jack, with whom she shared it, were asleep, and she herself was wrapped in a blue dressing-gown over her delicate night-dress, her hair in long braids hanging down her back. The Judge and Hollis had gone to bed; the Indians were asleep under their own tent; all was still, save the regular wash of the water on the beach. By the dying light of the camp fire she could make out a figure; it was Paul, sitting alone beside one of their rough tables, with his elbow upon it, his head supported by his hand. Something in his attitude struck her, and reasonlessly, silently, all her anger against him vanished, and its place was filled by a great tenderness. What was he thinking of? She did not know; she only knew one thing: that she loved him. After looking at him for

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some minutes she dropped the flap of the tent and stole to bed, where immediately she began to imagine what she might say to him if she were out there, and what he might reply. She also planned conversations under other circumstances, conversations in which all she said should be very original, touching, or brilliant, as the case might be. And he would be duly impressed (always in the conversations), and would gradually show more interest. And then, when he began to advance, she would withdraw. So she fell asleep with a smile touching her lips, the lips which had lost their sombre expressions, and now looked very gentle.

Meanwhile, outside by the dying fire, what was Paul Tennant thinking of? His Clay County iron. He had had another offer, and this project was one in which he should himself have a share. But could he accept it? Could he pledge himself to advance the money required? He had only his salary at present, all his savings having gone to Valparaiso. There were Ferdie's expenses to think of also, and Ferdie's wife, that little wife so unreasonable and so sweet, she too must lack nothing. It grew toward midnight; still he sat there pondering; adding figures mentally; calculating. The bird which had so insistently cried "Whip-po-*Will*," "Whip-po-*Will*," had ceased its song. There came from a distance, once, twice, the laugh of a loon. Jupiter Light went on flashing its gleam regularly over the lake.

The man by the fire never once thought of Eve Bruce.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

BY ANDREW H. SMITH, M.D.

IN all enlightened communities the greater number of families have a medical man who occupies toward them the relation expressed by the term family physician. It is the purpose of this article to examine as to what is, and to suggest what should be, included in this relation.

The family physician is the medical man to whom the family are accustomed to apply when they suppose themselves to be in need of medical assistance. In rural communities he is generally accepted in this relation rather than selected to occupy it, for the reason that there is probably only one doctor within reaching distance. This fact also makes his tenure of office secure, unless, indeed, he displays extraordinary unfitness. But in towns and cities there is abundant opportunity for selection and also for change. The basis upon which a choice is made is oftener a matter of accident than the result of a careful inquiry as to qualifications. A physician is selected because some friend has him; or because he drives a handsome equipage and seems to be doing a large business; or because he belongs to the same church; or because he lives in the same street. Very rarely indeed is it because he has been thoroughly educated in his profession, because he possesses a sound and trained judgment and a wide experience, because he realizes the responsibility of his position, because he has a deep and tender sympathy with suffering humanity, and believes that the noblest secular work a man can do is ministering to its needs. In fact in the majority of cases less thought is bestowed upon choosing for the family the man who is to have the power possibly of life, certainly of death, than upon hiring a butler or buying a pair of horses.

The relation thus lightly entered upon is apt to be as lightly discontinued. The most trivial circumstance may induce a change. An illness proves more protracted than it was thought it would be, and some friend, with an enviable sense of propriety, suggests: "Why don't you have my doctor? He would put you on your feet in no time." Or, "Dr. Q. has just cured Mrs. B.'s child of exactly what your boy has. Why don't you call him in?" And so it may come about that the doctor is changed with very little more ceremony than is employed in substituting one coachman for another.

On the other hand, the relation, however begun, often grows to be one of the strongest ties that bind man to man. The position which a conscientious, sympathetic physician holds in an appreciative family may be higher than that of near kindred or of life-long friends. His aid

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and support in moments of supreme necessity may win for him a devotion such as seldom falls to the lot of other men. In the course of a long professional life he may be a sharer in the joys and sorrows of successive generations, all of whom hold him in the most affectionate esteem.

But even when this is the case the position of the family physician lacks something which if present would enhance immeasurably his power for good. He is the counsellor only when illness is present; he is called upon only when the patient or the family think he is needed. His work is to attend upon the particular case of disease or injury, and this done, he retires until his services are thought again to be required. Thus he exercises his functions only at the discretion of persons who, however intelligent they may be, are not qualified to recognize in every case the necessity for medical aid. Hence it often happens that disease has already advanced to an extent that involves serious if not fatal consequences before it is discovered that the person is really ill.

In acute cases it may not always be possible to avoid this, but even in chronic disease the time for effectual aid not unfrequently passes before it is thought worth while to summon the doctor. A cough is regarded as a simple cold, and is treated with domestic remedies, often of a kind to disorder the digestion, upon which all hope of cure must ultimately depend. After a time the very persistence of the cough compels recourse to medical advice, when it is ascertained for the first time that the lungs are the seat of tubercular disease.

Or, again, a person, after a period of more or less languor or of feeling indefinitely ill, observes that the ankles are swollen. The doctor is called, and it is discovered that disorganization of the kidneys is far advanced, so that the best the patient can hope for is a longer or shorter postponement of the inevitably fatal termination.

Examples of this kind could be multiplied indefinitely. They merely show that the present relation of the family physician to his families, even under the most favorable circumstances, does not permit him to render services which might be of the utmost value. It sometimes requires as much technical skill to determine when treatment is necessary as to carry out the treatment itself. Yet, under existing conditions, this skill is required to be exercised by persons who lay no claim to its possession. This results not only in depriving the sick of the timely aid they might receive, but at the same time it exposes medicine to reproach for an inefficiency which is the fault not so much of the art as of the conditions under which it is practised.

The achievements of practical medicine handicapped in this manner are not such, and cannot be such, as to command for it the fullest measure of popular confidence. It stands before the public merely as aspiring to relieve existing suffering, to remove existing disease. The scope of its aim is indicated by the name it bears—the Science of Medicine, as if the giving of medicine were its principal function. It does not seem to appreciate that a wider field is before it, that there is a higher office also which it should aim to fulfil. There is a science, as yet not well defined, which has for its object the promotion of the physical well-being of the race. Instead of representing a mere fragment of this science, medicine should aspire to embrace the whole. This is its legitimate sphere, which it ought in practice and in theory to occupy.

The necessary limitations to success in the narrower field give the general aspect of failure. Men must die, and the art which opposes itself to this fiat cannot build much upon its ultimate triumphs. But in the broader field the limitations to success are not so inflexibly defined. We are not so constantly confronted with the impossible; there is more room for demonstrable achievement. It presents stronger claims, therefore, to public recognition and public confidence. And this is just what the medicine of to-day is lacking. It is a patent fact that the medical profession does not exert in the community that influence which would seem to be its right by virtue of the important interests with which it is intrusted.

A successful lawyer is known far beyond the circle in which he lives. He is looked to for advice and assistance in all cases of public necessity. He is expected to take a prominent part in every public movement. His personality is stamped upon local contemporaneous history. The same is true of men eminent in letters, in science, in theology, in finance. They are regarded as natural leaders, the framers of

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public opinion, the exponents of the sentiments of the day.

But let a medical man be ever so eminent in his profession, it gives him prominence only among medical men. His writings may be in every medical library, but his name will never appear in a secular paper. He may have a host of devoted friends, but not one of them ever thinks of naming him for a public position. Even the hospitals, which are dependent upon him to carry out the object for which they are organized, ignore his existence when making up their boards of management. The local board of health, if asking him to be a member, will put a layman over him as president. In fact no one thinks of him as doing anything but writing prescriptions, with the occasional variation of hewing off a limb or cutting out a tumor.

And yet the education and life training of medical men should fit them pre-eminently to fill positions of public trust and influence. No one comes in contact with a greater variety of character and social position; no one has a better opportunity to look human nature through and through; no one is required to think more accurately, to judge more correctly, to decide more promptly; no one sees more behind the scenes in the great drama of life; no one knows more of the hidden springs of the public weal and woe; no one gathers into his own brain more of the experience of others. And if we look to the magnitude and importance of the interests he represents, no one has more of responsibility resting upon him. No one has to administer more sacred trusts; no one has more of happiness or misery depending upon his capacity and fidelity.

All these considerations, however, are no more applicable to the family physician to-day than they have been in the past. But there is a factor of comparatively recent origin which has materially changed his position, weakening it one way, strengthening it in another. This is the development of specialties in medicine. Formerly the family physician was the sole arbiter of his patient's fate. Now there is opportunity for appeal; nay, the appellate judge is fast becoming the one of primary jurisdiction. The practice of medicine is now divided into as many specialties as there are different sets of organs in the body, or rather into more, for there are specialties based upon the age of the patient as well as upon the organ affected.

It will readily be seen that amid all these claimants for pathological territory there is scarcely standing-room left for the general practitioner.

But these specialties do not exist without reason. The field of medicine is so vast that no one can cultivate it adequately in every part. But by confining himself within comparatively narrow limits the specialist may become completely master of what is known on the subject with which he deals.

Out of the practice of specialties grow special hospitals, which attract patients from all parts of the adjacent country, and often also from great distances, and thus are brought together examples of those rarer affections which otherwise would be seen scarcely twice in a lifetime. The opportunity thus afforded for studying a single class of diseases on an enormous scale is eagerly embraced by the attending physicians or surgeons, and he must be dull indeed who cannot thus acquire in a few months more experience in his particular line than would fall to the lot of the general practitioner in the course of his whole professional career.

Moreover, for the practice of most of the specialties a very extensive and costly array of instruments and appliances is required, which the general practitioner could not afford to own and keep in order for the small number of cases of each class for which he would employ them.

It will thus be seen that a necessity exists for specialties in medicine, and that they are capable of rendering vast service to the public. But they are by no means an unmixed good, at least as they are now too often practised. Like everything else that is good, they are liable to abuse. And this abuse results in harm to the public, to the family doctor, and to the whole body of medicine.

Particularly in the cities, where specialists of every variety are easily accessible, it is becoming more and more the habit of patients to resort to them independently, if only the locality of the disease is sufficiently plain to indicate to what specialty it belongs. When this is not the case the family physician is called upon to supply the necessary information, and as a return of courtesy he may be asked to indicate the specialist to whom

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he would be most willing to have the case consigned.

But the latter is without a knowledge of the history of the ailment or of the previous treatment, and therefore the case comes before him without any of the side lights which previous knowledge of the patient would supply. More than one organ may be affected, and the disease in one may have a causal relation to that in the other. For example, as little as the eye seems to be related to the kidneys, disease of the former is often the result of disease in the latter, and the only treatment possible for the eye affection must be addressed to the kidneys. On the other hand, very serious nervous disturbances have their origin in defects of the eye, and can be relieved only by correcting the ocular trouble. And so throughout the body there is scarcely a single organ which suffers alone, or whose ailments can be successfully treated without taking into account its pathological relations to other organs. Hence the specialist is not in a position to take a comprehensive view of the case. For although every specialist, to be in any degree successful, must be grounded in general medicine, yet the fact that he is specially familiar with one class of diseases implies almost of necessity a corresponding unfamiliarity with disease in general. When to these considerations is added the very common complication of two or more specialists attending the same patient at the same time for different diseases, each one perhaps in ignorance of what other treatment is being employed, the incongruity of the situation is sufficiently apparent.

The disadvantage to the general practitioner resulting from the abuse referred to grows out of his apparent subordination to the specialist. The superior skill of the latter, though limited to a narrow field, gives him for the time being a prominence which reacts unfavorably upon the position and authority of the family doctor. His dictum, based perhaps upon a very imperfect view of the case as a whole, is a stumbling-block over which the family physician, ignorant of precisely what has been told his patient, is liable to fall at every step. The latter has the mortification of seeing the confidence which he formerly inspired in part withdrawn, and as a consequence he becomes disgusted and indifferent. As the result, it is not an uncommon thing that a professional relation which had existed for years to the entire satisfaction of both parties is brought to a close.

A very natural consequence of this is a feeling of antagonism on the part of the general practitioner against specialism and specialists, which may incline him to withhold from his patients the benefit which superior skill might confer. The patients, perceiving this, are the more ready to seek such aid independently, and thus the original cause of dissatisfaction is aggravated.

From the operation of such causes, to which may be added in many cases ignorance or negligence, it often happens that the favorable time for the treatment of a disease has passed by before the case is brought to the notice of the specialist. Doubtless very many eyes are lost because the family doctor does not appreciate early the seriousness of the disease, or is unwilling to call in the aid of a specialist. Many a case of deafness might have been prevented by the adoption of proper treatment before the inflammation had resulted in structural change. And so through all the specialties cases very frequently occur in which the delay resulting from ignorance, carelessness, or unwillingness on the part of the family doctor makes the task of the specialist doubly difficult or entirely hopeless.

But it is not always or generally true that the family doctor is altogether responsible for such results. The mischief is often done before the case comes to his notice. He is not at liberty, according to existing notions, to look for patients among those for whom his aid has not been specially requested; and the patient, or, in the case of a child, the parents, cannot be expected in every instance to appreciate at once that a condition is present which demands professional attention. It is just here that a gap exists which the one party may not and the other cannot bridge over. But it is a wrong to be righted nevertheless.

The tendency of specialism when pursued independently and without reference to the family practitioner is to lower the tone and diminish the influence of medicine as a whole. For medicine can be a power in the world only as it is represented by the general practitioner. The specialist operates along a single line, and the lines of the several specialties are ever

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divergent. There is lacking among them that element of cohesion which binds medicine together as a homogeneous if not always a harmonious whole, and which gives unity and definiteness to its common aims. And, furthermore, specialists have to do with a constantly changing clientele, and lack entirely the opportunity for continuous influence. They cannot impress themselves or their calling upon patients whom they see to-day and lose sight of to-morrow. And again, being concerned only with the relief of existing disease, they take little cognizance of the broader field already alluded to, which it is the proper province of medicine to cultivate.

Within recent years the development of medicine has looked especially toward the prevention of disease. The microscope, with its greatly increased powers, is everywhere busy in searching out the agents of infection. A marvellous success has attended these researches. One by one the specific germs of very many of the infective diseases have been discovered, and their causal relation to the disease demonstrated. The germs taken from a diseased person have been isolated and cultivated in successive crops without the body. These artificially cultivated germs, of perhaps the third or fourth generation, have then been inoculated into the bodies of animals, and have produced in them the original disease. Every few months a new discovery of this nature is announced, and doubtless the time is near at hand when the germ for each infectious disease will be recognized and described.

The problem, therefore, is not only to destroy these germs when they are present in the system, but much more to prevent their effecting a lodgment within the body. When this can be done the task of preventive medicine will be completed so far as this class of diseases is concerned. The sources of other forms of disease, however, will have to be guarded against, and the question is at once one of the most complex and one of the most important which can engage the human mind. To its elucidation must be brought the researches of the laboratory, the labors of the meteorologist, and after all and above all the practical experience and observation of the medical practitioner. And in this the family doctor must take the lead. It is he alone who can have such access to the primary facts in each case as is necessary in order to trace out the relation of cause and effect in the production of disease. In this the specialist, from the nature of the case, can afford him but little aid.

Whatever advance, then, is made in developing medicine into a farther-reaching and more efficient agency for the benefit of mankind—an agency that shall attempt more than the relief of present suffering or the cure of present disease—must come chiefly from the efforts of the general practitioner.

Descartes has said, "If it be possible to perfect the human race, it is in medicine that we must seek the means." While not looking forward to the perfection to which he refers, we may well believe that whatever progress is made toward it will be worked out essentially through the agency which he indicates.

But in order that the best results may be reached, a change is necessary in the relation of the family physician to the families under his care. The defects in it to which brief allusion has been made must be removed. First of all the relation must have a more rational and a more permanent basis. There should be full recognition that it implies obligations on both sides; the obligation on the side of the physician to do everything in his power, at all times and under all circumstances, not only to relieve sickness when it occurs, but to prevent its occurrence, and the obligation on the side of the family to be loyal to the physician, to give him their complete confidence, to permit to him the fullest access to their history in the past and their lives in the present, and to respect his judgment, and so far as possible to be guided by it in all matters pertaining to his professional relation to them.

The first effect of a formal recognition of these obligations would be that the family physician would be selected with more care. His qualifications of mind and heart, of skill and experience, would be carefully inquired into, and the choice once made would have the elements of permanence. It would not be sacrificed to a momentary feeling of annoyance or a hysterical impatience of plain-speaking. And should a death occur in the family, after every means to avert it had been faithfully applied, the bitterness of grief would not find vent in unmerited cen-

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sure, nor disappointment at the result lead to withdrawal of confidence.

And thus day by day the bond would become more closely drawn, the physician acquiring more and more that familiarity with the characteristics of each member of the family which would enable him to detect the slightest aberration from the standard of health, and the family learning more and more to trust in the wisdom and skill and devotion of the physician. A relation established on such a basis would probably continue during the whole professional life of the practitioner, and include more than the first generation of his clients.

The family physician, if fitted for his office, would have such a general knowledge of all the specialties as would enable him to decide promptly upon the necessity for special treatment in any case that might arise. Such a necessity existing, he would be the first to suggest the employment of a specialist, and his knowledge of the different men available would enable him to select the right one. To the specialist he would give a full history of the case and of the previous treatment, and there being perfect accord between them, the special treatment would go on in harmony with the general management. There would be no clashing, no jealousy, each one recognizing and respecting the province of the other, and thus the best attainable results would be secured. This would be a long step forward in preventive medicine, in the sense of preventing the serious consequences which flow from the lack of such co-operation between the family physician and the specialist.*

But in order that the prevention of disease, so far as it lies with the family physician, may be carried to the fullest extent, it is essential that he should have constant opportunity to know just what is the physical condition of each member of the family in the absence of any manifest evidence of disease. To this end periodical examinations should be made of such a character as to reveal any lurking morbid tendency without waiting for its development into actual disease. There should be no such thing as a discoverable affection remaining undiscovered. Death from *unsuspected* heart or kidney disease, for example, should cease to be possible. There should be no more histories like the following, now so frequently repeated:

A person supposed to be in good health is hastening along the street, perhaps hurrying to catch a train. All at once he is seen to stagger and fall. Passers-by rush to his assistance, but he gasps a few times, and before any aid can be rendered he is dead. An autopsy reveals that he had fatty degeneration of the heart, and the extra demand made upon the heart by the unusual exertion was more than its enfeebled walls could respond to. He was not aware of the existence of this condition, but if his doctor had merely laid his finger on the pulse his suspicion would have been aroused, and listening to the heart would immediately have confirmed it. By proper treatment and the avoidance of severe exertion the catastrophe might have been averted for many years, and the usual limit of life might perhaps have been attained.

Or again, a gentleman who has thought himself quite well goes as usual in the morning to his place of business. A few hours later he is brought home in a carriage in a state of unconsciousness. In spite of the most prompt and judicious treatment he does not recover from his coma. On the contrary, convulsions set in, and in the course of a few hours he dies. Unknown to him or to his family he has been suffering from Bright's disease, the symptoms being latent up to the last moment. Yet a very simple examination would have revealed to his doctor the actual condition of affairs, and by proper care and proper treatment the fatal termination might have been almost indefinitely deferred.

The records of examinations by the physicians of life-insurance companies show numerous instances in which very serious disease exists without being suspected either by the patient or his friends. This fact, in addition to the frequency of cases such as those described above, is enough to show the extreme importance of a system by which the actual condition of persons not consciously ill should be periodically investigated.

In view of this it should be a part of the duty of the family physician to make a thorough physical examination of ev-

* In what is said above it is not intended to convey the idea that the co-operation advocated is unknown at present. This is far from being the case. But it is not made, as it should be, the inflexible rule, and the looseness that prevails in this regard is a serious drawback to the practical usefulness of specialism.

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ery member of the family at least twice a year, and in the case of a feeble or delicate person at much shorter intervals. The results of these examinations should be fully recorded, and the record kept in the possession of the doctor, to be transmitted to his successor. A record of this kind would possess immense value, not only for the persons immediately interested, but also for their posterity. It is by knowing the vital history of the parents that we know what to expect in the children. Heredity is an influence which it is difficult to estimate, for the reason that the absence of records prevents our tracing it backward in the family history. Yet we know that this influence may shape the physical destiny of generations to come. Dr. Holmes has said that the proper time to begin the treatment of some diseases is a hundred years before the birth of the patient. He might have added that the treatment sometimes needs to be continued for a hundred years after his death.

But the opportunity afforded to the family physician to ward off injurious influences from those under his care might be extended much farther. It should be within his province to indicate what occupations were suitable to a given youth, and what, in the interests of his health, should be avoided. He should be able to prevent a feeble, ill-nourished, narrow-chested lad being put behind a desk in a counting-room, where the tendency to pulmonary disease already existing would certainly be developed. He should have such a voice in the selection of boarding-schools as would prevent the children being sent to institutions in unhealthful localities, or in which there was danger from defective sanitary precautions. In the selection of a new dwelling, and even in choosing a summer resort, his judgment as to the topography and the sanitary conditions should have a controlling influence. His supervision should extend to a proper adaptation of educational methods to the capabilities of the several children of the family, and to the order in which their faculties develop. On this latter point it is high time that the influence of medicine should be felt in pedagogics. Mental physiology should lie at the foundation of every school curriculum. It is incongruous that at this age of the world the development of the mind should be intrusted unreservedly to those who have not even the most elementary knowledge of the mind's organ, the brain.

"A manufacturer would not intrust his steam-engine to the care of one who knew nothing about machinery; yet how many parents submit the finest mechanism on earth—a mechanism so fine that, once seriously disabled, no human engineer can repair, their children's brains—to those who have neither knowledge, sympathy, nor training for the task."—*Galloway, Education Scientific and Technical.*

In a hundred other ways, which the limits of this article forbid to specify, the influence of the family physician should make itself felt in the household. But it should not stop here. The human race is a family, and the medical profession should be its family physician. The same protecting care which is required in the household should be extended to the state. As the individual may not safely be left without supervision until disease is actually upon him, so the community may not safely be left unguarded until the advent of the pestilence. As the sanitary condition of the dwelling requires constant watchfulness, so the sanitary condition of towns and cities may not be neglected with impunity. As personal habits both of body and mind affect the physical well-being of their possessor, so national habits of life and thought affect for good or ill the physical development of a people.

These considerations open up vast problems which it is the province of medicine to solve. In their solution the family physician must bear his part, and his fitness to do so will depend largely upon the closeness of his relation to his families, the extent to which he comes into touch with their daily life. In proportion as its influence permeates the general family life, in that proportion medicine will find a wider field of usefulness opening before it, and on the basis of higher achievement, will command a greater measure of respect and confidence.

To recapitulate briefly. It belongs to the office of the family physician to know fully the medical history of the family; to keep himself constantly informed as to the physical condition of each member; to advise as to education, choice of occupation, residence, and whatever else may have an influence, present or prospective, upon conditions of health; to apply all the means which science affords for the

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prevention of disease; to treat such cases of illness as may arise, employing freely the aid of specialists whenever necessary; and lastly, to regard the experience which he accumulates as a trust to be used for the benefit of the public in initiating and furthering such measures as will advance the physical welfare of the community.

That this enlargement of his sphere will demand greater capacity and increased powers on the part of the physician goes without saying. But the rising generation of medical men, in this country at least, is furnishing many who are fully equipped to meet this demand. Every year the standard of medical education is higher, and the profession has now in its ranks numbers of young men whose peers it would not be easy to find in any other body. In their hands the office of the family physician cannot fail to become every year more useful and more honored, until it shall stand first among the secular influences which promote the welfare of the race.

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

I.

WE were talking about the want of diversity in American life, the lack of salient characters. It was not at a club. It was a spontaneous talk of people who happened to be together, and who had fallen into an uncompelled habit of happening to be together. There might have been a club for the study of the Want of Diversity in American Life. The members would have been obliged to set apart a stated time for it, to attend as a duty, and to be in a mood to discuss this topic at a set hour in the future. They would have mortgaged another precious portion of the little time left us for individual life.

It is a suggestive thought that at a given hour all over the United States innumerable clubs might be considering the Want of Diversity in American Life. Only in this way, according to our present methods, could one expect to accomplish anything in regard to this foreign-felt want. It seems illogical that we could produce diversity by all doing the same thing at the same time, but we know the value of congregate effort. It seems to superficial observers that all Americans are born busy. It is not so. They are born with a fear of not being busy; and if they are intelligent and in circumstances of leisure, they have such a sense of their responsibility that they hasten to allot all their time into portions, and leave no hour unprovided for. This is conscientiousness in women, and not restlessness. There is a day for music, a day for painting, a day for the display of tea gowns, a day for Dante, a day for the Greek drama, a day for the Dumb Animals' Aid Society, a day for the Society for the Propagation of Indians, and so on. When the year is over, the amount that has been accomplished by this incessant activity can hardly be estimated. Individually it may not be much. But consider where Chaucer would be but for the work of the Chaucer clubs, and what an effect upon the universal progress of things is produced by the associate concentration upon the poet of so many minds.

A cynic says that clubs and circles are for the accumulation of superficial information and unloading it on others, without much individual absorption in anybody. This, like all cynicism, contains only a half-truth, and simply means that the general diffusion of half-digested information does not raise the general level of intelligence, which can only be raised to any purpose by thorough self-culture, by assimilation, digestion, meditation. The busy bee is a favorite simile with us, and we are apt to overlook the fact that the least important part of his example is buzzing around. If the hive simply got together and buzzed, or even brought unrefined treacle from some cyclopædia, let us say, of treacle, there would be no honey added to the general store.

It occurred to some one in this talk at last to deny that there was this tiresome monotony in American life. And this put a new face on the discussion. Why should there be, with every race under the heavens represented here, and each one struggling to assert itself, and no

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homogeneity as yet established even between the people of the oldest States? The theory is that democracy levels, and that the anxious pursuit of a common object, money, tends to uniformity, and that facility of communication spreads all over the land the same fashion in dress, and repeats everywhere the same style of house, and that the public schools give all the children in the United States the same superficial smartness. And there is a more serious notion, that in a society without classes there is a sort of tyranny of public opinion which crushes out the play of individual peculiarities, without which human intercourse is uninteresting. It is true that a democracy is intolerant of variations from the general level, and that a new society allows less latitude in eccentricities to its members than an old society.

But, with all these allowances, it is also admitted that the difficulty the American novelist has is in hitting upon what is universally accepted as characteristic of American life, so various are the types in regions widely separated from each other, such different points of view are had even in conventionalities, and conscience operates so variously on moral problems in one community and another. It is as impossible for one section to impose upon another its rules of taste and propriety in conduct—and taste is often as strong to determine conduct as principle—as it is to make its literature acceptable to the other. If in the land of the sun and the jasmine and the alligator and the fig, the literature of New England seems passionless and timid in face of the ruling emotions of life, ought we not to thank Heaven for the diversity of temperament as well as of climate which will in the long-run save us from that sameness into which we are supposed to be drifting?

When I think of this vast country with any attention to local developments I am more impressed with the unlikenesses than with the resemblances. And besides this, if one had the ability to draw to the life a single individual in the most homogeneous community, the product would be sufficiently startling. We cannot flatter ourselves, therefore, that under equal laws and opportunities we have rubbed out the saliencies of human nature. At a distance the mass of the Russian people seem as monotonous as their steppes and their commune villages, but the Russian novelists find characters in this mass perfectly individualized, and indeed give us the impression that all Russians are irregular polygons. Perhaps, if our novelists looked at individuals as intently, they might give the world the impression that social life here is as unpleasant as it appears in the novels to be in Russia.

This is partly the substance of what was said one winter evening before the wood fire in the library of a house in Brandon, one of the lesser New England cities. Like hundreds of residences of its kind, it stood in the suburbs, amid forest trees, commanding a view of city spires and towers on the one hand, and on the other of a broken country of clustering trees and cottages, rising toward a range of hills which showed purple and warm against the pale straw-color of the winter sunsets. The charm of the situation was that the house was one of many comfortable dwellings, each isolated, and yet near enough together to form a neighborhood; that is to say, a body of neighbors who respected each other's privacy, and yet flowed together on occasion without the least conventionality. And a real neighborhood, as our modern life is arranged, is becoming more and more rare.

I am not sure that the talkers in this conversation expressed their real, final sentiments, or that they should be held accountable for what they said. Nothing so surely kills the freedom of talk as to have some matter-of-fact person instantly bring you to book for some impulsive remark flashed out on the instant, instead of playing with it and tossing it about in a way that shall expose its absurdity or show its value. Freedom is lost with too much responsibility and seriousness, and the truth is more likely to be struck out in a lively play of assertion and retort than when all the words and sentiments are weighed. A person very likely cannot tell what he does think till his thoughts are exposed to the air, and it is the bright fallacies and impulsive rash ventures in conversation that are often most fruitful to talker and listeners. The talk is always tame if no one dares anything. I have seen the most promising paradox come to grief by a simple "Do you think so?" Nobody, I sometimes think, should be held accountable for anything said in private conversation, the vivacity of which is in a tentative play about the subject. And this is a sufficient reason why one

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ıould repudiate any private conversa-ion reported in the newspapers. It is bad enough to be held fast forever to what one writes and prints, but to shackle a man with all his flashing utterances, which may be put into his mouth by some imp in the air, is intolerable slavery. A man had better be silent if he can only say to-day what he will stand by to-morrow, or if he may not launch into the general talk the whim and fancy of the moment. Racy, entertaining talk is only exposed thought, and no one would hold a man responsible for the thronging thoughts that contradict and displace each other in his mind. Probably no one ever actually makes up his mind until he either acts or puts out his conclusion beyond his recall. Why should one be debarred the privilege of pitching his crude ideas into a conversation where they may have a chance of being precipitated?

I remember that Morgan said in this talk that there was too much diversity. "Almost every church has trouble with it—the different social conditions."

An Englishman who was present pricked up his ears at this, as if he expected to obtain a note on the character of Dissenters. "I thought all the churches here were organized on social affinities?" he inquired.

"Oh no; it is a good deal a matter of vicinage. When there is a real-estate extension, a necessary part of the plan is to build a church in the centre of it, in order to—"

"I declare, Page," said Mrs. Morgan, "you'll give Mr. Lyon a totally erroneous notion. Of course there must be a church convenient to the worshippers in every district."

"That is just what I was saying, my dear. As the settlement is not drawn together on religious grounds, but perhaps by purely worldly motives, the elements that meet in the church are apt to be socially incongruous, such as cannot always be fused even by a church kitchen and a church parlor."

"Then it isn't the peculiarity of the church that has attracted to it worshippers who would naturally come together, but the church is a neighborhood necessity?" still further inquired Mr. Lyon.

"All is," I ventured to put in, "that churches grow up like school-houses, where they are wanted."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Morgan; "I'm talking about the kind of want that creates them. If it's the same that builds a music hall, or a gymnasium, or a railway waiting-room, I've nothing more to say."

"Is it your American idea, then, that a church ought to be formed only of people socially agreeable together?" asked the Englishman.

"I have no American idea. I am only commenting on facts; but one of them is that it is the most difficult thing in the world to reconcile religious association with the real or artificial claims of social life."

"I don't think you try much," said Mrs. Morgan, who carried along her traditional religious observances with grateful admiration of her husband.

Mr. Page Morgan had inherited money, and a certain advantageous position for observing life and criticising it, humorously sometimes, and without any serious intention of disturbing it. He had added to his fair fortune by marrying the daintily reared daughter of a cotton-spinner, and he had enough to do in attending meetings of directors and looking out for his investments to keep him from the operation of the State law regarding vagrants, and give greater social weight to his opinions than if he had been compelled to work for his maintenance. The Page Morgans had been a good deal abroad, and were none the worse Americans for having come in contact with the knowledge that there are other peoples who are reasonably prosperous and happy without any of our advantages.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Lyon, who was always in the conversational attitude of wanting to know, "that you Americans are disturbed by the notion that religion ought to produce social equality."

Mr. Lyon had the air of conveying the impression that this question was settled in England, and that America was interesting on account of numerous experiments of this sort. This state of mind was not offensive to his interlocutors, because they were accustomed to it in transatlantic visitors. Indeed, there was nothing whatever offensive, and little defensive, in Mr. John Lyon. What we liked in him, I think, was his simple acceptance of a position that required neither explanation nor apology—a social condition that banished a sense of his own personality, and left him perfectly free to be absolutely truthful. Though an el-

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dest son and next in succession to an earldom, he was still young. Fresh from Oxford and South Africa and Australia and British Columbia, he had come to "study" the States with a view of perfecting himself for his duties as a legislator for the world when he should be called to the House of Peers. He did not treat himself like an earl, whatever consciousness he may have had that his prospective rank made it safe for him to flirt with the various forms of equality abroad in this generation.

"I don't know what Christianity is expected to produce," Mr. Morgan replied, in a meditative way; "but I have an idea that the early Christians in their assemblies all knew each other, having met elsewhere in social intercourse, or, if they were not acquainted, they lost sight of distinctions in one paramount interest. But then I don't suppose they were exactly civilized."

"Were the Pilgrims and the Puritans?" asked Mrs. Fletcher, who now joined the talk, in which she had been a most animated and stimulating listener, her deep gray eyes dancing with intellectual pleasure.

"I should not like to answer 'no' to a descendant of the *Mayflower*. Yes, they were highly civilized. And if we had adhered to their methods, we should have avoided a good deal of confusion. The meeting-house, you remember, had a committee for seating people according to their quality. They were very shrewd, but it had not occurred to them to give the best pews to the sitters able to pay the most money for them. They escaped the perplexity of reconciling the mercantile and the religious ideas."

"At any rate," said Mrs. Fletcher, "they got all sorts of people inside the same meeting-house."

"Yes, and made them feel they were all sorts; but in those days they were not much disturbed by that feeling."

"Do you mean to say," asked Mr. Lyon, "that in this country you have churches for the rich and other churches for the poor?"

"Not at all. We have in the cities rich churches and poor churches, with prices of pews according to the means of each sort, and the rich are always glad to have the poor come, and if they do not give them the best seats, they equalize it by taking up a collection for them."

"Mr. Lyon," Mrs. Morgan interrupted, "you are getting a travesty of the whole thing. I don't believe there is elsewhere in the world such a spirit of Christian charity as in our churches of all sects."

"There is no doubt about the charity, but that doesn't seem to make the social machine run any more smoothly in the church associations. I'm not sure but we shall have to go back to the old idea of considering the churches places of worship, and not opportunities for sewing societies and the cultivation of social equality."

"I found the idea in Rome," said Mr. Lyon, "that the United States is now the most promising field for the spread and permanence of the Roman Catholic faith."

"How is that?" Mr. Fletcher asked, with a smile of Puritan incredulity.

"A high functionary at the Propaganda gave as a reason that the United States is the most democratic country and the Roman Catholic is the most democratic religion, having this one notion that all men, high or low, are equally sinners and equally in need of one thing only. And I must say that in this country I don't find the question of social equality interfering much with the work in their churches."

"That is because they are not trying to make this world any better, but only to prepare for another," said Mrs. Fletcher. "Now we think that the nearer we approach the kingdom-of-heaven idea on earth, the better off we shall be hereafter. Is that a modern idea?"

"It is an idea that is giving us a great deal of trouble. We've got into such a sophisticated state that it seems easier to take care of the future than of the present."

"And it isn't a very bad doctrine that if you take care of the present, the future will take care of itself," rejoined Mrs. Fletcher.

"Yes, I know," insisted Mr. Morgan; "it's the modern notion of accumulation and compensation—take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves—the gospel of Benjamin Franklin."

"Ah," I said, looking up at the entrance of a new-comer, "you are just in time, Margaret, to give the *coup de grace*, for it is evident by Mr. Morgan's reference, in his Bunker Hill position, to Franklin, that he is getting out of powder."

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The girl stood a moment, her slight figure framed in the doorway, while the company rose to greet her, with a half-hesitating, half-inquiring look in her bright face, which I had seen in it a thousand times.

II.

I remember that it came upon me with a sort of surprise at the moment that we had never thought or spoken much of Margaret Debree as beautiful. We were so accustomed to her, we had known her so long, we had known her always. We had never analyzed our admiration of her. She had so many qualities that are better than beauty that we had not credited her with the more obvious attraction. And perhaps she had just become visibly beautiful. It may be that there is an instant in a girl's life corresponding to what the Puritans called conversion in the soul, when the physical qualities, long maturing, suddenly glow in an effect which we call beauty. It cannot be that women do not have a consciousness of it, perhaps of the instant of its advent. I remember when I was a child that I used to think that a stick of peppermint candy must burn with a consciousness of its own deliciousness.

Margaret was just turned twenty. As she paused there in the doorway her physical perfection flashed upon me for the first time. Of course I do not mean perfection, for perfection has no promise in it, rather the sad note of limit, and presently recession. In the rounded, exquisite lines of her figure there was the promise of that ineffable fulness and delicacy of womanhood which all the world raves about and destroys and mourns. It is not fulfilled always in the most beautiful, and perhaps never except to the woman who loves passionately, and believes she is loved with a devotion that exalts her body and soul above every other human being.

It is certain that Margaret's beauty was not classic. Her features were irregular even to piquancy. The chin had strength; the mouth was sensitive and not too small; the shapely nose with thin nostrils had an assertive quality that contradicted the impression of humility in the eyes when downcast; the large gray eyes were uncommonly soft and clear, an appearance of alternate tenderness and brilliancy as they were veiled or uncovered by the long lashes. They were gently commanding eyes, and no doubt her most effective point. Her abundant hair, brown with a touch of red in it in some lights, fell over her broad forehead in the fashion of the time. She had a way of carrying her head, of throwing it back at times, that was not exactly imperious, and conveyed the impression of spirit rather than of mere vivacity. These details seem to me all inadequate and misleading, for the attraction of the face that made it interesting is still undefined. I hesitate to say that there was a dimple near the corner of her mouth that revealed itself when she smiled lest this shall seem mere prettiness, but it may have been the key-note of her face. I only knew there was something about it that won the heart, as a too conscious or assertive beauty never does. She may have been plain, and I may have seen the loveliness of her nature, which I knew so well, in features that gave less sign of it to strangers. Yet I noticed that Mr. Lyon gave her a quick second glance, and his manner was instantly that of deference, or at least attention, which he had shown to no other lady in the room. And the whimsical idea came into my mind—we are all so warped by international possibilities—to observe whether she did not walk like a countess (that is, as a countess ought to walk) as she advanced to shake hands with my wife. It is so easy to turn life into a comedy!

Margaret's great-grandmother—no, it was her great-great-grandmother, but we have kept the Revolutionary period so warm lately that it seems near—was a Newport belle, who married an officer in the suite of Rochambeau what time the French defenders of liberty conquered the women of Rhode Island. After the war was over, our officer resigned his love of glory for the heart of one of the loveliest women and the care of the best plantation on the Island. I have seen a miniature of her, which her lover wore at Yorktown, and which he always swore that Washington coveted, a miniature painted by a wandering artist of the day, which entirely justifies the French officer in his abandonment of the trade of a soldier. Such is man in his best estate. A charming face can make him campaign and fight and slay like a demon, can make a coward of him, can fill him with ambition to win the world, and can tame him into the domesticity of a dining-room cat. There is this noble capacity in man to respond to the divin-

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est thing visible to him in this world. Étienne Debree became, I believe, a very good citizen of the republic, and in '93 used occasionally to shake his head with satisfaction to find that it was still on his shoulders. I am not sure that he ever visited Mount Vernon, but after Washington's death Debree's intimacy with our first President became a more and more important part of his life and conversation. There is a pleasant tradition that Lafayette, when he was here in 1784, embraced the young bride in the French manner, and that this salute was valued as a sort of heirloom in the family.

I always thought that Margaret inherited her New England conscience from her great-great-grandmother, and a certain esprit or gayety—that is, a sub-gayety which was never frivolity—from her French ancestor. Her father and mother had died when she was ten years old, and she had been reared by a maiden aunt, with whom she still lived. The combined fortunes of both required economy, and after Margaret had passed her school course she added to their resources by teaching in a public school. I remember that she taught history, following, I suppose, the American notion that any one can teach history who has a text-book, just as he or she can teach literature with the same help. But it happened that Margaret was a better teacher than many, because she had not learned history in school, but in her father's very well selected library.

There was a little stir at Margaret's entrance; Mr. Lyon was introduced to her, and my wife, with that subtle feeling for effect which women have, slightly changed the lights. Perhaps Margaret's complexion or her black dress made this readjustment necessary to the harmony of the room. Perhaps she felt the presence of a different temperament in the little circle. I never can tell exactly what it is that guides her in regard to the influence of light and color upon the intercourse of people, upon their conversation, making it take one cast or another. Men are susceptible to these influences, but it is women alone who understand how to produce them. And a woman who has not this subtle feeling always lacks charm, however intellectual she may be; I always think of her as sitting in the glare of disenchanting sunlight as indifferent to the exposure as a man would be. I know in a general way that a sunset light induces one kind of talk and noonday light another, and I have learned that talk always brightens up with the addition of a fresh crackling stick to the fire. I shouldn't have known how to change the lights for Margaret, although I think I had as distinct an impression of her personality as had my wife. There was nothing disturbing in it; indeed, I never saw her otherwise than serene, even when her voice betrayed strong emotion. The quality that impressed me most, however, was her sincerity, coupled with intellectual courage and clearness that had almost the effect of brilliancy, though I never thought of her as a brilliant woman.

"What mischief have you been attempting, Mr. Morgan?" asked Margaret, as she took a chair near him. "Were you trying to make Mr. Lyon comfortable by dragging in Bunker Hill?"

"No; that was Mr. Fairchild, in his capacity as host."

"Oh, I'm sure you needn't mind me," said Mr. Lyon, good-humoredly. "I landed in Boston, and the first thing I went to see was the Monument. It struck me as so odd, you know, that the Americans should begin life by celebrating their first defeat."

"That is our way," replied Margaret, quickly. "We have started on a new basis over here; we win by losing. He who loses his life shall find it. If the red slayer thinks he slays he is mistaken. You know the Southerners say that they surrendered at last simply because they got tired of beating the North."

"How odd!"

"Miss Debree simply means," I explained, "that we have inherited from the English an inability to know when we are whipped."

"But we were not fighting the battle of Bunker Hill, or fighting about it, which is more serious, Miss Debree. What I wanted to ask you was whether you think the domestication of religion will affect its power in the regulation of conduct."

"Domestication? You are too deep for me, Mr. Morgan. I don't any more understand you than I comprehend the writers who write about the feminization of literature."

"Well, taking the mystery out of it, the predominant element of worship, making the churches sort of good-will char-

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itable associations for the spread of sociability and good feeling."

"You mean making Christianity practical?"

"Partially that. It is part of the general problem of what women are going to make of the world, now they have got hold of it, or are getting hold of it, and are discontented with being women, or with being treated as women, and are bringing their emotions into all the avocations of life."

"They cannot make it any worse than it has been."

"I'm not sure of that. Robustness is needed in churches as much as in government. I don't know how much the cause of religion is advanced by these church clubs of Christian Endeavor, if that is the name, associations of young boys and girls who go about visiting other like clubs in a sufficiently hilarious manner. I suppose it's the spirit of the age. I'm just wondering whether the world is getting to think more of having a good time than it is of salvation."

"And you think woman's influence—for you cannot mean anything else—is somehow taking the vigor out of affairs, making even the church a soft, purring affair, reducing us all to what I suppose you would call a mush of domesticity."

"Or femininity."

"Well, the world has been brutal enough; it had better try a little femininity now."

"I hope it will not be more cruel to women."

"That's not an argument; that's a stab. I fancy you are altogether sceptical about woman. Do you believe in her education?"

"Up to a certain point, or rather, I should say, after a certain point."

"That's it," spoke up my wife, shading her eyes from the fire with a fan. "I begin to have my doubts about education as a panacea. I've noticed that girls with only a smattering—and most of them in the nature of things can go no further—are more liable to temptations."

"That is because 'education' is mistaken for the giving of information without training, as we are finding out in England," said Mr. Lyon.

"Or that it is dangerous to awaken the imagination without a heavy ballast of principle," said Mr. Morgan.

"That is a beautiful sentiment," Margaret exclaimed, throwing back her head, with a flash from her eyes. "That ought to shut out women entirely. Only I cannot see how teaching women what men know is going to give them any less principle than men have. It has seemed to me a long while that the time has come for treating women like human beings, and giving them the responsibility of their position."

"And what do you want, Margaret?" I asked.

"I don't know exactly what I do want," she answered, sinking back in her chair, sincerity coming to modify her enthusiasm. "I don't want to go to Congress, or be a sheriff, or a lawyer, or a locomotive engineer. I want the freedom of my own being, to be interested in everything in the world, to feel its life as men do. You don't know what it is to have an inferior person condescend to you simply because he is a man."

"Yet you wish to be treated as a woman?" queried Mr. Morgan.

"Of course. Do you think I want to banish romance out of the world?"

"You are right, my dear," said my wife. "The only thing that makes society any better than an industrial ant-hill is the love between women and men, blind and destructive as it often is."

"Well," said Mrs. Morgan, rising to go, "having got back to first principles—"

"You think it is best to take your husband home before he denies even them," Mr. Morgan added.

When the others had gone, Margaret sat by the fire, musing, as if no one else were in the room. The Englishman, still alert and eager for information, regarded her with growing interest. It came into my mind as odd that, being such an uninteresting people as we are, the English should be so curious about us. After an interval, Mr. Lyon said:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Debree, but would you mind telling me whether the movement of Women's Rights is gaining in America?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Lyon," Margaret replied, after a pause, with a look of weariness. "I'm tired of all the talk about it. I wish men and women, every soul of them, would try to make the most of themselves, and see what would come of *that*."

"But in some places they vote about schools, and you have conventions—"

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"Did you ever attend any kind of convention yourself, Mr. Lyon?"

"I? No. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Neither did I. But you have a right to, you know. I should like to ask you one question, Mr. Lyon," the girl continued, rising.

"Should be most obliged."

"Why is it that so few English women marry Americans?"

"I—I never thought of that," he stammered, reddening. "Perhaps—perhaps it's because of American women."

"Thank you," said Margaret, with a little courtesy. "It's very nice of you to say that. I can begin to see now why so many American women marry Englishmen."

The Englishman blushed still more, and Margaret said good-night.

It was quite evident the next day that Margaret had made an impression on our visitor, and that he was struggling with some new idea.

"Did you say, Mrs. Fairchild," he asked my wife, "that Miss Debree is a teacher? It seems very odd."

"No; I said she taught in one of our schools. I don't think she is exactly a teacher."

"Not intending always to teach?"

"I don't suppose she has any definite intentions, but I never think of her as a teacher."

"She's so bright, and—and interesting, don't you think? So American?"

"Yes; Miss Debree is one of the exceptions."

"Oh, I didn't mean that all American women were as clever as Miss Debree."

"Thank you," said my wife. And Mr. Lyon looked as if he couldn't see why she should thank him.

The cottage in which Margaret lived with her aunt, Miss Forsythe, was not far from our house. In summer it was very pretty, with its vine-shaded veranda across the front; and even in winter, with the inevitable raggedness of deciduous vines, it had an air of refinement, a promise which the cheerful interior more than fulfilled. Margaret's parting word to my wife the night before had been that she thought her aunt would like to see the "chrysalis earl," and as Mr. Lyon had expressed a desire to see something more of what he called the "gentry" of New England, my wife ended their afternoon walk at Miss Forsythe's.

It was one of the winter days which are rare in New England, but of which there had been a succession all through the Christmas holidays. Snow had not yet come, all the earth was brown and frozen, whichever way you looked the interlacing branches and twigs of the trees made a delicate lace-work, the sky was gray-blue, and the low-sailing sun had just enough heat to evoke moisture from the frosty ground and suffuse the atmosphere into softness, in which all the landscape became poetic. The phenomenon known as "red sunset" was faintly repeated in the greenish crimson glow along the violet hills, in which Venus burned like a jewel.

There was a fire smouldering on the hearth in the room they entered, which seemed to be sitting-room, library, parlor, all in one; the old table of oak, too substantial for ornament, was strewn with late periodicals and pamphlets—English, American, and French—and with books which lay unarranged as they were thrown down from recent reading. In the centre was a bunch of red roses in a pale blue Granada jug. Miss Forsythe rose from a seat in the western window, with a book in her hand, to greet her callers. She was slender, like Margaret, but taller, with soft brown eyes and hair streaked with gray, which, sweeping plainly aside from her forehead in a fashion then antiquated, contrasted finely with the flush of pink in her cheeks. This flush did not suggest youth, but rather ripeness, the tone that comes with the lines made in the face by gentle acceptance of the inevitable in life. In her quiet and self-possessed manner there was a little note of graceful timidity, not perhaps noticeable in itself, but in contrast with that unmistakable air of confidence which a woman married always has, and which in the unrefined becomes assertive, an exaggerated notion of her importance, of the value added to her opinions by the act of marriage. You can see it in her air the moment she walks away from the altar, keeping step to Mendelssohn's tune. Jack Sharpley says that she always seems to be saying, "Well, I've done it once for all." This assumption of the married must be one of the hardest things for single women to bear in their self-congratulating sisters.

I have no doubt that Georgiana Forsythe was a charming girl, spirited and

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handsome; for the beauty of her years, almost pathetic in its dignity and self-renunciation, could not have followed mere prettiness or a commonplace experience. What that had been I never inquired, but it had not soured her. She was not communicative nor confidential, I fancy, with any one, but she was always friendly and sympathetic to the trouble of others, and helpful in an undemonstrative way. If she herself had a secret feeling that her life was a failure, it never impressed her friends so, it was so even, and full of good offices and quiet enjoyment. Heaven only knows, however, the pathos of this apparently undisturbed life. For did a woman ever live who would not give all the years of tasteless serenity for one year, for one month, for one hour, of the uncalculating delirium of love poured out upon a man who returned it?

It may be better for the world that there are these women to whom life has still some mysteries, who are capable of illusions, and the sweet sentimentality that grows out of a romance unrealized.

Although the recent books were on Miss Forsythe's table, her tastes and culture were of the past age. She admired Emerson and Tennyson. One may keep current with the news of the world without changing his principles. I imagine that Miss Forsythe read without injury to herself the passionate and the pantheistic novels of the young women who have come forward in these days of emancipation to teach their grandmothers a new basis of morality, and to render meaningless all the consoling epitaphs on the mossy New England grave-stones. She read Emerson for his sweet spirit, for his belief in love and friendship, her simple Congregationalist faith remaining undisturbed by his philosophy, from which she took only a habit of toleration.

"Miss Debree has gone to church," she said, in answer to Mr. Lyon's glance around the room.

"To vespers?"

"I believe they call it that. Our evening meetings, you know, only begin at early candle-light."

"And you do not belong to the Church?"

"Oh yes, to the ancient aristocratic Church of colonial times," she replied, with a little smile of amusement. "My niece has stepped off Plymouth Rock."

"And was your religion founded on Plymouth Rock?"

"My niece says so when I rally her on deserting the faith of her fathers," replied Miss Forsythe, laughing at the working of the Episcopalian mind.

"I should like to understand about that—I mean about the position of Dissenters in America."

"I'm afraid I could not help you, Mr. Lyon. I fancy an Englishman would have to be born again, as the phrase used to be, to comprehend that."

While Mr. Lyon was still unsatisfied on this point, he found the conversation shifted to the other side. Perhaps it was a new experience to him that women should lead and not follow in conversation. At any rate, it was an experience that put him at his ease. Miss Forsythe was a great admirer of Gladstone and of General Gordon, and she expressed her admiration with a knowledge that showed she had read the English newspapers.

"Yet I confess I don't comprehend Gladstone's conduct with regard to Egypt and Gordon's relief," she said.

"Perhaps," interposed my wife, "it would have been better for Gordon if he had trusted Providence more and Gladstone less."

"I suppose it was Gladstone's humanity that made him hesitate."

"To bombard Alexandria?" asked Mr. Lyon, with a look of asperity.

"That was a mistake to be expected of a Tory, but not of Mr. Gladstone, who seems always seeking the broadest principles of justice in his statesmanship."

"Yes, we regard Mr. Gladstone as a very great man, Miss Forsythe. He is broad enough. You know we consider him a rhetorical phenomenon. Unfortunately he always 'muffs' anything he touches."

"I suspected," Miss Forsythe replied, after a moment, "that party spirit ran as high in England as it does with us, and is as personal."

Mr. Lyon disclaimed any personal feeling, and the talk drifted into a comparison of English and American politics, mainly with reference to the social factor in English politics, which is so little an element here.

In the midst of the talk Margaret came in. The brisk walk in the rosy twilight had heightened her color, and given her a glowing expression which her face had not the night before, and a tenderness and

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softness, an unworldliness, brought from the quiet hour in the church.

"My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
Her modest eyes downcast."

She greeted the stranger with a Puritan undemonstrativeness, and as if not exactly aware of his presence.

"I should like to have gone to vespers if I had known," said Mr. Lyon, after an embarrassing pause.

"Yes?" asked the girl, still abstractedly. "The world seems in a vesper mood," she added, looking out the west windows at the red sky and the evening star.

In truth Nature herself at the moment suggested that talk was an impertinence. The callers rose to go, with an exchange of neighborhood friendliness and invitations.

"I had no idea," said Mr. Lyon, as they walked homeward, "what the New World was like."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOOTPRINTS IN WASHINGTONLAND.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

ON the original map, now before me, of the Northern Neck of Virginia, "as ordered by his Majesty in Council 11th April 1745 unto the Rt. Hon. Thomas Lord Fairfax the Proprietor thereof," some phenomena appear. Falmouth is on it, but not Fredericksburg, across the river; though the latter was a fairly flourishing village in 1745, it was separated by the Rappahannock from his lordship's principality. Alexandria is as yet Hunting Creek. Belvoir, seat of the Fairfaxes, is marked, but not its neighbor, Mount Vernon—then just built. The county (now Stafford) across the river from Fredericksburg is still King George. The "g" terminating "King" alone marks the spot where another George, aged thirteen, was preparing for a part in history which has made his every smallest footprint last a hundred and fifty-seven years. Some of his footprints are, indeed, conventionalized out of their humanity, like that of Buddha in Ceylon; others are traceable only to eyes of faith, like those of Wesley at Epworth; a good many have been covered up by patriotic idolatry in its zeal to make the great man into "that faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw." But the world is merely trampled under the feet whose print it cannot measure, and only adores. George Washington won from George III. the title "Father of his Country" by taking us from beneath royal feet and setting us on our own; it is a continuance of his work of liberation to trace now his own veritable steps from the mean abode on the Rappahannock to his baronial mansion on the Potomac, and along that "Waggon Road to Philadelphia" (just indicated on the map of 1745) which became the highway of his triumphal chariot. That which once was Fairfaxland is now historically Washingtonland; but in the absence of critical exploration it has been covered with fables like the ancient charts with their mermaids. These obliterated, I have laid on this map some unpublished MSS. of Washington and others, under which it has become a palimpsest. From this I present portions which add to our knowledge of the real Washington.*

There is a Strother MS. (made known to me by our beloved Virginia historiographer, Dr. Slaughter), in which it is stated that Jane Strother was a school-mate of George Washington. She was the daughter of William Strother, a royal agent, and ancestor of some eminent men, among them Dr. Slaughter himself and General D. H. Strother ("Porte Crayon"), remembered by old readers of *Harper*. The Strothers lived on a farm adjacent to that of the Washingtons, across the river from Fredericksburg. When these came thither in 1735, Fredericksburg (laid out in 1727) was just completing its first church, but had no school. The Washingtons would naturally have attended Potomac church, over four miles away, in Overwharton Parish (Stafford County), whose rector was John Moncure. The school first attended by Washington was pretty certainly at

* The unpublished letters of Washington are numerous. I have lately read 140. When the Long Island Historical Society's admirable collection of Mount Vernon letters has appeared, and when Worthington Ford's edition of known (and some unknown) Washington MSS. has been fully issued by Messrs. Putnam, it will be found that Washington has been his own biographer—and his only one.

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Falmouth, then the largest and oldest settlement of the region. But before St. George's Church was finished there came to it a learned and eloquent Huguenot, the Rev. James Marye, who built church and school—which he probably taught. There is a Willis MS. (loaned me by Mrs. Tayloe, a descendant of Colonel Harry Willis, founder of Fredericksburg), showing that Lewis, the founder's son, was Washington's school-mate. This must have been after his brief schooling in Westmoreland under Mr. Williams, probably between 1745 and 1748, about which time the family went to reside in the town. The school grew to a famous academy, in which two other Presidents have been educated—Madison and Monroe. It used to stand near the "Gunnery," established during the Revolution, and was afterward used as an almshouse.

A great man, though young, in Fredericksburg, when the Washingtons moved into the town, was Colonel Fielding Lewis. In 1746, when he was twenty, he had married Catharine Washington, cousin of the General, who at the age of sixteen stood godfather to their daughter Frances. Catharine died February, 1749–50, and the young widower was consoled by the love of Betty Washington—rather soon, for George Washington stood godfather for his sister's first child, born February 14, 1751. Betty's pretty face has long been admired in the page of Sparks as that of Martha Washington in her youth—a case of mistaken identity. The founder of Fredericksburg, Colonel Harry Willis, had also married two Washingtons, both named Mildred. One was a cousin of George Washington, the other his aunt. A grandson of the latter, Major Byrd Willis, whose towering form was the most striking figure in Fredericksburg to my boyish eyes, writes: "My father, Lewis Willis, was a school-mate of General Washington, his cousin, who was two years his senior. He spoke of the General's industry and assiduity at school as very remarkable. Whilst his brother and the other boys at play-time were at bandy or other games, he was behind the door ciphering. But one instance of youthful ebullition is handed down while at that school, and that was his romping with one of the largest girls; this was so unusual that it excited no little comment among the other lads."

The families of the neighborhood at that time are so well known that we may pretty surely identify the large girl as Jane Strother, who married Hon. Thomas Lewis, son of the founder of Augusta County, Virginia, January 26, 1749. Their friendship, which began with their a-b-c days at Falmouth, continued through life. The precocious cipherer, drawn from his retreat only by what Faraday described as the strongest force in nature—a pair of black eyes—survived in the surveyor and the soldier. The youth's love affairs will largely remain among the historic unknowables. It is said a young god came as a shepherd to the banks of the Jumna, and each of the shepherdesses who danced to his piping thought she had him for a partner; there may have been similar illusion in the minds of some old ladies after the huge and homely youth on the Rappahannock turned out to be a national saint. Leaving out these, and two or three legendary disappointments, it is certain that Washington suffered deeply from the rejection of his suit by Sally Cary. She was descended from a noble English family (Hunsdon and Falkland), and no doubt there were influences enough to cause the preference for one of the house of Fairfax over a humble surveyor on their magnificent estate. But that she loved him is proved by her preservation of the love-letters from him found among her papers after her death, at an advanced age, in Bath, England. I have heard from a relative of the lady that Martha Washington was always rather cool toward this beautiful Mrs. G. W. Fairfax, of Belvoir; and perhaps not without reason, as not even marriage could cure her disposition to flirt with the young soldier between whom and herself there had been "a thousand tender passages." That he could recall these fondly, as appears by one letter, even after his engagement with Mrs. Custis, renders it but too probable that in the latter affair the love was not romantic. But he was only twenty-six; and he was not a man on whom a wife's loyalty and devotion could be wasted. Under these circumstances a pathetic undertone is audible in the following letter of Mrs. George Washington to her sister Anna, Mrs. Burwell Bassett, of Eltham.

June 1st. 1760

DEAR SISTER

I have had the pleasure of receiving your very welcome and affect[e] Letters of the 10[th]

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of may intended to come by Jack and the 23d by Mr. Bassett who I must acknowledge myself greatly obliged to for the favour of his last visit. I shoud not have suffered him to go without a letter to you had I not known of the opportunity that now offers and hear I must do myself the pleasure of congratulating you very sincerely on your happy deliverance of I wish I could say boy as I know how much one of that sex was desired by you all. I am very sorry to hear my mammas complaints of ill helth and I feel the same uneasiness on that account that you doe but I hope Mr. S[co]tt's prescriptions will have the desired effect—the children are now very well and I think myself in a better state of helth than I have been in for a long time and dont dout but I shall present you a fine healthy girl again when I come down in the Fall which is as soon as Mr. W——ns business will suffer him to leave home. I am very much pleased to hear Betsy continues to grow a fine hearty child....

Mr. Bassett will inform you of the mirth and gaietys that he has seen so I hope I have no occasion to enlarge upon that head in order to induce you to Try Fairfax in a pleasanter season than you did last time. I shall now conclude but not till I have desired you to present my Best good wishes to Mrs. Dawson and Judy in which Mr Washington desires to join. we also beg you will give our Blessing to the dear little children and to Each of them half a dozen Kisses and hope you will not imagin that yourself and Mr. Bassett is forgot by my dear nancy your sincere and Loveing sister

MARTHA WASHINGTON*

Mrs. Washington's longing for a daughter at the moment of desiring for her sister a son may have resulted from her husband's especial fondness for her little daughter "Patsy." (Patsy, it will be remembered, died at an early age, notwithstanding the magic of the "iron ring" which Dr. Craik used to cure her consumption—a medical "survival" attested by an unpublished entry in Washington's diary.) The great athletic hardy soldier, bronzed and weather-beaten before he was thirty, loved to have these little dames nestling at his side. It was so through life. In the most critical week of his Presidency, that in which the British treaty was decided—the second week of August, 1795—Washington went to the house of Randolph, Secretary of State, and played with his little daughters.

The unsatisfied paternal longing of Washington's heart is revealed in these incidents. And the defects of his early environment are revealed in the importance he gave to the decorations of life when he was able to command them. The home of his earliest memory, in Stafford, was mean compared with the surrounding mansions of the "gentry"; that in Fredericksburg was in humiliating contrast with adjoining Kenmore, built by Colonel Fielding Lewis on his marriage with Betty Washington. Could aristocratic Sally Cary be expected to pass by Belvoir for such a residence? Hence the grandeur to which Mount Vernon was built from the commonplace house it had been. "I had eight or ten negro carpenters under the care of a worthless white man, whom I had forborn to turn away on account of the peculiar circumstances of his family;—But I suffer so much from his negligence;—by his bad qualities;—and bad examples;—that I find it indispensably necessary to get some other workman to supply his place." "To make even a chicken coop would employ all of them [his carpenters] a week." "I presume Mrs. Washington's Bed Chamber is the same pitch of the other rooms on that floor," etc. There is much about the rooms, the pictures, the ornamentation, in these letters to his superintendent.* There is made visible the baronial largeness at Mount Vernon; its brewery, distillery, pork-house, fish-house, brick-kiln, and what not; its dusky retainers—centennial euphemism for slaves—who bear big names: Hercules, Jupiter, Paris, Cyrus, Paschal. "The death of Paris is a loss, that of Jupiter the reverse." "I would have you again stir up the pride of Cyrus; that he may be the fitter for my purposes against I come home; some time before which (that is as soon as I shall be able to fix on the time) I will direct him to be taken into the house, and clothes to be made for him.—In the meanwhile, get him a strong horn comb & direct him to keep his head well combed, that the hair, or wool, may grow long." Hating foppery of all kinds, he is yet very particular about dress. Probably he had suffered from too much homespun at Fredericksburg. Just before leaving Mount Vernon for his inauguration he writes (10 April 1789) to Major-General Knox: "The Cloth and Buttons which accompanied your favor the 30th ult° came safe by

* This letter is now in possession of Mr. Ferd. J. Dreer, of Philadelphia.

* The most important collection (120 in number) remaining unpublished, which passed from the Hon. Edward Everett to the Long Island Historical Society, to which I am indebted for their use.

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Col. Hanson and really do credit to the manufactures of this country. As it requires 6 more of the large (engraved) button to trim the Coat in the manner I wish it to be I would thank you, my good Sir, for procuring that number and keeping them in your hands until my arrival." This note, uniting taste with patriotism, dovetails with one which Dr. Emmet has, written sixty years ago by Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, to which is attached a bit of velvet, with the word "Philadelphia" beneath it: "This Velvet, part of the dress suit in which General Washington when President met Congress, and worn when he made his last address to them on retiring from his Public Station—the word 'Philadelphia' placed under it was taken from one of his letters to me.—I present these relics of the Father of my Country to —— —— as a mark of my high esteem for his character, and my gratitude for his uniform kindness to the being most dear to my heart.—Eliza Parke Custis, Granddaughter of Mrs. Washington. Baltimore, Jan'y 26, 1829."

Edmund Randolph states that besides those who at the organization of the government were desirous of retaining titles and monarchical splendors for their own sake, there were many who consented to some of them because they did not wish the new government to appear with fewer marks of affection than the old. This is on the principle which made Garibaldi, while occupying Naples, insist that the blood of St. Januarius should liquefy as usual. It is certain that Washington yielded to these considerations so far as all those unreal ceremonials were concerned which so agitated the young radicals. "I had seen," wrote John Randolph of Roanoke to his nephew, "the old Congress expire and the new rise like a Phœnix from its ashes. I saw the Coronation (such in fact it was) of General Washington in 1789, and heard Ames and Madison when they first took their seats on the floor of the House of Representatives." Whatever insubstantial pageantry might attend the President at New York or Philadelphia faded at Mount Vernon, whose grandeurs were all substantial. Happily the impression Washington had made on the world was fixed before his "coronation." The monarchy in which he sat at Mount Vernon was one which represented what best men of all nations reverenced. His correspondence was loaded with letters concerning colleges, patents, copyrights, arts, agriculture. If he had any public ambition, it was to assist in promoting the culture of the world, intellectually and physically. To the many examples of this already known I am enabled, by the favor of General Morgan, of Pittsburgh, to print a letter to his ancestor Colonel George Morgan, of "Prospect, near Princeton." The letter of Lafayette which it enclosed is as follows:

PARIS *February the 10th.*

The enclosed, My dear General, is a vocabulary which the Empress of Russia Has requested me to Have filled up with indian names, as she has ordered an universal dictionary to be made of all languages. It would greatly oblige her to collect the words she sends translated into the several idioms of the nations on the Banks of the Oyho. Presly Nevil and Morgan of fort pitt, Gen'l. Mullenberg in Fayette county, and our other friends could undertake it for us, and be very attentive in accuracy. I beg your pardon my dear General, for the trouble I give you, but Have been particularly applied to, and cannot dispense with paying great attention to the business.

This goes with so long an epistle of mine that I shall only present you here with my best love and wishes, and am my dear General, your respectfull and tender friend.

LAFAYETTE.

MOUNT VERNON, *Aug't. 20th.* 1786.

SIR:

You will see by the enclosed letter from the Marquis de la Fayette to me, that the Empress of Russia is desirous of obtaining some authentic documents, respecting the languages of the natives of this country, for the purpose of compiling an universal dictionary.

As I have thought no person was more in condition to accomplish that essential service for the republic of letters than yourself, I have taken the liberty of transmitting a specimen of the vocabulary to you, together with a request that you will do me the favor of paying as early and accurate attention to the completion of the matter as your avocations will admit.

Persuaded that a gentleman of your taste for science in general, and particulary of your capacity for acquiring the information in question, will enter upon the task with pleasure, I make no apology for troubling you with it.—Nor do I think it necessary to add anything farther, than that it may be expedient to extend the vocabulary as far as, with the aid of your friends, you conveniently can; and that the greatest possible precision and exactitude will be indespensable in committing the Indian words to paper by a just orthography.

With sentiments of esteem and regard,
I have the honor to be Sir
Yr. most obed't. H'ble. ser.
G. WASHINGTON

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The admirable advice of Polonius to his son is fairly adopted in the following letter of Washington to a nephew (aged 16), intrusted to me by Mrs. Thomas Moncure, to whose grandfather (George Steptoe Washington) it was written:

MOUNT VERNON, 23d *March* 1789

DEAR GEORGE,—As it is probable I shall soon be under the necessity of quitting this place, and entering once more into the bustle of publick life, in conformity to the voice of my country and the earnest entreaties of my friends, however contrary it is to my own desires or inclinations, I think it incumbent on me, as your uncle and friend, to give you some advisory hints, which, if properly attended to, will, I conceive, be found very useful to you in regulating your conduct and giving you respectability not only at present but through every period of life. You have now arrived to that age when you must quit the trifling amusements of a boy, and assume the more dignified manners of a man. At this crisis your conduct will attract the notice of those who are about you; and as the first impressions are generally the most lasting your doings now may mark the leading traits of your character through life. It is therefore absolutely necessary, if you mean to make any figure upon the stage, that you should take the first steps right. What these steps are, and what general line is to be pursued to lay the foundation of an honorable and happy progress, is the part of age and experience to point out. This I shall do, as far as in my power, with the utmost chearfulness; and I trust that your own good sense will shew you the necessity of following it. The first and great object with you at present is to acquire, by industry and application, such knowledge as your situation enables you to obtain, and as will be useful to you in life. In doing this two other important objects will be gained besides the acquisition of knowledge, —namely, a habit of industry, and a disrelish of that profusion of money and dissipation of time which are ever attendant upon idleness. I do not mean by a close application to your studies that you should never enter into those amusements which are suited to your age and station. They may go hand in hand with each other, and, used in their proper seasons, will ever be found to be a mutual assistance to each other. But what amusements are to be taken, and when, is the great matter to be attended to. Your own judgment, with the advice of your *real* friends who may have an opportunity of a personal intercourse with you, can point out the particular manner in which you may *best* spend your moments of relaxation, much better than I can at a distance. One thing, however, I would strongly impress upon you, viz., that when you have leisure to go into company, that it should always be of the best kind that the place you are in will afford. By this means you will be constantly improving your manners and cultivating your mind while you are relaxing from your books; and good company will always be found much less expensive than bad. You cannot offer as an excuse for not using it that you cannot gain admission there, or that you have not a proper attention paid you in it. This is an apology made only by those whose manners are disgusting or whose character is exceptionable; neither of which, I hope, will ever be said of you. I cannot enjoin too strongly upon you a due observance of economy and frugality; as you well know yourself, the present state of your property and finances will not admit of any unnecessary expense. The article of Clothing is now one of the chief expenses you will incur; and in this, I fear, you are not so economical as you should be. Decency and cleanliness will always be the first object in the dress of a judicious & sensible man. A conformity to the prevailing fashion in a certain degree is necessary—but it does not follow from thence that a man should always get a new coat, or other clothes, upon every trifling change in the mode, when perhaps he has two or three very good ones by him. A person who is anxious to be a leader of the fashion, or one of the first to follow it, will certainly appear in the eyes of judicious men to have nothing better than a frequent change of dress to recommend him to notice. I should always wish you to appear sufficiently decent to entitle you to admission into any company where you may be—but I cannot too strongly enjoin it upon you, and your own knowledge must convince you of the truth of it, that you should be as little expensive in this respect as you properly can. You should always keep some clothes to wear to church, or on particular occasions, which should not be worne every day. This can be done without any additional expence; for whenever it is necessary to get new clothes, those which have been kept for particular occasions will come in as every day ones, unless they should be of a superior quality to the new. What I have said with respect to clothes will apply, perhaps, more pointedly to Lawrence than to you—and as you are much older than he is, and more capable of judging of the propriety of what I have here observed, you must pay attention to him, in this respect, and see that he does not wear his clothes improperly or extravagantly.

Much more might be said to you, as a young man, upon the necessity of paying due attention to the moral virtues,—but this may, perhaps, more properly be the subject of a future letter, when you are about to enter into the world. If you comply with the advice herein given to pay a diligent attention to your studies, and employ your time of relaxation in proper company, you will find but few opportunities and little inclination, while you continue at an Academy, to enter into those scenes of vice and dissipation which too often present themselves to youth in every place, and particularly in towns. If you are determined to neglect your

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books, and plunge into extravagance and dissipation, nothing that I can now say will prevent it, for you must be employed, and if it is not in pursuit of those things profitable it must be in pursuit of those which are [not]. As your time of continuing with Mr. Hanson expires the last of this month, and I understand that Doctor Craik has expressed an inclination to take you and Lawrence to board with him, I shall know his determination respecting the matter,—and if it is agreeable to him and Mrs. Craik to take you I shall be pleased with it, for I am certain that nothing will be wanting on their part to make your situation agreeable and useful to you. Should you live with the Doctor, I shall request him to take you both under his peculiar care, provide such clothes for you from time to time as he shall judge necessary, and do by you in the same manner as he would if you were his own children, which, if he will undertake, I am sensible, from knowledge which I have of him, and the very amiable character and disposition of Mrs. Craik, that they will spare no proper exertions to make your situation pleasing and profitable to you. Should you or Lawrence, therefore, behave in such a manner as to occasion any complaints being made to me, you may depend upon losing that place which you now have in my affections, and any future hopes you may have from me. But if, on the contrary, your conduct is such as to merit my regard, you may always depend upon the warmest attachment and sincere regard of your affectionate friend and uncle."

These nephews fairly fulfilled their uncle's expectations. They were sons of Samuel, who was five times married! and died at the age of forty-seven. They were taken to Philadelphia to complete their education. There George, at twenty-three, married Lucy Payne, sister of Dolly Madison. Lawrence neglected his law studies under Attorney-General Randolph for love of Miss Emlyn. He was eighteen, she sixteen, and Randolph defeated Cupid by persuading them to wait a year. Five years later Lawrence married Mary Dorcas Wood, of Winchester, Virginia.

Washington suffered many anxieties about the love affairs of the half-dozen young people to whom he was the only father. His early experiences did not enable him to recognize the varied symptoms of youthful passion. He suspected Lawrence of falling into bad habits when he was only falling in love, and young Custis of incipient idiocy. "If you," he writes Dr. David Stuart, "or Mrs. Stuart could by any indirect means discover the state of Washington Custis's mind it would be to be wished. He appears to me to be moped and stupid." The youth was bright enough after he had presently married his charming sweetheart. With his girls he got on better; they—Harriet (Samuel Washington's daughter), Nelly and Betsy Custis—were confidential. He makes careful inquiries in Baltimore about Mr. Parke, Harriet's lover. From Philadelphia he encloses a momentous letter to his agent at Mount Vernon, who must be careful to put it into Betsy's own hands. "Give it to her when she is alone." Betsy was just nineteen. She married Mr. Law, nephew of Lord Ellenborough, but in later life (see her note above about the velvet coat) changed her name back to Custis.

Our last view of Washington in his Virginia home may be taken from the "privately printed" diary of Amariah Frost, of Milford, Massachusetts, who visited Mount Vernon in June, 1797.

"We arrived at the President's seat about 10 o'clock. The General was out on horseback viewing his labourers at harvest; we were desired to tarry until he should return....We had rum punch brought us by a servant. We viewed the gardens and walks, which are very elegant, abounding with many curiosities. Fig-trees, raisins, limes, oranges, etc., large English mulberries, artichokes, etc. The President returned; he received us very politely...His lady also came in and conversed with us very familiarly respecting Boston, Cambridge, the officers of the army, etc. The son of the Marquis de La Fayette also came into the room where we sat, which was a large entry, and conversed some.... The President came and desired us to walk in to dinner. We then walked into a room where were Mrs. Law, Mrs. Peters, and a young lady, all granddaughters of Mrs. Washington. The President directed us where to sit (no grace was said). Mrs. Washington sat at the head, the President next to her at her right...The dinner was very good—a small roasted pigg, boiled leg of lamb, beef, peas, lettice, cucumbers, artichokes, etc., puddings, tarts, etc. We were desired to call for what drink we chose. He took a glass of wine with Mrs. Law first, which example was followed by Dr. Croker and Mrs. Washington, myself and Mrs. Peters, Mr. Fayette and the young lady, whose name is Custis. When the cloth was taken away the President gave 'All our Friends.' He spoke of the improvements made in

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the United States. . . . We conversed also respecting his return by the way of Lexington across the country;. . . . enquired if I knew Mr. Taft's family, where he put up that night; whether the old gentleman was alive, and added that he was much pleased with the conduct of his daughters, particularly the eldest, which he said appeared to have superior sense and knowledge for one educated in such a country village at a tavern. She appeared to understand considerable of geography, etc.; that she was a very sensible and modest person. Enquired if she was married. I informed him she was. He hoped she was well married. I answered that I believed she was well married, and that it was to a person of education who was a clergyman. . . . Much more was said, but nothing respecting our present politicks."

A significant silence at Mount Vernon concerning the political storm already threatening its repose!

It is a satisfaction to reflect that when the demands of demoralized partisans poured in, that he should return to the political arena and lead them against his old comrades, the great man lay dead amid the garden where all the sunshine of his life was dialled in flowers and fruits and loving hearts.

ANNE.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

IT was a strange thing, the like of which had never before happened to Anne. In her matter-of-fact, orderly life mysterious impressions were rare. She tried to account for it afterward by remembering that she had fallen asleep out-of-doors. And out-of-doors, where there is the hot sun and the sea and the teeming earth and tireless winds, there are perhaps great forces at work, both good and evil, mighty creatures of God going to and fro, who do not enter into the strong little boxes in which we cage ourselves. One of these, it may be, had made her its sport for the time.

Anne when she fell asleep was sitting on a veranda of the house nearest to the water. The wet bright sea-air blew about her. She had some red roses in her hands, and she crushed them up under her cheek to catch the perfume, thinking drowsily that the colors of the roses and cheek were the same. For she had had great beauty ever since she was a baby, and felt it as she did her blood from her feet to her head, and triumphed and was happy in it. She had a wonderful voice too. She was silent now, being nearly asleep. But the air was so cold and pure, and the scent of the roses so strong in the sunshine, and she was so alive and throbbing with youth and beauty, that it seemed to her that she was singing so that all the world could hear, and that her voice rose—rose up and up into the very sky.

Was that George whom she saw through her half-shut eyes coming across the lawn? And Theresa with him? She started, with a sharp wrench at her heart.

But what was Theresa to George? Ugly, stupid, and older than he, a woman who had nothing to win him—but money. *She* had not cheeks like rose leaves, nor youth, nor a voice that could sing at heaven's gate. Anne curled herself, smiling, down to sleep again. A soft warm touch fell on her lips.

"George!"

The blood stopped in her veins; she trembled even in her sleep. A hand was laid on her arm.

"Bless grashus, Mrs. Palmer! hyah's dat coal man wants he's money. I's bin huntin' you low an' high, an' you's a-sleepin' out'n dohs!"

Anne staggered to her feet.

"Mother," called a stout young man from the tan-bark path below, "I must catch this train. Jenny will bring baby over for tea. I wish you would explain the dampers in that kitchen range to her."

The wet air still blew in straight from the hazy sea horizon; the crushed red roses lay on the floor.

But she—

There was a pier-glass in the room beside her. Going up to it, she saw a stout woman of fifty with grizzled hair and a big nose. Her cheeks were yellow.

She began to sing. Nothing came from her mouth but a discordant yawp. She remembered that her voice left her at

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eighteen, after she had that trouble with her larynx. She put her trembling hand up to her lips.

George had never kissed them. He had married Theresa more than thirty years ago. George Forbes was now a famous author.

Her fingers still lay upon her lips. "I thought that he—" she whispered, with a shudder of shame through all of her stout old body. But below, underneath that, her soul flamed with rapture. Something within her cried out, "*I* am here—Anne! I am beautiful and young. If this old throat were different, my voice would ring through earth and heaven."

"Mrs. Palmer, de coal man—"

"Yes, I am coming, Jane." She took her account-book from her orderly work-basket and went down to the kitchen.

When she came back she found her daughter Susan at work at the sewing-machine. Mrs. Palmer stopped beside her, a wistful smile on her face. Susan was so young: she would certainly take an interest in this thing which had moved her so deeply. Surely some force outside of nature had been thrust into her life just now, and turned it back to its beginnings!

"I fell asleep out on the porch awhile ago, Susy," she said, "and I dreamed that I was sixteen again. It was very vivid. I cannot even now shake off the impression that I am young and beautiful and in love."

"Ah, yes! poor dear papa!" Susy said, with a sigh, snipping her thread. She wished to say something more, something appropriate and sympathetic, about this ancient love of her parents; but it really seemed a little ridiculous, and besides she was in a hurry to finish the ruffle. Jasper was coming up for tea.

Mrs. Palmer hesitated, and then went on into her own room. She felt chilled and defeated. She had thought Susy would take an interest, but— Of course she could not explain to her that it was not of her poor dear papa that she had dreamed. After all, was it quite decent in a middle-aged respectable woman to have such a dream? Her sallow jaws reddened as she shut herself in. She had been very foolish to tell Susy about it at all.

Mrs. Nancy Palmer was always uncomfortably in awe of the hard common-sense of her children. They were both Palmers. When James was a baby he had looked up one day from her breast with his calm attentive eyes, and she had quailed before them. "I never shall be as old as he is already," she had thought. But as they grew up they loved their mother dearly. Her passionate devotion to them would have touched hearts of stone, and the Palmers were not at all stony-hearted, but kindly, good-humored folk, like their father.

The neighborhood respected Mrs. Palmer as a woman of masculine intellect because, after her husband's death, she had managed the plantation with remarkable energy and success. She had followed his exact, methodical habits in peach-growing and in the house, had cleared the property of debt, and then had invested in Western lands so shrewdly as to make herself and the children rich.

But James and Susan were always secretly amused at the deference paid to their mother by the good Delaware farmers. She was the dearest woman in the world, but as to a business head—

All her peach crops, her Dakota speculations, and the bank stock which was the solid fruit thereof went for nothing as proofs to them of adult good sense. They were only dear mamma's lucky hits. How could a woman have a practical head who grew so bored with the pleasant church sociables, and refused absolutely to go to the delightful Literary Circle? who would listen to a hand-organ with tears in her eyes, and who had once actually gone all the way up to Philadelphia to hear an Italian stroller named Salvini?

Neither of them could understand such childish outbreaks. Give a Palmer a good peach farm, a comfortable house, and half a dozen servants to worry him, and his lines of life were full. Why should their mother be uneasy inside of these lines?

That she was uneasy to-day, Susy soon perceived. A letter came from Pierce and Wall, her consignees in Philadelphia; but Mrs. Palmer threw it down unopened, though she had shipped three hundred crates of Morris Whites last Monday.

She was usually a most careful housekeeper, keeping a sharp eye on the careless negroes, but she disappeared for hours this afternoon, although Jasper Tyrrell was coming for tea, and Jane was sure to make a greasy mess of the terrapin if left to herself.

Jasper certainly had paid marked atten-

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tion to Susy lately, but she knew that he was a cool, prudent young fellow, who would look at the matter on every side before he committed himself. The Tyrrells were an old, exclusive family, who would exact perfection from a bride coming among them, from her theology to her tea biscuit.

"A trifle less than messy terrapin has often disgusted a man," thought Susy, her blue eyes dim with impatience.

Just before sunset Mrs. Palmer came up the road, her hands full of brilliant maple leaves. Susy hurried to meet and kiss her—for the Palmers were a demonstrative family, who expressed their affection by a perpetual petting and buzzing about each other. The entire household would shudder with anxiety if a draught blew on mamma's neck, and fall into an agony of apprehension if the baby had a cold in its head. Mrs. Palmer, for some reason, found that this habit of incessant watchfulness bored her just now.

"No, my shoes are *not* damp, Susy. No, I did not need a shawl. I am not in my dotage, child, that I cannot walk out without being wrapped up like an Esquimau. One would think I was on the verge of the grave."

"Oh no, but you are not young, darling mamma. You are just at the age when rheumatisms and lumbagoes and such things set in if one is not careful. Where have you been?"

"I took a walk in the woods."

"Woods! No wonder your shoulders are damp. Come in directly, dear. Four grains of quinine and a hot lemonade going to bed. Walking in the woods! Really now that is something I cannot understand"—smiling at her mother as though she were a very small child indeed. "Now I can walk any distance to church, or to shop, or for any reasonable motive, but to go wandering about in the swampy woods for no earthly purpose—I'll press those leaves for you," checking herself.

"No; I do not like to see pressed leaves and grasses about in vases. It is like making ornaments of hair cut from a dead body. When summer is dead, let it die." She threw down the leaves impatiently, and the wind whirled them away.

"How queer mamma and the people of that generation are—so little self-control!" thought Susy. "It is nearly time for Mr. Tyrrell to be here," she said aloud. "Can Jane season the terrapin?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Mrs. Palmer, indifferently, taking up a book.

She was indifferent and abstracted all evening. Peter clattered the dishes as he waited at the supper-table, and the tea was lukewarm. Jasper was lukewarm too, silent and critical.

James's wife, Jenny, had come over for supper, and finding her mother-in-law so absent and inattentive, poured forth her anecdotes of baby to Mr. Tyrrell. Jenny, like most young mothers, gave forth inexhaustibly theories concerning the sleep, diet, and digestion of infants. Jasper, bored and uneasy, shuffled in his chair. He had always thought Mrs. Palmer was charming as a hostess, full of tact, in fine touch with every one. Couldn't she see how this woman was bedeviling him with her croup and her flannels? She was apparently blind and deaf to it all.

Mrs. Palmer's vacant eyes were turned out of the window. Susy glanced at her with indignation. Was mamma deranged?

How petty the pursuits of these children were! thought the older woman, regarding them. How cautious and finical Tyrrell was from a height in his love-making! Susy too—six months ago she had carefully inquired into Jasper's income.

Tea biscuit and flannels and condensed milk! At seventeen *her* horizon had not been so cramped and shut in. How wide and beautiful the world had been! Nature had known her and talked to her, and in all music there had been a word for her, alone and apart. How true she had been to her friends! how she had hated her enemies! how, when love came to her—Mrs. Palmer felt a sudden chill shiver through her limbs. She sat silent until they rose from table. Then she hurried to her own room. She did not make a light. She told herself that she was absurdly nervous, and bathed her face and wrists in cold water. But she could not strike a light. This creature within her, this Anne, vivid and beautiful and loving, was she to face the glass and see the old yellow-skinned woman?

She ought to think of that old long-ago self as dead.

But it was not dead.

"If I had married the man I loved," this something within her cried, "I should have had my true life. He would have understood me."

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How ridiculous and wicked it all was!

"I was a loyal, loving wife to Job Palmer," she told herself, resolutely lighting the lamp and facing the stout figure in the glass with its puffy black silk gown. "My life went down with his into the grave."

But there was a flash in the gray pleading eyes which met her in the glass that gave her the lie.

They were Anne's eyes, and Anne had never been Job Palmer's wife.

Mrs. Palmer did not go down again that night. A wood fire blazed on her hearth, and she put on her wrapper and drew her easy-chair in front of it, with the little table beside her on which lay her Bible and prayer-book and à Kempis. This quiet hour was usually the happiest of the day. James and Jenny always came in to kiss her good-by, and Susy regularly crept in in her wrapper to read a chapter with her mother and to tuck her snugly into bed.

But to-night she locked her door. She wanted to be alone. She tried to read, but pushed the books away, and turning out the light, threw herself upon the bed. Not à Kempis nor any holy saint could follow her into the solitudes into which her soul had gone. Could God Himself understand how intolerable this old clumsy body had grown to her?

She remembered that when she had been ill with nervous prostration two years ago she had in an hour suddenly grown eighty years old. Now the blood of sixteen was in her veins. Why should this soul within her thus dash her poor brain from verge to verge of its narrow range of life?

The morbid fancies of the night brought her by morning to an odd resolution. She would go away. Why should she not go away? She had done her full duty to husband, children, and property. Why should she not begin somewhere else, live out her own life? Why should she not have her chance for the few years left? Music and art and the companionship of thinkers and scholars. Mrs. Palmer's face grew pale as she named these things so long forbidden to her.

It was now dawn. She hastily put on a travelling dress, and placed a few necessary articles and her check-book in a satchel.

"Carry this to the station," she said to Peter, who, half asleep, was making up the fires.

"Gwine to Philadelphy, Mis' Palmer? Does Miss Susy know?"

"No. Tell her I have been suddenly called away."

As she walked to the station she smiled to think how Susy would explain her sudden journey by the letter from Pierce and Wall, and would look to find whether she had taken her overshoes and chamois jacket. "I hate overshoes, and I would like to tear that jacket into bits!" she thought as she took her seat in the car. She was going to escape it all. She would no longer be happed and dosed and watched like a decrepit old crone. She was an affectionate mother, but it actually did not occur to her that she was leaving Susy and James and the baby. She was possessed with a frenzy of delight in escaping. The train moved. She was free! She could be herself now at last!

It could be easily arranged. She would withdraw her certificates and government bonds from the vaults of the trust company in Philadelphia. The children had their own property secure.

Where should she go? To Rome? Venice? No. There were so many Americans trotting about Europe. She must be rid of them all. Now there was Egypt and the Nile. Or if another expedition were going to Iceland? Up there in the awful North among the glaciers and geysers, and sagas and Runic relics, one would be in another world, and forget Morris Whites and church sociables and the wiggling village gossip.

"There are people in this country who live in a high pure atmosphere of thought, who never descend to gossip or money-making," she thought, remembering the lofty strains of George Forbes's last poem. "If I had been his wife I too might have thought great thoughts and lived a noble life."

She tried angrily to thrust away this idea. She did not mean to be a traitor to her husband, whom she had loved well and long.

But the passion of her youth maddened her. Job had been a good commonplace man. But this other was a Seer, a Dictator of thought to the world.

The train rolled into Broad Street station. Mrs. Palmer went to the trust company and withdrew her bonds. She never before had come up to the city alone; Susy always accompanied her to "take care of dear mamma." Susy, who had

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provincial ideas as to "what people in our position should do," always took her to the most fashionable hotel, and ordered a dinner the cost of which weighed upon her conscience for months afterward. Mrs. Palmer now went to a cheap little café in a back street, and ate a chop with the keen delight of a runaway dog gnawing a stolen bone. A cold rain began to fall, and she was damp and chilled when she returned to the station.

Where should she go? Italy—the Nile— Heavens! there were the Crotons from Dover getting out of the elevator! She must go somewhere at once to hide herself; afterward she could decide on her course. A queue of people were at the ticket window. She placed herself in line.

"Boston?" said the agent.

She nodded. In five minutes she was seated in a parlor car, and thundering across the bridge above the great abattoir. She looked down on the cattle in their sheds. "I do wonder if Peter will give Rosy her warm mash to-night?" she thought, uneasily.

There were but three seats occupied in the car. Two men and a lady entered together and sat near to Mrs. Palmer, so that she could not but hear their talk, which at first ran upon draughts.

"You might open your window, Corvill," said one of the men, "if Mrs. Ames is not afraid of neuralgia."

Corvill? Ames? Mrs. Palmer half rose from her seat. Why, Corvill was the name of the great figure-painter! She had an etching of his "Hagar." She never looked into that woman's face without a wrench at her heart. All human pain and longing spoke in it as they did in George Forbes's poems. Mrs. Ames, she had heard, was chairman of the Woman's National Society for the Examination of Prisons. Mrs. Palmer had read her exposé of the abominations of the lessee system—words burning with a fiery zeal for humanity. There had been a symposium in Philadelphia of noted authors and artists this week.

No doubt these were two of those famous folk. Mrs. Palmer drew nearer, feeling as if she were creeping up to the base of Mount Olympus. This was what happened when one cut loose from Morris Whites and terrapin and that weary Jane and Peter! The Immortals were outside, and she had come into their company.

"Oh, open the window!" said Mrs. Ames, who had a hoarse voice which came in bass gusts and snorts out of a mouth mustached like a man's. "Let's have some air! The sight of those emigrants huddled in the station nauseated me. Women and babies all skin and bone and rags."

Now Mrs. Palmer had just emptied her purse and almost cried over that wretched group. That sick baby's cry would wring any woman's heart, she thought. Could it be that this great philanthropist had pity only for the misery of the masses? But the man who painted "Hagar" surely would be pitiful and tender?

"Sorry they annoyed you," he was saying. "Some very good subjects among them. I made two sketches," pulling out a note-book. "That half-starved woman near the door—see?—eh? Fine slope in the chin and jaw. I wanted a dying baby for my 'Exiles,' too. I caught the very effect I wanted. Sick child."

Mrs. Palmer turned her revolving chair away. It was a trifling disappointment, but it hurt her. She was in that strained, feverish mood when trifles hurt sharply. These were mere hucksters of art and humanity. They did not belong to the high pure level on which stood great interpreters of the truth—such, for instance, as George Forbes. The little quake which always passed through her at this man's name was increased by a shiver from the damp wind blowing upon her. She sneezed twice.

Mrs. Ames stared at her insolently, and turned her back, fearing that she might be asked to put down the window.

Mr. Corvill was talking about the decoration of the car. "Not bad at all," he said. "There is a great tenderness in the color of that ceiling, and just look at the lines of the chairs! They are full of feeling."

Mrs. Palmer listened, bewildered. But now they were looking at the landscape. If he found feeling in the legs of a chair, what new meanings would he not discover in that vast stretch of lonely marsh with the narrow black lagoons creeping across it?

"Nice effect," said Mr. Corvill—"the gamboge on that barn against the green. I find little worth using in the fall this year, however. Too much umber in the coloring."

Could it be, she thought, that these peo-

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ple had made a trade of art and humanity until they had lost the perception of their highest meanings? But it could not be so with authors.

"I should think," continued Corvill, turning to the other man, "you could find *matériel* for some verses in these flats. Ulalume, or The Land of Dolor. Something in that line. Eh, Forbes?"

Forbes! Her breath stopped. That fat hunched man with the greasy black whiskers and gaudy chain! Yes, that was his voice; but had it always that tone of vulgar swagger?

"I've stopped verse-writing," he said. "Poetry's a drug in the market. My infernal publishers shut down on it five years ago."

He turned, and she then saw his face—the thin hard lips, the calculating eye.

Was this man "George"? Or had that George ever lived except in her fancy?

"Mr. Forbes." She rose. The very life in her seemed to stop; her knees shook. But habit is strong. She bowed as she named him, and stood there, smiling, the courteous, thorough-bred old lady whose charm young Tyrrell had recognized. Some power in the pathetic gray eyes brought Forbes to his feet.

"I think I knew you long ago," she said. "If it is you—?"

"Forbes is my name, ma'am. Lord bless me! you can't be— Something familiar in your eyes. You remind me of Judge Sinclair's daughter Fanny."

"Anne was my name."

"Anne. To be sure. I knew it was Nanny or Fanny. I ought to remember, for I was spoons on you myself for a week or two. You know you were reckoned the best catch in the county, eh? Sit down, ma'am, sit down; people of our weight aren't built for standing."

"Is—your wife with you?"

"You refer to the first Mrs. Forbes—Theresa Stone? I have been married twice since her decease. I am now a widower." He put his hand to his mouth and coughed, glancing at the crape on his hat. His breath crossed her face. It reeked of heavy feeding and night orgies; for Forbes, though avaricious, had gross appetites.

Suddenly Job Palmer stood before her, with his fine clear-cut face and reasonable eyes. He knew little outside of his farm perhaps; but how clean was his soul! How he had loved her!

The car swayed violently from side to side; the lamps went out. "Hello!" shouted Forbes. "Something wrong! I'll get out of this!" rushing to the door. She braced herself against her chair.

In the outside darkness the rushing of steam was heard, and shrieks of women in mortal agony. A huge weight fell on the car, crushing in the roof. Mrs. Palmer was jammed between two beams, but unhurt. A heavy rain was falling.

"I shall not be burned to death, at any rate," she thought, and then fortunately became insensible.

In half an hour she was cut out and laid on the bank, wet and half frozen, but with whole bones. She tried to rise, but could not; every joint ached with rheumatism; her gown was in tatters, the mud was deep under her, and the rain pelted down. She saw the fire burning on her hearth at home, and the easy-chair in front of it, and the Bible and à Kempis.

Some men with lanterns came up and bent over her.

"Great God, mother!" one of them cried. It was James, who had been on the same train, going to New York.

The next day she was safely laid in her own bed. The fire was burning brightly, and Susy was keeping guard that she might sleep. Jenny had just brought a delicious bowl of soup and fed it to her, and baby had climbed up on the bed to hug her, and fallen asleep there. She held him in her arm. James came in on tiptoe, and bent anxiously over her. She saw them all through her half-shut eyes.

"My own—flesh of my flesh!" she thought, and thanked God from her soul for the love that held her warm and safe.

As she dozed, Susy and James bent over her. "Where could she have been going?" said Susy.

"To New York; no doubt to make a better contract than the one she has with Pierce and Wall—to make a few more dollars for us. Poor dear unselfish soul! Don't worry her with questions, Susy—don't speak of it."

"No, I will not, Jim," said Susy, wiping her eyes. "But if she only had taken her chamois jacket!"

James himself, when his mother was quite well, remarked one day, "We had a famous fellow-traveller in that train to New York—Forbes, the author."

"A most disagreeable, underbred person!" said Mrs. Palmer, vehemently. "I

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would not have you notice such people, James—a mere shopman of literature!"

Susy married Jasper Tyrrell that winter. They live in the homestead, and Mrs. Palmer has four or five grandchildren about her now, whom she spoils to her heart's content. She still dabbles a little in mining speculations; but since her accident on the cars she is troubled with rheumatism, and leaves the management of the farm and house to Jasper and Susy. She has a quiet, luxurious, happy life, being petted like a baby by all of the Palmers. Yet sometimes in the midst of all this comfort and sunshine a chance note of music or the sound of the restless wind will bring an expression into her eyes which her children do not understand, as if some creature unknown to them looked out of them.

At such times Mrs. Palmer will think to herself, "Poor Anne!" as of somebody whom she once knew that is dead.

Is she dead? she feebly wonders; and if she is dead here, will she ever live again?

A SNOW SONNET.

BY NINA F. LAYARD.

MY ear can find no rest. The throbbing tide
Of city commerce is at mid-day flow:
Like pulse's beat the footsteps come and go;
Harsh rattles thrash the tremulous air aside,
And tumbling sounds like hoary breakers ride.
"Who chid primeval waters, can He so
Bind this wild flood with His great 'Hitherto'?"
So moaned I, fever-stricken, and so cried.

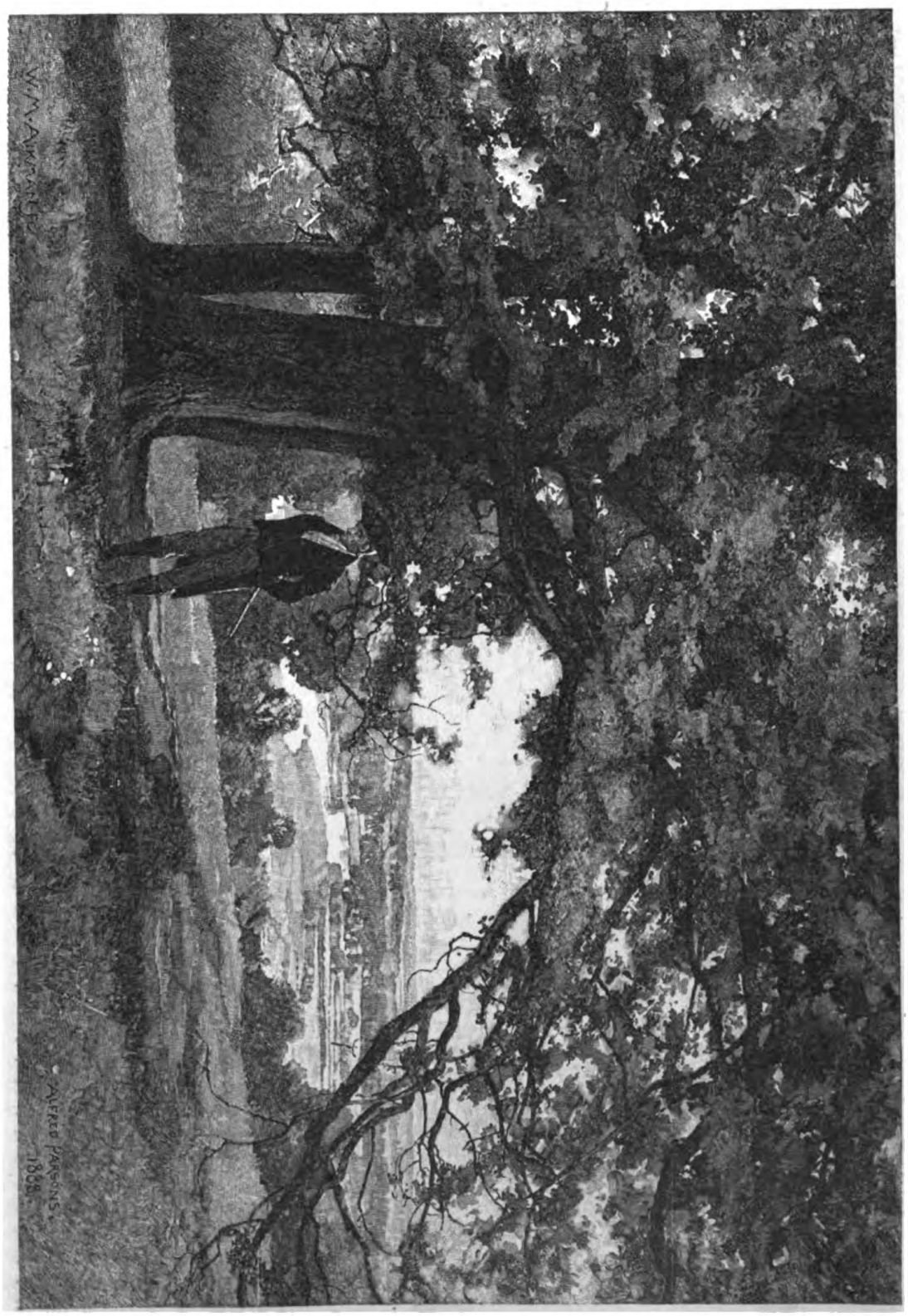
My ear awoke, and yet can find no sound!
Another mid-day, and no mid-day rush!
But blessed Silence, deep, unbroke, profound,
While feathered flakes my window lightly brush.
God came into His nursery and found
The children noisy, so He whispered "Hush."

"MOST SWEET IT IS WITH UNUPLIFTED EYES."

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse:
With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

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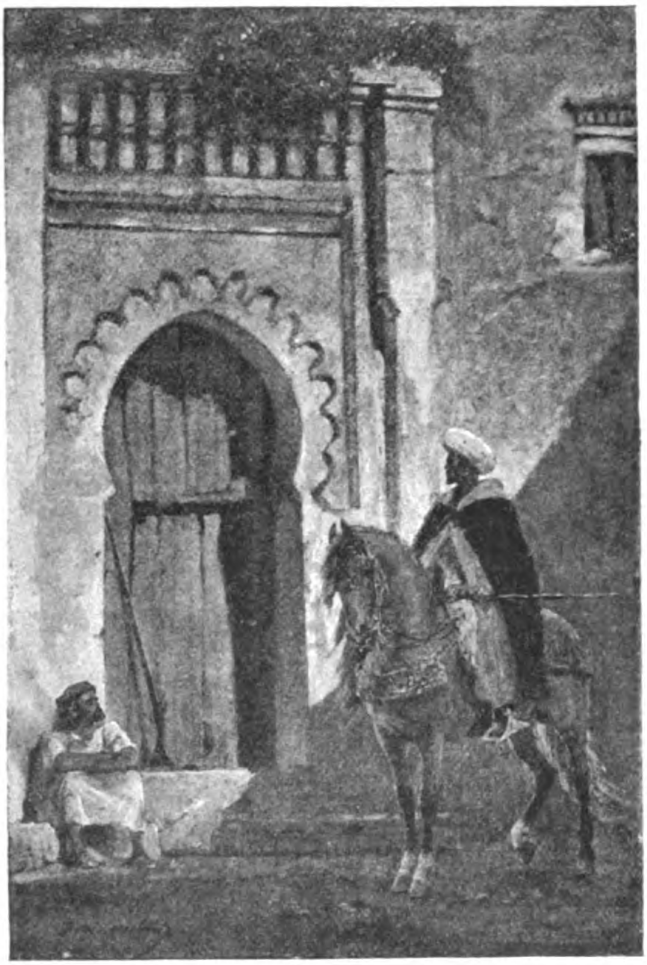
"MOST SWEET IT IS WITH UNPLIFTED EYES."

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TANGIER AND MOROCCO.

LEAVES FROM A PAINTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT.



MOROCCAN CAÏD AT OLD GATE OF THE CASBAH.

I.

LIKE the ill-fated Boabdil, I have just left Granada. Three months of dream-life in the Arabian palace, the Alhambra towering up in front of my window, a hundred walks in the shade of the halls whose vaulted cedar roofs are constellated with gold and ivory, and in the still waters of the fountain of the sultanas the sumptuous reflection of Moorish arches and interminable colonnades! Then, in the calm of approaching nightfall, the suburb of Albayein, at the quiet hour when the tone of the walls grows softer, when the cypress-trees become black like velvet, when the first stars begin to shine in the pale sky! But after visiting this dead Orient in its European palace I wished to see the Orient alive in its own climes, and my desire is being fulfilled. The Sierra Nevada has vanished, the roseate outline of the fortress of the Alhambra has disappeared, Malaga has given me a day's hospitality, and the coast of Europe is now gliding away in its turn, while an English tug-boat of sinister name and sinister memory, the *Jackal*, is tossing me during a weary night, and making me pay dearly my haste to gain a day.

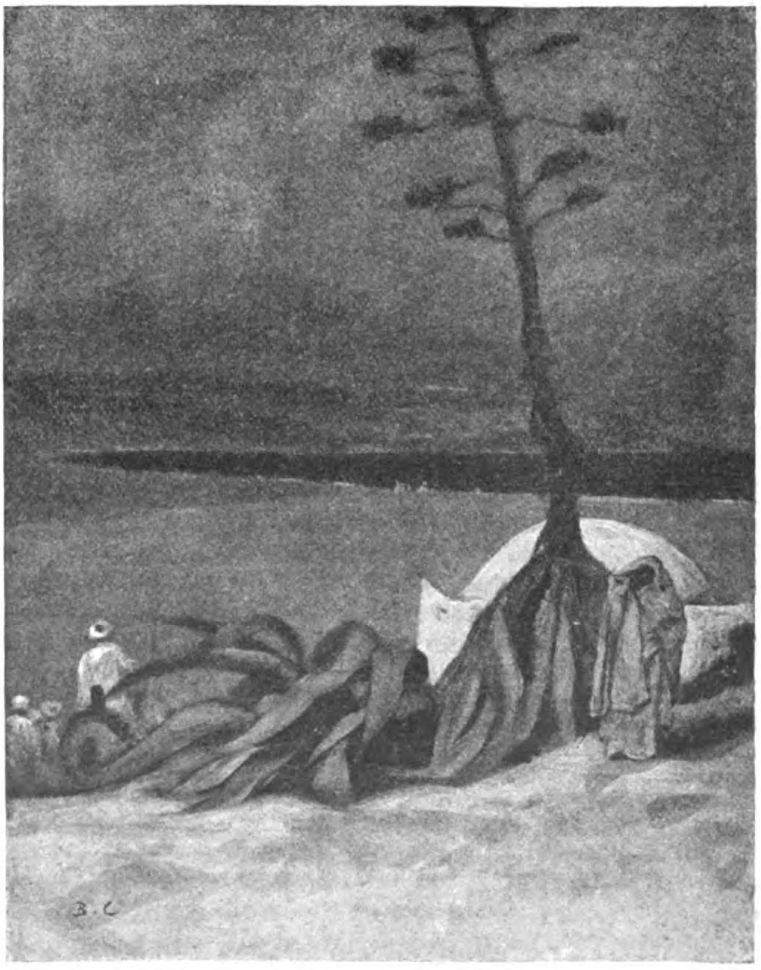
Here we are in the port of Tangier. Some men, almost naked, as soon as they see us approaching, walk into the water like savages ready for the attack; they assail our boats, take possession of our baggage and of our persons, hoist the one and the other on to their shoulders under the pretext that the water is too shallow to allow our boats to land. A triumphant entry! Here I am perched on the broad shoulders of a negro, swaying to and fro, and gripping with my knees his shaven head, with its tuft of hair rolled up like a cockade. If there be any truth in the motto of the good King Louis Philippe of France, and if Frenchmen do enjoy any special protection, may Heaven preserve me from vermin!

Behold the town of my dreams! Light, whiteness, brilliancy—this is the East indeed. This is what I have been longing to see. My heart is full to overflowing. Would that I had with me a warmer friend than this white paper on which I am writing! Would that I could communicate to some one the artistic emotion that transports me! It is too beautiful for me only. There are pictures everywhere. It is not a city; it is a museum. Whichever way you turn your eyes, without moving a single step, four, five, six *motifs* solicit you, captivate you, tell you and persuade you that if you will try them

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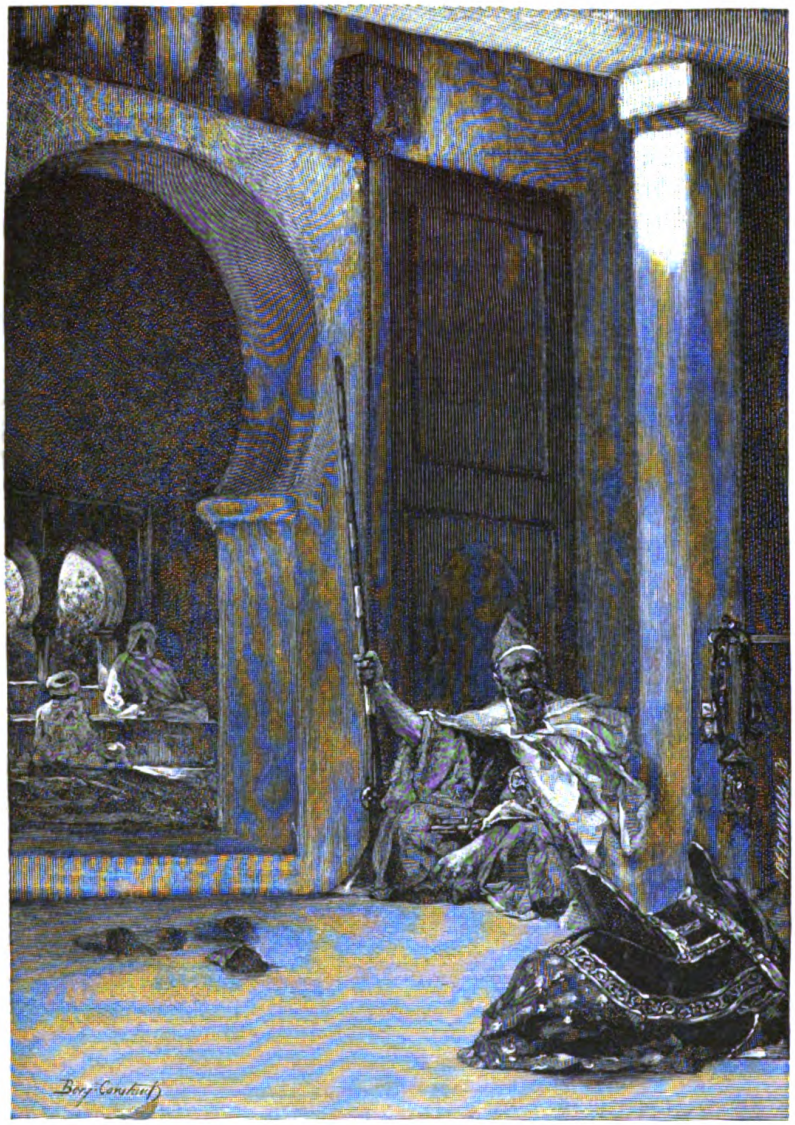
they will be your masterpiece. However, the animal man speaks also by the voice of hunger: the night's voyage has provoked a feeling of emptiness, and each lurch of the tug-boat demands reparation by proportionate knife-and-fork work. After crossing Spain a French breakfast seems excellent, and however deeply one may be in love with local color in scenery, one is not sorry to dispense with local color in one's plate. Breakfast finished, I give myself up blindly and entirely, morally at least, to a great tall Arab, by profession an interpreter, which name is given to him because he speaks badly two languages at once, instead of speaking one only and speaking it well. No matter, he is fine with his white turban and his yellowish woollen burnoose draped in superb folds.

We are hardly outside the hotel before we find ourselves in the midst of the *socco*, or, in other words, the little market of the town, composed of a long succession of stalls and sheds, whose worm-eaten wooden roofs shelter sellers of soft-soap, rancid butter, and oil. Some of them are grilling greasy messes which produce a suffocating odor. Women pass, wearing the *haïk*, a large and light woollen wrapper, with which, by the purposed or chance arrangement of the folds, they compose a costume full of character; they utter a few words of mockery at my expense, but in the austere grace of their drapery they have so much charm that no artist could bear them any ill-will. Some of them hold by the hand little children, who follow loiteringly, with their heads shaven, and on the crown a tuft of hair bound up and lengthened out with torsades of red wool. Others carry their still younger progeniture on their backs, and when they forgetfully linger in the full blaze of the sun to gossip with neighbors, you may imagine how the poor little babies literally cook in their swaddling-clothes! And from the bottom of the basket, which resembles a bundle of heavy clothes, there issue smothered and angry moans and cries that make the woollen *haïk* tremble. But it is useless to waste pity: as soon as the little martyrs reach the age of five or six years they will be born again to liberty, escape from their too hot nests, and run about the streets like a swarm of sparrows; and when they are eight or nine years old, if they are good, they will be married; but this honor will not save them from the whip if they happen to break their pitcher at the spring. Further on, other women, squatting on their heels and wearing immense straw hats, are selling cakes placed in a row on a board on the ground.



BAY OF TANGIER AND PLAIN.

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A SOLDIER OF THE PASHA.

Here is a *kiffin*, armed with his gun, clothed in a brown *gillabia*, with the hood and sleeves embroidered with many-colored flowers; on his head, by way of a hat, he wears the red cloth case for his carbine; his powder-horn and sabre are slung from shoulder-belts, and in this formidable warlike outfit he offers for sale four or five emaciated fowls. A dozen yards further a fountain, adorned with those Moorish faience plaques called *azulejos*, is taken by storm by an army of water-carriers—tall negroes, ragged and tattered, who quarrel amongst themselves with savage cries. And amidst this vermin, these rags, these draperies, these squalling children, these clucking hens, these strident sounds of Oriental quarrelling—amidst this confusion of noises and colors—grave Jewish merchants walk beneath white umbrellas; they talk business as they rattle phlegmatically in their large and deep pockets the loved metal of which douros are coined.

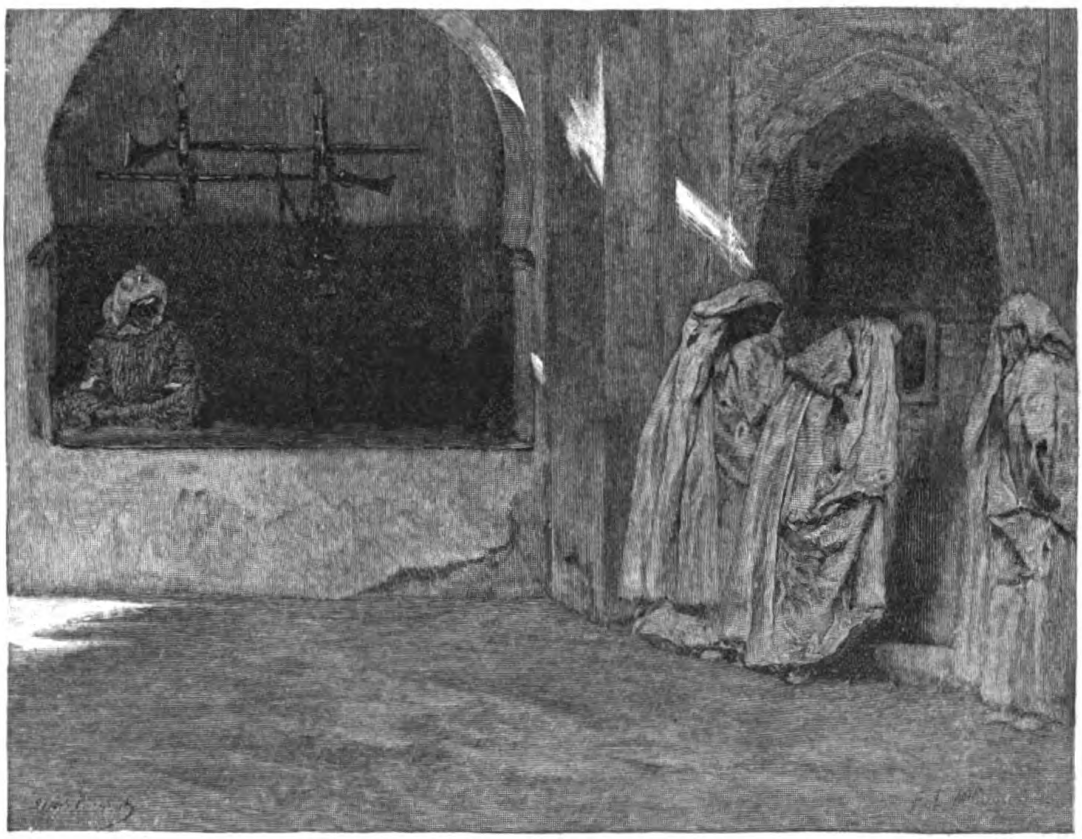
Above all this, forming as it were the background of the picture, in the vibrating sunlight, the white houses mount in tiers one above the other; a minaret faced with green faience slabs rises against the blue sky; and the swallows, swift and joyous, chase each other in the luminous air.

Horror! All of a sudden fifteen little donkeys charge down the narrow street, carrying their *couffas* full of bricks. They squeeze us pitilessly between their flanks and the wall. Heedless, like Orientals as they are, they pass and disappear, gravely forgetful of the insult offered to our European breasts: and the women hide themselves to laugh, and their little shrill peal quivers in dancing shimmer of the sunlight.

Now we proceed to climb through a labyrinth of narrow dirty streets full of holes and hillocks, and lined with little low white windowless houses, each with a single narrow door. We then reach a paved road which mounts straight up the hill-side on which the town is perched, and at last the door of the Casbah opens before us. Here the view of Tangier and of the bay is superb. The town, beneath my feet, seems to be rolling down toward the sea, the white terraces of the houses forming, as it were, step below step, and the

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whole mass of whitewash and stucco resembling a gigantic staircase. This descent of terraces strikes and stops against the ramparts which command the Custom-house and the small port; and so the waves kiss the first step of the stairway. Then comes the glistening amphitheatre of the sea, an expanse of azure that moves



PRISON IN TANGIER.

and lives; and the immense curve that starts from Tangier widens and sweeps round to the point of Malabat, while in the distance the bluish mountains of Tetouan mark a faint mass in the silver haze. Oh, the delicacy of that color that sings like notes of music! the ideal fairy spectacle of the transitions, of the *passages!* To sit in front of that vibrating key-board of tones and lights, and, palette in hand, to fix on canvas the image of the fugitive minute which changes, displaces, effaces its effects only to produce fresh ones, indefatigable and incessant in creation! To catch the transition that defies all grasp, to seize that which is fleeting, to preserve that which is ephemeral! The misfortune, the shame, and the despair of art is the powerlessness of its slow means to reproduce the marvels that nature displays in these Eastern evenings, where the minute that comes is no longer like the minute that has just passed! But at least one can enjoy and drink in that nature, get intoxicated with it, and store one's memory with its splendid visions. So, later, in the peaceful solitude of the studio, in the meditative calm of souvenir, the glorious pictures that have vanished will reappear in the magic of dreams, and take form and shape on the white canvas that calls up the past. Such will be the reward of those who have known how to look at nature with loving eyes.

II.

To-day I returned to the Casbah and entered it. On each side of the door, which, by-the-way, has no artistic interest, are beggars quaking with fever; their faces are eaten away by white leprosy; scantily covered with a few sordid rags, they are warming themselves in the sun. We meet some soldiers of the Pasha, who march with measured step, their white

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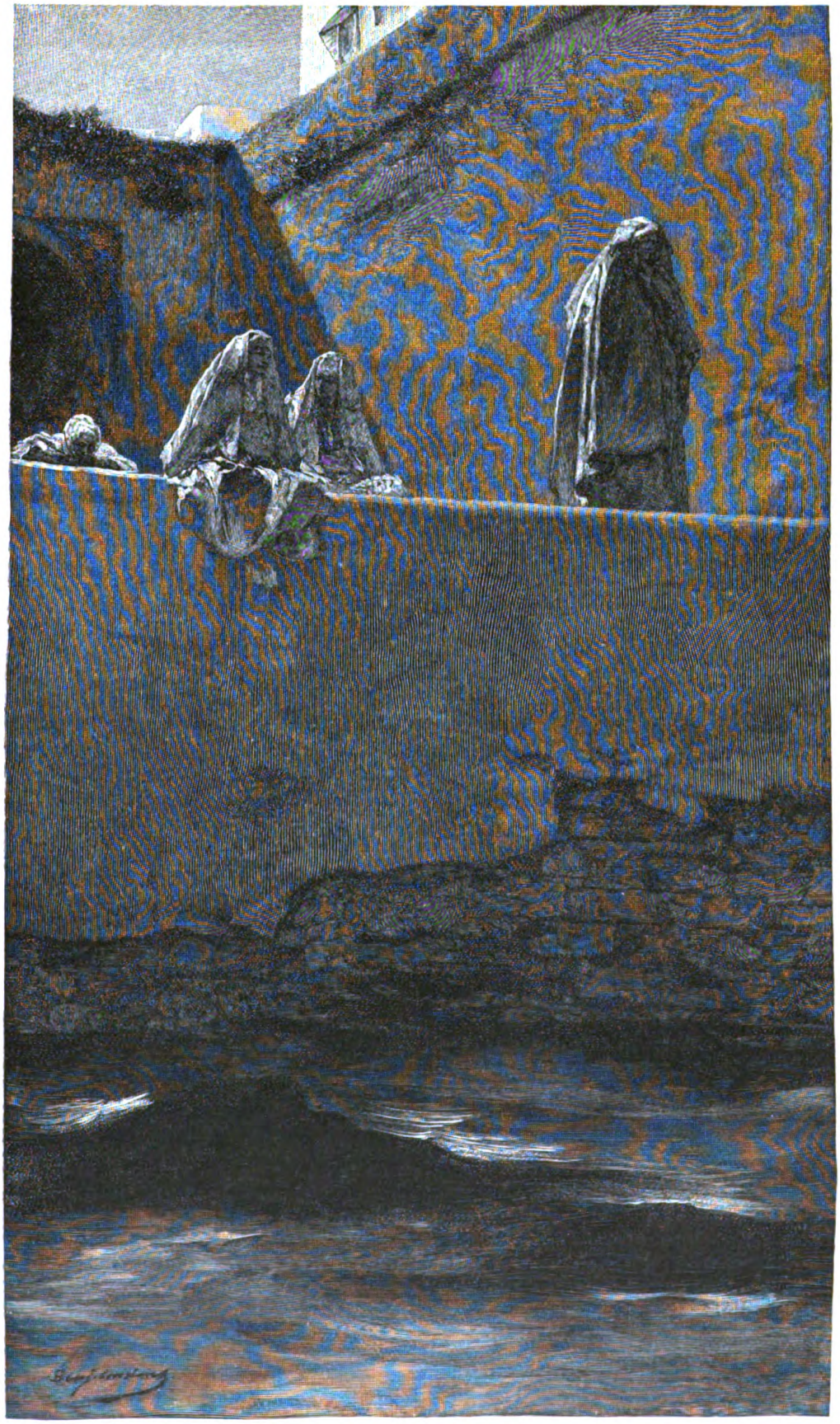
burnooses floating in the air, their heads erect and covered with the *chechia*, a sort of pointed fez of red felt. They are probably going, by superior order, to ransom some Jew or Moor who has had the misfortune to allow the secret of his wealth to be betrayed. For the Moroccan soldier is not so much a man of war as a collector of taxes, and from time to time his master sends him, without law or rule, to visit those whom he finds either too rich, or rich enough for him, the Sultan, to claim his share of the prize. Rapine is the only resource of the treasury. Each Pasha levies his share on all the bargains concluded on his territory. This state of affairs has, however, been improved since the intervention of Europeans in Morocco. But not so many years ago, and in the second half of this century, the most horrible tortures were inflicted both upon Mussulman and Jewish merchants in order to force them to avow their fatal riches. Mr. J. Drummond Hay, in the narrative of his journey on the banks of the Leucos, relates dreadful details: men shut up in ovens, wedges driven in under their nails, children smothered slowly before the eyes of their parents, a man shut up in the cage of a chained lion whose chain was long enough to enable him to come within an inch of the victim, who could not make the slightest movement without being rent by the talons of the beast. Doubtless the stories of Mr. Drummond Hay are exaggerated at the present day, and perhaps they were when he wrote. But this fact remains, in essential points at least: the treasury is filled by means of exactions and authorized thefts; and every official conscience may be bought. This is true from one end of the social scale to the other. When the merchant has tortured the slave, and when the Pasha has rifled the merchant, the Sultan employs similar means to relieve the Pasha of his booty. Many a Pasha, after finally getting rich, is betrayed by one of those around him and denounced to the Emperor as a great capitalist. Thereupon he is sent for to court, and the good sovereign spoils him of everything, even to the last piece of money that sleeps in his coffers or in his pockets, even to the last *flon*, to the last *rhani*, to the last terra-cotta vase which is sold in the market-place. Then, a second Job, the Pasha is sent back to his subjects so that he may begin another period of oppression. If, however, the Master has reason to suspect that any portion of the treasure has been kept back or hidden, he has the Pasha beaten, and then sends him to spend the rest of his days in the contemplative shades of a prison.

Ah! the prison! Here it is, only a few steps from where we are. In a sordid vestibule, whose walls are covered with torn matting, the jailer smokes his pipe filled with kiff, that slightly opiated plant which takes the place of tobacco in these parts. Three women, draped in their *haïk*, are weeping near a grated opening in the prison door; and in the interior darkness a human face is scarcely discernible. As we approach, the women stand aside, and a lean arm is passed through the grating and stretched toward us suppliantly, without a word being uttered. I put a silver piece in the hand; immediately one of the women takes the money and hurries away toward the town, doubtless to buy bread. I look through the grating, and distinguish a vast foul-smelling and sombre room, without air, in which are human forms crowding and crouching, with the noise of chains, and the lamentable and sinister murmur of words uttered in a low voice. The criminals in this prison are perhaps none but people accused of possessing a few douros which they never even saw, and who are now waiting in the horror of this black hell until the efforts of their parents or the charity of some traveller like myself shall help them by degrees to make up the sum of their ransom!

In presence of such misery as this one can understand how the ardent imagination of these nations is exalted by religion, and how they seek in religion comfort, consolation, and hope of a justice hereafter which will compensate terrestrial woes by celestial joys, and requite their sufferings in chains and dungeons by the delights of paradise. One can comprehend these peoples attaching themselves with fierce faith to their belief in God and in a future life, and being proof against the atheistic scepticism which hovers over the Western world. They have need of God more than the citizens of Europe; they want a Master and a Judge above their earthly judges and masters.

I wished to see also the man under whose authority these victims groan, and I saw the Pasha. In an Arab portico he is seated on a carpet cross-legged, motionless, clad in white woollen. He is finger-

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MOONLIGHT ON THE TERRACES.

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ing the ebony beads of a chaplet, and in the midst of his prayers he seems to be listening attentively to the story of a tall soldier, a black-faced Hercules, who is perorating with a profusion of gestures and much volubility as he points to a poor fellow crouching at his side in a posture of terror that does not even dare to take the form of a prayer for mercy. What can he hope for? The least possible number of lashes, the least number of days or of months to live in irons, the smallest tale of douros to redeem his life. He does not even try to defend himself against the soldier's charges. In his Oriental fatalism he waits with resignation.

Ah! too much of all these gloomy horrors. Light! light! And outside here is once more the superb fairy vision of colors in this world where forms and things are blessed with the sun, and where man is scourged with the curse of man!

III.

The moon has risen round and large on the horizon, in a trembling vapor which seems to be composed of opals, turquoises, and pearls crushed in a powder of silver. I have crossed the town and entered the primitive theatre, installed in the court-yard of a house covered with a velum, the galleries of the first floor constituting the boxes. There are few Moroccans present, but several Europeans, and some Jewish women, whose dress sets off to advantage their marvellous beauty. Some Mussulmans are running about the stage and arranging it in haste, with their arms and legs bare. The play is a Spanish comedy with intermediate dances. This programme, however, cannot make me forget the splendid moon; and athirst for landscape bathed in silver light, I go out into the street, where guards are striding along and shouting as they swing their lanterns, in order to frighten away the thieves: to frighten them, indeed, rather than to catch them, and perhaps neither the one nor the other.

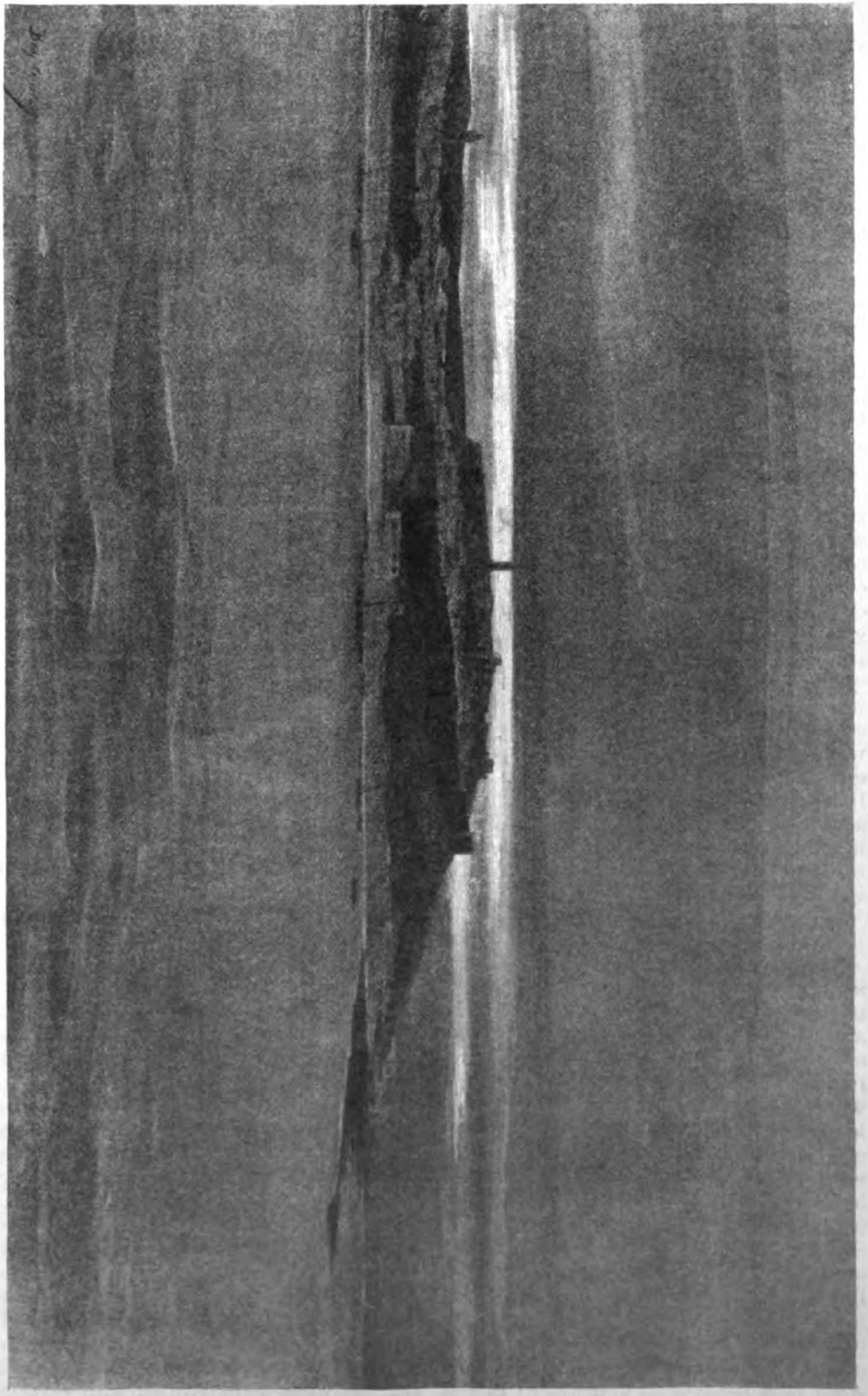
Down at the port the line of the mountains has disappeared behind the lofty battlemented wall; I listen to the break of the harmonious sea, whose phosphorescence sparkles on the shore, while the line of the girdle walls of the town disappears in the blue, accented now and again by the lighter sections that the masses of the fortress mark on the shadow of the angles. A few scattered promenaders pass silently, and when they speak, in the vibrating air, their voices assume in this Eastern night an indescribable quality of hieratic mystery.... O Salammbô! Here, on the corner of a terrace whose foundations bathe in the sea, are some women listening to the flight of time. One of them is erect, in her white *haïk* that seems bluish in the moonlight; the others are seated with dangling legs, and a broad sheet of light strikes down behind them on the rampart walls.

IV.

It is two in the afternoon. I have just come down to the beach. The superb belt of sand is spread out before the sea. It is here that the diplomatic world of Tangier comes, either on foot or on horseback, to take the air at the hour of sunset; but now there is not a living soul in view, except the souls of the mighty sea and of the sun. Everything is hushed beneath the vast swathing light. The Mediterranean slowly develops its long silver fringes, while a white sail on the horizon, coming from some distant port, makes one dream of galley-slaves toiling at their oars, of Christian captives, of pirates, and of the manners of the by-gone ages....At the head of the loop of the bay, Tangier seems to crackle in the light.

This African light, when it is considered in the full glare of the sun, discolors and devours all that it touches; it wipes out everything with its fiery vibration. Indeed, to say the truth, these Southern countries are for the colorist painter countries of shadow rather than of sunlight. In point of fact, by reason of this very intensity of the light, the shadow remains bright, transparent, and pearly: the flowers retain their coloration, the gold embroidery on the caftans of the women preserves its brilliancy; every detail can be distinguished, and everything takes its place sharply in its exact value; whereas in the sunlight the values and the planes get mixed and confused, and puzzle and confound the impotent palette. Delacroix received the same impression, and in his "Noce Juive," now in the Louvre Museum, he has demonstrated and utilized all the resources that shadow affords in such sunshine. Paint shade in the South and sunlight in the North. The Eastern Sun suffers us not to look him in the face, or to look at the objects on which he sheds his light. The Western Sun allows us to

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TANGIER FROM THE SEA—EVENING EFFECT.

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contemplate him; he bathes forms and caresses them, but never burns them up; he is suave, and not a devouring monster. You must go to Holland to paint nature in sunlight. Cuyp and Rembrandt are the greatest sun painters who ever existed. They paint only in broad daylight; for Northern shadow is heavy, cold, and obscure.

In Italy, and even at Venice, where the sun is tenderer and more delicate than anywhere else, Paul Veronese never made his models pose in the sun as Rembrandt did. All the figures of the "Noces de Cana" are painted in white light, in bright *demi-teinte*, in shade; and in that shade every object retains its proper color. If you want to paint the African sun, you must suspend it in the horizon, at the hour when it sets in its glory, illuminating nature with the splendor of its apotheosis, alas, so brief and so fugitive! You may catch it also in winter when the sky is covered, and veils its implacable and strident blue. At that season, between the great clouds which glide past like silver avalanches, there are formed rents of turquoise blue so exquisitely soft that no words can qualify it; then the whitewashed houses no longer burn your eyelids when you look at them, but appear of a quiet, milky, and rich white, the sea flows like a lake of liquid emeralds, and in the serene atmosphere there trembles a warm haze that seems like the harmonious expiration of a light which was a short while ago too vibrating and brutal.

V.

The plain of Tangier: to the left, the mountains; to the right and in the distance, the ocean. The ground is light and of a luminous gray color. Tufts of aloes border the path that I am following, and rise gigantic with their thick blades of ashen green and their long lances headed with cones of flowers; rocks, rivulets that one has to ford, a ravine that confines us, then immense hedges of reeds, between which there appears suddenly a streak of violet horizon. Some women are washing in the scanty stream of a torrent, and spreading the linen to dry in the sun.

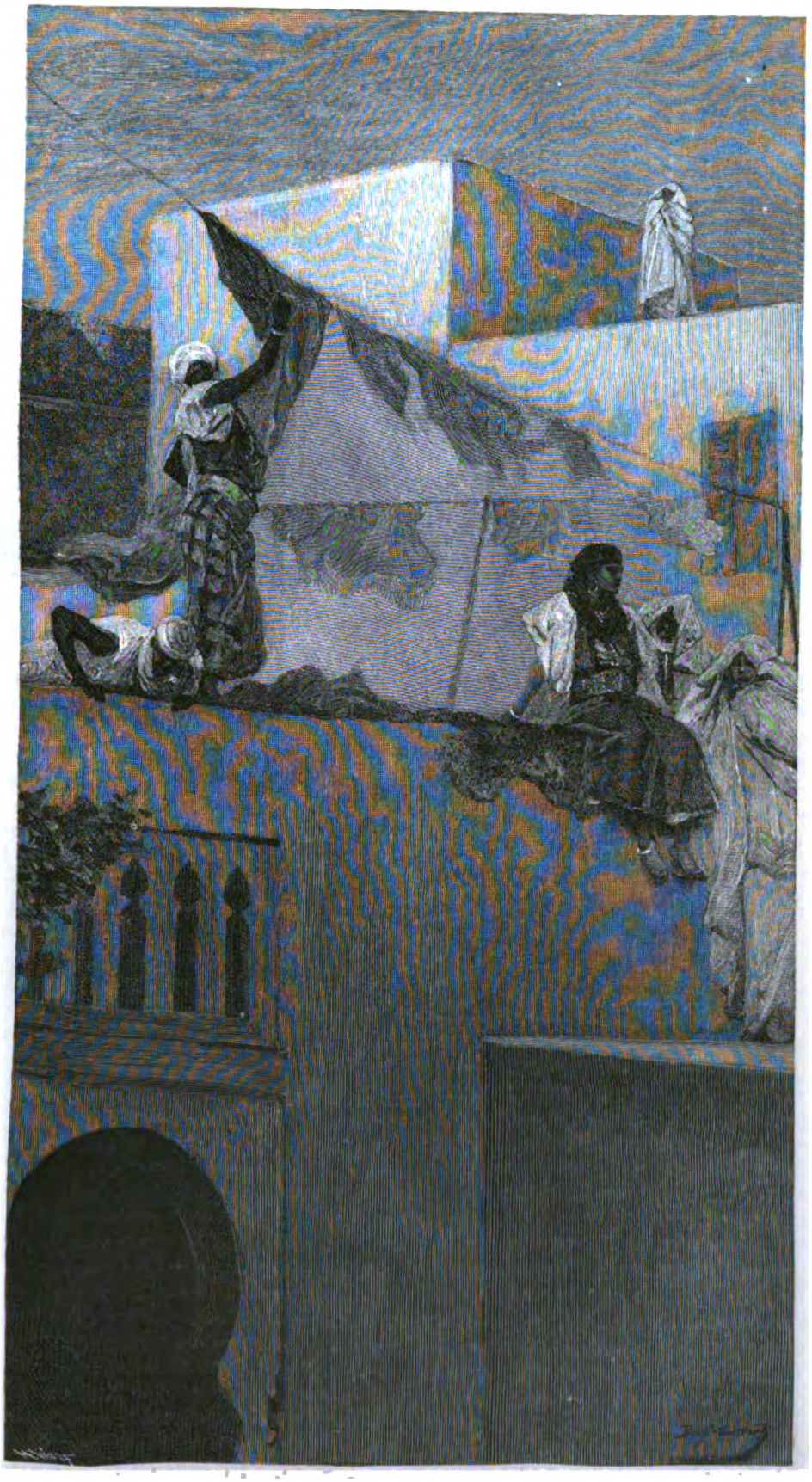
On a hill heaps of stones with staves planted in them, and hanging from the staves a white rag which a rare breath of wind stirs feebly now and again: this is the entrance to a village. Some women come to the cistern, bearing on their shoulders pitchers of green earthen-ware, and stop at the well-side. The costume and attitude are the same that Rebekah must have had when the envoy of the patriarch chose her for wife for his master's young son; the pitcher is the same, and the same the way of carrying it. With these people you feel that nothing has changed since the beginning. The village that I have entered is composed of low huts with thatched roofs. The number of huts is equivalent to that of the staves planted on the threshold of this sad dwelling-place. Some men are huddled up cross-legged on the ground, and the women, in front of the house door, are cooking bread, after having ground the flour between two stones.

And to think that a good swimmer could swim across the narrow arm of the sea which separates this world from our own!

VI.

Every month I go to visit the scherif of Wazan, the proprietor of the house I occupy, and punctually I pay the amount of my rent, which he receives with manifest joy. The square court where I first enter is surrounded with white pillars joined together by open-work arches painted green; four basins of white marble have each a fountain playing gayly into them; two large doors open into mysterious rooms. At the windows in the four walls of the court appear and pass women's faces, and looks full of curiosity are directed toward me. Once I brusquely crossed the threshold of one of the doors. Inside, surrounded by children, were women dressed in robes of many colors, and glistening with gold and precious stones; the smoke of the perfume-burners veiled them in a violet mist; recumbent on sofas or on mats, leaning on brocaded cushions or on stools inlaid with mother-of-pearl, they were fanning themselves or sleeping, while the slaves, draped in long white chemises, played on the mandolin or the drum. The picture did not last long: at the sight of my face they fled away like a swarm of frightened birds, and a negro with threatening eyes hastened their flight with voice and gesture. Then I looked around me: the air was laden with an odor of pepper and incense; the ground and the walls were covered with carpets or with mats; and in places of honor

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EVENING ON THE TERRACES.

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THE DESERT.

stood the only three marvels which the East has consented to receive from the West, and to shelter lovingly in its abodes, namely, a piano, a hand-organ, and a clock—the three joys of the household, and its perpetual recreation. From a nail in the wall hung a whip. For whom?

VII.

The Grand Vizier has invited us to his table. After passing through a maze of narrow, acrid, slippery, steep streets full of débris of vegetables and fruit, we arrive at the palace of the prime-minister. He is waiting for us on the threshold of one of the doors of the inner court; the slaves of both sexes are drawn up in two rows on each side. He receives us with a thousand marks of affection and a profusion of "*Marababickoum*" (welcome! welcome!); then he conducts us to the banqueting hall, the walls of which bear inscriptions from the Koran written in characters of gold; the wooden table in our honor has been covered with a cloth, and some uncomfortable chairs and strange forks have been invented for our benefit.

The Grand Vizier reclines on a divan, and presses a fraternal cushion against his abdomen. While he is exchanging with the French ambassador, M. Tissot, the usual formulæ of platonic affection, I edge away toward the door where some young female slaves are watching us. Frightened at first by my approach, they recover confidence and gather around me, but take care not to be seen by their master: they are handsome, with large eyes, firm lips, and full bosoms; both the Moorish girls and the negresses have their feet and arms bare and adorned with bracelets; their white tunic, tied round the waist with a gold-embroidered girdle, is open at the breast. When I look at them they look at themselves with artless grace, as if to seek and appreciate the particular details of their person that I am examining. You feel that they are not in the least self-conscious, and that they are without faculty of analysis, without reason, without will, without souls: they are pretty little animals, whose function it is to live, and to display, with slow and rare movements, the supple lines of their beauty.

At last the table is served and the feast ready; some wax candles are placed on the table amongst the plates of different sizes and designs; fifteen or twenty dishes are served in succession—mutton and fowls, fowls and mutton, under twenty different colors, or rather under twenty tones of the same color, namely, mutton or fowl swimming in all possible manifestations of saffron. In order to sicken us completely, rose-water is poured over our

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hands and heads, and all of a sudden, while you are least expecting it, you feel a cold thread of the eternal rose-water trickling down your neck and down your back.

The Grand Vizier nurses his foot and watches us eat, without himself participating in the feast that he is offering us. Sometimes he seems to be dreaming; I too am dreaming—dreaming of a beefsteak decently cooked and served on a clean white plate, surrounded by fried potatoes nicely browned.

VIII.

I admire these men who have made an art of lying on the ground, who have invented ten thousand postures for rolling up their torso and their limbs in such a manner that they no longer retain the remotest aspect of humanity; I admire these children, hardly old enough to stand up, and who walk about bravely in their long hoods looking like wandering extinguishers; I admire these women with their slow movements who are crushing corn, and seem lost in dream-land; I admire this whole people, which has no registers in which to record the stages of its life, and where no one knows when he was born, how old he is, or when he dies: he dies without being informed of the fact. He is as indifferent to death as he is to life, and as long as he exists he seems to be revolving beneath his meditative brow aphorisms of the most sublime philosophy and of the most profound melancholy, but in reality he thinks of nothing. Such is the life of those who live according to nature.

IX.

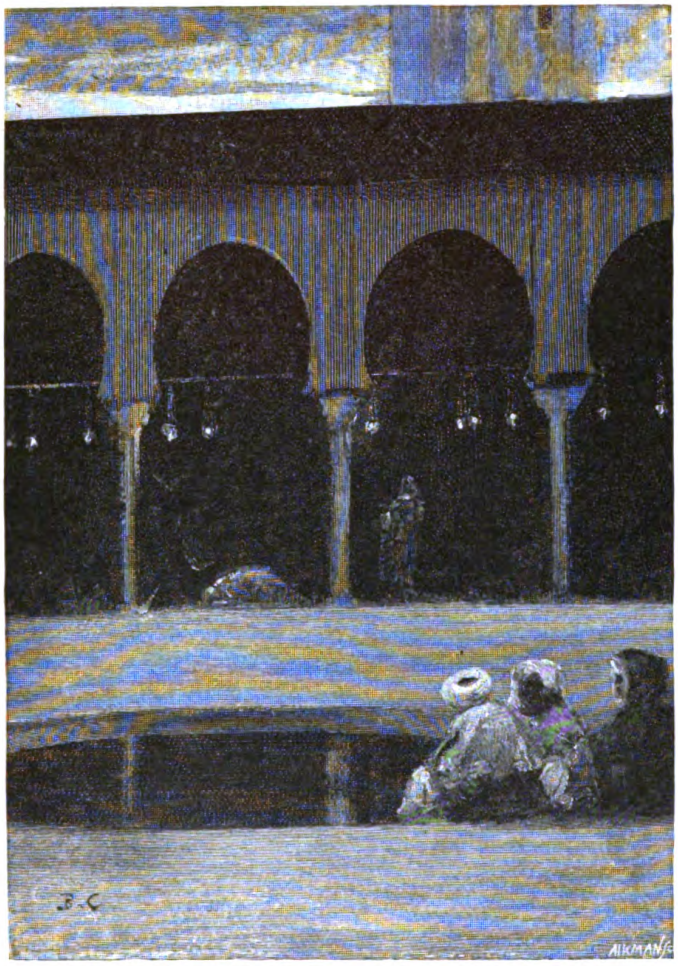
We have just left Tangier. An iron-clad ship of war, *Le Salé*, carries us along the coast to Mazagan. The mountains speed away bright and vibrating in the light beyond the blue quivering of the waves, beyond the yellow band of the sandy shore; the sky of cobalt blue hangs like a monochrome cupola over the circle of the horizon. Here and there on a cape, amidst a bouquet of verdure, there rises, as at Spartel, a white house with imperceptible grated windows which awaken in the memory the story of Cervantes.

The Caïd Tahamy receives us at Mazagan, and by order of the Sultan gives us an escort of fifty men armed like bandits: we are going to start for the interior, to gain Morocco, and see the desert! Already the tents are spread outside the walls of the town, and their little white roofs make a circle, in the midst of which floats the French flag. The Arabs squatting



CAMP OF PILGRIMS OUTSIDE THE GATES OF MOROCCO—EARLY DAWN.

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INTERIOR OF MOSQUE—EVENING PRAYER HOUR.

around the camp like bronze statues watch us with their impassible white eyes, which seem to be deep wells of menace, whereas in reality they are merely gentle and curious. The camels are being loaded; we are going to start; we have started.

The land undulates; the country is solitary; the sun mounts far from the hills; the camels in their cadenced walk sway to and fro the mass of their variegated burdens; on each side of us gallop the Arab servants, erect and graceful on their horses; the escort of Janissaries precedes and follows us. The dust rises in roseate clouds beneath the horses' hoofs. The procession lengthens out and drags along in front and behind; the air gets hotter and hotter; from time to time a cry of terror or warning: such is a caravan.

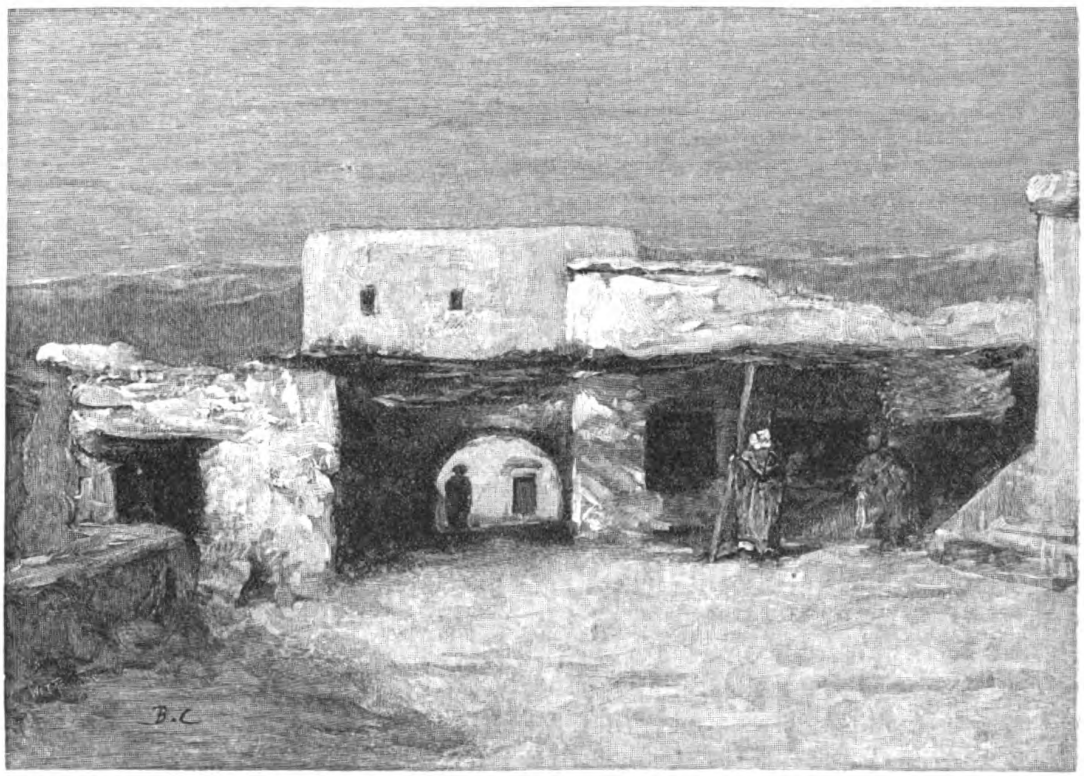
We have passed the night under the tents. At early dawn, while still half asleep and half awake, and not yet daring to believe that my caravan pilgrimage was a reality, I heard a prolonged irregular cry that came to us from the military tents. I rose in haste: it was a Mussulman soldier of our escort calling his companions to morning prayers. One by one the men came out of their tents, stretched their burnooses on the ground to serve as carpets, and turning toward the east, held out the palms of their upraised hands, and then knelt down and recited in a low voice the first of their five prayers. They were kneeling, their bodies resting on their heels, and the rising sun tinged with pearly rose their white dress. Behind them the cloudless sky passed from fierce rose to pale blue, through a series of shades that the art of words is powerless to express.

A *douar!* When in my boyish days I used to read this word in Jules Gérard's hunting stories the name alone awoke in my childish mind a whole vision of the nomad world and of the Eastern sun: in this word *douar* I saw the metallic blue sky over tents surrounded by palm-trees, glistening and torrefied rocks, wild faces beneath the hoods of burnooses, and camels kneeling to receive their burden. I even used to think I heard the roaring of lions.

Here in the midst of the desert is the canvas village where sleep, live, and die the accursed children of Abraham, ignorant of a better world and of a more pleasant existence. Some twenty tents, each of which shelters a whole family, are planted in two parallel rows: they are brown, and made of a coarse stuff which the women weave with the fibres of the palm-tree. The tent is the ancient tent of the Numidians; it is square, and looks like a roof placed on the ground; posts of bamboo hold it up, and it is anchored by cords to the tent pegs. In the middle is the square of the *douar;* in front of the entrance of the tents, where the camp fire smoulders,

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its blue smoke mounting straight in the air, some fowls are pecking about and some ewes ruminating; the horses, in our corner of the square, browse the bushes. The largest of these tents are twenty-five to thirty feet long and seven feet high: a reed mat separates the tent into two chambers, in one of which the man and his wife sleep, while the children occupy the other pell-mell with the animals. On the ground are osier mats, a box with painted arabesques, some earthen-ware vases and bowls, some drinking shells, the millstone to which is harnessed a donkey or a goat, or sometimes a woman, and very often the two together. Meanwhile the women —for it is only in times of extreme misery that they drag the plough—remain in the tents and prepare food and clothing for the family. The women are dirty in spite of their daily ablutions, and the only *haïk* each one possesses gets washed but four times a year, at the religious fêtes. Beauty is cultivated before and in view of marriage only, and the cultivation consists in feeding the woman before



STREET VIEW IN MOROCCO.

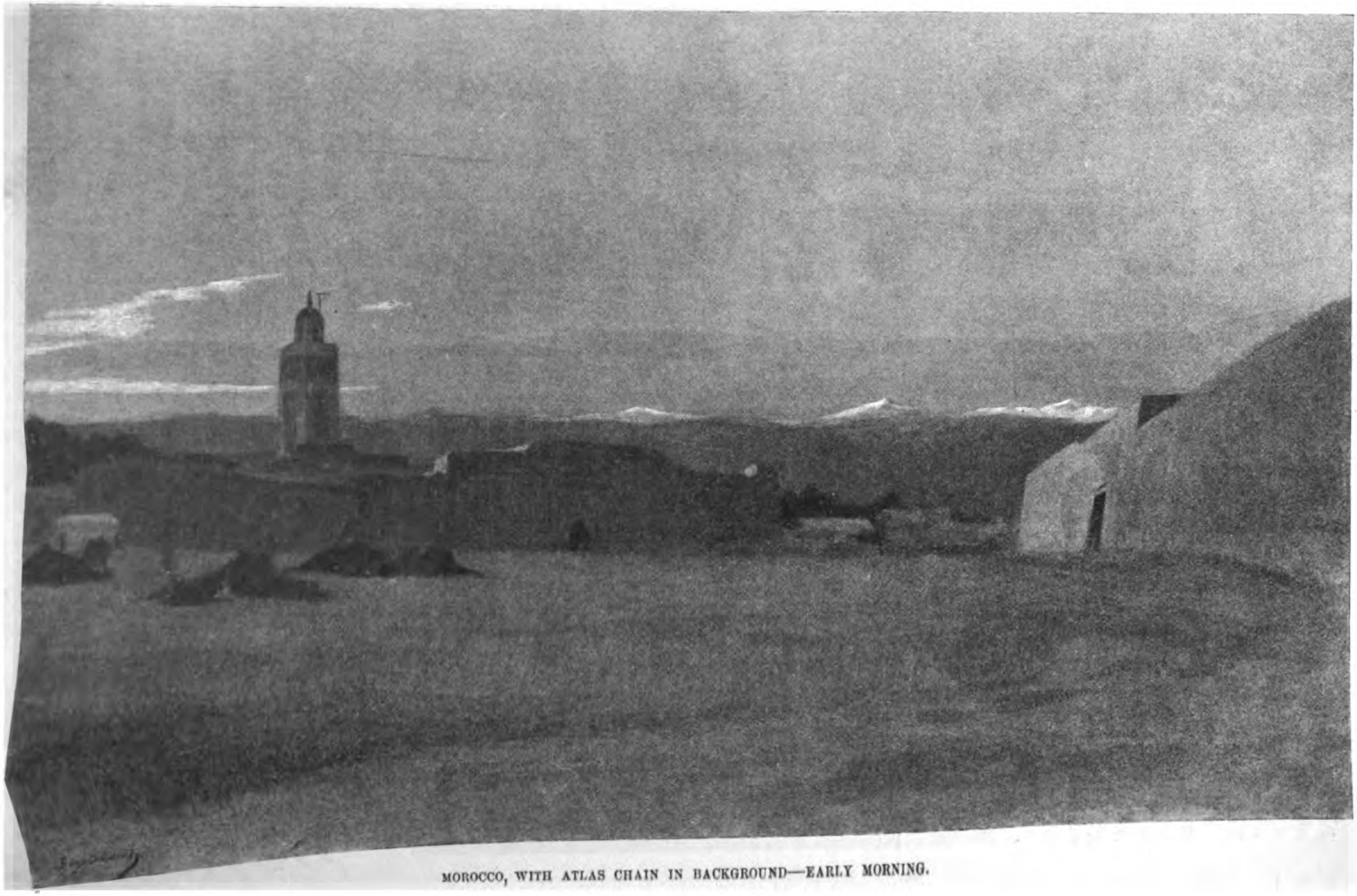
for grinding corn, the spindle for spinning hemp and wool, and some goat and sheep skins.

In every tent there is a gun and some poniards, and in front of each one a hearth formed of two bricks, where the housewife cooks the *couscoussou*. The *couscoussou* is a mixture of beans, onions, and gourds, seasoned with pepper, sugar, or saffron; on high days and holidays some meat is added to the dish, but only on very great occasions, such as marriages or funerals. During the day the men go to till their poor field of beans or corn, and push along the dry furrow a plough and during the period of betrothal with fattening food, and particularly with an herb called *ebbah*, which has the property of fattening thin women, and even fat ones too; for it must be observed that adipose redundancy of form is the only kind of beauty that fascinates these lean warriors. On her wedding day the bride sits in front of the tent on a saddle surrounded with greenery; she has her eyebrows blackened with charcoal and her nails reddened with henna, while before her and in her honor friends from neighboring *douars* execute a fantasia with floating burnooses, and carbines twenty

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MOROCCO, WITH ATLAS CHAIN IN BACKGROUND—EARLY MORNING.

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times loaded and fired; and on the carpet spread in front of her each one deposits as a wedding present a piece of money. Alas! to-morrow misery and hunger will claim the bride for their own. In this bare soil, in this voluntary exile, without resources and without strength, where the land yields so little bread, and where the soldiers of the Pasha and of the Sultan levy a tax of half of that which so many efforts rend from miserly nature, what is there to live upon? What indeed? And so the man mounts his horse and lays his gun across his saddle, and whatever he can steal from the neighboring tribes he will steal. He knows that the shots will whistle around him, and that often when father or eldest son has gone off thus to seek some resource against the everlasting misery, their place has known them no more, but the hyenas and jackals have gnawed their bullet-riddled corpses, and left their bones to whiten beneath the implacable sun of this implacable father-land. Then, when they are weary and sick of struggling, they revolt in a body, and death takes all the more of them: they die by thousands instead of dying one by one. It has always been so, and it always will be so.

X.

The desert: the scorched ground beneath a scorching sky. The admirable verses of Leconte de Lisle come into my mind:

"Le sable rouge est comme une mer sans limite,
Et qui flambe, muette, affaissée en son lit;
Une ondulation immobile remplit
L'horizon aux vapeurs de cuivre où l'homme habite."

And we pursue over the sand the road which is marked out for us by the lugubrious finger-posts of scattered bones, skeletons of horses, of camels, and of men.

XI.

Every time we traverse a province the governor comes to greet us at the frontier of his government, and presents us with the *mouna*. This is another tax that falls upon these miserable peoples: whenever there passes a chief followed by his escort, or a detachment of soldiers, or an ambassador, or any other official personage, the inhabitants of the country are obliged to furnish him with provisions by tithes called *mouna*, of which the governor fixes the amount. In general he estimates it as high as he dares when the personage expected is a European. We select only such provisions as are indispensable, and leave the rest for the poor villagers. But behold the governor takes possession of all that remains, and sells it back to those who have just contributed it! This tithe is composed of sheep, fowls, vegetables, eggs, bread, sugar, charcoal, candles, butter, and cheese.

One day on the territory of a new province the carriers of the *mouna* came alone, without the Pasha, who, it appears, had thought it more prudent and economical to sell the tithe to his subjects immediately after he had levied it, and without even offering it to us, and so he sent us just sufficient to enable us to die of hunger before we could reach the limits of his viceroyalty. We thought that we too were destined to become acquainted with the horrors of famine, and like our predecessors to strew the desert with our corpses. The Moroccan soldiers of our escort looked at the inadequate *mouna* with grave and uneasy eyes. The country people who had been chosen to bring us these paltry offerings believed that their last hour had come, and that their massacre would be our vengeance. They looked first at the provisions and then at us, with an air at once grieved and resigned. M. Tissot rose gravely and ordered the Pasha to be brought in person. The Pasha came, stammered out some vague excuses, to which the ambassador listened at the door of his tent. Then, when the Pasha had spoken, M. Tissot condemned him to receive twenty strokes with a stick at the foot of the French flag. The viceroy went to the flag himself, lay down on his belly with his arms outstretched, and received at the hands of the Moroccan soldiers attached to the legation the number of strokes fixed; then he went away full of gratitude and respect, and sent us abundant provisions; and so we did not die of hunger in the country where he reigned.

XII.

Morocco! In the immense plain bounded on the northern and southern horizon by the Atlas Mountains the red town rises out of the red sand, its walls of rammed clay frittering away melancholically in the sun. It is a town of sun-dried bricks and mud walls, a town of gardens spread along the bank of the Tensift—a stream

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bordered with palm-trees and aloes, which, as soon as April comes, steams away and dries up. The deep sadness of the extreme South, the hopeless sadness of the torrid sun, weighs upon the walls, the objects, and the men of Morocco. You feel that the Soudan is near; a few steps further and there would be no longer any mercy to be hoped for either from nature or from man. It seems as if here was the threshold of the tropical Hell, and as if the sky said to man at this spot, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further!" The wall of the Atlas Mountains which tower up behind fills one with alarm and dread of the terrible "beyond" which their steep ramparts hide.

Morocco is of a red color, as mortal as the white color of Tangier was joyous. The people who crowd around the Mogador gate, by which we enter, are black, and seem even more desolate than all those whose faces and whose expressions we have yet seen. The tower of Koutoubia rises above the town, and on its battlements, on its sides, and on its every salient part an army of storks sleep, fly, or click their bills in the sun, and this clicking noise sounds a sinister and funereal note in the close air. The streets are lonesome; a few ragged and terrible creatures creep along here and there between the two walls of a crumbling street no wider than the lobby of a prison. Here we are hated more than ever; the very name of Christian is accursed.

As at Tangier, there are little bazars about four feet high, where the sellers, seated cross-legged in Oriental style, wait with indifference until the passers stop to buy at their stalls; they remain there, hieratic, like statues of potential sale: hours and days pass, and still they do not move; they pray. From one wall to the other over the streets is stretched trellis-work of reed canes covered with dry branches and foliage. The sun passes between this rough thatch, and spots with dashes of light the reddish ground and the yellowish *haïks*.

Here comes, in his tattered robe—a robe made of holes connected together by a few threads and a few patches—a beggar, a saint. In Morocco all those who have lost their reason are called holy men or saints. Madness is considered to be a sacred privilege which God gives to His elect, whose reason He is supposed to have kept in heaven, and who therefore pass through this life without understanding and without suffering. What sombre philosophy! This particular beggar is so thin that his bones may be discerned one by one beneath his calcined skin, which shines with a peculiar polish at the joints. It is a miracle that he lives. He walks about the streets slowly and with a savage air, and the little children crowd behind him to kiss the white banner that his feeble limbs can scarcely hold up.

XIII.

One evening, through the open door of a mosque, I saw the court-yard and the palm-tree which grows only in the interior of sacred houses. Around the central basin, which made, as it were, a black hole in the night, some men clad in white were stooping down and executing their evening ablutions, while in the background ran a row of arcades lighted with little suspended lanterns, forming a sort of belt of red twinkling stars. The Jews, as they pass before the door, take off their babouches and walk barefooted. Woe to the Jew whom a Mussulman catches in forgetfulness of this ancient mark of respect! In the towns where the mosques are numerous, in order to avoid the tiresome task of continually putting their babouches on and off, they carry them permanently under their arm instead of on their feet. Formerly this constant obligation was the rule. When the Emperor Soliman decreed that the Jews might walk in the streets without taking off their shoes, the Moors in their indignation massacred so great a number that the Jews begged the Sultan to revoke the decree, and of their own accord continued to carry their babouches under their left arm. In those days their condition was terrible. Even now they cannot bear witness in a court of law, and when they appear before a tribunal it is in the attitude of the condemned. They can only wear clothes of sombre colors; but they take their revenge by overloading their women with jewelry. They cannot marry without the authorization of the Emperor, they cannot own land within a town, and on the occasion of Mussulman fêtes they pay ransom. Every pretext is good for crushing them. In the East the spirit of the Middle Ages still prevails, and the Middle Ages would continue forever in this stationary country if European intervention did not from

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day to day modify this atavic legislation, and gradually render more endurable the existence of its victims. This, however, is true only as regards the coast; the interior of the country retains its inviolable customs. It must also be remarked that since the amelioration of their condition the Jews of Morocco seem to tend to abuse their privileges, and if they get still a little more emancipated they will become the veritable tyrants of the town. But whatever may be said or done, there is one thing that no influence will touch, one state of soul that no apparent modification will really alter: in the souls of these two races, whom so many customs and tendencies unite, hatred will abide, lively and immortal, in spite of everything—the old and indelible hatred of Isaac and Ishmael.

XIV.

This morning M. Tissot is to carry to the Sultan, on behalf of the President of the Republic, the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor. I shall see the man before whom trembles the whole race of one of the oldest peoples of the world, the Sultan in person, the Eldest Son of God, clothed in glory and power, a man more than royal and almost divine.

I have donned my dress clothes and my white cravat, and my gibbous hat towers above my head. This garb seems to me so ridiculous that I am ashamed of it for the sake of art, for the sake of my country, and above all for my own sake. Must I, then, appear thus masqueraded beneath the irony of the sun? And if there were only the sun to see me, it would not be so terrible, but there will be a whole nation to jeer at us!

My anticipation is being realized—we are a laughing-stock. The whole town is in a hubbub as we march through with our escort of infantry in red uniforms, of Janissaries attached to the legation, of interpreters and officers and all the official gala. My dress-coat is mingled with rose-colored caftans, and my tall hat rises with misplaced pride above turbans of spotless whiteness; around me ceremonial court swords clatter against Barbary yataghans, gold-striped trousers pass side by side with bare legs, and white gloved hands shake hands with black hands. The women, when they see me, hide behind pillars to give vent to their laughter without restraint, and the countenances of the men finally assume a smile of disdain and pity. Amongst the Moors black cloth is of an accursed color. Perhaps they take me for the public executioner.

Now we pass between ranks of troops. A strange army! Men of all ages—old men with white beards, boys of thirteen or even less, who wear red woollen mantles, or the yellow vests of Spanish dragoons, or the coat of the English soldier, or the blue sailor's jersey; at the extremity of their naked legs are lemon-colored babouches; their arms are rusty carbines, old guns with twisted bayonets, lances with tufts and streamers; their heads roll on their shoulders, and their feet move backward or forward as their fancy suggests, while those who feel inconvenienced by the sun draw their mantles over their heads. This easy and this familiar bearing, combined with the ferociousness of some of the faces, forms a very curious mixture.

We pass through the door, and we are now in the court-yard where the Sultan Sidi Mohammed is to receive us. It is a square court, which the oblique rays of the sun cut into two divisions of light and shadow. In the middle the crowd of courtiers is collected; ministers, officers, slaves, either Arabs or negroes, all dressed in white, are drawn up in two lines face to face. In the right-hand corner are the horses of the Sultan with their gold harness, each one held by a Moorish warrior, and a gala carriage formerly presented to the Sultan by Queen Victoria. In this carriage no one ever sat, and no horse was ever harnessed to it, but on the occasion of all official ceremonies it is dragged out as if it were a triumphal trophy. To the left is drawn up the private guard of the Emperor.

We dismounted, and the master of the ceremonies, himself but slightly ceremonious, armed with a staff, points out our places with a ferocious look, and beneath the blazing sun, in the torrent of light that plays on the burnoose, we wait in silence.

Suddenly the bronze gates re-echo with a shock, a flourish of trumpets is heard, the palace opens, and the Sultan appears, clad in white. He is mounted on a superb white horse with a green saddle and trappings, green being the color of the Emir. The instant the master appears the whole court bows to the ground, and, like a murmur at once humble and mar-

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tial, a clamor ever growing in strength, the cry rises, "May Allah protect our master!"

The Sultan advances toward us in his sacerdotal majesty; at his side walks a man who holds over the Emperor's head the parasol, symbol of command. This parasol, nearly ten feet high, is of amaranthine color, lined with blue silk, embroidered with gold, and surmounted by a gilded ball. The man who carries it from time to time lifts his eyes toward the all-mighty master whom he shelters, with an expression of religious dread, like that of a dog beneath the threat of the whip, and when he lowers his eyes and looks upon his own person he seems to admire himself, as if his soul venerated his body because that body is, as it were, an inherent part of the sacred thing with which rests the glory of furnishing shade for the brow of the Sultan.

Motionless in his green saddle and golden stirrups, the Emperor has stopped near M. Tissot, and looks straight before him. From time to time his eyes move and glance at us with rapid inspection; but in spite of the curiosity with which we feel that he is filled, his eyes never condescend to fix us directly. Sidi Mohammed and the ambassador exchange, through the organ of the interpreters, the usual compliments. When the Sultan speaks he contemplates attentively his horse's ears, as if the lesson that he repeats were written there. The courtiers, prostrate around him, drink the words that fall from his divine lips; and yet, divine as are those lips, Sidi Mohammed stammers. While the ears listen to him, the eyes of the assembly caress rather than contemplate him. Two Moors, awe-stricken by their holy task, drive away with their hands the flies that buzz around the royal babouches; another has the mission of passing his finger-tips every few minutes along the hem of the imperial burnoose, to drive away the desecrating air; while to another—and how many envy him!—is allotted the task of stroking and patting the Sultan's horse. In all eyes, in all hearts, you feel that there is an absolute devotion, a loving passion, a frenzy, a worship of this sexagenarian mulatto who is more than a man, more than a king—a god who deigns to live amongst them. He would only have to say one word, and every one of those fanatics would shed every drop of his blood gratefully and with ecstasy in order to satisfy a single one of his caprices.

M. Tissot handed to the Sultan's minister the case containing the grand cordon, and then presented each of us in turn. Each time that a name was pronounced with the accompanying title the Sultan cast upon us a rapid glance, furtive but kindly, and said, automatically, "*Marababickoum!*" (welcome! welcome!)

Suddenly the Emperor wheeled his horse round and rode toward the threshold of his palace. Then once more the trumpets flourished; ministers, generals, soldiers, slaves, all bowed to the ground; and again the cry arose, "May Allah protect our master!" And when the bronze gates were closed, the crowd rose from the ground and looked around with a remnant of alarm, as if still terror-stricken by what had taken place. After this the dignitaries came to us and lavished upon us marks of the liveliest affection, gesticulating and smiling, and pressing our hands to their hearts. They said to us: "How handsome he is, is he not? How great is our master! He is the divinity!" And evidently these men, who are not given to sincerity, and who lie with such facility when they talk to us, sincere in this present case, expressed only the thousandth part of their religious adoration.

XV.

A band of Aïssahouas has entered the town. Followers of the saint Sidi-Mohamed-ben-Aïssa, these sectarians are fanatics and workers of miracles, and somewhat related to the dervishes of India and Asia. Their religion manifests itself in cries of hatred, furious contortions, and terrible dances; they crush with their teeth iron and wood, swallow stones and burning coals, cauterize themselves with red-hot irons, and gash their flesh with poniards in presence of the religious admiration of the crowd which remains there, until by dint of sufferings, cries, and contortions they fall fainting and insensible. I saw one of these fanatics. He was accompanied by a few neophytes less saintly than himself, whose function was to make music while the saint danced. Two of these men played on a kind of reed flute which produced grave and melancholy sounds, while another beat the drum. The saint first of all danced; then he took an earthen pot which was empty, and which he showed

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to the spectators; he kept this pot in his arms while he continued dancing and whirling; then he stopped, and lifting the pot above his head, he called upon God; and when he put the pot to his lips it was full of water, and the water ran over the brim. "See!" he cried—"see the power of God! See His goodness for His elect who serve Him faithfully! Because I love Him, He rewards me! I am a holy man! I can cross the desert without fear; but if you try to cross it you will die of thirst, because you are not holy as I am!"

Then he began his vertiginous dancing around an osier basket which was placed on the ground, and suddenly plunging his left arm into the basket, he took out a superb serpent of the most venomous kind, which the natives call *leffah*. The saint handled the serpent, gave it the flesh of his arm to bite, and bit it himself. In the same way he took several other serpents, and all of them together clung to him, enlacing in their coils his legs and neck. The man was dripping with blood, his face rolling down with sweat, and white foam was gathering at the corners of his mouth. His body was covered with wounds, and still he kept on whirling and bounding round and round to the sound of the flutes and the drum. Then, in order to prove that his serpents were really venomous, he sent for a hen, which was bitten by one of the serpents, and died almost instantly. It sometimes happens that an imprudent spectator meets with the same fate as this hen. Immediately after this experiment the sermon began over again about God's protection and about the holiness of the Aïssahouas; then followed a collection to redeem the souls of those who gave. I threw a silver piece, and the saint thanked me with a torrent of abuse; and then, in order to refresh himself, he ate a rat. The whirling was resumed once more, and he whirled and whirled, till at last he fell fainting to the ground. And this is the man whom the people envy, the saint whom the cobras bite and who bites the cobras, the pasha who lives in gold between the axe and the dungeon.

As I was returning to the town I saw a head stuck up over one of the gates: the blood was coagulating and running into clots on the sand. Ah! wretched people, what pain it gives to see your life, and what pleasure to paint it!

A COMMERCIAL UNION.

BY DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

A PECULIAR train of trifling circumstances led to the union of those two old and respectable firms, Lambert & Barr, of New York, and McPherson & Co., of Rio de Janeiro. To give the facts as they were, we have to go back to a point in the life of two young persons.

The fourteenth day of February, 1852, had been cold and dreary, the dense, leaden sky threatening snow or rain—probably the former, since the temperature was low. Now at night there was a cold and damp air out-of-doors, that made foot-passengers uncomfortable. Yet the room in which a young couple sat in conversation, despite the air of faded gentility in its once handsome furniture, looked comfortable as well as warm. The talk of the two seemed so absorbing, and at last so exciting, that, had it been chilly there, the pair would have scarcely noticed it.

There was nothing particularly notable about the young people. He was young—probably twenty five or six; she, just budding into womanhood. The young man, who was over middle height, was fine-looking, and would have been handsome but for the extraordinary prominence of his large eyes. The girl, though small and slender, was undoubtedly pretty, though her features were not all regular, the small straight nose with its tremulous nostrils, the faultless mouth, being detracted from by heavy eyebrows, and a chin that was almost masculine, and had that squareness that is supposed to indicate firmness. The chin of the young man was of the opposite type, being round, feminine in its shape, and dimpled. The character of his mouth was hidden by a long, drooping mustache, which made him look older than he really was.

"You own that you care for me, and yet you will not marry me," said the young man, in a tone of voice that showed both vexation and perplexity.

"I don't see, Edmund, how we can afford to marry, even if we were free. You

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have only a thousand a year, and say you have three hundred put by. Three hundred dollars isn't much."

"Why, we can live off my salary, unless you want a large house and a lot of servants."

"You know it isn't that. But suppose you were to get out of a situation, and—"

"If that is not borrowing trouble, I don't know what is. You know that I am a favorite of Mr. Morris; you know my father was his intimate friend. He would sooner discharge old Perkins, our managing clerk, than he would me."

"But even if it were prudent to marry just now, I couldn't. I must look after mother, who is not able to take care of herself."

"She could live with us, Delia."

"She would not. If I left her, she would not fare well. The little annuity that she has, and which keeps us with comfort, and which dies with her, is not large enough to pay for a nurse and servant, and no nurse could replace me."

"There would be two of us to take care of her."

"It is idle to talk of it. Do not believe that my feelings have changed—I am only sorry that I was weak enough to let you know them; but we are both young, and we can afford to wait."

"I tell you what it is," cried Edmund Barmore, who had begun to lose temper, "you don't really care for me. If I had a hundred thousand dollars, you'd consent."

"You are unjust to me," said the girl, coolly. "However, I'll set you right this far. When you have a thousand dollars—always provided mother's health is such that she can spare me, I won't say you nay. When you *do* have a hundred thousand dollars," laughingly added Delia, "let me know it, and I'll ask you. But now, to be serious, I can't leave mother to a stranger's care, and you ought to despise me if I could or did."

"Delia Trescott!" cried Barmore, rising in his anger, "I love you—I never shall cease to love you; I shall never marry another so long as you are single; but I shall not waste my life in a fruitless suit. We had better part, and part forever."

The tears fell over the cheeks of the young girl, and she instinctively grasped her lover's hand. His heart melted, and he said: "Give me hope, then, Delia. Fix some time, even if it be a year—"

"When my mother gets well—" began Delia.

But she had no chance to finish the sentence, for the young man, flinging off her hand indignantly, rushed from the room.

Edmund, seeing no one that he met, speedily found his way home, where there was a note from Mr. Morris, requesting him to call at his house that night. Wondering why he was wanted there diverted the current of his thoughts, and it was not long before he stood at Morris's door, and was admitted to the house.

The old merchant, who was seated at a table covered with books and papers, wheeled around on his chair, and without rising confronted him.

"Sit down, Edmund," said he; "I want to talk with you."

The young man obeyed his senior mechanically, and wondered what was coming.

"I am under great obligations to your father, my boy," said Morris, "as I have told you once before. When we were young men together—he rich and I poor, he gave me a start in life, and I never forgot it. When he died, and his estate was found to have been ruined through his own generous heart and confiding nature, I made you a place here. I had intended when you had undergone a little more service to have taken you into the firm; and Robertson had agreed to it."

"Thank you, Mr. Morris."

"That was my intention; but it has become impossible."

"I am sure, sir, that I have tried to do my duty."

"So you have, Edmund—so you have, and have succeeded. The firm is satisfied with you. Lacking a little at times in decision, you have every other quality that goes to make up a successful business man. But we have met with several severe losses lately. I trust—in fact, I have confidence—that we shall realize the greater part of these debts; but they are heavy, and not reaching them now has seriously embarrassed us. We have struggled on for months, and only get deeper in. I might call our creditors together and get an extension; but, after a close examination of our affairs, I have come to the conclusion that we had better wind up the business. Robertson concurs with me. It will leave us not much, but something—my share enough for Mrs. Morris and myself to live on. I am very old, somewhat

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infirm, and don't propose to make my short remnant of life miserable. And now about you. Jobson has saved something, and is going into the retail trade. The rest of our people can get situations, I know. But your future must be looked after. Do you know anything of the Portuguese language?"

"No, sir. You know I speak and write Spanish, as well as French and German; but I know nothing of Portuguese."

"It's the first cousin to the Spanish, and you can easily learn it when it is spoken all around you. It is your knowledge of German that is wanted mainly. You know Lambert & Barr, in New York?"

"I know of them, sir. We get our coffee mainly there. Great men in the Brazilian trade."

"A great man rather, Edmund. Lambert has been dead these ten years, and Barr is all there is of the firm, though he trades under the old name. Well, he has a correspondent in Rio, Manuel da Cunha, who does a big business with him—furnishes all the planters there with American goods, machinery, and so on. The clerk is not wanted by Da Cunha, either, but a friend of his, McPherson, whose trade lies mainly with England and Germany. McPherson is an old Scotchman, cautious, cool, and very rich. He wants a letter clerk who speaks and writes French and German—particularly German. His last man, a countryman of his own, did something, I don't know what; but old Mac swears he won't have a Scotchman again. He wants an American, and Da Cunha asks Barr to send a man that can be well vouched for. I was in New York on Friday. Barr mentioned the matter to me, and I recommended you. The place is open for you, if you'll take it. What do you say? Do you want time to consider?"

"Not a minute, if the salary is all right."

"Twice what you get here—two thousand dollars, and your board in, for the place is a confidential one, and McPherson, who keeps a fine establishment, wants you to live with him. If you please him, you'll get on."

"I'll take it, sir. When am I to go?"

"That is the trouble This is Wednesday, and a ship sails from New York on Saturday. Then there won't be another for a month."

"I can be ready to leave here by tomorrow afternoon."

"That is prompt enough. I'll telegraph if you say so."

"If you please."

The result of it all was that young Barmore sailed on Saturday for Rio de Janeiro. He could not trust himself to a parting interview with Delia, but sent a curt note of farewell. His resentment was still at its height.

Edmund Barmore had no cause to regret his entrance into the service of McPherson. The old man was a crusty, crabbed fellow, as people said, and at first rather exacting in his demands for work. Edmund had as much correspondence as he could attend to. Archibald McPherson's trade was large. He had dealings with a number of planters and others in the interior, and exported a large amount of coffee, drugs, dyes, and native woods, bringing back manufactured articles from England and Germany. Edmund, in conjunction with a young Brazilian, gradually assumed control of the management of the foreign trade, as well as of the correspondence. McPherson was quite old, and when he could escape from the counting-room, would go over to chat with Da Cunha, who was equally old, and both seemed making a slow but steady race to death. Edmund soon picked up enough Portuguese to enable him to talk to the Brazilians, and made some desirable acquaintances, though he had no time for society. McPherson seemed satisfied with him, though he showed very little of it, confining his civility to dry words on business matters. Still Edmund was satisfied, especially as the old Scotchman increased his salary during the second year. Edmund saved a large portion of his income, for he had few expenses, and this fact, which was soon known, raised him more in McPherson's estimation than anything else.

Young Barmore soon learned the history of both McPherson and his friend Da Cunha. The former had come to Rio nearly fifty years before, a young man little over twenty, and obtained employment in the house of a countryman of his own. His keenness, quickness, and honesty won his employer's confidence, and so he was enabled to climb until at thirty-one he was taken in by Muirhead as junior partner, and was married to Miss Muirhead, an only daughter. As the lady was by no means a beauty, the match was

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thought to be one of interest on his part; but when in little more than a year the wife died in child-birth, and the infant she had brought into the world only survived her a week, the continued grief of McPherson showed that he had really loved his gaunt and hard-featured, but good-tempered and affectionate, companion. He never married again, though there were many well-dowered Brazilian damsels not averse to the prospect of wedding the rising merchant. He devoted himself closely to business, and gradually assumed entire control of affairs, for Muirhead grew feeble after his daughter's death, and left everything to the management of his partner. At length Muirhead died, and, beyond a few legacies to distant kinsfolk, left his property to his son-in-law, who added to it year after year.

Da Cunha was as singular, in a different way, as his friend McPherson. He was a stout little man, with very dark skin, and thick white hair and a white mustache, which made the dark skin and black eyes look darker by contrast. He allowed no one to manage his extensive business. He was the largest exporter of coffee, which he sent to the United States, from whence he brought back coarse cottons, machinery for the plantations, and other American manufactures. He had a son, Antonio, but the young man had no love for business, and had a large fortune of his own, left by a granduncle in Portugal. The young man rarely came to town, living in a handsome mansion a few miles from town. Edmund knew him by sight, and no more. With the father the young American was a favorite, and he used often to tell McPherson that when he grew tired of Edmund he should send him to Da Cunha's counting-room, where Da Cunha would make his fortune.

About a year after Barmore had arrived he wrote to Morris, and asked him to inquire about Delia Trescott and her mother. In due time he received an answer that Mrs. Trescott was dead, and that Delia had left Buffalo, but no one knew where she had gone to. The next steam-ship brought word of Morris's death. Other letters to different parties gained no farther information about Delia. Though he had parted from the girl forever, Edmund was fretted at this mysterious disappearance. It wore off after a time; but at intervals the face of Delia Trescott would look up from some letter-book or invoice and seriously interfere with the business in hand.

An adventure that befell Edmund about eighteen months after his arrival at Rio gained him a new friend. He had ridden on horseback one Sunday afternoon —the only time he had for exercise, since he never missed his Sunday morning church service—and had made his way about ten miles from the city. Seduced by the beauty of the scenery, he had gone farther than he intended, and through various by-paths, and it was nearly dark when he turned for home. Finally he lost his way, and satisfied that he had turned down a wrong path, fastened his horse to a tree, and climbed to an adjoining eminence to get a glimpse of the situation. The view was not clear, and he was about to turn, when he noticed two men stealing along through the undergrowth. Suspecting from their manner that they had some evil design, he watched them, and then observed a gentleman a slight distance ahead, who was strolling along apparently absorbed in thought. Edmund had the American fashion of going armed in a strange place, and removing his revolver from a side pocket, strode noiselessly after the ruffians. He was just in time, reaching them as they were about to throw themselves upon their proposed victim. They turned as he came up, but the sight of the pistol made them pause, and the next moment they took to flight. The gentleman came forward to thank him, and proved to be Antonio da Cunha. The latter, after thanking him for his service, told him that he recognized the fellows for two notorious scoundrels, and intimated that their attack was less for plunder than through malice, since he had some years before been instrumental in their conviction and punishment. He then guided Edmund and his horse to his mansion near by, and when the latter would not remain, sent two of his trusty servants to conduct him to the high-road.

Thus began an intimacy between the young men, and introduced Edmund to a class of acquaintances he was not likely to make as a clerk in a mercantile house, and the friendship so acquired was never shaken during his residence in Brazil.

Between three and four years after, Manuel da Cunha died. His son took charge of his large business for the purpose of closing it, having no taste for trade. He

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offered to give the good-will to Barmore and to lend him some capital, but the latter hesitated, and then declined.

But the grateful Da Cunha was not to be baffled. McPherson suddenly offered Barmore a partnership, which, of course, he gladly accepted; and he soon learned that the moving cause, and probably the secret consideration, was the transfer of the immense American business of Da Cunha to the new house of McPherson & Co. Edmund wrote a full account to friends at home of his good fortune, and made renewed efforts to trace up Delia Trescott; but these were abortive.

In looking over the back correspondence of the house, Antonio discovered a letter, dated more than two years back, from Lambert & Barr, New York, with whom they transacted the largest business. He showed this to Edmund, and called his attention to the following passage:

"You would oblige our firm very much by keeping an eye upon Edmund Barmore, who is in the employ of Archibald McPherson, of your place. Should anything befall this young man, inform us promptly. Should he need money at any time, let him have credit to an amount not exceeding ten thousand dollars, and draw upon us at sight for the amount so advanced. Keep us advised of his progress, whether fortunate or otherwise, and particularly of the state of his health."

This singular interest in him puzzled Barmore exceedingly.

"I can't see why Barr should do this," he said to Antonio.

"It isn't Barr at all," replied the other. "Didn't you know he was dead?"

"No."

"Well, he is; died about two years—or may be more—ago. Must have died months before this letter. Somebody else has taken his place in the firm, and keeps up the trade name."

"That I don't know. I suppose we can find out by inquiry."

A sudden light came upon Edmund's mind. Morris's partner, Robertson, had resumed business, but in New York. He believed that Morris's protecting hand had, through the survivor of the firm, reached him from the grave, and he felt a renewed feeling of regard for the memory of his father's old friend.

So time passed on. In the fifth year, McPherson, so thoroughly acclimated by years, was carried off by yellow-fever, while Edmund Barmore, attacked by the same disease, survived.

When the will of McPherson was read it was found that he had bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to found an asylum for foundlings in his native town. The business, with a moderate amount of money, was left to his partner, with the request that the firm name should be used in the transaction of affairs.

Barmore felicitated himself on his good fortune. There was no change, the management having been in his hands for nearly two years. Amid all, however, the thought of Delia would come up. Certainly he had money enough to satisfy even her; but where was she? Was she married, or still single? Was she alive? If alive, had she forgotten him? He wrote again to make inquiries, but was at fault in his search. She seemed to have entirely disappeared. He kept on at his business, however, and prospered. Never did the house of McPherson seem to be stronger, not even when its founder had died leaving millions behind.

There are numerous quicksands, however, in the path of commercial enterprise, and our young merchant found it so. The first year and more of Barmore's operations were successful. The profits were large, and it seemed as though the fortunate successor of the quiet Scotchman would eclipse him. A change came. The heaviest customers were the coffee planters, who had made large purchases of American goods, at the customary year's credit, looking to pay them with a part of the coffee crop. At the beginning of the season some *savant*, having nothing better to do, noticed a peculiarity about the coffee-trees, and announced in one of the local journals that there was some impending mysterious disease. He was well laughed at for his pains. But when the blossoms fell off or proved abortive, and the crop for the year was a failure, the laugh became sardonic. The results were disastrous, not only to the growers, but their creditors. The house of McPherson & Co., with its heavy importations based on the year's crop, found its debtors unable to pay for past goods or to purchase new. Barmore was seriously embarrassed. His credit stood well enough at home. His obligations there were not heavy. But his greatest creditors were Lambert & Barr. Unless they could be kept off it

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looked as though the house must go under.

Necessity made Barmore decided. He examined his affairs carefully, and drew up a minute statement of his debts, liabilities, and probable resources. This he transmitted to New York with a letter to Lambert & Barr, in which he stated that he had no doubt, with a year's extension, he would be enabled to settle every obligation; but, if pressed, the result might be disastrous to their interests as well as his own. He closed by craving their indulgence. This letter being despatched to its address, he awaited the answer with some misgivings.

It was while daily expecting a reply to this letter that Da Cunha, who had just returned from a visit to Portugal, called to see him. The warm-hearted Antonio was struck by the haggard look of Edmund, and by dexterous questioning discovered that he was laboring under financial embarrassment. He laughed.

"Barmore," he said, "you know I am ready to assist you. I can raise a hundred thousand dollars, if you need it, and I have scarcely to assure you that the loan is at your service."

"My dear friend," replied the other, pressing his hand, "this is like you; but it would only be lost, unless I can get Lambert & Barr to forbear."

He then showed Da Cunha a copy of the letter he had written, and of the detailed statement of his concerns which he had sent with it. As they were engaged in this, letters were brought in, and one of these, with familiar handwriting, and postmarked New York, Edmund took in hand, and feared to open.

"It is from Lambert & Barr," he said, faintly.

"Open and read it, man," said Da Cunha, impulsively.

Barmore tore it open at once, and read as follows, omitting the date:

"*McPherson & Co., Rio de Janeiro:*

"GENTLEMEN,—Your esteemed favor of April 20th received, and contents duly noted. The statement enclosed has been carefully examined, and the proposition appended thoroughly considered. The extension of time requested will be granted, but I am desired to state on the part of the firm that they are of opinion that you will not be able to properly maintain your credit nor re-establish your affairs without some additional cash in hand. We therefore enclose a draft for one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000) on Bastos & Curvo, bankers, Rio de Janeiro, in favor of your house, the receipt of which you will please acknowledge. Hoping for a continuation of the connection between the two houses, we remain,

"Your obedient servants,

"LAMBERT & BARR,

"per A. G. RICHARDS."

"Well, what do they say?" inquired Da Cunha at length, for Barmore sat there, somewhat dazed, after having read the letter through a second time, to be quite sure he had mastered its meaning.

The young merchant handed the letter, without speaking, to his friend, who read it with interest.

"By St. Benoit!" he exclaimed, "you *are* lucky! This will pull you through rarely."

"If I accept," said Barmore, doubtfully.

"If you accept! Of course you will. Why not? You are in favor with Barr, or rather with Barr's successor. You remember the letter he wrote us about you years ago?"

"Very well."

"You see he keeps up the interest. Accept it. You would treat him badly if you did not."

"I believe I can repay it, though I am not sure that I want all of it. Relieved of the pressure of Lambert & Barr's claims, I can manage the rest. But it astonishes me. No security demanded—a personal loan—given without asking. It is unprecedented, and I can't understand it."

"It is not necessary that you should. All you have to do is to acknowledge the receipt, thank them for it, and drive business to success. Affairs are brightening just now."

"I know it, and think I see my way clear."

"You ought to. You'll do well enough now, no fear. You must push on, make a fortune, and then follow my example."

"Get out of business?"

"No: you'd never be happy then. But marry."

"I shall never marry, certainly."

"Ho! ho! Some old love affair rankling. What is that proverb I heard one of your Yankee shipmates quote?—'There are as good fish in the sea as ever were

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caught.' Console yourself with another, and forget the first. Our Brazilian girls make good wives."

Barmore changed the subject, and there that matter dropped.

The draft was of great service, for Barmore was enabled to secure a large part of the coming crop, the trees having recovered their fertility, on favorable terms, by means of judicious advances. The fortunes of the house were readily re-established, and the amount of the draft itself, multiplied fivefold by rumor, gave its holder unlimited credit. His debtors in time were nearly all able to pay principal and interest, and did pay.

This prosperity continued without check, the tide turned the other way, and the house of McPherson & Co. was not only able to cancel its obligations, so far as debts went, to its New York correspondent, but to return the amount of the draft. Barmore often thought of his unknown benefactor, and was desirous to express his thanks in person. He had a renewed and intense desire also to learn the fate of Delia Trescott. This last longing became at length intolerable.

So it happened that seven years after he had left Buffalo he placed his business in the hands of his managing man, leaving Da Cunha to keep an eye over him, and took passage to the United States.

It was nearly dark when Barmore arrived at New York and took a hack for the St. Nicholas. At the hotel he found the address of Richards in the directory, and sent him a note requesting him to inform the "head of the house" that he would call at the counting-room on the following day. As he wrote the date he was struck by it.

"The 13th of February!" he said. "Tomorrow will be seven years since I parted with Delia. Where is she, I wonder? Has she forgotten me?"

Next morning at breakfast he received a note from Richards, the head clerk, informing him that the "head of the house" would be glad to see him at their counting-room at the hour he had named.

At half past ten Barmore was in Water Street, and on giving his name was introduced to Richards, an old but tough and keen-looking man, who examined him, as the young man felt, rather curiously.

"I am very glad to see you, sir, and I hope you will enjoy your visit."

"Thank you, Mr. Richards. I hope so. Can I see Mr.—Mr.—I really do not know the name of Mr. Barr's successor."

"This way, if you please, Mr. Barmore, to the rear counting-room. But the head of the firm of Lambert & Barr is not a Mr. at all. Lambert & Barr, for nearly six years, has been a lady. Let me show you the way. She will be glad to see you."

"A lady!"

"Yes, sir. Take care of those coffee bags. They are samples, not yet shifted to their proper places—taken from your last cargo. Yes, sir, she is. Here we are, sir."

Throwing open the door, he announced, "Mr. Barmore, of McPherson & Co., Rio," and then retired, closing the door after him.

There was a comfortable fire in the grate. Standing before this was a slender little woman in a plain black silk, with her bonnet on and her veil down. She was apparently old, for her figure drooped, and she visibly trembled.

As she did not speak or advance, Barmore felt somewhat embarrassed.

"I beg pardon, madam," he said, "but I have the pleasure of addressing—"

"The head of the house of Lambert & Barr, Mr. Barmore. Pray be seated."

The tones were husky and unsteady. "Decidedly she *is* old," thought Barmore, as the lady sank heavily into a chair. He mustered courage to go on:

"I have called, madam, to pay my respects to the firm, and to thank it—to thank you, madam—for the essential service rendered me at a very critical period of my fortunes—a service it is impossible to overrate."

The lady bowed her head, but did not remove her veil.

"Hang it!" ejaculated Barmore to himself, "she must be horribly old and ugly, or she'd uncover." Then he said, aloud, "I scarcely need to assure you that although I am not aware why I received so much kindness, I am not the less grateful."

Another pause. Presently the lady herself broke it.

"Did Mrs. Barmore accompany you on your visit, sir?"

"There is no Mrs. Barmore, madam. At least I have no wife. May I ask what led you to suppose I was married?"

"I inferred as much—at least Miss Trescott—"

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"Miss Trescott!—Delia! Do you know her? Is she not married?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Where—where can I find her?"

"She is not far to seek," said the lady, laughing, and removing her veil.

"Delia! You?"

"There is nothing surprising in it, after all. My mother was the late Mr. Barr's second cousin, and she and I the only relatives he had. We had no intercourse with him, but he left us his property. Rather he left it to mother, who died a week before him, and I succeeded. There was a condition that the business was to be continued under the old name for at least ten years."

"And yet Morris wrote to me that he knew nothing of your whereabouts."

"That was true at the time he received your letter. He knew afterward, but I requested him not to let you know, for reasons of my own. I suppose he would not have kept the secret had he lived."

"And you were the good angel who saved me?"

"As to the angel, thank you; but I was not so selfish as you once thought me."

"I never thought you selfish, Delia, but—"

It is not necessary to repeat the conversation to its inevitable conclusion. Two months afterward Barmore led a lady ashore at Rio. Da Cunha was there as they landed.

"This is my friend Senhor Da Cunha," said Barmore to his wife. "Antonio, Mrs. Barmore was the successor to Barr, but now, you see, the houses of McPherson & Co. and Lambert & Barr have been consolidated."

GABIONS OF ABBOTSFORD.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENT.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

INTRODUCTION.

THOSE who are familiar with Mr. Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott* will recollect the mournful allusions which occur under date 1830–2 to the works which occupied these the last years of his life. Among them special mention is made of the "Reliquiæ Trottcosienses;* or, Catalogue of the Gabions of the late Jonathan Oldbuck." Under this thin disguise we recognize the description of Sir Walter's own curiosities, a labor of love, planned by him in happier days, but which the press of graver work had deferred till now. Mr. Lockhart tells us how during a visit to Abbotsford in September, 1830, Mr. Cadell, with tender considerateness, urged Sir Walter to occupy himself with the "Reliquiæ," hoping in this way to persuade him to rest from the work which was too surely undermining his strength. Sir Walter consented, and threw himself into the congenial occupation with his old ardor; but before long, unfortunately, he felt impelled to resume the labors that had become to him a duty and a necessity, and the catalogue was abandoned.

* So called in reference to the monastery of Trottcosey, to which the site occupied by the Antiquary's mansion originally belonged.

The MS. we possess is therefore but a fragment, and the interest which it bears for us only enhances our regret when we think of the many things Sir Walter might have told us, and which now we can never know, regarding his treasures.

I now place before the reader, however, the account of the interior of Abbotsford as it stands, in the belief that Sir Walter's own words regarding his rooms and the curiosities they contain, however brief, will be welcomed by many, and in particular by those who visit Abbotsford.

The title by which Sir Walter chose to designate his collection seems to us to be only another link added to many which serve to connect him with one of his favorite creations. No one, indeed, can fail to be struck with the similarity of Sir Walter's tastes with those of the Antiquary, and in reading the novel we are irresistibly drawn to perceive the humorous hits made by the author at his own antiquarian zeal. While some of the shelves of the Abbotsford library might well have been filled by the Antiquary himself, we believe that the description of the Monkbarns *sanctum* was also in part taken from Sir Walter's study, though we may

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feel assured that *his* "womenkind," not to speak of brooms and dusters, met with a more agreeable welcome than was afforded them by Oldbuck.

The term *gabion* needs perhaps some explanation, and as it does not appear that this curious word ever served as a text for the Antiquary's homilies to Lovel on such subjects, we must content ourselves with Sir Walter's brief interpretation of the word as signifying "curiosities of small intrinsic value, whether rare books, antiquities, or small articles of the fine or of the useful arts."

In conclusion I may be permitted to add that it is a pleasure to me to aid in publishing these papers, not only because they illustrate so happily Sir Walter's favorite tastes and pursuits, but also for the reason that they realize in a manner an old childish dream with which perhaps some of my readers may sympathize—that intense desire, namely, that the familiar figures in armor, the cuirasses, swords, and other more peaceful relics, would speak and relate the grim fights or gay gatherings they had witnessed.

MARY MONICA MAXWELL SCOTT.

I.

The visitor enters the hall through a stone porch flanked by two towers, and—to compare small things with great—the plan of which has been taken from Linlithgow Palace, by the ascent from the town of Linlithgow. The hall is of a good size, and, so far as coloring is concerned, it is fitted up in a pleasing and uniform tone. The walls from the floor to the height of 8 feet are panelled with black oak which was once the panelling of the pews belonging to the church of Dunfermline, so famous as containing the sepulchre of the Scottish heroic commander Robert Bruce. In this panelling are inserted many pieces of carved oak of the same work. The west side of the hall is furnished with long windows, which are filled with painted glass representing the arms of different families of the name of Scott. Of those we need only observe that the only point common to all of them, from the Duke of Buccleugh's to the smallest esquire of that numerous clan, is the fillet *or* upon a band *azure*. They almost all bear the two mullets and a crescent *or*. But as this band belongs to the Murdeston family in particular, the Scotts of Harden carry the mullets and crescent *azure* on a field *or*, and the branches derived from that stem of the family carry the mullet and crescent *azure* on a field *or*. The ceiling of the hall is about 16 feet high, is vaulted and ribbed, and decorated with a line of escutcheons going round both sides of the hall, with the following inscription in black-letter:

These be the Coat Armouries of ye Clannis and men of name quha keepit the Scottish Marches in ye days of auld. They were worthie in their tyme, and in their defens, God thaim defended.

The name of each one is above the proper escutcheon. The number is eighteen, but whether this number is quite correct or not it is difficult to decide.

There is also a large range of shields running east and west along the top of this hall, understood to be the various escutcheons belonging to the proprietor, and it is worthy of notice that three of the eighteen ancestors are omitted, the escutcheons being filled with clouds, with the inscription *Premit nox alta*, by which it is intimated that the family estate of the Rutherfords of Hunt Hill having passed out of the family, no clew is left by which their alliances can be ascertained, and the person concerned has boldly avowed the fact. As there is no likelihood of any of his children standing for a canonry of Strasburg, the damage is the less irreparable. Having said so much as to the propriety of the introduction of this blazonry upon principle, we may add that in point of taste the splendid tinctures of heraldry mix up in very pleasing correspondence with the dark brown color of the carved oak panelling, which has here been brought to a deep complexion. Even the side on which the windows admit the light through the storied panes bears a pleasing uniformity with the tints predominating on the whole.

We may also notice the ingenuity of a collector in the use which has been made of the carved wood already mentioned. On the right side of the hall the close observer is aware of two species of presses, or cupboards, formed of the same carved wood as the rest of the panelling. The visitor is rather astonished, and if a very strict Presbyterian perhaps a little shocked, on being informed that these presses are, or rather were, the pulpit and precentor's desk of Mr. Ebenezer Erskine, upon whom descended the New Light, which fructified

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so well that he became the venerable father of the Scottish Associated Synod of Nonjurors, otherwise termed the Burgher Seceders. But I may safely disclaim all irreverence toward Master Ebenezer Erskine and his followers, many of whom I have myself known as personally very excellent men. The idea that pulpit and precentor's desk are *inter res sacres* is in no sense Presbyterian, although such an idea may prevail in the High-Church of England, and is one of the doctrines with which Jack sometimes upbraids Father Martin as being directly derived from the heresies of Father Peter. But with Jack himself the maxim is held unchallengeable that a church when there is no service in it is but a heap of stones and mortar, a pulpit a collection of planks of a peculiar shape, *et sic de ceteris*. For my own part, I can see no harm in applying Ebenezer Erskine's pulpit and precentor's box to the purpose of keeping a few bottles of wine cool in hot weather, when we sometimes, for the sake of taking our family meal *al fresco*, make use of the hall instead of our dining-room. It is true that the ancient panelling may upon such an occasion hear a Jacobite rant to which it was not accustomed in the good days of Master Ebenezer. But we are not afraid of disturbing his kindly spirit by such orgies.

From the line formed by the armories of the ancient border clans to that where the carved panelling is terminated by a sort of festoon extends a space about four feet high, not panelled with Dunfermline wood, but with strong fir deals, painted the color of oak. This is easily penetrated with nails or hooks of iron, and the space is reserved for the occupation of such gabions as their size and character recommend to this situation. They are generally arms, both Gothic and modern, offensive and defensive, together with the spoils of wild animals, mineralogical specimens, and other articles which will claim the dignity of more particular mention.

The massive chimney-piece of this hall with the works of the chisel does great honor to the execution of an artist from Darnick, who modelled them in freestone from what is called the Abbot's Seat in the cloister of Melrose. The chimney grate inserted under this ancient arch was the property of the celebrated and unfortunate James Sharp, created Primate of Scotland on the revival of the prelacy after the Restoration. The prelates of the old Scottish Church and a Presbyterian of the original leaven would give very different interpretations of the emblems which can be traced upon his chimney grate. The motto is "*Fides dona spernit*," illustrated by the figure of a muffled man; that is, a ruffian having his cloak so closely wrapped about him as to disguise his features, who is offering to bribe with meat a mastiff dog, which sturdily rejects the temptation. On the hearth before the grate is placed a bronze pot of the largest size, which was found about twenty years since in the domain of Riddle, in Roxburghshire. It happened that the house-maid, with unnecessary prodigality of domestic labor, had bestowed on the bronze pot several coatings of black-lead when she was burnishing the utensils of the kitchen with that substance. It chanced at a sale of household goods by auction that the present proprietor and a gentleman of rank in the neighborhood were contending with emulation for the possession of what they well knew, especially from its size, was a gabion of great merit. This produced no little amazement among the uninitiated, of whom there were a considerable number present, when an old woman, after a long look at the countenance first of one bidder and then of the other, at length ejaculated with a sigh, when the contest was over: "Heigh, sirs, the foundry wark must be sair up in Edinburgh, to see the great folk bidding that gait about a kale pot!" "Aweel," she added, in a tone of submission, "it's needless for me to wait for the frying pan if the kale pot is gaun to gae off for a' thae guineas." With which declaration the good lady left the auction.

The eastern end of this room is fashioned into two niches modelled in plaster of Paris from those splendid sculptured niches which formerly held the saints and apostles of the Abbey of Melrose. These niches are each of them occupied by what is very rarely seen in Scotland, namely, a complete suit of feudal steel armor. The one was designed for a French knight, one of the gendarmes of the Middle Ages. He must have been a man considerably under the middle size, and the suit of armor exhibits one peculiarity which will be interesting to students of the learned Dr. Meyrick.* The shield, which is very rarely the companion of

* *Critical Enquiry into Ancient Armour.* Sir S. R. Meyrick. Lond., 1824.

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the suit of armor, is not only present in this case, but secured in an unusual manner by nails with large screw heads, instead of being hung round the neck, as was common during "a career," the hands being thus left free, the right to manage the lance, the left to hold the horse's bridle. To complete this suit of armor a lance is placed in one hand exactly after the measure of one in Dr. Meyrick's collection. In the other hand is a drawn sword, which is carved over with writing, and contrived so as to keep a record of the days of the Catholic saints. In a word, it is a calendar to direct the good knight's devotions. The other suit of armor, which is also complete in all its parts, was said when it came into my possession to have belonged to a knight that took arms upon Richmond's side at the field of Bosworth, and died, I think, of his wounds there. If one were disposed to give him a name, the size of his armor might suggest that he was Sir John Cheney, the biggest man of both armies on that memorable day. I venture to think—for I feel myself gliding into the prosy style of an antiquarian, disposed, in sailor phrase, to spin a tough yarn—I venture to think that the calendar placed in the hand of the little French knight originally belonged to the gigantic warrior of Bosworth Field. I imagine it was withdrawn for the purpose of supplying its place with a noble specimen of the sword of the Swiss mountaineers—a sword nearly six feet in length, and wielded with both hands. This we must consider as the *gladius militis levis armaturæ*, or the sword of the light-armed soldier. It was with such weapons that men in old times fought at barriers, or passes in the natural straits of a mountainous country, or upon the breach of a defended castle. They are found mentioned in the wars of Switzerland and in the feuds of the Scottish clans. The Scottish poet Barbour gives a most interesting account of the successful defence made by his hero against the vassals of John of Lorne, three of whom, armed with these dreadful weapons, attacked the monarch at once after the rout of Dalry, and were all slain by him.*

There are several swords of the kind in my small collection, as I may afterward call upon the reader to observe; but none of them are like that placed in the grasp of the warrior of Bosworth, which, to speak the truth, may match even with the tremendous blade of the *Castle of Otranto*. I am, however, infringing on my order, such as it is, in anticipating what I have to say upon my gabions before going through the account of the apartments. Before I quit the hall I ought to say that the end on the west or left side of the entrance is garnished with spoils from the field of Waterloo, where I collected them in person very shortly after that memorable action. There are two or three cuirasses, both of brass and steel. The cuirasses of the former metal have become very rare, because they were at once knocked to pieces by the peasantry, who could sell the copper of which they were made at so much a pound. The belts, swords, and axes of the train are also come to anchor in this whimsical place. The caps of the Polish lancers, whose love of liberty never seems to have prevented them from being the foremost to rivet their own chains and those of any other country, are also here.

At the same end of the hall with the relics of Waterloo are stationed in niches casts of two of the few saints whose images Melrose continues to exhibit. These are the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, which still look down from the ruined walls of the chancel. The former apostle bears his keys, while the other disciple has that "two-handed engine," as Milton calls it, with which he is supposed to have maintained the discipline of the Church, and is said to have suffered his own martyrdom. In the centre of this end of the hall occur two specimens, in most beautiful preservation, which will be valuable to naturalists. The uppermost is a noble pair of stag's horns found at a place called Doorpool, belonging to the estate of Abbot Rule. My friend the late Robert Shortreid, Esq.,* to whom I was obliged for this curiosity, assures me that the creature was found at no great distance from the surface. The skeleton must have

* "Thai saw on syd thre men cummand,
Lik to lycht men and wanerand.
Swerdis thai had, and axys als," etc., etc.
—BARBOUR. "The Bruce." Book V., v. 410.

* Mr. Shortreid, as may be remembered, often accompanied Sir Walter in his expeditions into Liddesdale. During the first of these "raids," as Sir Walter delighted to call them, they spent the first night at a farm-house, which, according to Mr. Shortreid, was the original of the charming "Charlie's Hope" of *Guy Mannering*. The gentlemen also captured during their wanderings the large border warhorn which now hangs in the hall at Abbotsford.

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stood nearly seven feet high, and not a bone of it was wanting. I have learned from one whose private regard I could fully estimate, however imperfectly I was able to comprehend the extent of his scientific knowledge—I have learned, I say, from Sir Humphry Davy that these remains must have belonged to an animal now extinct, since its immense antlers are partly palmated like those of the oak and fallow deer, and partly branched like those of the red deer. Beneath the antlers of this species of stag are nailed the horns of the wild cattle of this country described by our old historians. Their remains are very often found with the antlers of stags of former days. These cattle were said to have an incurable aversion to the human race, refusing to accept food from them, pining to death if reduced to captivity, and abhorring to feed upon grass or branches that men had handled or trodden upon. About a century since this very shy breed of animals was said to be preserved as an object of chase at three places in Scotland — Drumlanrig, Cumbernauld, and Hamilton Palace. I myself have seen them long since at Drumlanrig, and also at Chillingham, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville, near the village of Wooler. The present relic is, I think, of many which I have seen and some which I possess, by far the largest, except one in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh and Queensbury.

II.

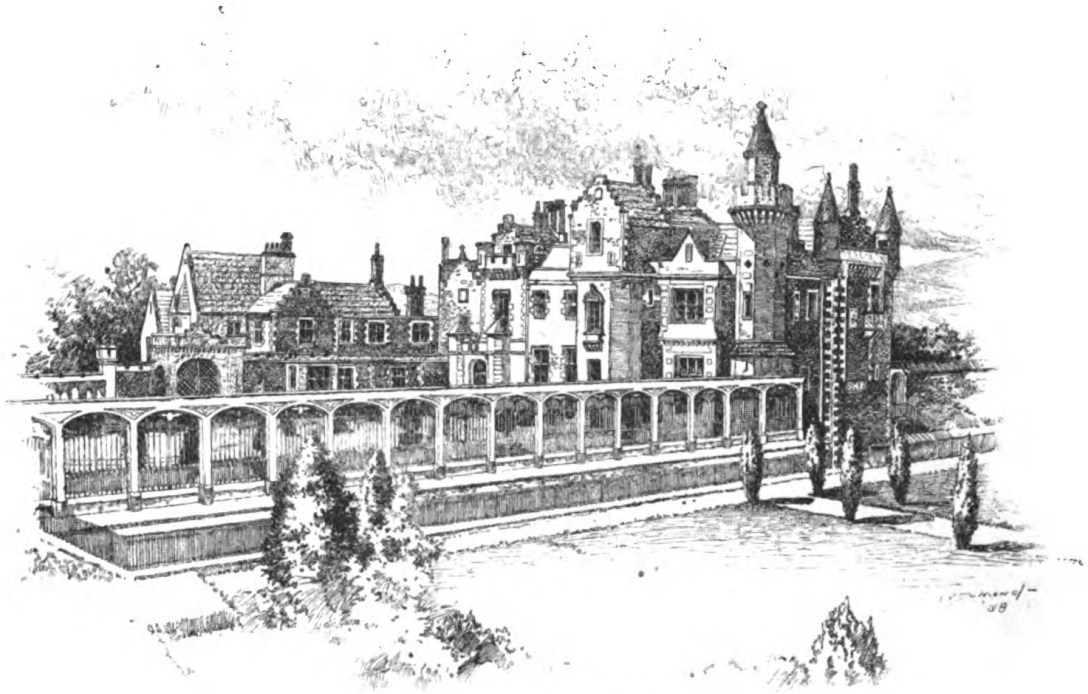
Proceeding to notice the various apartments in the Babylon which we have built, the most important certainly in point of size and in point of utility is the library. Two rooms of different dimensions are dedicated to books, both in the eastern end of the house and communicating with each other, while each has a separate entrance to the hall. The largest of these apartments is a library proper; that is, a room dedicated to the preservation of books, whether of value or of curiosity only. It is accordingly a sizable chamber, which more frequently than I could wish is given up to the purposes of ordinary society. But a house such as I was able to build in respect of extent had not space enough to afford a drawing-room exclusively for social receptions. The library is therefore rather more than 40 feet long by 18 feet broad. It is in appearance a well-proportioned room, but unless varied by some angles it would want relief, or, in the phrase of womankind, would be inexcusably devoid of a flirting corner. To remedy this defect an octagon is thrown out upon the northern side of the room, forming a recess which, corresponding to the uses of the whole apartment, contains two book presses with doors of latticed wire. These are meant to contain books of small size and some rarity, which would otherwise run the risk of being lost or mislaid.

On the general system of locking up book presses, my ideas correspond with those of the great Burke, who, pointing to a selection so secured, declared it reminded him of *Locke on the Human Understanding*. The master of the house who generally uses this practice would hardly escape the suspicion of a churlish jealousy of his guests, like him who should adopt the St. Giles' custom of chaining his knives and forks to the table. Yet the wickedness and meanness of the times are so great that a man who bestows much expense upon a collection of the gems of a bibliomaniacal collection, and yet takes no pains to secure himself against depredation, especially where the public are admitted as visitors, will have some cause to repent his confidence. I have found it the best way to reserve some five or six cases, which can be locked up at pleasure, for the security of such books as are peculiarly valuable, as well as those which for any reason seem unfit to be exposed to the general class of readers. The only precaution which I know, besides the security afforded by lock and key, is that granted by a good double catalogue, one exhibiting the contents of every press in the library, and another an alphabetical catalogue, according to the authors' names, for reference upon occasion.* I need not add that the proprietor must make himself absolutely acquainted with the individual appearance of every book in his collection, and with the shelf it occupies. This is a species of knowledge very frequently acquired to a surprising extent by persons who are not otherwise of literary habits, and who could not be said to read books for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of their contents.

Thus a gentleman very eminent in the

* For account of Sir Walter's system of replacing books lent by "dummies," and a description of his books of *book motto*, see Lockhart's *Life*, Vol. V., p. 321.

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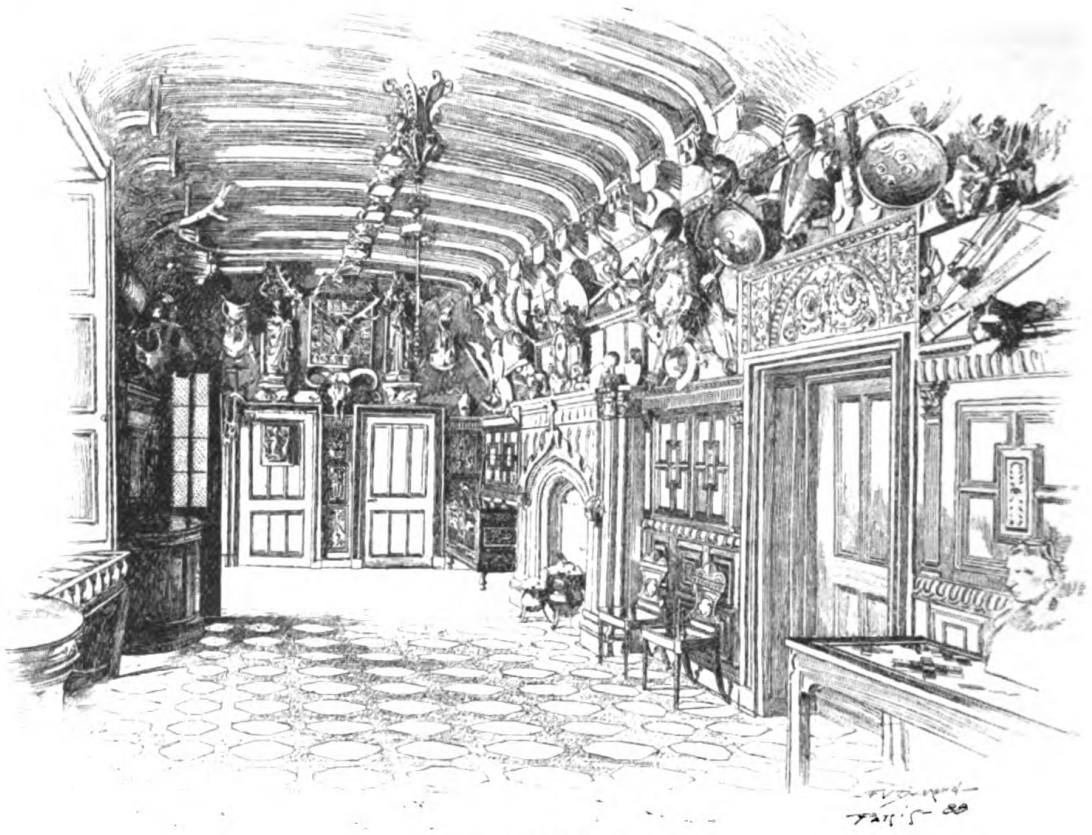
VIEW OF ABBOTSFORD FROM THE GARDEN.

trade, as it is called—that is, in the professional art of bookselling—came to such a pitch of accuracy that he would suffer his eyes to be blinded while his guests or friends put into his hands at pleasure such books as they selected from a private press in his drawing-room, and he could give the proper title to each merely by examining it with his fingers. So schooled was he that some of his guests having put into Mr. Constable's hands certain of the books which had not been in the cabinet alluded to, he said, not suspecting the trick which had been played upon him: "Well, I must own my memory is not so good as I thought. If these books which I now hold were any part of the contents of the cabinet referred to, I must own that I do not remember them." This corollary of his proposition was the more singular because the books were selected as being of the same size and external form with those which lived recorded in the memory of the gentleman I allude to.

I own that such an exertion, of the truth of which I am perfectly satisfied, seems to me even more extraordinary than that of a shepherd who, lying upon the hills with his flock for many weeks, makes himself master of the personal appearance of every sheep, and knows them individually from each other, just as an officer becomes acquainted with the faces of his regiment.

To return to the description of the library: its roof, on a level with that of the hall, is 16 feet high, and the presses rise to the height of 11 feet, having a space of 5 feet accordingly between the top of the shelves and the ceiling. This was a subject of great anxiety to me. A difference of 6 feet in height all round a room of 60 feet long would have added greatly to my accommodations. But, on the other hand, a bulky and somewhat ancient person climbing up to a height to pull a book down from a shelf 13 feet high is somewhat too much in the position of a sea-boy on the dizzy shroud. Indeed, being one of those who hold that good people are valuable as well as scarce, I have remarked with anxiety that the lives of such worthies as myself are very often embittered, but not ended, by the consequence of a fall from the steps of their own library staircase. I recollect with a degree of horror—for I cannot imagine a more excellent and valuable man in a more perilous situation—a late eminent literary character progressing

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THE ENTRANCE HALL.

round the shelves of his own library, not on the "unsteady footing of a spar," but by the still more precarious assistance of the shelves themselves, along which he transported himself by his feet and hands. Thus he sidled along at a great height from the ground, now making astonishing exertions to possess himself of the volume he wanted, now consulting it, with the aid of one hand, in the lofty situation which he had reached. Though a fall would most likely have been death, he was weighing his valuable life against five minutes' gain in ascertaining the precise date of some obscure historical event which perhaps never happened at all. In these days I myself had no books—none, at least, worthy of being mentioned as a collection. I remember wasting my invention in endeavoring to devise a mode of placing my volumes in an order easily attainable for the purpose of consultation. But I never could hit upon an idea more likely to answer than imagining a librarian who, like Talus in Spenser, should be in point of constitution "an yron man and made of yron molde." He should be a creature without hopes, views, wishes, or studies of his own, yet completely devoted to assist mine; an unequalled clerk, with fingers never weary, possessing that invariable local knowledge whereby my volumes, like the dishes at King Oberon's banquet, should draw near and retire with a wish. I have never been able to find for myself a mechanical aid of such a passive description, and the alternative to which I am reduced is the working-room and study, in addition to my library, where I keep around me the dictionaries and books of reference which my immediate needs may require me to consult.

The library properly so called contains only one picture, that of a young hussar officer nearly related to the proprietor, and which is worthy of attention, as it is painted by the eminent historical artist William Allan.

III.

The study is a private apartment 16 feet high, like the others, 20 feet long by about 14 broad, with a space of about 7 feet in height to the ceiling of the apartment, which affords room for a small gallery filled up with oaken shelves running round three sides of the study, and

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resting upon small projecting beams of oak. The gallery and its contents are accessible by a small stair about three feet in breadth, which gains room to ascend in the southward angle of the chamber, and runs in front of the books, leaving such a narrow passage as is sometimes found in front of the balustrades of old convents, and was certainly designed for the use of the lay brethren alone. In the southeast angle of the room a small door encloses a staircase which leads about seven paces higher, and by another private entrance reaches the bedroom story of the house, and lands in the proprietor's dressing-room. The inhabitant of the study, therefore, if unwilling to be surprised by visitors, may make his retreat unobserved by means of this gallery to the private staircase which unites his study with his bedroom—a facility which he has sometimes found extremely convenient.

IV.

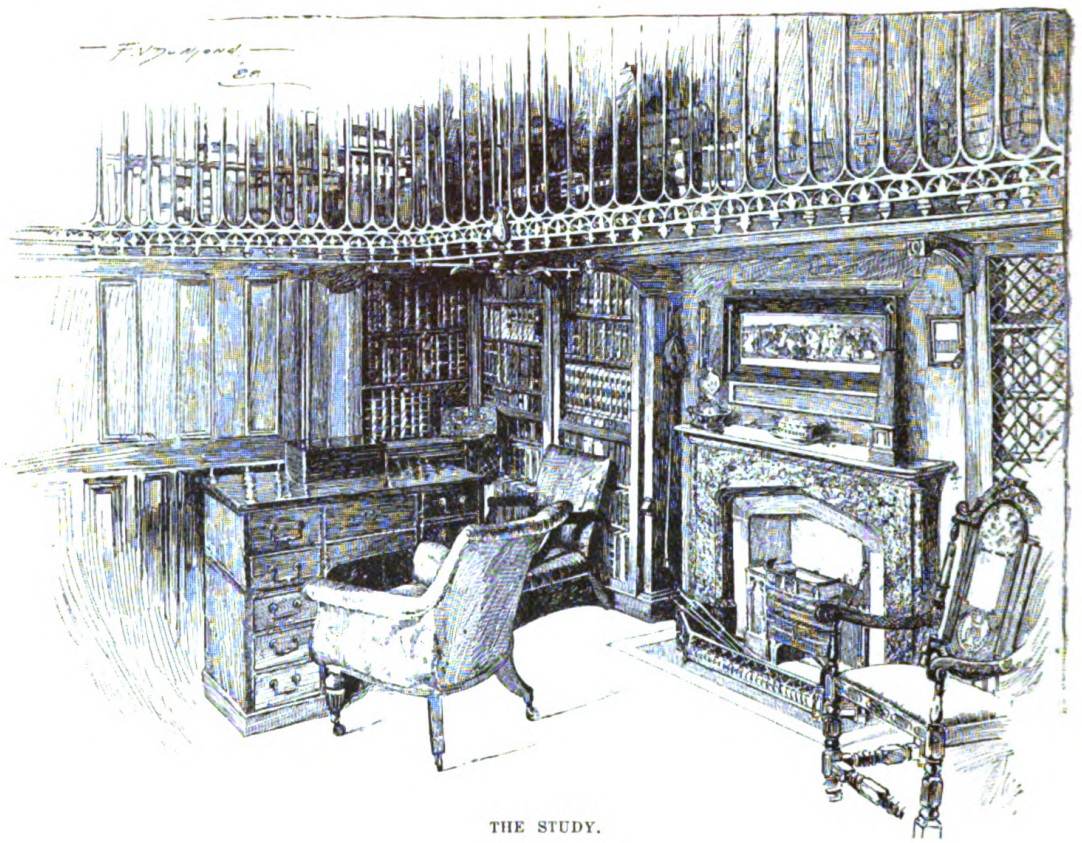
The apartments of the house designed for the reception of friends are, like the fortunes of the possessor, formed upon a limited scale. There is, in the first place, a small drawing-room 24 feet by 18, and in height the same as the others. When this apartment is inadequate to the accommodation of our fair friends, especially if dancing or a musical party be in contemplation, we have only to open the door between the drawing-room and the library in order to obtain all the space necessary for the purpose, at least in a poor man's house. The furniture of the drawing-room consists of curious antique ebony chairs, an antique cabinet said to have been a part of the furniture which found its way out of the palace when burned the night after the battle of Falkirk, and verifying by its appearance its alleged antiquity. There are also in the drawing-room some paintings, chiefly of relations of the family, which we may perhaps afterward notice. The contents of the Linlithgow cabinet may afterward be inserted in their proper place among my gabions.

The drawing-room, besides one door into the entrance hall and another into the library, has a third serving for a communication with a small room which for



THE LIBRARY.

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THE STUDY.

want of a better name has acquired that of the armory. It is not a sitting apartment, and is chiefly useful by insulating the drawing-room, and interposing a proper space between it and the dining-room, to which we are now approaching.

V.

The armory consists of two parts, one of which, looking southward, is about 10 feet in length, and filled with water-color portraits of members of the family. The other portion, being 25 feet in length, is entirely hung round with gabions, some of which may be hereafter more particularly commemorated. The two portions of the armory communicate by an archway shut occasionally by an oaken wicket of Gothic carving, and when this is closed a private passage is opened from the southern part of the armory for the purpose of communication between the drawing-room and the household apartments below-stairs. The said southern armory also affords space for a conservatory, where the plants, it must be owned, do not thrive particularly well. Proceeding outward by means of a passage between the lower end of the dining-room and the back of the conservatory, and communicating with the staircase which leads upward to the bedroom story, and down-stairs, in the words of the old Scottish song, "to the regions below, which men are forbidden to see."

VI.

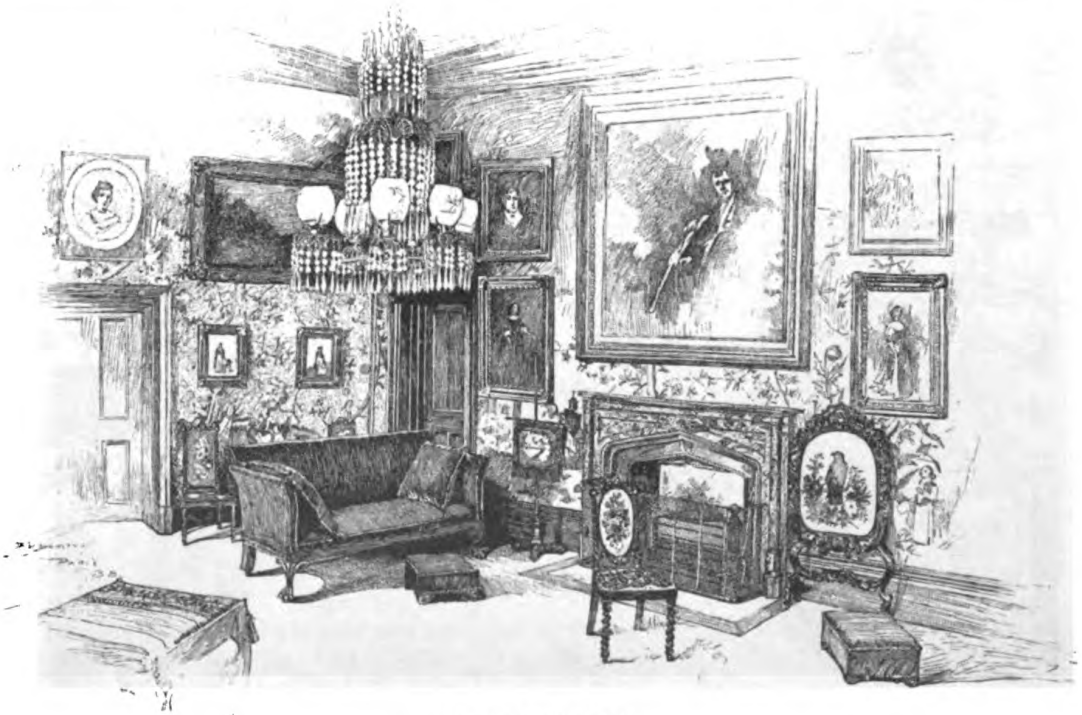
The dining-room is a quiet apartment, not very large, indeed, yet ample enough for all the common wants of a private family, and capable of accommodating a larger company of guests than the proprietor would often wish to see together. The dimensions of this room are 30 feet in length, including a considerable bow, and 17 feet in breadth. The ceiling is not above 12 feet in height, and is apparently supported by ribs of carved oak, which nevertheless are only stucco, but so ingeniously moulded and panelled and tied with ornaments and escutcheons at the places where they cross each other that they can hardly be distinguished from more permanent material. Thus what we have said respecting the roof of the library may be held as repeated in this place. The dining-room contains a beautiful dining-table of Scottish oak, with room for thirty people, and clouded

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in the most beautiful style. On this last subject, and apropos of the set of dining-tables, these are valuable for more reasons than one. They were made of particular parts of the growth of certain very old oaks, which had grown for ages, and had at length become stag-headed and half dead. On the place where they originally stood, in the old and noble park of Drumlanrig Castle, these trees were sold by the late Duke of Queensbury, along with the more thriving plantations growing upon the domain around the castle. But no one being aware of the curious and valuable purposes to which they might be applied, they fetched low prices, and some of those who bought them did not think it worth their while to cut them down, since the payment must have been a necessary consequence of closing their bargain. So stood the matter when the Duke of Queensbury concluded an unusually long life, and the bargain, so far as it respected these old trees, became in every respect forfeited. Mr. Bullock, who chanced to be in attendance at Drumlanrig about the time, had no hesitation in giving it as his opinion that the progress of years had exactly brought these ancient oaks to the point of perfection when their timber would make the most excellent furniture. The set of tables designed for Abbotsford was accordingly taken in hand, and turned out to be most beautiful, so that it was one of the singular chances that accident will often bring a commodity through mere chance to that purpose for which it is best adapted. A case made also by Bullock out of the roots of elm and yew trees which had grown in the woods of Rokeby completed the set of tables, forming a convenient and useful receptacle for the separate leaves. Of the rest of the furniture of the eating-room there is nothing remarkable to say. There are, however, certain peculiar gabions, and that name may also be conferred upon such paintings as hang upon the walls. The proprietor has no judgment at all to enable him to prize them as works of art, and merely treasures them for some hobby-horsical point and for accommodation.

VII.

A breakfast parlor, or boudoir, as the word is more fashionable, serves the womenkind of the family for making their tea or sewing their samplers, and contains a rich harvest of art by modern masters of the brush, which fell into my hands in the following manner. Several artists some years ago united to club their talents for the purpose of sending forth a work of copperplates, to be called the "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland." Whether the plan was too vague and ex-



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

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tensive, or whether it had no combining quality to give the whole unity and precision, it is not for me to say. But the talents and names engaged ought to have found for it a warmer reception from the public. Agreeable to a certain engagement, the artists furnished a number of valuable drawings, which were engraved. On being applied to for the purpose of making suitable descriptions, I did what I thought was my best in that capacity, and have the pleasure to believe that if I failed it was not for want of sufficient labor bestowed on my subject. Although the gentlemen concerned were desirable to make a suitable pecuniary recompense to the humble prose man who had furnished the descriptions, I did not think it proper for me to accept, and the gentlemen concerned put an end to our amicable debate by making me a gift of the original paintings and drawings, colored and plain, to which I had contributed descriptions. This was a recompense far too valuable for my deserts, but which few circumstances could have inspired me with the self-denial necessary for refusing. These valuable relics by Turner, by Calcott, William Blore, and other artists of the first name form the furniture of the boudoir in which they are hung, and bear witness of the deserved fame of the artists engaged in the enterprise. Since the work has been announced as finished the demands of the public have considerably increased, and will one day, I hope, be carried as high as its deserts seem to warrant.

Having thus reached the bounds prescribed by society to those who show their houses or to those to whom they are shown, I flatter myself that there is no occasion for going into further detail. The bedroom story contains a number of apartments for the accommodation of members of the family or guests. The attic story contains a number of sleeping-places for servants, and others for occasional anglers or moor-fowl shooters, or, in case of need, for amateur tourists warranted not to walk in their sleep, as the place being rather high, the ascents and descents require a stranger to have all his senses about him.



THE ARMORY.

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DONE INTO ENGLISH BALLAD METRE BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.*

I.

TOWARD the towering peaks of Brabat, through winding ways, one day,
Rode Childe Mihu of the Mountain, like a peacock proud and gay.
As he went he whistled softly on his flute—his flute of bone—
Till the woods around re-echoed to its sweet, caressing tone.
On his gallant bay, at midnight, through the dim Herz woods he goes,
He, Childe Mihu—he, the valiant, dreading neither beasts nor foes.
When his horse-hoofs on the hill-side struck the stones that loosely lay,
Sparks flew out and lit the darkness, till the night shone bright as day.
On, and on, and on he wendeth; up and up his way he cleaves;
No man could have traced his progress noiseless over fallen leaves.
On he rides, my Childe the valiant! through the leafy winding ways,
Waking echoes in the wild-wood, chanting songs of other days.

Ha! my gallant bay, now tell me, why dost thou desert, he cried,
Yonder deep and well-worn pathway for the stormy mountain-side?
Does mine armor seem too heavy? Does the saddle cause thee pain?
Does the bridle with its trappings gall thy tender mouth again?
Do my costly stirrups irk thee? or my arms, which like stars shine?
Wherefore dost thou go so slowly, precious little body mine?

Nay, thine armor does not crush me; nay, thy saddle does not press;
Nay, thy bridle does not hurt me, nor the cruel curb compress;

* This poem will form part of a forth-coming volume of old Roumanian ballads collected by her Majesty the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva), who requested M. Pierre Loti, the French author, to translate it literally into French for her. The ballad is very old, and refers to the Robin Hood days of the brigands of Moldavia.

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But what makes me travel slowly, and what makes me pick my way,
Is that I know five and forty—fifty all but five, I say!—
Brigand Heyducs lie in waiting by the road-side hereaway.
Five and forty! brave in battle, trained to arms, inured to blood,
Outlaws from their very cradles, nurtured in this dangerous wood.
At this moment they lie feasting yonder, 'neath those rocks, at ease,
Hidden by a row of lindens in a grove of walnut-trees.
There they feast, the five and forty, sitting round a granite rock,
Split in four and clamped together till it forms one even block.
On this stone are graven letters, like the letters in a book,
Gold-dust lingering in the spaces you may see if you will look.
Janosh, the Hungarian brigand, feasts, but with a listening ear,
Waiting to attack and rob thee when my hoof-falls he shall hear.
There he sits, his cheeks all hairy, old in craftiness and sin,
With his huge rough beard low falling to his belt, and tucked therein.
And he has, my more than brother, swords of sharpness, long and wide,
And a gun inlaid with silver lying loaded at his side.
Brave as steel he is—ay, braver! Round him all his fellows sit,
Armed like him, like him strong-fisted, bred to war, inured to it.
Young men, thick-necked, hard of muscle, men that never fight for pay,
Wearing tall caps for their head-gear, and long hair with ribbons gay.
If they hear us, in a moment they will bound up from the grass:
Woe to thee then, O my master! Woe to thee—and me, alas!

Ha! my bay, is that what ails thee? Dost thou fear, and fear for me?
Leave all doubts and fears behind thee; know Childe Mihu rideth thee!
Take the path, and quit the hill-side; thou art guarded by these arms—
Strong, strong, terrible in battle—and by this mailed breast from harms.
This broad breast beneath its armor (broad indeed!) no fear can feel,
And my little sabre guards thee with its lip of biting steel.
Boastful is th' Hungarian robber, but we two may hold him light;
Wide his mouth may be, but lacking in the strength of jaw to bite.
How many? Fifty—sixty—eighty? Hundreds? Thousands? What said you?
Let them block my way! I'll teach them what Childe Mihu's arm can do!

Quick as thought the bay horse turned him, left the hill, and sought the road.
Ha! my bay, descend the mountain; leave the stony path untrod.
Seek the grassy lowland meadows, seek the green and leafy bowers,
Seek the verdant smiling herbage, carpeted with fragrant flowers.

II.

Now in the forest Janosh sits enjoying meat and drink,
When, pausing suddenly, he starts, and starting seems to think,
It is because from time to time, through the woods far away,
He seems to hear a warrior's voice chanting a warrior's lay.
And then he heard the tender flute—a flute so softly played
That it recalled the sweet caress a lover gives his maid.
He listened, bounded from his place, and with loud voice cried then:
Up, up, brave boys! Hush—listen all. To arms, to arms, my men!
For, drawing near, methinks I hear a flute sound clear and shrill.
Up, up my men! To arms! And then search valley road and hill.
Guard well the bridge, guard well the forge, the plain where poplars grow,
The narrow path, the deep-cut gorge, the fount where waters flow
So softly that their drip-drip-drip seems tear-drops falling slow.
Search everywhere! And if you find the singer stout of arm,
With flowers of beauty in his face, ye need not do him harm;
Bind him and bring him safe to me; but should he chance to prove
A lovesick creature half bewitched by some fond woman's love,
Then in disdain haste back again; for him ye need not stay,
But plant a buffet in his face and bid him go his way.

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"THERE THEY FEAST, THE FIVE AND FORTY."

The bold Hungarian band went forth, and soon they barred the path.
Childe Mihu cries, with feigned surprise, full fiercely in his wrath,
Who sent ye here, ye valiant men, out of my cup to sup?
Come on and drink, for well I think your head will eat you up!

Before his words were ended he set on their bold array,
And with one wave of his arm so brave the whole were swept away.
Then through the forest on he rode over the leafy floor,
And the good bay went on his way more gayly than before.
When his hoofs struck the flints, bright sparks like stars marked out his way,
And all the gloomy night grew bright as though it were the day.

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At last Janosh beheld them near. He sprang up. Run, men, run!
Get me my sharpest lance, he cried, bring me my trusty gun!

No need for guns, Childe Mihu said. There let your javelins lie;
Know, all of you, the great Mihu, my valiant men, am I!
I come to sing a song to you by warriors sung of yore,
The like of which in all your days ye never heard before.

III.

And then Childe Mihu's voice broke forth—his voice so rich and strong;
He sang with fire and with desire a passionate love-song;
So beautiful the very hills responded to the strain,
The wings of the falcons ceased their stroke, the leaves on the boughs in the woods awoke,
And murmured it back again.

The stars in the heavens winked their eyes, and paused in their course through the sky,
Whilst the band of Hungarian bandits sat in a trance of ecstasy.

Then Janosh, softening his harsh voice till it seemed to be his no more,
Turned to his guest and thus addressed him he had scorned before:
Ha! Mihu, join us, valiant chief—join us at meat and wine,
And after, we two, breast to breast, will try in wrestling which is best,
Thy strength and skill or mine.
The outlaws gather round the board (the feast rejoiced their souls):
Loud rings the laugh as the wine they quaff, and clink their wooden bowls.

The wine was drunk, the table bare, the feast was o'er at length;
The Hungarian Janosh at its close, and Mihu the Moldavian, rose,
Rejoiced to test their strength.

Ah! bloody was their game—who falls will never rise.
They play for life—they play for death—the vanquished wrestler dies!
The band all stand in silence round (they were of Janosh's kin);
They watch them strain, bend to the ground, rise up again with swift rebound,
Like two fierce dragons who have found their match, or lions far-renowned
Who rend each other's skin.

Childe Mihu paused a breathing space, then on Janosh he flew,
He bent him, raised him by main strength, flung him upon the earth full length,
And split his skull in two.
Then placing on his breast one knee, wrenched off the bloody head,
And with one twist of his strong wrist far down the hill 'twas sped.

All the Hungarians spellbound stood, as rooted to the ground
(For all were of their champion's kin), and uttered not a sound.

My Childe rose up, a shudder gave, and then aloud he spake:
Lads! is there one of you who dares my heavy club to take,
My mighty gun, my suit of mail, which none can bear but I?
If any can, I hail that man the best in Hungary!

Vainly they try to lift the mail Childe Mihu always wears;
Vainly they try to lift the arms Childe Mihu always bears;
The massive club with iron points, the heavy inlaid gun,
That he had flung upon the grass before their game begun.

Ha! weaklings!—own me for the best: leave the green-wood to me:
Accept the yoke of servitude, and learn to bend the knee!

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"AND WITH ONE TWIST OF HIS STRONG WRIST FAR DOWN THE HILL 'TWAS SPED."

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You are not brave like me and mine, but only fit for toil;
Go forth and shoulder spade and axe, go forth and till the soil!

So speaking, Mihu with one hand picked up his armor good,
And rode away on his capering bay 'neath the boughs of the gay green-wood.

His war-song as he onward rode re-echoed through the grove,
And the tender voice of his flute of bone responded with notes of love.

FLYING UNDER WATER.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to consider the air as the natural element of the bird, it is somewhat startling to be brought face to face with the statement of a reliable naturalist—Prince Charles Bonaparte—that of sea-haunting birds alone there are nearly ten thousand different species, all of which are at home on the water, and many of which are expert divers and wonderful subaquatic swimmers.



CHINESE JACANA.

The fish out of water, typical as it is of a false position, is in fact no more abnormal than the feather-clad bird which passes the greater part of its active life under the water. It would be natural to suppose that the subaquatic birds would be found exclusively among those having web-feet, but in this as in other respects the bird is contradictory; for just as some of the web-footed birds are scarcely able to swim, and totally unable to dive, so some of the best and most inveterate swimmers and divers are found among the birds whose feet are not webbed.

Indeed one of the most water-loving birds is a dainty little songster belonging to the thrush family, and popularly known as the water-ousel, or dipper. This pretty little bird is found in most parts of the world, and likes best

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the neighborhood of those merry mountain streams which rush boisterously on to their fate, now leaping headlong over some high rock, now swirling in some deep pool, and now eddying, dancing, plashing down a steep incline. Water-fall, pool, and eddying stream are alike to the water-ousel, which will dash into one or the other with the same ready confidence as the ordinary bird into the air.

In winter, when its watery home is frozen over, it will seek other and milder parts, unless it can be sure of finding holes in the ice, in which case it will not hesitate to remain at home, for it will plunge through a hole into the icy water with no care at all for temperature, and having made its venture successful by the capture of a small fish, will return to the air once more.



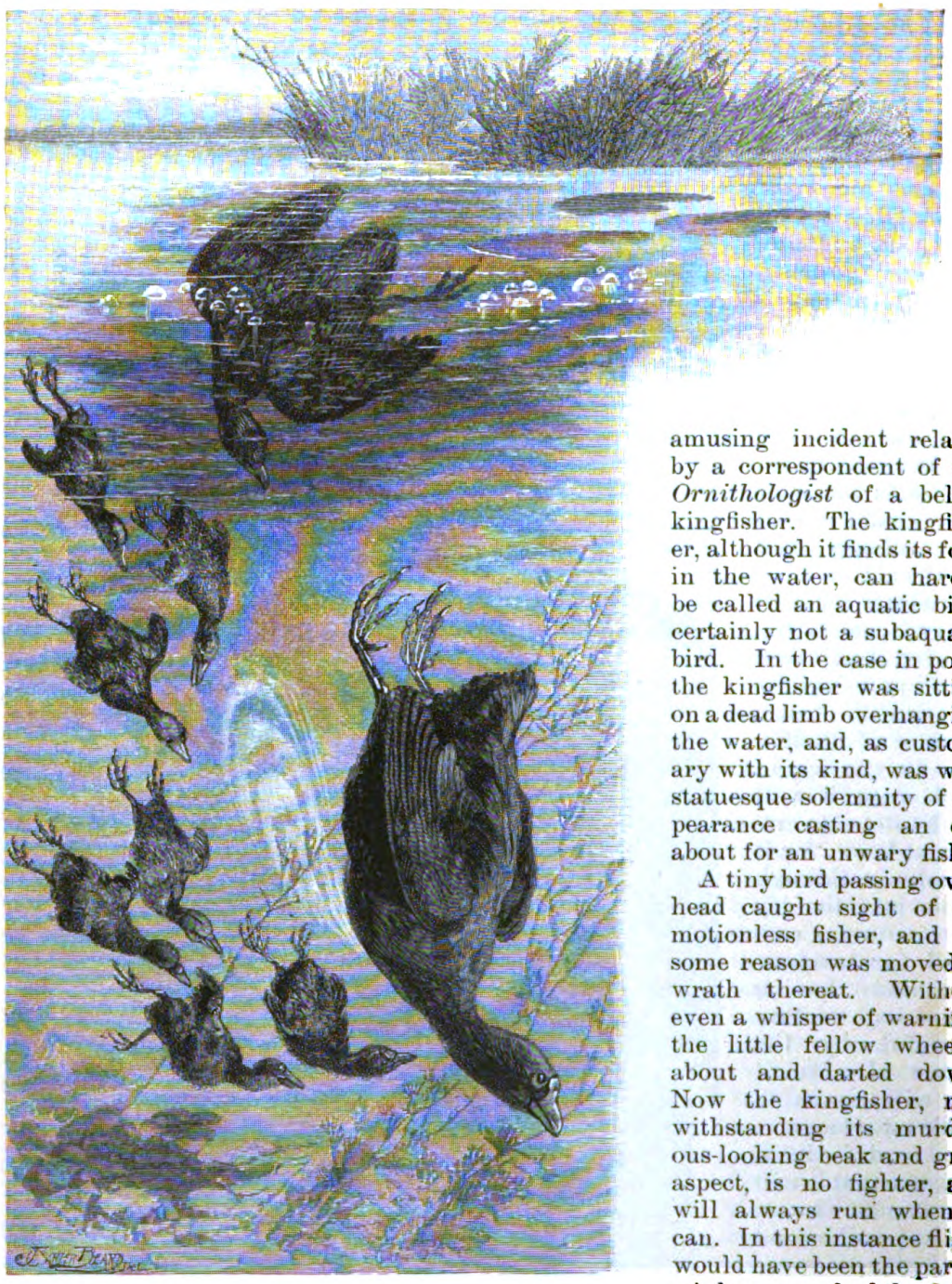
THE BIRD THAT LIVES IN WATER-FALLS.

So fond is it of the water that it will build its nest as near to it as possible, and one instance is recorded of a pair which actually built behind a water-fall, taking advantage of the space made by the shoot of the water over the top of the rock.

Although the ousel uses its feet while swimming, its progress is chiefly due to the wings, which are moved exactly as if flying in the air. The wings are admirably adapted to this use, being almost as broad as long, and of comparatively great power. The tail is very short, and the body is covered with soft thick down, which, as in the true aquatic birds, affords an impervious shield against the water.

Like all other birds which either casually or habitually resort to the water, the ousel seems to regard that element as its safest retreat in time of danger. Even the little birds which have never before ventured from the nest, and which are quite unable to fly, have been known, when alarmed during the absence of the parents, to rush pell-mell to the nearest water, and with extraordinary facility

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STAGICOLA, OR GALLINULE (WATER-HEN), DIVING WITH BROOD TO FEEDING-GROUND.

to run along the bed of the stream many yards before seeking the air. Allowing everything to the overpowering force of instinct, there still remains something to wonder at in the feeling of confidence which can inspire the fledglings to take so anxiously to the water.

This trust in the water as a safe refuge is shown by an interesting and somewhat amusing incident related by a correspondent of the *Ornithologist* of a belted kingfisher. The kingfisher, although it finds its food in the water, can hardly be called an aquatic bird, certainly not a subaquatic bird. In the case in point the kingfisher was sitting on a dead limb overhanging the water, and, as customary with its kind, was with statuesque solemnity of appearance casting an eye about for an unwary fish.

A tiny bird passing overhead caught sight of the motionless fisher, and for some reason was moved to wrath thereat. Without even a whisper of warning, the little fellow wheeled about and darted down. Now the kingfisher, notwithstanding its murderous-looking beak and grim aspect, is no fighter, and will always run when it can. In this instance flight would have been the part of wisdom, even had the fisher had courage to equal its fierce appearance, for the assailant was that active little warrior the kingbird, from whose petulant pugnacity even the eagle is willing to find refuge in flight into the thin ether of high altitude.

The roving eye of the fisher had seen and recognized the passing bird, and therefore the assault was half expected. The moment the assailant wheeled about, the fisher darted from the limb. Like a sun-

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beam reflected by a mirror, the kingbird flashed around and was down on the fisher. Vainly the harassed bird tried to evade its tormentor, the little bully seemed to be on every side at once. It took the fisher but a few minutes to learn that in the air it was quite at the mercy of its foe, and it therefore made a sudden dive and plunged beneath the water.

This attempt to escape seemed to strike the kingbird as little less than insulting, for with increased anger it pounced upon the fisher the moment it reappeared at the surface of the water. Time and again the unhappy victim dived and came up, only to be met by the fierce little persecutor with renewed energy. It seemed as if the end could only be the exhaustion and death of the fisher. On a sudden, however, animated either by instinct or reason, it ceased trying to escape, and rested quietly on the water, floating duck-like. Every time the kingbird swooped at it, the fisher would dive under water for a moment, reappearing at once in the same place. This was such easy work for the kingfisher that after repeated unsuccessful efforts even the obstinacy of the kingbird had to give way, and it flew angrily off, whereupon the kingfisher rose out of the water and leisurely took its flight to the lookout on the limb.

The Chinese jacana, or water-pheasant, has a much more cunning device than this, however, and one to which it usually resorts when pursued. The jacana is a more unaquatic bird in appearance than the ousel, as its toes are peculiarly long and slender, and seemingly exaggeratedly unfit for use in the water. In



EPISODE IN THE DAILY LIFE OF A KINGFISHER.

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THE CRESTED GREBE AND ITS FLOATING NEST.

truth the feet are not intended for sub-aquatic use, the wings being the motive power under the water.

The jacana frequents ponds covered by the broad leaves of the lotus or the water-lily, and on the undulating green carpet thus spread over the water it walks securely, owing to the great extent of surface covered by its long and slender toes. When it desires food to be found only in the water, the bright-plumaged creature slips off its floating platform, and is at home in the clear water. When alarmed, its dive from the lotus leaves is almost noiseless, and it makes its way under water to where the plants grow thickest. It then thrusts its bill out of water until the nostrils are exposed, and thus in perfect hiding it remains until the danger is past.

How does the jacana know that it may with almost certain impunity thrust its beak out of water? If the knowledge is such as comes naturally to it as a water-bird, why should not all water-birds have the same knowledge? The water-hen, for example, yields to no bird as a diver and swimmer, and yet it is so far from practising the simple device of the jacana in time of danger that in default it has frequently been known to bring about its own death by suicide. Many a sportsman who has wounded a water-hen has been surprised to see it sink out of sight and never come up again. The reason is that, when wounded, the water-hen dives down and grasps a tough weed in its beak, and holds to it so tenaciously that it will drown rather than rise to the surface and be captured.

However, the water-hen may be forgiven this piece of stupidity because of its general intelligence and its possession of many interesting qualities. Its sagacity, for example, is well shown in its selection of a site for its nest. Unlike many aquatic birds, such as the jacana, it does not build a floating home, but seeks a spot on land as near as possible to the water. In fixing upon such a place it must take into consideration tides and freshets, and so accurate is it that it is seldom overtaken by disaster from those causes. Selby mentions an instance when the sudden and unusual rising of the water in a pond threatened the submerging of a nest containing nearly hatched eggs. The parents

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for a moment were in the greatest consternation, but, soon recovering themselves, held a consultation, and as a result began raising the nest by building underneath it.

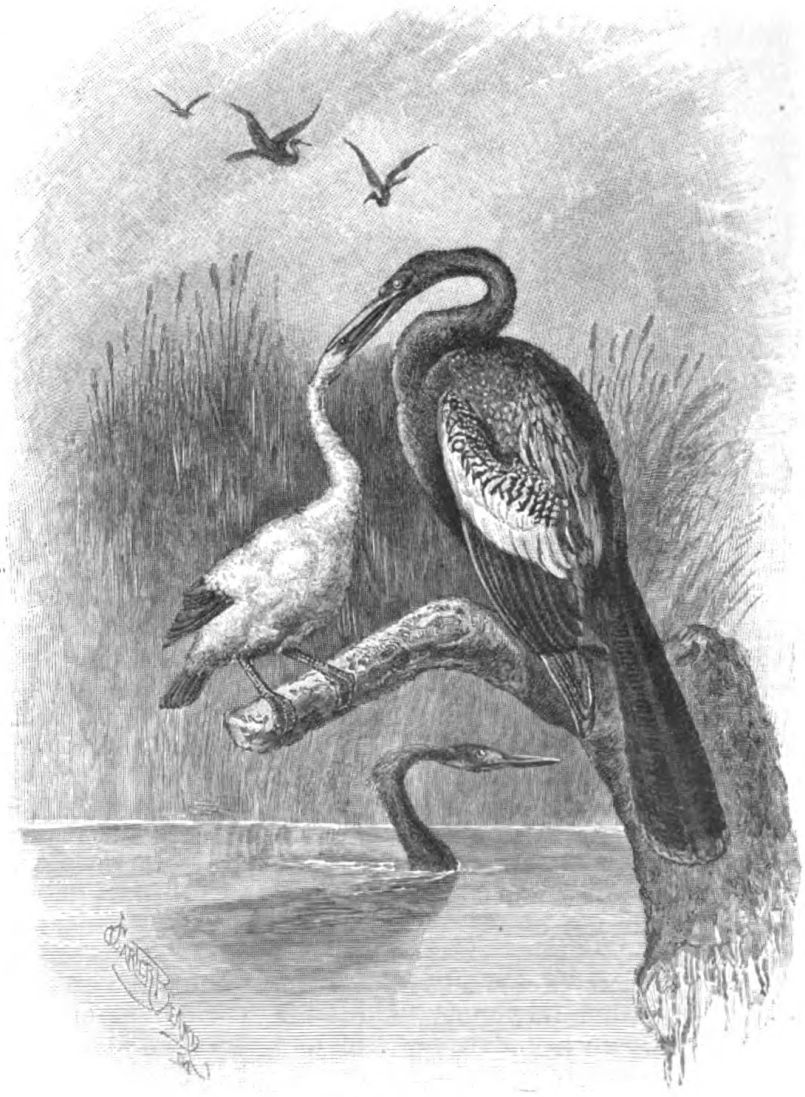
In its appearance the water-hen is a fair sample of bird contradiction. On land, with its sharp beak, long toes, moderately long legs set well forward on the body, it is chicken-like, walking gracefully and quickly. In the water it sinks low, and sits with all the ease and undulating grace of a duck. It walks on the floating leaves as readily as the jacana, but from a different cause. The jacana has very long and slender toes, while the water-hen has toes which, though long, are by comparison with the jacana's short. To compensate, however, the water-hen has broad or palmated toes, thus making its feet what might be called half-webbed. This structure of the feet also enables the bird to walk easily over soft ooze, which is usually rich in its peculiar food.

Very similar to the water-hen in many of its characteristics is the crested grebe, though totally unlike that little bird in appearance. It is an exceedingly pert-looking bird, particularly in courting-time, when it is adorned with a high ruff or collar and a pair of feathery horns, the latter feature giving it a comical expression of surprise.

As a diver and subaquatic swimmer the grebe has few if any superiors. At the least alarm it is gone like a flash, and is unlikely to be seen again except by the most practised eyes, for, like the jacana, it thrusts only its beak above water when it wants air, and then once more sinking under the surface, darts away until it finds a safe harbor. It is said that it will readily traverse two hundred feet in half a minute.

It is a devoted parent, and wonderful stories are told of its performances when the safety of the young birds is threatened. One such story is told which is worth repeating, though the authority for it is not so good that anybody need feel obliged to accept it.

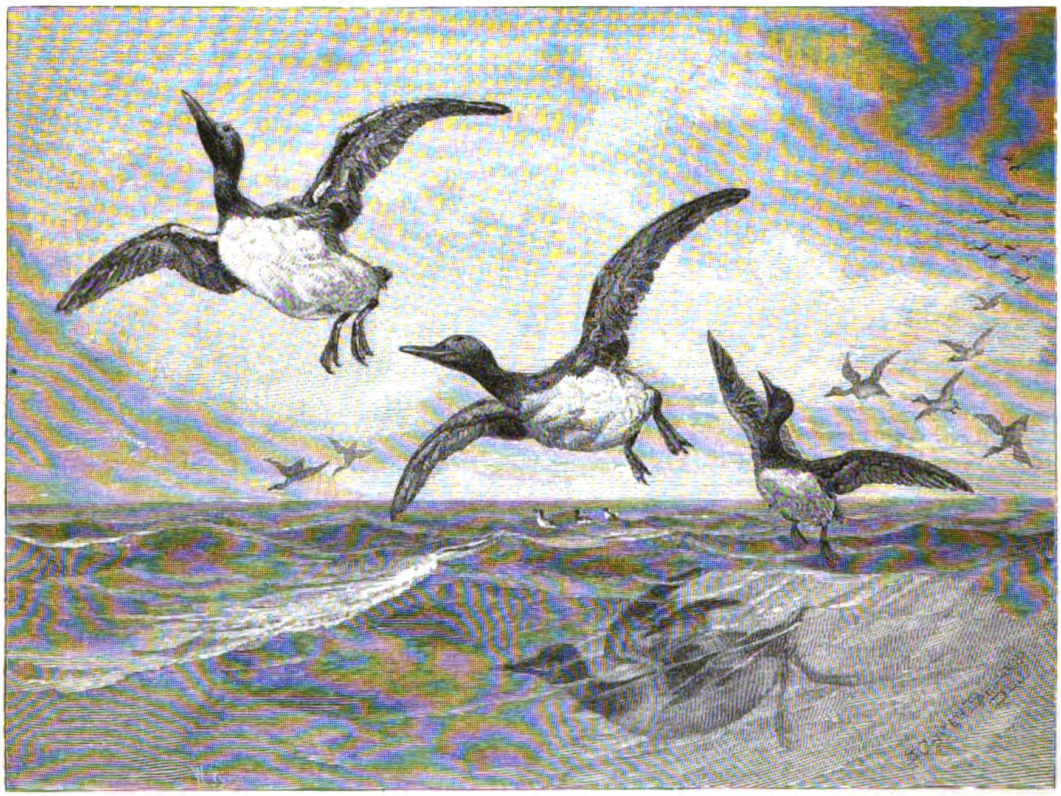
The nest of the grebe is a shapeless mass of weeds, and is usually found floating on the surface of the water near the margin of the pond. A casual observer would never notice it, or at least would not suspect that such a damp, soggy heap could contain eggs in the course of hatch-



SNAKE-BIRD FEEDING HER YOUNG.

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ing, and seemingly the bird feels secure in the deceptive appearance of the nest, except at such times as she may be caught sitting on it. Then, however, according to the story, she recognizes the fact that her presence has betrayed her nest, and she will not leave it. She quickly thrusts one foot over the side, and using it as a paddle, sends the nest to some secure hiding-place in the weeds on the opposite shore. It will thus be seen that the grebe on its nest is the prototype of the steamboat.



GUILLEMOT.

Another bird which is notable for thrusting its head only out of water is the snake-bird, or darter, of Florida. It has a very long neck, which, when the bird is swimming, is seen undulating in a most snake-like manner on the surface of the water. It is a good swimmer and diver, though not as expert as several other subaquatic birds.

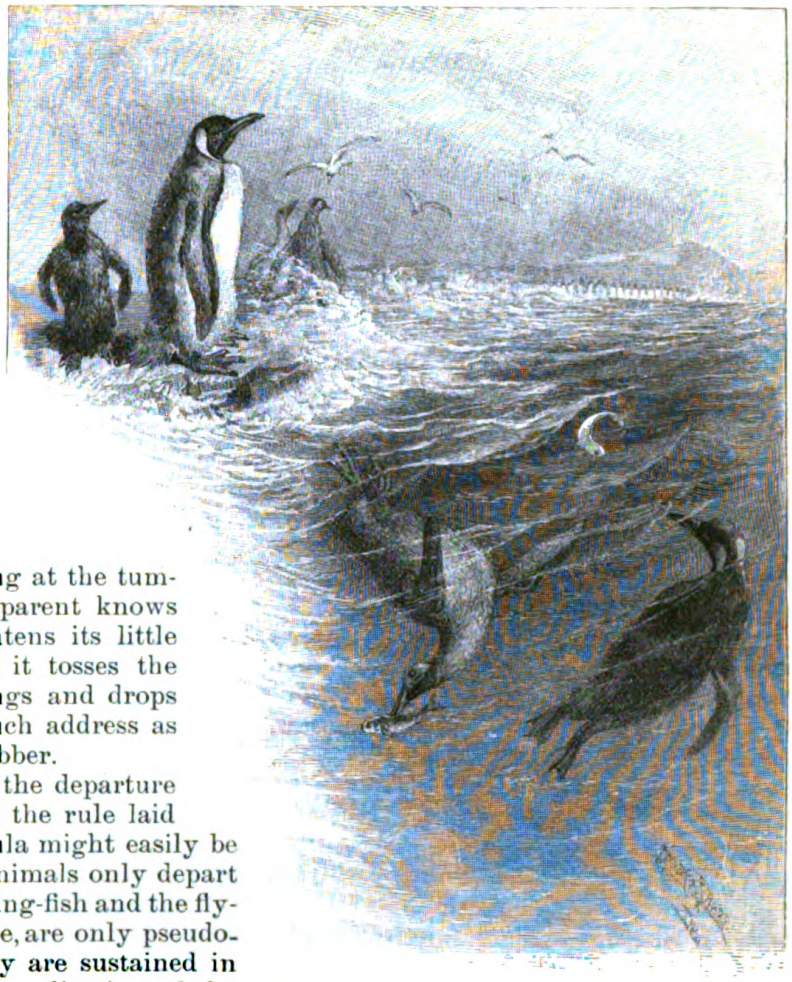
One of its notable characteristics is the manner of feeding its young. It catches and swallows an abundance of fish, and then goes home and opens its mouth. The little ones in turn thrust their heads down the long neck, looking as if they were going to disappear bodily, and come up again in a twinkling with a fish in the bill.

The diver is one of the few birds which, though no walker, is yet a strong flier, as well as expert swimmer. It seems to avoid flying as much as possible, however, and experiences some difficulty in getting under way in the air. This disinclination to fly is shown when it launches itself off the high cliffs whereon it has been nesting.

The same plan of launching itself off a high cliff is practised by the guillemot, which is also, though incorrectly, sometimes called a loon. The guillemot, however, is a more picturesque object at times when it shoots off in this manner than the diver, inasmuch as it in this way takes its little one for the first time to its watery home. Having hatched its one egg on the bare surface of a high cliff, the guillemot guards the chick tenderly until it is old enough to take to the water. Then it coaxes the little one to mount upon its back, and there cling firmly. The parent then waddles to the edge of the cliff, and with outstretched neck and spread wings

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cleaves the air until it has reached a point beyond the breakers. There it stops, gives its body a quick jerk, and thus tosses the baby from its perch, and sends it rolling over and over down into the water, into which it dives at once with as much ease as its parent. This first journey of the young guillemot is usually a very exciting one, for the rapacious gulls are always on the lookout for this time, and are in waiting at the tumbling-off place. The parent knows the danger that threatens its little one, and the moment it tosses the baby off closes its wings and drops by its side with so much address as usually to baffle the robber.



THE KING-PENGUIN—MOST GROTESQUE BIRD IN THE WORLD—NO WINGS OR FEATHERS.

Similar instances of the departure of other animals from the rule laid down in the old formula might easily be cited, although some animals only depart in appearance. The flying-fish and the flying-dragon, for example, are only pseudo-fliers, inasmuch as they are sustained in the air merely by an application of the parachute principle. The walking fishes, on the other hand, do really desert the water for long periods of time, traversing considerable distances in the mean while. The whale, whose nearest terrestrial relation now living is by some supposed to be the hog, is an exclusive water-dweller, unlike the seals, which always go ashore to rear their young.

NORWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

Third Paper.

THE contrast between the inland and the coast population of Norway becomes apparent in a most characteristic manner in the politics of the country. But for the people of the west coast the Norwegians would not have engaged in so many contests with bureaucracy and monarchy; but for the people of the Uplands (the central districts of Norway around Lake Mjösen) and of Thröndelagen (the Trondhjem district) these contests would have been deficient in plan and probably wanting in success. Without the west coast we should have had no extension of the franchise, and would not have been on the way to universal suffrage; and without the Uplands and Thröndelagen we should now have had a hierarchy supported by a fully organized state Church. Some day the Uplands and Thröndelagen will force the Church to separate itself wholly from the state, and compel it either to surrender its dogmatic intolerance or to lose the intelligent

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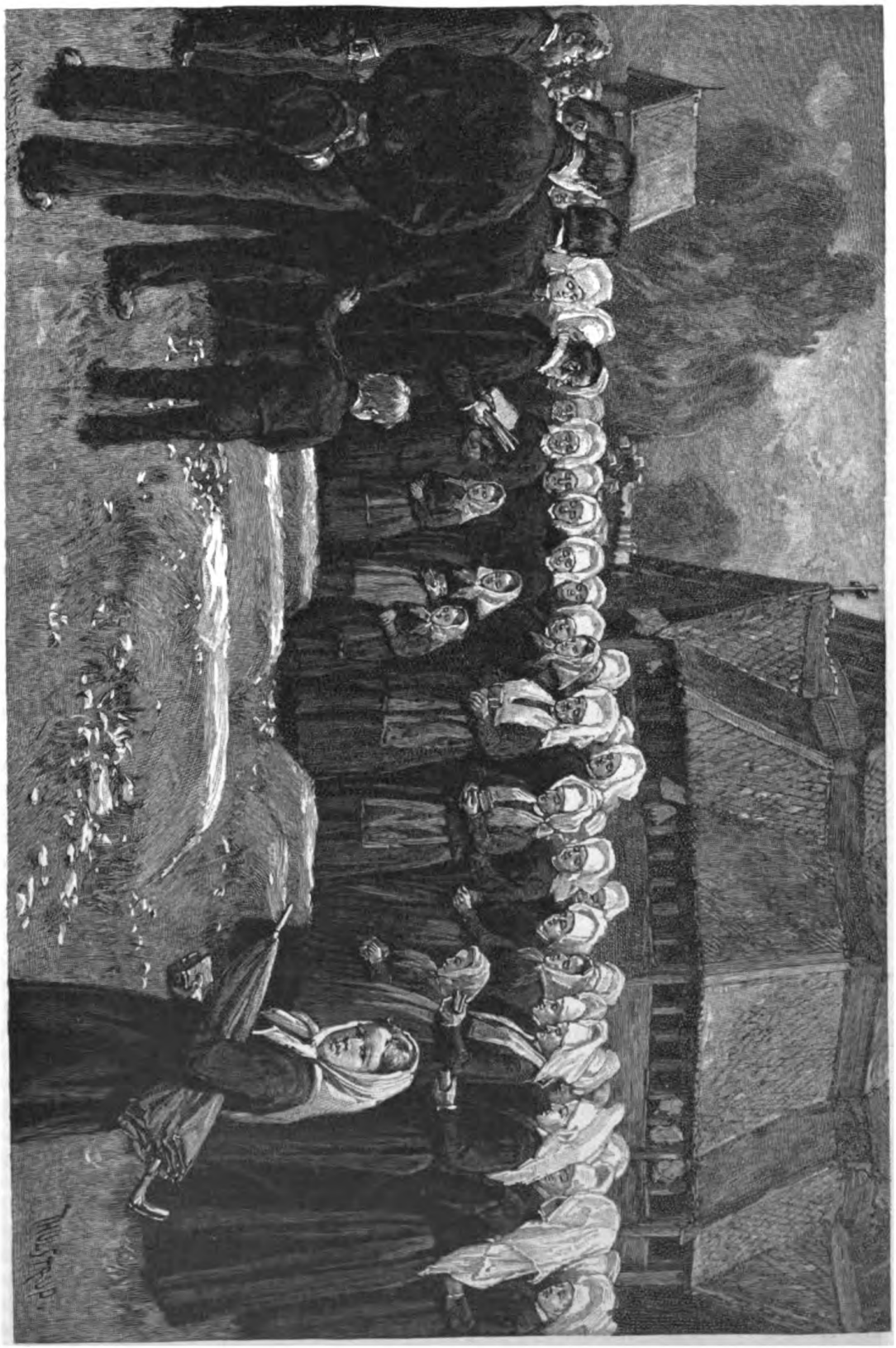
part of the people. The people of the west coast have introduced a system of saving in the finances of the country which often saves the cents while letting the dollars go. The demand of the Uplands and of Thröndelagen for a thorough reform in the administration of the country will also save the Storthing (the Norwegian parliament) from a considerable expenditure of time and money and temper. If it comes to the question of gradually abolishing all protective duties and of voting money for new undertakings, then the west coast will take the lead, while the eastern districts and Thröndelagen will demand higher duties on all agricultural products. And should the question arise of joining in the great movement of the civilized world for peace and international arbitration, then the west coast is ready, while the other parts of the country will regard it doubtfully. But, on the other hand, upon the subject of national independence they are as one. The reason that the question of national independence can still be raised is, of course, due to the union with Sweden.

We are an independent nation, we have our own parliament, we make our own laws. The King can twice refuse his sanction to a bill, but upon its being passed for a third time it becomes law whether he will or no. We vote our own budget, impose our own taxes, settle our own customs tariff, have our own army and navy, which cannot be employed without the sanction of the parliament. All grants of money lie entirely in the hands of the parliament. In fact we only have the King in common with Sweden, and we, through him, have our diplomatic affairs conducted by Sweden, but Norwegians as well as Swedes are appointed as consuls and ambassadors abroad. We have our own flag, but it unfortunately bears a union, somewhat like that of the English ensign, which is also to be found in the Swedish flag, and which we wish to be rid of, because the English and American unions, the only ones which the world knows of, signify that the different states of those countries are welded together into one nation, which is not the case with Norway and Sweden. The fact that the Swedish flag otherwise is different from the Norwegian does not save us from this apprehension. England, Spain, Russia, and other countries have several different flags. Foreign nations therefore believe that our flag is one of two different Swedish ensigns. It is just the same as if a heathen people carried a flag with a cross—every one would take them for a Christian people, because the cross is known from olden time to represent Christianity. All assurances that they were heathens would not avail. The antiquity of the sign and its renown would be stronger than any protest of theirs. Therefore, as long as our flag bears the union, it misrepresents us; it tells that Norway, the smaller country, is absorbed in the larger one—Sweden—just as Ireland and Scotland are united to England.

What the constitution of a country has secured for the people is one thing; how it is understood and applied is another. We began in 1814 as a small, impoverished nation, new to the use of political liberty; a Swedish Governor was placed at the head of the Norwegian government by our mutual King—the King did not know a hundred men in the country, so he was obliged to have a representative there. But the union was not honestly meant from the Swedish side: they only wanted it as an introduction to further conquests by peaceful means through the King. If it became necessary to strike a blow, they were beforehand sure of the sanction of Russia to realize at any time the original plan of 1814, which was to get the King of Denmark to cede the country as a province to Sweden. The whole of the Holy Alliance would also give their sanction as soon as the Norwegians showed any dangerous tendencies toward freedom; and that they very soon displayed. The Swedish people themselves had lived in the blissful belief that Norway was conquered as a legitimate compensation for the loss of Finland, and they became wroth with Carl Johan when they found he had "cheated" them. As long as this feeling lasted—and it lasted for a considerable time—it was necessary for the Norwegians to act with prudence. The King was not to be depended upon, the union anything but safe, and Europe without sympathy. Memoirs and letters written by members of the Norwegian government at that time show how narrow and dangerous the waters were, and how capricious and faithless he was who was at the helm.

With prudence and patriotism the rocks were cleared one by one. Open sea—that

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A SUNDAY FUNERAL.

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WOMEN FROM HALLINGDAL.

is to say, full independence—Norway has not yet reached. Certainly the Swedish Governor is long ago out of the saga; the viceroyalty which the Crown-Prince alone could fill has long been a dead letter, and will soon be struck from the constitution altogether; but the flag, which is now Norwegian—we began by using a Swedish one—bears a union, which must also go. The correct way to show that the two countries have the same King and nothing else in common is not by placing a union in the flag, but by displaying the flags of the two countries side by side whenever the union between the two kingdoms is to be represented. The essential and last sign of dependency on the part of Norway is that the foreign affairs of the country cannot be transacted by the King without the sanction and help of Sweden. This is at present the great question at issue between the two countries.

The Norwegians want to have as many councillors of state as the Swedes at those councils in which common diplomatic matters are transacted, and will not agree to any proposal that the Minister of Foreign Affairs must absolutely be Swedish: either he may also be Norwegian, or there must be two. The result of this strife is most likely to be the following: At present the products of the one country can be imported duty free into the other, but this will be repealed, and the Norwegians will dissever the present arrangement of mutual consulates for the two countries abroad, and establish their own consuls all over the world.

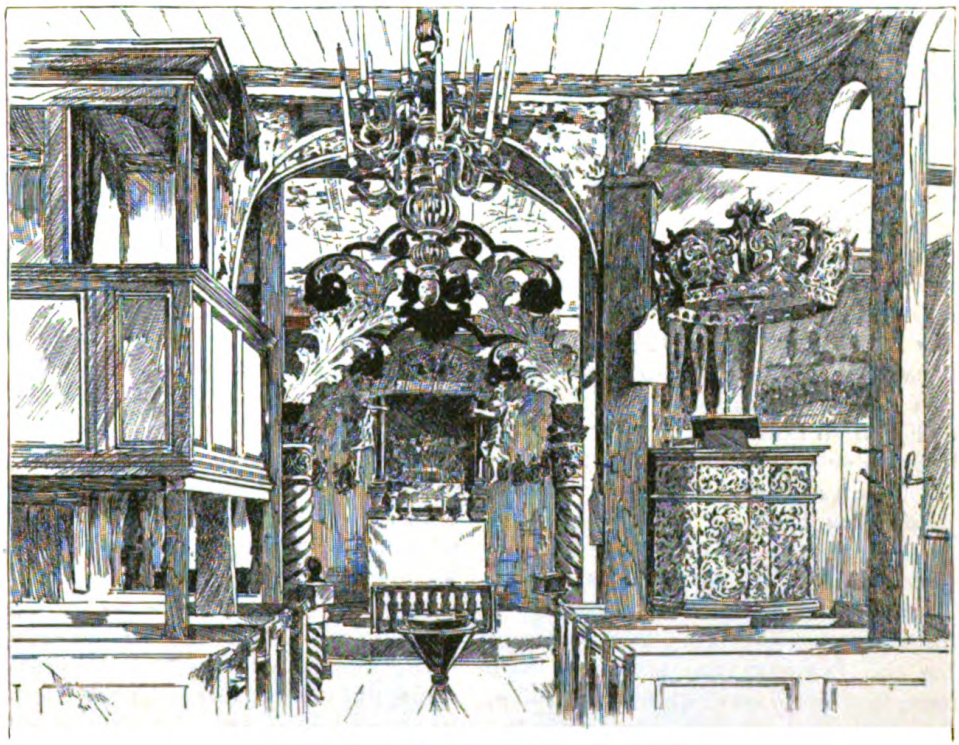
The Norwegians think in this way: Sweden is too small to protect us; she is also too small to conquer us, and she would derive no advantage whatever thereby. There now only remains the alternative either to place themselves on perfect equality with us or to dissever the connection.

The reactionaries and conservatives of Sweden—and there are many of them in this old country—are afraid that free Norway will lead Sweden into the path of reforms, and as they understand that this is, and always will be more and more, the outcome of the union, they prefer that it should be dissolved.

And the great democracy of Norway of to-day feels more and more that the union with a nation so closely linked to monarchy, nobility, and old traditions as the Swedes hinders our progress, and they would therefore also be willing to dispense with the union. So far the two are agreed; but there is this great difference, that in Sweden among the conservatives great ill-will — nay, sometimes hatred—against the Norwegians prevails; in Norway no such feeling against Sweden has been excited. The Norwegians do not wish for the dissolution of the union, but that it should become a settled federation with the Swedish people, prompted by natural conditions, mutual interests, and the near kinship of the two peoples. Those

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Norwegians who see a danger in the union because the Swedes never will cease putting their fingers into the Norwegians' pie, and because the King is a Swede, and the master of the armies and navies of the two countries (time after time Norway has been threatened with armed intervention when Norwegian politics went against the grain of the Swedes; it is only a few years since the threat was last heard) —those Norwegians who see a danger in and this, in connection with many other things, indicates the course which the political relations between the two countries will take. The interests of the dynasty, which in this case, as so often happens, do not coincide with those of the people, will delay this development to some extent; but this obstacle will also some day be removed, and the Scandinavian union merge into a large democratic federation of kindred races.



INTERIOR OF OLD CHURCH IN GUDBRANDSDALEN.

the union as it is at present, believe that a federation would be safe. In such a federation we would at once arrange our defences according to a mutual plan with regard to army, navy, and fortifications. Now we dare not!

I must add that among the younger generation of Sweden, and probably also among the Swedish peasants (who, by-the-bye, are less alert than the Norwegian peasants, and therefore less a political factor), there are many who regard the development of the union into a federation in the same way as many of the great liberal party in Norway. They look upon the influence of Norway in politics, in literature, and in art as a blessing. These are the true friends of Norway;

I will not occupy my readers' attention any longer with the politics of our little country. I must, however, add that our finances are in a sound condition. Our national debt is about 109 million kroner (about six million pounds sterling), principally contracted for building railways, all of which, except one, belong to the state, and which to some extent are beginning to pay. The revenue of the country in 1887 was about forty-three million kroner (not quite two and a half million pounds sterling), and the expenditure a trifle less.

With regard to the Norwegian constitution I will only mention that the Storthing consists really of one House—Norway has no nobility—which after being

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elected divides itself into two, the Odelsthing and the Lagthing, the latter consisting of a fourth part of the total number of representatives, and is in reality a kind of select committee of the Storthing. A bill which has been thrice passed by the Storthing becomes law whether the King sanctions it or not. Taxes and customs and excise duties are settled by the Storthing alone, and all the expenditures of the local communes are voted by the board of the local government, elected by the parliamentary voters.

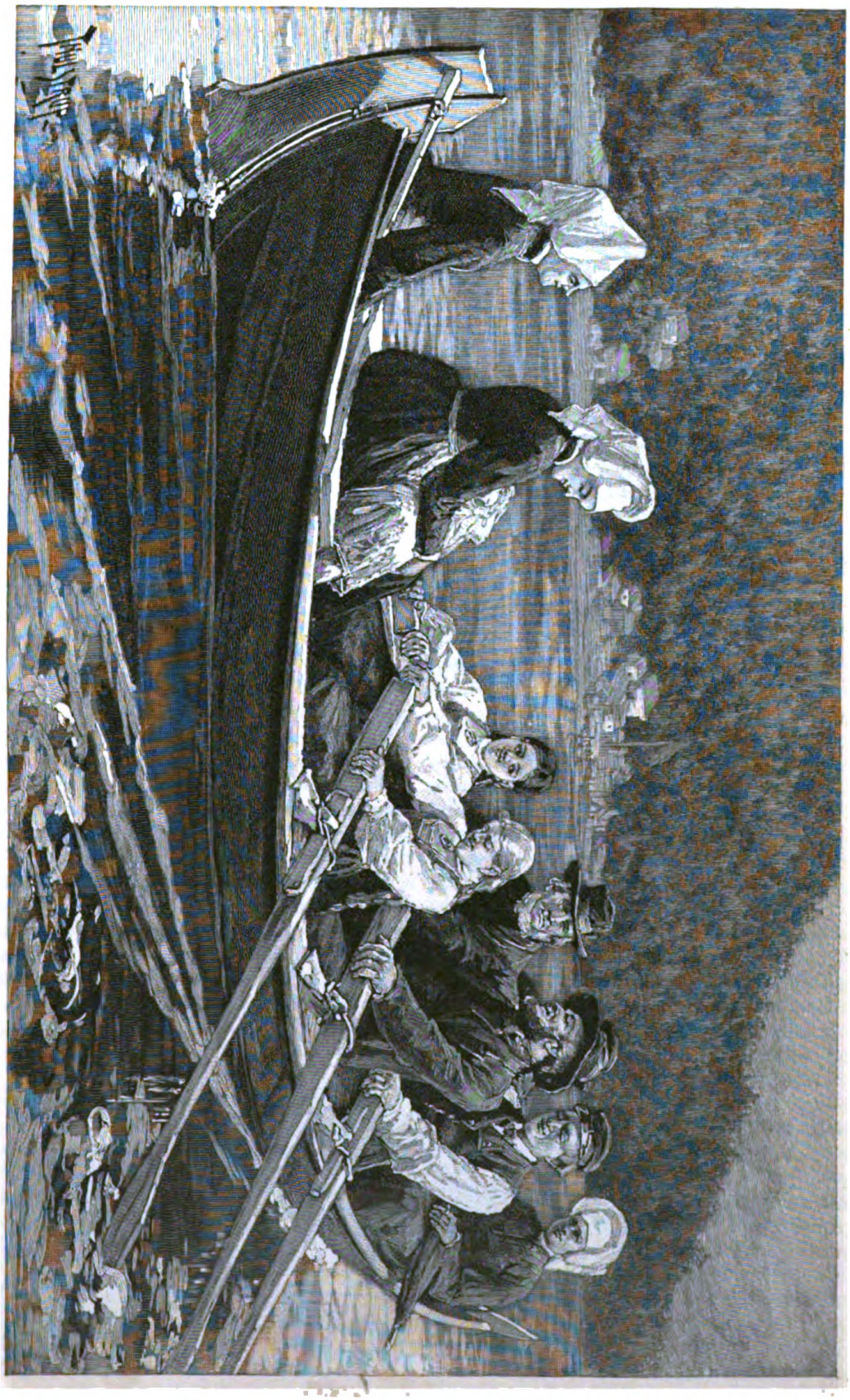
As a land for tourists, Norway has gradually been recognized to be the grandest in Europe. In the summer-time it offers a most pleasant climate, and the scenery is most picturesque, and unique of its kind. More and more of these picturesque parts are being "discovered." No sooner had the new railway from Bergen to Vossevangen provided easy access to the Nærö Valley, now visited every year by thousands from all countries, than the new road over the mountains from Lom in Gudbrandsdalen to the Geiranger Fjord, in Söndmöre, has opened up a still grander and wilder tract, through which you can now travel in a carriage as comfortably and safely as if you were driving along Fifth Avenue in New York. And just as Sogne Fjord is visited by the swarms of tourists as one of the finest of the fjord scenery (in many parts, as you sail up the fjord in the pleasant little steamers, you are overshadowed by lofty, mighty mountains which overhang the ship, so you might easily imagine that you are going through a tunnel by sea), so the discovery of Hjörund Fjord, in Söndmöre—wilder than any other fjord in Norway—has led to the establishment of a very convenient and regular steam-ship traffic upon it.

The "Panorama of Molde," as it is now generally called, is one of the most magnificent parts of Norway—many call it the grandest in Europe. The fjord with its many islands is stretched out before you, the whole landscape breathing of peace and harmony, and you have only to lift your eyes to encounter the wild and rugged peaks of the well-known Romsdal Mountains. The contrast in colors, from the blue-grayish of the sea, the dark green of the islands, the blue of the mountains nearest to you, the eternal white of the snow-peaks, and the play of the sea mist in the light of the setting sun—nothing more beautiful can be seen!

Since the fame of the "Lofoten" in the far north has become more generally known, special steamers with all the comforts of modern times convey the tourists thither inside the chain of islands along the Norwegian coast, which nearly all the way protect the steamer from the roll of the Atlantic, and the passengers can thus remain upon deck both day and night under the rays of the midnight sun, while the sound of nearly all the European languages is heard buzzing around your ears. And when you at last enter the Vest Fjord, with the lofty mountains of the Lofoten Islands rising out of the sea on one side and the mighty mountain ranges of the main-land on the other, you feel as if you were sailing right into the grandest fairy tales of the people, or into the myths about the eternal fight between the Ases and the Jotuns, the Vanirs and the Gnomes, especially when the glow of the midnight sun suffuses with infinite splendor those parts of the mountains upon which it rests, and leaves the other parts in an inexpressible chill.

Strange legends hover over these regions; the mountains were trolls (giants), who at one time had been courting, and who, when rejected or when driven to jealousy, pursued each other, rolled mighty rocks upon each other, or hurled them in each other's path, and ended by being enchanted into stone themselves by some mightier trolls. These legends are immense, as if they treated about folding the city of New York together like a carpet, carrying it off across the Atlantic, and unfolding it again upon the plains of Normandy, without a house, a child, or a cup being broken on the way. These regions had at one time a poet, Peter Dass (contracted from the Scotch Dundas), who died in 1708. He described in original verses this part of Norway—Nordland—and the love and the imagination of the people have clung to him to such a degree that now the worthy Nordland clergyman is to them as a giant of Solomon's height in the tales of the East. He tied down the devil as you would bind and tame a dog. Satan was always at his beck and call, and had to bring him everything he wished for and to carry him wherever he wanted to go. One Christmas Eve Peter Dass sailed on a millstone down to the King of Denmark,

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A CHRISTENING PARTY.

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DOOR OF THE HITTERDAL CHURCH.

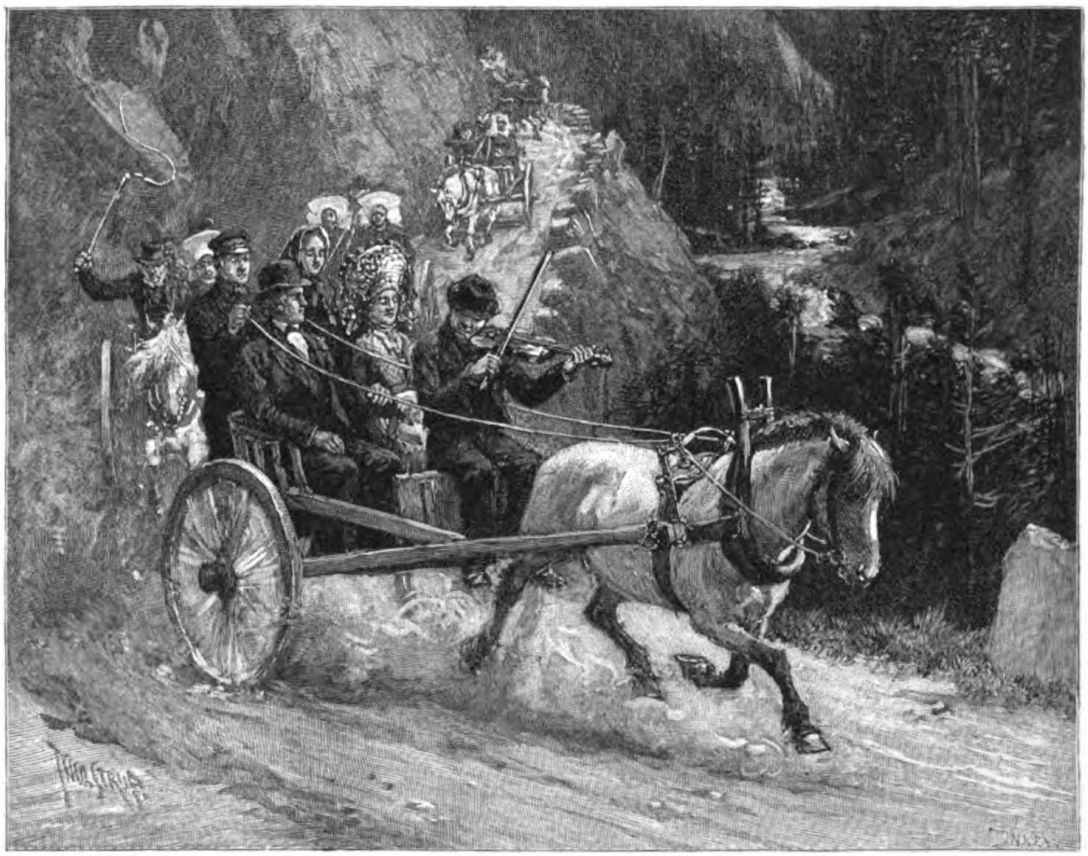
where he was right royally entertained, but next day he delivered his Christmas sermon in his little parish church in the north, hundreds of miles away. In the same way that they have endowed him, these people, whose imagination has been reared by the wild, weird nature around them during several months of continuous light, night and day, during an equally long period of continuous darkness, with the wild restless rays of the *aurora borealis* across the canopy of the heavens, and in the fantastic life at sea, with the fish shoals under them and millions of birds hovering above them, they will probably in a century or two similarly endow those who to-day have won their love or their hatred. Should the traveller wish himself away from the grand and wild tracts of Norwegian scenery, and from the weird fairy tales and legends and melodies which it has begotten (these melodies are as characteristic as the legends); should he want to find the cradle of more tranquil and ennobling tales, legends, and melodies; if he as a contrast desires to seek the gentle, broad regions, beautiful in their fertility, and with grand mountain lines as in a symphony—then there is, besides all the places which the tourists have already discovered, a new spot, which undoubtedly will be considered the finest of its kind in Norway: this is the farm Rool, between Stenkjær and Levanger, in the Trondhjem district, right between the arms of the fjords, with islands all over it, the nature of the landscape being that just referred to. You will look far to find its equal. The road by which the spot is reached passes through fertile fields and verdant woods along the shore of the bays on the fjord, full of eider-ducks, wild-ducks, guillemots, gulls, terns, and their young ones, swimming peacefully about close to the shore. One would think they were looking for people whom they knew and who would give them food, or that they were the tame denizens of a duck pond on a large farm. Here and all the way to the north of the country all sea-birds are protected by law; they are the friends of the inhabitants, and pay them back plentifully in down and eggs the value of their rent, but are in return both cared for and protected, and often fed.

I do not think there is any country, frequented by tourists, which is so much traversed on foot as Norway. It is seldom that these pedestrians, mostly Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes, go in parties, although one might think that this would be the



A POST STATION IN GUDBRANDSDALEN.

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A WEDDING PARTY.

safest way. No: you meet them in twos and threes—man and wife, brother and sister, a couple of students, or very often you meet a solitary traveller; it is also not unusual to see two young ladies on a walking tour even in the most wild and mountainous districts. We have never heard of a single instance in which any one has been molested or even frightened. Should they forget anything at a station or some place of rest, the lost article is always sent on after them, if the address is known, or taken care of until inquiries are made. And should they be obliged to ask for the loan of anything, the request is granted without a thought of any security. Foreign friends who have visited me have found the greatest pleasure in telling me of such occurrences which they themselves have experienced or heard of; so I am in possession of many of these anecdotes. I will relate one of these from Gudbrandsdalen. A German architect, who had been staying at one of the posting stations up there for the night, rose early in the morning and took a walk around the farm-yard. The air was fresh; the mountains loomed deliciously cool above the dark forests; the corn-crake was croaking in the grass; the distant, sharp roar of a river fell soothingly on the ear; the sun had not yet risen, but the great valley with its broad open lap lay anxiously awaiting it. Suddenly he heard the rattling of wheels upon the road. "That's the post from the south," said a lad who was dragging out three horses from the stables to be ready for the mail. But it was not the post. From the wood emerged, first, a dun-colored horse before a cariole, with a buff mackintosh, an Englishman in it; then another dun-colored horse with another mackintoshed Englishman. Under the carioles, between the wheels, was a canvas bag with the dogs, and behind sat the post-boy. As soon as they arrived at the station the Englishmen and their dogs jumped out. The architect, who could speak English, addressed a few words in greeting to the new arrivals about the beautiful morning, to which they hardly paid any attention; but suddenly they became rather uneasy, they began feeling in all their pockets, and after an appar-

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ently fruitless search they inquired of the architect if he could speak Norwegian. Yes, he could. They then asked him if he would help them to explain to the post-boy that they had no money to pay him with; they had left all their money, in all about £200, in a pocket-book under the pillow in one of the beds at the last station where they had slept. Could they get fresh horses to drive back at once? The architect, who knew that the post was expected, said that they could be quite easy about the matter: the mail driver was almost sure to bring the pocket-book with him; they need not go back, but only wait. He had no sooner said this than the post-horn was heard in the distance, and shortly afterward the mail driver in his cariole and with two carts of mail-bags drove into the station. Before descending from his cariole he asked the two Englishmen if they had forgotten a pocket-book at the last station. Yes, they had, answered the architect; upon which the driver pulled out the pocket-book and handed it to the Englishmen. All the money lay untouched there.

One winter's day, some years ago, a couple of young men were sitting in London talking of their travels during the summer. One of them had been in Norway, and could not sufficiently praise the honesty of the Norwegian peasants and their readiness in judging character. "If I am a well-dressed person and look like a gentleman I can travel through the whole country in my own cariole without paying a penny for the horses. I need only say, 'The one who comes on behind will pay.'" That was too much for the other, and it ended in a heavy bet that they should go together through Norway, buy their own carioles, and travel through the country, the first of them half a day in advance of the other, without a single penny in his pocket; the other should follow behind and pay.

The following summer they went to Norway, got their carioles, and started on their trip. But at the very first station the Englishman who had expatiated upon the honesty of the Norwegians got into a fix: he had forgotten what the magic words were in Norwegian. He could not pay the post-boy; neither could he say, "The one who comes on behind will pay." Fortunately a merchant from Christiania came to the rescue. The Englishman told him all about the bet, upon which the merchant informed him what the words were in Norwegian. The Englishman repeated them to the post-boy, and they had at once the desired effect. The boy was satisfied, and said it would no doubt be all right about the money. The merchant, however, thought it would be best for the credit of the country to let the new post-boy, who was to go with the Englishman to the next station, into the secret, and requested him to pass it on from station to station, that when the first Englishman arrived and said, "The one coming on behind will pay," no one was to trouble him about money, for on being allowed to continue his journey in this way he would win the bet. The boy undertook to do this, and all the post-boys and station-keepers on the road enjoyed the joke immensely, without betraying that they knew anything about the affair. And so it happened that the Englishman travelled through the country without paying a penny; and thus the two Englishmen go about telling this story, which again is told to a thousand others, that in Norway you need not pay at the posting stations, but only say, "The one who comes on behind will pay."

I am afraid I am not in a position to describe Norway as a tourists' land. I myself have never travelled for the sake of travelling merely; I agree, in fact, so little with the conception of the ordinary tourist that to me a tour on the fjords of Romsdal on the small steamers, and then across a narrow neck of land till we come to another fjord, then through a pine forest or a narrow valley, and then again across another fjord and through another valley, is more than rushing about from country to country or chasing through my own land from one end to another. And I go still further. I, for my part, prefer a journey in the winter through the country to one in the summer, and I maintain that both the country and the people are then seen to better advantage, and that such a journey is better for one's health, and therefore, on the whole, more beneficial.

To make this last clear I must explain that Norway is not the cold country which its geographical position would lead one to believe. The reasons for this are two: a warm current runs along the Norwegian coast, fills the space inside the great banks and islands, and passes into the fjords; these same banks prevent also

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FISH-MARKET, BERGEN.

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the ice-water from the polar seas from reaching the coast.

Is it possible that this should also have an effect upon the people of the country? Is this the reason that this Northern country of ours, when it, about five hundred years since, only had a population of from two to three hundred thousand inhabitants, produced that succession of men and deeds of which Snorre Sturlasson's great work, *The Heimskringla*, has given a description—a pattern for all times? Is this the reason that our small nation, when its strength again began to revive after destructive civil wars and other great misfortunes (such as that raging epidemic, the "Black Death," and another just as great, the miserable Danish rule through four hundred years), produced that master-spirit of wit, Ludvig Holberg, Molière's rival; produced a "folk-poesy" which in legends, songs, melodies, and tunes may compare with that of any other country; and which in the course of time has begotten a literature and music which are even creating considerable attention outside our own borders? The composers Edvard Grieg and Johan Svendsen are counted among the first of living musicians; Selmer and Sinding are also rising in renown. Executants such as Ole Bull, Erika Lie-Nissen, and Edmund Neupert are well known in the musical world. Henrik Ibsen's dramas, the Germans declare, have opened up a new road in dramatic art. Alexander Kielland's witty sketches of modern society are now as widely read in Germany, Austria, and Hungary as in the Scandinavian countries. Norway has also produced the greatest mathematician of our time, Nils Abel, who died in 1829, only twenty-seven years old, after having enriched mathematical science with epoch-marking discoveries.

In 1814 the Norwegians availed themselves of the political events of the day in such a manner that they made themselves the freest constitution of any country in Europe, if not in the world, and have since shown that they understand how to preserve it.

In having thus tried to give a sketch of my country and its people I have not had much opportunity of describing in detail the excellent illustrations which have been specially prepared for these articles. To make some amends for this, I will here, in conclusion, add a few words about some of the illustrations which have especially attracted me.

The fish-market of Bergen, well known to all visitors to western Norway, is a most interesting place for studying folk-life in that ancient and most national of all the Norwegian towns. There are special days in the week—those upon which the town dines on fish—when the fishermen from the neighboring districts come sailing or rowing into the harbor with their catch. They moor their boats alongside the quay of the fish-market, and here may be seen, leaning over the railings, the servant-girls of Bergen in lively discussion with the fishermen—bargaining, chatting, and chaffing to their hearts' content. There is a life and bustle which is not easily forgotten, and which should not be missed by our foreign visitors. The landlord at the hotels will inform travellers of the best time to visit the fish-market.

There are several illustrations of ancient Norwegian architecture, such as Hitterdal church, the interior of an old church in Gudbrandsdalen, and a posting station in the same valley, showing the peculiar construction of the old Norwegian houses with galleries, etc. Those who are interested in such matters, the old *stav* churches, etc., I will refer to the many books written on the subject, but visitors to Norway are warned that there are not now many specimens of our old architecture left in the country.

In many districts the old customs in connection with weddings are still kept up. Formerly the wedding festivities lasted a fortnight, and much drinking and fighting were the order of the day. Nowadays the weddings in that part where I live—in the heart of the country—do not last more than half a day; in fact it is becoming not an unusual thing to celebrate the wedding by a dinner only, in the most popular hotel or restaurant of the nearest town. Bridal crowns and national costumes are still, to some extent, worn by the women on the western coast—in Hardanger, Sogn, Nordfjord, etc.—but this custom is gradually dying out. The illustration of a wedding party gives an excellent idea of such a party on their return from church, the bride and bridegroom in the first carriage, with the fiddler in front of them, while the guests come rattling merrily along behind.

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HITTERDAL CHURCH.

I notice that the faces of the brides in the illustrations are types of the women on the west coast, selected types, no doubt, which, however, show how near akin these people are to the noble families of England and France through the Normans.

The remarkable costume of the two women from Hallingdal is now mostly to be found in the neighboring district of Sætersdalen. This disfiguring dress, with the skirts close up under the armpits, had its origin, it is said, in religious fanaticism, which did not permit the women to wear any dress which displayed the female form. It did not, however, find imitation in other parts of the country.

By "a funeral on Sunday" it is generally understood that when a clergyman lives a long way from the church—he has often three churches, many miles distant from each other, in each of which he officiates every third Sunday—the coffin is conveyed to the church-yard some time during the week, and is lowered into the grave, the clerk leading the singing of a hymn and making a short speech in the absence of the clergyman; but when the latter attends on "Sermon Sunday," as it is generally called, he performs the ceremony of casting soil upon the coffin, without any other rite or address than the reading of the old formula: "From earth thou art come; to earth thou shalt return; from earth thou shalt again arise." On these Sundays there is always a large congregation present at church, which then assembles around any grave where this ceremony is performed, as shown in the illustration.

In the picture of a christening party in a boat the artist has depicted in a very correct and spirited manner the way in which the people in the fjord districts generally go to church. In these parts the women are accustomed to assist in rowing the boat.

These illustrations of Norwegian scenery and life among the peasantry will, no doubt, more than any words of mine, help to recall to the minds of many of my readers who have visited Norway pleasant recollections and memories of the hours they have spent in my native country—"Gamle Norge," as we love to call it.

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THE KING'S REVEL.

BY CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

"SING us a song of dole and pity;
Tell us a tale akin to grief:
Long have we danced in the riotous city;
Now, tired of revel, we crave relief."

He sang in tender tone of Love and Death—
Love wild in grief, Love cold in Death's embrace.
Full low and sweet he sang, with bated breath,
And low the harp strings whisper'd through the place.

Loud and harsh broke the jeering laughter.
"Callest thou that a song of bale?
Thinkest to woo us to weeping after
The city's sport with an idle tale?"

Of Love and Life the poet obedient sang—
Of Love grown cold in living. High the strain,
Like wailing winds, throughout the palace rang;
The harp strings quiver'd with a cry of pain.

Harsher the mirth as he closed the ditty;
Scornful the eyes 'neath the ivy leaf.
"We call'd for a song of dole and pity;
We call'd for a tale akin to grief."

Then clear he sang of meadows sweet with flowers,
Where two young lovers Love's first promise spoke.
His voice rose like a bird's from April bowers;
The harp strings thrill'd with tender joy and broke.

Hushed was the air as in wine scents sleeping—
Wine that the mute lips could not quaff;
Never a sound of revel or weeping—
"Ho! Sir Jester, the king would laugh!"

SONG.

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

"Song to the gods is sweetest sacrifice."—*Theocritus.*

"BEHOLD another singer!" Criton said,
And sneered, and in his sneering turned the leaf.
"Who reads the poets now? They are past and dead.
Give me for their dull work unrhymed relief."
A laugh went round. Meanwhile the last ripe sheaf
Of corn was garnered, and the summer birds
Stilled their dear notes, while autumn's voice of grief
Rang through the fields, and wept the gathered herds.

Then in despair men murmured: "Is this all—
To fade and die within this narrow ring?
Where are the singers with their hearts aflame
To tell again what those of old let fall—
How to decaying worlds fresh promise came,
How to sad hearts the new-born angels sing?"

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE was recently a debate in the United States Senate upon the question of changing the highest title which we give to a foreign Minister—that of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary—to Ambassador. It was a proposition to discard a title which is cumbrous and grotesque, as if borrowed from Chinese diplomacy, and to substitute the distinctive name applied to foreign representatives by the Constitution. There was no increase of salary contemplated, and the reason alleged for the change was the promotion of the public convenience.

It was a proposition so simple, urged upon grounds so plain, that its immediate adoption might have been assumed. But it provoked a very warm discussion, and it was attacked as if it were an insidious stroke at free institutions and an attempted renunciation of republican principles. It was alleged with energy that the American people are the greatest of all people, and their government the best of all governments, that we had thrown aside the tinsel gewgaws of monarchy and the peacock follies of artificial class distinctions, and that the representative of the American people is entitled to consideration for that reason alone, and not because of his title, or his clothes, or his decorations. Emulous of Queen Elizabeth's defiance of the Spanish Armada, "foul scorn" was heaped upon hapless snobs and dudes and liveried lackeys. The republican character of Dr. Franklin as the typical American Minister was duly extolled, and finally it was vehemently asserted that the whole scheme of diplomatic representation is a relic of feudalism and the dark ages, and that the modern age in which steam and the telegraph and the press have annihilated space and abolished time and diffuse intelligence universally as dawn diffuses light, demands that international questions should be settled by agents sent for the purpose, and that the great republic should no longer maintain official flunkies at royal courts to ape an effeminate aristocracy and discredit a sturdy democracy.

These were not the words, but this was the substance of the rhetorical onslaught. But the oratorical energy was singularly misdirected. If the scene had not been the United States Senate, which we are assured is the most truly dignified and essentially august legislative body in the world, it might have been thought that the affair was merely a humorous explosion of caricatured Americanism and mock patriotism suitable for the centennial year of the Constitution. If Senators had not been described as a circle of American gentlemen, it might have seemed that some of them, as one of them remarked—if taken in this vein seriously—supposed that it would be more nobly American and more truly democratic if the United States should go around the world with pantaloons stuffed in boots, with coat and waistcoat off, and ragged trousers held up by one suspender.

No good reason has ever yet been submitted why Uncle Sam, because he wears a hat instead of a crown, and a business coat instead of a court suit, should not be a gentleman, instead of a brawling bully and boasting boor. Sir Philip Sidney in deportment and manner is quite as good a model for Brother Jonathan as Tony Lumpkin. There is no Senator who goes to dine with the President or with a fellow-Senator who does not wear a dress-coat and a white cravat, and he is just as good a democratic republican and just as simple and ungewgawed an American when he does it as if he wore a dirty shirt and muddy cowhide boots which he planted upon the table. In wearing the ordinary costume and keeping his feet under the table the Senator shows that he understands good manners and the requirements of social courtesy, not that he is at heart an aristocrat and outwardly a coxcomb. There was not a hero of all the six hundred heroes who charged at Balaklava—

> "Theirs not to make reply;
> Theirs not to reason why;
> Theirs but to do and die"—

who would not have recognized every little courtesy of the drawing-room with the same fine instinct that whirled him

> "Into the jaws of death,
> Into the mouth of hell."

Now there are international manners as well as private and social manners. There are certain conventions of diplomacy accepted by all civilized nations, and adopted for the regular despatch of affairs. As one Senator truly remarked,

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if we are to maintain diplomatic relations with the great powers of the world, we must maintain them after the manner in which they are universally maintained. If, on the other hand, we will have no such relations, there is, of course, no further question of the method of maintaining them. But if we think best to send Ministers abroad, and it appears that to call one of them an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary retards the prompt execution of the business that we intrust to him—and that it does so there is no question—why should we hesitate to call him what the Constitution calls him? That ought to be good American authority. Washington and his associates in the Constitutional Convention were not dandies or snobs or toadies, nor were they unduly concerned about gold-lace, and precedence at dinner and in court circles. If they were content prospectively to call an American Minister to any foreign country an Ambassador, we need not think to be better Americans by calling him an agent or an attorney.

There was an amusing debate some years ago about the proper official clothes for an American Minister to wear, and Congress passed a law that he should wear none which it did not previously authorize. The discussion and the law grew out of the reported desire of some Minister to procure a nominal rank in the army to enable him to wear the uniform of that rank. But the reason for calling an Envoy an Ambassador is not a question of clothes, or orders, or precedence at dinner-tables. It is a convention of civilized states by which great powers assert themselves. There are different degrees in the conceded standing of nations. Some are powers of the first class and some are not. Those of the first class announce that fact to others by sending ambassadors. When a state sends an Envoy or Minister Resident or a Chargé d'Affaires to such powers, it announces that it makes no claim to be a power of the first class, and it is treated accordingly. It is perfectly true, indeed, that its real power and class do not depend upon the title of its representatives. But the convenience of its business does, while the relative diplomatic precedence of the representative, even from countries which recognize distinctions of rank, depends not upon his individual rank at home, but upon his seniority of service at the capital to which he is sent.

The proposition to abolish diplomatic representation overlooks the fact of the desirability, in a time when Brother Jonathan is a constant traveller, to maintain an officer in every country who can speak for him at any moment with all the authority of Uncle Sam. It disregards also the value to a country of a personal representative among the leaders of thought and opinion in foreign lands. This is a value of the highest importance, although of a somewhat abstract character. It belongs to that class of powerful influences proceeding from the imagination which Bagehot mentions in speaking of the Queen. She is practically powerless, but he says truly: "The use of the Queen in a dignified capacity is incalculable. Without her in England the present English government would fail and pass away."

Of the same kind of force is that of the personal influence of a national representative. The amity of nations is the hope of civilization, and all the more as popular opinion becomes the true sovereignty of states. For this reason a Swashbuckler or Captain Bobadil is as mischievous in public life as he is contemptible in private circles. A tone of insolence, of bullying and bravado, is no more indicative of courage, independence, and self-respect in a nation than in an individual; and what may be truly called the extravagant affectation of democracy, as in Jefferson's reported reception, in dressing-gown and slippers, of a foreign Minister, is quite as puerile as a fatuous regard for stars and garters.

If an American citizen, without the renunciation of any principle or right, may be properly called an Envoy, he may be called, with equal propriety, an Ambassador, and if the business upon which he is sent can be transacted under the one title more conveniently than under the other, Yankee "horse sense" would favor promoting the national convenience by calling him so. If there are good reasons for abolishing the familiar system of international diplomacy, the assertion that it is American and republican to call the agent an Envoy, and a betrayal of republican simplicity to call him an Ambassador, is not one of them.

THE epitaph which Mr. Sapsea, the auctioneer, composed for his wife, as recorded in *Edwin Drood*, was a celebration of his

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own virtues. Dickens is often called a caricaturist, but as he found his drollest names upon London sign-boards, the reader of his books will find plenty of suggestions for his broad pictures in the contributions of our old friend Jenkins to the daily papers. A recent special telegram from this author was printed as if it conveyed public intelligence of importance, announcing that the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Blank had disarranged the plans of a distinguished family in the state—let us say of Patagonia—for a brilliant social season. It was further announced that the maternal head of the family, Mrs. Scarlet, was a daughter of the late distinguished Judge Yellow, of Tacoma, and her only sister was Mrs. Purple, whose refined entertainments are among the most fashionable in—let us say, again, Leadville. We were also instructed that Mrs. Orange-Red, the mother of Mrs. Scarlet, had left for her country home, where Mrs. Scarlet would live in retirement for some time.

That no necessary knowledge might be withheld, it was further stated that few families in Leadville have a more distinguished connection than that of Mrs. Purple. Her mother was a daughter of the former Secretary of the Middle Branch under President Green. Her husband was a relative of the Honorable Dionysius Red. Her daughter married a grandson of General Boum, and her daughter's great-grandfather by marriage was Lieutenant-Governor of Aurania in the year 1809. It is universally known that Mrs. Purple's father was in the cabinet of President Gray. Her home, according to Jenkins, is one of the most attractive in Leadville, and is filled with heirlooms of distinguished relatives.

This was the announcement of the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Blank, and Mr. Sapsea's epitaph upon his departed spouse is outdone. Doubtless the services of the Lieutenant-Colonel in life were gallant and honorable, but his death serves to spread abroad, not his own renown, but the great glory of a family with which he was connected. It was said of a famous public man who had a due sense of his own importance that, being ill in a foreign country during a long critical crisis in his own, he met a countryman who asked him, with common interest and patriotic eagerness, "What is the news?" The famous man thanked him courteously, and replied, meditatively, "Well, I think that I am rather better." We listen to the announcement of the Lieutenant-Colonel's death with a due desire to know the facts of his career, and we learn that one of his connections by marriage married a gentleman whose great-grandfather was Lieutenant-Governor of Aurania in 1809. And in further biographical elucidation of the deceased soldier we are apprised that the select social entertainments of the sister of the maternal head of the family with which he was connected are the most fashionable in Leadville. "And of such are the kingdom of heaven," Jenkins, remembering the famous epitaph, might have softly sighed.

Eothen describes a wretched fellow-being who, having died, was well out of the scrape of being old and poor. Perchance Lieutenant-Colonel Blank, poised upon seraphic wings, muses doubtfully whether the angelic choir can quite compensate for even a temporary severance from the mundane greatness with which he was allied. For us who remain, all the grounds of awe and admiration for that distinguished connection are duly set forth. And why smile? It is a simple and harmless self-glorification which subsidizes the pen of Jenkins, for the happy genius of American life laughs at our futile efforts at social exclusiveness. If our neighbor proclaims that his great-grandfather by marriage was Lieutenant-Governor somewhere in 1809, we reflect with consolation that our own cousin's great-grandmother married the youngest son of the Sheriff of the County somewhere else in 1810. If Tom is related at a few removes to a former Secretary in the cabinet—a worthy gentleman who is now forgotten—Dick can claim kindred with a Judge equally distinguished in his day with the Secretary, and like him, equally unknown, while Harry, undaunted, through a second cousin, traces himself back to an excellent Controller whose name has escaped the public memory.

Lieutenant-Colonel Blank was perhaps worthy of a commemorative word or sketch in his own right, but *noblesse oblige*, and the family distinction must not forego the opportunity to emphasize what apparently it holds to be his chief claim to remembrance, his alliance with itself. But if all families of similar distinction should improve such opportunities in the same way, our heroes of every degree would be unre-

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membered. If the family of the Lieutenant-Governor of Aurania in the year 1809 had commemorated his lamented demise by eulogies of his cousin's connection by marriage, the Lieutenant-Governor's family to-day would have been less zealous in pluming themselves upon his name. In the same way the connections of the Lieutenant-Governor, by subordinating the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel Blank wholly to the grandeur of his connections by marriage, instead of magnifying his distinctions and imparting a lustre to the name of Blank, have lost the opportunity of adding fresh blossoms to the family tree.

This is not only unfortunate, but unfair; for is it to be supposed that a connection by marriage or the relative of a connection by marriage to the Lieutenant-Governor of Aurania in 1809 could have condescended to an alliance with a scion of any less noble house? Does not her choice itself certify an equal rank in the spouse, and why then in the commemoration should the great family of Blank have been totally neglected? Nay, the "very gentility" of the ancient deputy-magistrate of Aurania, animating all his descendants and matrimonial connections, must have ennobled Lieutenant or Captain Blank, as his title may have been at marriage, however plain his family annals.

This auspicious result the good genius of our American society always provides. By common consent, and upon the authority of the directory, the two chief family names among us are Smith and Jones. Now when the great house of Smith concludes (in dealing with these lofty themes the language itself consciously dilates and struts) a matrimonial alliance with the house of Jones, there is, as it were, a pooling of illustrious ancestry. And thus the family which was plunged by the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Blank into deep and prolonged details of its own distinction is not again distinguished by the distinction of the family of Blank.

And who is it, since we all share these grandeurs, and can point to governors and generals and sheriffs and district attorneys and members of the Legislature and tax assessors and overseers of the poor and inspectors of elections, and even justices of the peace and public notaries, in our various ancestral lines—who is it that, poring over these names, conceives because of them a profounder regard for their descendants? If a man had a great historic ancestor he might well shrink to hear him named in his presence, lest the august shade should seem to hint a disparity. But when Jenkins summons that shade to point an obituary or adorn a ball, when he improves the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Blank to celebrate the relations of the family into which that gallant soldier married, and whose plans for a brilliant social season his unmannerly demise has disconcerted—alas, poor ghost!

THE London *Times* recently spoke of forcible-feeble orators who fancy that strong adjectives make a strong speech. The remark recalls Mr. Emerson's warning against an excessive use of the superlative degree, and at this time of the centennial anniversary of Washington's inauguration it may well be remembered that one of his great distinctions was his moderation, his adhesion to the positive degree. As Artemus Ward says, "he never slopped over." This Washingtonian quality is perhaps the least emulated of his virtues. The American of to-day rather cultivates an excess of expression in everything. In various forms and in all directions the eagle is seen to spread his "sheeny vans" and heard jubilantly to scream.

It is questionable whether size does not sometimes deceive us, whether bigness does not try to wear the aspect of grandeur, and material prosperity impose upon us as national greatness. Undoubtedly a great deal of this feeling is explicable by the natural high spirits of a people surrounded by unparalleled conditions of ease and progress, with no inherited social burdens to carry, and with a form of government singularly free and flexible, and exquisitely adapted to its character and circumstances. Such a people naturally thinks and speaks in superlatives. It secretly feels that it is born under a lucky star, whose magical radiance will dissolve all difficulties and avert the fluctuations of fortune which other nations know.

There is one trouble in this habit of mind—that it destroys a saving sense of proportion in expression. It comes at last to regard equability of temper and fairness of statement as feebleness, and it invokes upon every occasion, however unimportant, adjectives of the highest power. But to confound rhetorical fury with force is to mistake strutting for dignity.

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A speaker who lashes himself into physical excitement, and explodes with epithets, and boils over with factitious enthusiasm, may be a spectacular, a melodramatic speaker, but he is not a great orator. A man must possess himself before he can hold others. Undoubtedly a great orator is an artist, but art obeys the strictest laws. A consummate actor does not confound himself with the character he personates. Fanny Kemble playing Juliet describes herself as whispering to Romeo, when the hushed house, touched and tearful, was watching the climax of the tragedy, "Where the deuce is your dagger?"

The newspaper yields to the rage for the superlative in the form of what we now call sensationalism. Of course it loses the sense of proportion. It is constantly tempted to overdo the work. It "writes up" instead of narrating. Instead of reporting news, it comes to aim at producing excitement, and is in constant danger of treating the history of a day merely as material for a kind of dime novel. There is a newspaper in another city which declines this method. It is able and sagacious, gathering all the news, and commenting upon it strongly, but never sensationally. It avoids double leads, capitals, pictures, and all forms of typographical hysteria. To read it is to enjoy the sensible talk of a clever observer, and it is a pleasant fact, as illustrating the temper of the public, that it is an extremely successful and profitable paper.

But the equal success and profit of other journals to which the world seems to be a circus, whose columns glow with lurid descriptions of murders and crimes and scandals of every degree, as if they were the chief staples of human interest in the daily annals of mankind, show equal knowledge of another public taste. Indeed it is from the general style and tone of successful newspapers that the average character and temper of the public mind must be inferred. It is from them that the very fondness for the superlative of which we were speaking must largely be derived. We learn from them that there are no gradations of quality, no complicated and mixed characters. Some men we might have supposed, although we do not agree with all their opinions, might still not be knaves although they hold them. The other church, although not ours, might not be wholly heathen or worse. The opposing political party might perhaps sometimes offer a valuable measure or present a worthy candidate. But we learn from the apostles of the superlative that our opponents are unquestionably bad men, or why should they not see and embrace the truth, which is as open to them as to us? The Church over the way is a chapel of outlandish heresy, and every proposition of the other party is a masked battery playing upon the public welfare.

If we demur to this view, the apostle of the superlative brands all doubters as Laodiceans, and questions us severely to know if we comprehend the significance of that wretched personage Mr. Facing-Both-Ways. "My dear young friends," he says to us, "you must either ride or go afoot. He who shilly-shallies is lost. There are but two sides, the right and the wrong side, and you had better cling to the right." These are certainly truths, but they are not reasons why we should not cultivate the moderate and fair temper of our Washington, nor why we should wish to feed upon scandals, nor why we should not estimate the real values of men and things by some higher standard than the majority of voices, nor why we should not affirm that bigness is not greatness just as resolutely as these who proclaim that gilt is gold.

Those who hold that it is treachery to America and her institutions not to praise everything said or done in their name as the best that can be conceived, forget that those institutions are not a brittle vase turned out of an egg-shell, which must be handled tenderly lest it crack and crumble, but a mighty rock-hewn foundation, upon which a fitting superstructure is to be raised toward heaven by patient wisdom and skill and care. The apothegm that God takes care of drunken men and the United States ought not to be the final expression of our faith in ourselves and in our institutions. Had a vision of the Brooklyn Bridge been unveiled to the eye of Washington as he landed at the foot of Wall Street a hundred years ago, he would have hailed it as a happy symbol of the prosperous future of his country which he was not to see. But his calm and ordered mind would have known that it would be no fairy work of a night, no chance, no miracle, but the slow creation of consummate skill, detecting all weaknesses, weighing all criti-

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cism, and counting upon no florid generalization, but upon the detailed certainty of proved laws. The enthusiasm of the superlative and of gush would have done little to weave the mighty iron web in air. By the same steady reliance upon the truth of things a great state is builded. The earnest of its growth lies in the ability of its citizens, who are its builders, to estimate that truth justly and with constancy to adhere to it.

In this centennial year of the Constitution and amid the splendid and impressive commemoration of the great event, while our amazing material statistics are duly magnified, let the still small voice of the force that makes states permanent in their power and influence be also heard. "The garners of Sicily are empty now, but the bees from all climes still fetch honey from the tiny garden plot of Theocritus. On a map of the world you may cover Judea with your thumb, Athens with a finger-tip, and neither of them figures in the Prices Current, but they still lord it in the thought and action of every civilized man. Did not Dante cover with his hood all that was Italy six hundred years ago? And if we go back a century, where was Germany outside of Weimar?"

So with exquisite felicity and glowing pride asked Lowell, a scholar speaking to scholars, at the memorable Harvard commemoration two years ago. They are words of gold. And as we join the triumphal march of American congratulation on the one-hundredth anniversary of the day when, bowing his noble head under the open heaven, Washington began the greatest of his great tasks, let us ask, not as doubting, but only as making sure, what honey we are storing for the far-wandering bees of hope hereafter whose humming we shall not hear. Seeing how our fathers look to us, let us reflect how we shall look to our children. If in this year we were to cast the national horoscope should we not all say, and with truth, that so long as the quality of Washington is the substance of American citizenship, so long as we are capable of producing citizens like Abraham Lincoln, we may count ourselves secure, because comprehending that it is greatness of soul alone which makes national greatness, and so, thanking God for Washington and Lincoln, we need not despair of the republic.

Editor's Study.

I.

THE agreeable essay on *Musical Instruments and their Homes*, by Mrs. Mary E. Brown and Mr. William Adams Brown, is one of the holiday books that ought to survive the holidays. It can please both those who think music a heavenly maid, and those who go no farther than to say they suppose there is no harm in her; who believe with the Chinese that concord of sweet sounds is the inspiration if not the soul of the universe, or with the Arabs that "singing and songs cause hypocrisy to grow in the heart like as water promoteth the growth of corn." Between these extreme doctrines there is a wide neutral ground where all others may comfortably linger in the enjoyment of the inquiry our authors make for us. It is confined to the musical instruments and the music of the Chinese and Japanese and Coreans; of the Siamese and Burmese; of the Hindoos, Arabs, and Persians; of the African and American tribes. The range is sufficiently vast, and there was obvious reason for studying primitive and barbaric music with the care given it, and for leaving the reader to deal himself with the subject in its less recondite branches; though the book, for what it is, is always so entertaining that there may be some danger of forgetting the labor and the learning which went to make it.

The story of music in China, where its dedication to the highest office tended to fix and petrify its forms, in some such fashion as happened with painting in the Byzantine civilization, and in Japan, where a finer artistic instinct secularized it, is something very much more than curious; and the contempt into which it fell among the Hindoos, as well as the abhorrence in which the Arabs held it, has instruction for those who have to do with any of the articulate and representative arts as well. The law of right rests even upon the fabric of sound that comes and goes in a breath; it cannot be defied without shame and ruin. All arts decay

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when they begin to exist for themselves alone, or merely for the pleasure they can give, since truth beyond and beside them must be their incentive. But it is not apparently the wish of the authors that the consciousness of this should weigh heavily upon their readers. They sketch pleasantly the history of music in its less familiar evolution, and their wide reading has laid many sources under contribution for anecdote and instance. As for Mr. Brown's illustrations, they form a sort of orchestral accompaniment to the text, and are interesting to study with reference to the different national conditions and character; for they lead to continual conjecture of the causes of the grace and ugliness of the instruments, their picturesqueness and grotesqueness. Why should the *soung*, the boat-shaped harp, the most beautiful of all the barbaric instruments, have been the invention of the Burmese, a people who developed such a fantastic conception of the art that their law condemned whoever sang a new song before their king to death? This was treason; but their famous minstrel Moung Thaw Byaw several times forgot himself, and vexed his prince with music he had never heard before. When he was led out to die he invariably captivated his executioners with his art, and they spared his life, adopting the simple and natural device of executing an inferior musician in his place, in order to observe the letter of the law. The king was always sorry before long that Moung Thaw Byaw had been put to death, and always delighted when he turned up alive and well at the next royal feast.

II.

The story may be romantic; in any case it seems one made to the hand of Mr. William Gilbert; and it is a pity that he or some one else should not turn it to account in comic opera. Perhaps the author of *Vagrom Verse* will think of it. There is a dry wit and a dry wisdom in much of Mr. C. H. Webb's rhyme which would give one hopes of his handling such a theme successfully; but at present we should like the reader to see two or three of the things he has already done, such for instance as

THE VISIT.

Wearing a suit of simple gray,
I called upon a friend one day.

He straight unlocked his cedar room:
My senses swam with the perfume.

From shelves that hung at wondrous height
He took down wear that dimmed my sight:

Breeches that buckled at the knee—
"Smallclothes," but much too large for me—

Laced doublets, and cross-gartered hose:
It was a wondrous wealth of clothes.

But 'twas not meant that I should share:
They were not shown for me to wear.

'Twas only meant that I should see
How very fine a man was he.

And while he walked in brave array,
I sat there in my simple gray:

Think you that when I left his door,
I went much richer than before?

Another poem, in another strain, not less wise, and of a higher truth, is this which he calls

REVENGE.

Revenge is a naked sword;
It has neither hilt nor guard.
Wouldst thou wield this brand of the Lord?
Is thy grasp, then, firm and hard?

But the closer thy clutch of the blade,
The deadlier blow thou wouldst deal,
Deeper wound in thy hand is made—
It is thy blood reddens the steel.

And when thou has dealt the blow—
When the blade from thy hand has flown—
Instead of the heart of the foe,
Thou mayst find it sheathed in thine own!

Other pieces yet give a sense of qualities which John Paul's repute of joker will not always allow him to indulge; but it is best to be honest from time to time, and we will own that not all of Mr. Webb's things are so good as those we have quoted. Out of the more strictly humorous sort we should like to give "Love's Ante-crematory Farewell," which is delightfully mock pathetic and ghastly funny; and for a sort of grim suggestiveness the humanely manly lines entitled "Colored People allowed in this Car."

III.

But we remember that the Study has architectural limits; besides, there is a poet on our list toward whom we feel something of the high and sacred self-satisfaction of discoverer, and of whom we are in some haste to speak. That is to say, we do not remember to have seen any recognition of Mr. Lampman's poetry which brings us from the cold Canadian fields much of the charm already recognized here in Mr. Cawein's Kentucky verse. The poets are not otherwise alike, except in their intimate friendship with Nature; but Mr. Lampman has always,

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like Mr. Cawein, the right word on his lips; if this word is not usually so full of color, it is sometimes of even finer meaning; and some things with him are thought out in regions to which Mr. Cawein's impulses of feeling have not yet carried him, as in the very wise and noble sonnet which he calls

THE TRUTH.

Friend, though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still.
Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for swords.
He that sees clear is gentlest of his words,
And that's not truth that hath the heart to kill.
The whole world's thought shall not one truth fulfil.
Dull in our age, and passionate in youth,
No mind of man hath found the perfect truth;
Nor shalt thou find it; therefore, friend, be still.

Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool,
The babbler of consistency and rule:
Wisest is he who, never quite secure,
Changes his thoughts for better day by day:
To-morrow some new light will shine, be sure,
And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

There are other sonnets as wise and as noble as this in a book which the reader worthy of it will like to turn to again and again. Mr. Lampman—it is Mr. Archibald Lampman, and those who cannot find his book elsewhere can get it of his publishers, J. Durie and Sons, Ottawa—calls his volume *Among the Millet and other Poems*, and it is mainly descriptive; but descriptive after a new fashion, most delicately pictorial and subtly thoughtful, with a high courage for the unhackneyed features and aspects of the great life around us. We quote for example two sonnets out of five to "The Frogs":

All the day long, wherever pools might be
Among the golden meadows, where the air
Stood in a dream, as it were moorèd there
Forever in a noontide reverie,
Or where the birds made riot of their glee
In the still woods, and the hot sun shone down,
Crossed with warm lucent shadows on the brown
Leaf-paven pools, that bubbled dreamily,

Or far away in whispering river meads
And watery marshes where the brooding noon,
Full with the wonder of its own sweet boon,
Nestled and slept among the noiseless reeds,
Ye sat and murmured, motionless as they,
With eyes that dreamed beyond the night and day.

And when day passed, and over heaven's height,
Thin with the many stars and cool with dew,
The fingers of the deep hours slowly drew
The wonder of the ever-healing night,
No grief or loneliness or rapt delight
Or weight of silence ever brought to you
Slumber or rest; only your voices grew
More high and solemn; slowly with hushed flight
Ye saw the echoing hours go by, long-drawn,
Nor ever stirred, watching with fathomless eyes,
And with your countless clear antiphonies
Filling the earth and heaven, even till dawn,
Last-risen, found you with its first pale gleam,
Still with soft throats unaltered in your dream.

A score of pieces and of passages tempt us to repetition from the poet's page; and here is a poem which we must give, with an italic insistence, after the old manner, upon bits that seem to us blest with uncommon fortune of touch where all is excellently good.

HEAT.

From plains that reel to southward, dim,
The road runs by me white and bare;
Up the steep hill it seems to swim
Beyond, and melt into the glare.
Upward half-way, or it may be
Nearer the summit, slowly steals
A hay-cart, moving dustily
With idly clacking wheels.

By his cart's side the wagoner
Is slouching slowly at his ease,
Half-hidden in the windless blur
Of white dust puffing to his knees.
This wagon on the height above,
From sky to sky on either hand,
Is the sole thing that seems to move
In all the heat-held land.

Beyond me in the fields the sun
Soaks in the grass and hath his will;
I count the marguerites one by one;
Even the buttercups are still.
On the brook yonder not a breath
Disturbs the spider or the midge.
The water-bugs draw close beneath
The cool gloom of the bridge.

Where the far elm-tree shadows flood
Dark patches in the burning grass,
The cows, each with her peaceful cud,
Lie waiting for the heat to pass.
From somewhere on the slope near by
Into the pale depth of the noon
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
His thin revolving tune.

In intervals of dreams I hear
The cricket from the droughty ground;
The grasshoppers spin into mine ear
A small innumerable sound.
I lift mine eyes sometimes to gaze:
The burning sky-line blinds my sight:
The woods far off are blue with haze:
The hills are drenched in light.

And yet to me not this or that
Is always sharp or always sweet;
In the sloped shadow of my hat
I lean at rest, and drain the heat;
Nay more, I think some blessèd power
Hath brought me wandering idly here:
In the full furnace of this hour
My thoughts grow keen and clear.

We only hint the riches of this poet's book; every page of it has some charm of phrase, some exquisite divination of

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beauty, some happily suggested truth. It is no part of our business to guess his future; but if he shall do no more than he has already done, we believe that his fame can only await the knowledge of work very uncommon in any time.

IV.

We praise him without prejudice to another poet, whose *Old and New World Lyrics* we have been reading. Mr. Clinton Scollard has a name already known to the readers of the magazines, and it is his second volume of verse which has given us pleasure. We fancy him at his highest in the well-conscienced poem which he calls "A Dream of Peace"; but a little thing which we find admirable for the thought cut in it has the clear beauty of a fine intaglio:

IN SOLITUDE.

Sometimes at lonely dead of night
  Weird sounds assail the ear,
And in our hearts is cold affright
  To think a ghost is near.

Why should we feel swift through us thrill
  A sense of awe and dread?
It is the living work us ill,
  And not the peaceful dead!

Then here is something that in its reach of association, as well as in its felicities of forms and colors, intimates the mood of a book which, of course, it does not wholly represent:

A WINTER TWILIGHT.

The silent snow-flakes glance and gleam
  Adown the chilly Northern air;
The West has thrown its dying beam
  Athwart the forest gray and bare.

And now a gradual dimness veils
  The wintry landscape near and far,
And while the windy daylight pales,
  Out-glimmers clear a single star.

Lulled by the sound of tinkling strings
  Where nimble fingers weave their spell,
I quite forget the North that stings
  Without the cozy oriel.

And on the wings of music borne,
  Aglow with floods of gold, I see
The blue of skies that rarely mourn
  Arch o'er the slopes of Italy.

The melody seems wafted down
  From laurelled heights where roses blow,
That shimmer like an emerald crown
  Above embowered Bellaggio.

A molten sapphire Como lies,
  And opal sails across it skim;
Green stair on stair the mountains rise,
  And cut the calm horizon's rim.

All dims as dies the rapturing strain;
  Once more the deepening dusk I see;
Then strike the silent chords again,
  That I may dream of Italy!

A like grace of sentiment, a like feeling for form, and a music as refined and sweet, characterize Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman's *Madrigals and Catches*. It is useless to blink the fact that both he and Mr. Scollard have been influenced by the agreeable masters of the modern English school of rondeau and triolet makers; which is no more than saying they are both people of their own time. Where they seem to differ from these masters, and where all our younger American poets (we gladly count Mr. Lampman as an American poet) differ from the English, is in their purer sympathy with Nature. They do not flirt with her; they love her ardently, tenderly; and their delight is to watch her moods, to paint her beauty in all its ever new surprises, to catch her tones, to echo her lightest whisper. Mr. Sherman, who is much taken with the pretty airs of the love-making time of life, and courts a young, well-dressed, harmlessly knowing, carelessly conscious, stylish Muse, is still best in some such landscape, sensitively faithful and in all points fortunate, as this:

DAWN AND DUSK.

I.

Slender strips of crimson sky
Near the dim horizon lie,
Shot across with golden bars
Reaching to the fading stars;
Soft the balmy west wind blows
Wide the portals of the rose;
Smell of dewy pine and fir,
Lisping leaves and vines astir;
On the borders of the dark
Gayly sings the meadow-lark,
Bidding all the birds assemble—
Hark, the welkin seems to tremble!
Suddenly the sunny gleams
Break the poppy-fettered dreams—
  Dreams of Pan, with two feet cloven,
Piping to the nymph and faun,
  Who, with wreaths of ivy woven,
Nimbly dance to greet the dawn.

II.

Shifting shadows indistinct;
Leaves and branches, crossed and linked,
Cling like children, and embrace,
Frightened at the moon's pale face.
In the gloomy wood begins
Noise of insect violins;
Swarms of fire-flies flash their lamps
In their atmospheric camps,
And the sad-voiced whippoorwill
Echoes back from hill to hill,
Liquid clear above the crickets
Chirping in the thorny thickets.

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Weary eyelids, eyes that weep,
Wait the magic touch of sleep;
  While the dew, in silence falling,
Fills the air with scent of musk,
  And this lonely night-bird, calling,
Drops a note down through the dusk.

Something more of the seventeenth century, however, than we find in the others is in him, and is of an affinity, perhaps not openly traceable, with the gay spirit of the *Old Songs* which Mr. E. A. Abbey and Mr. Alfred Parsons offered us at Christmas-time with pictures familiar to all the readers of this Magazine. It seemed to us that these illustrations were sometimes the last effect that the joint arts which produced them could ever give in that way. To single one out of the whole group, could any chance of luck or could any touch of skill surpass that vision of young happiness, so perfect in its black and white that the color of a joyful flush almost comes as you look upon the cheek of Jenny going arm in arm "With Jockey to the Fair" in a rapture, a panting breathlessness of love and hope, which art has caught and kept forever?

V.

Such illustration as that of Messrs. Abbey and Parsons brings more to these old songs than it finds in them, as the best art of the modern theatre does to the old comedies, but there are times when song can in like manner enrich the sister art. Will not one of the loveliest pictures in the world have a lovelier meaning hereafter for all who look upon Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" with this beautiful sonnet in mind?

Whence is the spell, O fair and free from guile,
  Thou with the young moon shod! that binds my brain?
  Is thine that orb of fable which did wane,
Darkening o'er sad Ortygia's templed isle—
Beautiful Artemis, hid from earth awhile,
  And on the pale monk's vigil risen again,
  A wonder in the starry sky of Spain?
Comes the Myth back, Madonna, in thy smile?
  Yea! thou dost teach that the Divine may be
The same to passing creeds and ages given;
And how the Greek hath dreamed or churchman striven,
  What reck we, who with eyes tear-blinded see
Thee standing loveliest in the open heaven?—
  Ave Maria, only heaven and thee!

These elect words are the words of a poet whom the inexorable conditions of life made a journalist; whose delicate fibre, the material expression of his fine spirit, gave way under the stress of the burdens put upon it; who passed through years of pain and struggle back to the possibility of work, but never again to health; who found the light of religion on his stony path, and kept his heart alive in that; who realized in a passionate ideal of self-renunciation the peace that passes understanding.

The story of David Gray the reader will find told with tenderness and truth in the volume of his *Letters, Poems, and Selected Writings*, edited, with a biographical memoir, by J. N. Larned. They form the tribute to his memory which his friends in Buffalo thought his most fitting monument, and their tone of reverent affection, kept modest by the biographer's instinct and by his sense of what the poet's own manly reserve would have suffered from any exuberance, is that of the regard in which he was held by the whole city of his adoption. In singular measure he was the literary pride of a singularly generous and appreciative community; but the sober reticence with which Mr. Larned has expressed the fact liberates his genius and character to the admiration of all who anywhere care for a lofty purpose consecrated through suffering, and kept with steadfast unselfishness. We have given Gray's best poem, but, good as it is, it is not the best part of him. That can best be known to such as follow the career of the young Scotch lad, whom his family carried with them from Edinburgh to the backwoods of Wisconsin, and who kept alive there a glowing and growing passion for poetry, forbidden to find "an earthly close" by the duties and ambitions that brought him later to Buffalo, and made him the leading journalist of his city. There is something exceedingly touching, exceedingly sweet and charming, in the records of the early life of the ardent youth, especially of his literary friendship with the boy on the next farm, which kept his heart fresh so long afterward in the drought of streets and newspapers. But Gray's whole life was a life of friendships; men spoke of him with a sort of tremble of tenderness; those who knew him knew it a privilege. When the light of the other world began to invade the twilight of this, and to show him many of its pleasures and its objects futile, vain, even harmful, which had once seemed otherwise, the most mundane of his acquaintance, while they wondered and grieved at his withdrawal into

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what seemed a strict asceticism, had nothing but reverence for his sincerity, his aspiration, his endeavor for heaven on earth. His end came amidst the horrors of a railroad accident, but the scene of tumult was made as serene to him

> "As a sick man's room when he taketh respose
> An hour before death."

And none who had known David Gray but felt that he had left something of his peace with them when the grave closed over his long, unrepining patience. These volumes bear witness to the excellent work which he could do, and still more might have done, in literature; but we feel that we are recognizing their highest office when we welcome them as an intimation of the fineness and richness of his life.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of February.—The House, February 14th, voted to agree with the Senate in admitting North and South Dakota, Washington, and Montana as States. It was voted to keep New Mexico out.

The Tariff Bill, a substitute for the Mills bill, passed the Senate, January 23d, by a strict party vote of 32 (Republican) to 30 (Democratic). The House referred it to the Ways and Means Committee January 26th.

The Senate, February 1st, instructed the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire into the condition of matters in the Samoan Islands, and report what measures were necessary to secure the interests of the United States.

The Naval Appropriation Bill, with an amendment to allow $100,000 for the establishment of a coaling station at Pago-Pago, Samoan Islands, passed the House February 2d.

A bill to organize the Territory of Oklahoma passed the House February 1st, by a vote of 147 to 102.

The British Extradition Treaty was rejected by the Senate February 1st.

The Senate passed the Legislative Appropriation Bill and the Pension Appropriation Bill February 8th, and the Fortifications Appropriation Bill February 9th.

The Army Appropriation Bill, with amendments, was passed by the House February 8th.

The Nicaragua Canal Bill passed the House February 6th, by a vote of 178 to 60.

The Senate, February 11th, appropriated $250,000 to provide for the security of American citizens at the Isthmus of Panama.

President Cleveland, February 11th, approved the act to create an executive department to be known as the Department of Agriculture, and nominated Norman J. Colman, of Missouri, to be Secretary. The Senate confirmed the nomination February 13th.

United States Senators were re-elected as follows: January 22d, Preston B. Plumb, Kansas; John R. McPherson, New Jersey; Richard Coke, Texas; Joseph N. Dolph, Oregon. January 23d, Matt W. Ransom, North Carolina. January 29th, James H. Berry, Arkansas. W. D. Washburn was elected Senator from Minnesota January 23d.

The electoral vote was counted by Congress February 13th, and the election of Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton as President and Vice-President was officially announced.

The elections in Paris took place January 27th. General Boulanger was chosen by a majority of 54,432. On February 14th the government opposed a motion to adjourn the debate on the revision of the Constitution, and being defeated by a vote of 307 to 228, Premier Floquet tendered the resignation of the cabinet.

Advices January 22d from West Africa state that eleven native policemen, headed by a British officer, engaged in a conflict with a party of Warboys at Sulymah, killing one hundred and thirty-one of the enemy.

The Grand Council of Anam elected Bunlay, son of the late ruler, King. The French Resident was instructed to ratify the election.

News received February 3d of a revolution in Uganda. King Kiwiwa was deposed and his younger brother raised to the throne.

The new Japanese Constitution was promulgated from the throne by the Mikado February 11th. A Parliament consisting of a House of Peers and a House of Commons was established, and the right of suffrage was granted to all men of twenty-five years of age and over who pay taxes amounting to twenty-five dollars per annum. Liberty of religion, freedom of speech, and the right of public meeting were granted.

DISASTERS.

January 18th.—Thirty-nine miners were killed by the explosion of fire-damp in the Hyde Colliery, near Manchester, England.

February 3d.—A train wrecked by the collapse of a bridge near Groenendael, Belgium. Fourteen persons killed.

February 4th.—The British bark *Largo Bay* collided with the steamer *Glencoe* off Beachy Head, sinking the latter. The crew of the *Glencoe*, numbering fifty-four, were lost.—The steamer *Nereid* and the ship *Killochan* collided in the English Channel off Dungeness Light. Twenty-four persons drowned.

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OBITUARY.

January 18*th*.—In Munich, Ilma di Murska, prima donna, in her forty-sixth year.

January 19*th*.—In Berlin, Alexander Karl Louis von Monts, chief of the Admiralty, aged sixty-six years.

January 20*th*.—In New York, Isaac Bell, Jun., late United States Minister to Holland, aged forty-three years.

January 23*d*.—In Paris, Alexandre Cabanel, artist, aged sixty-five years.

January 25*th*.—In Boston, Charles Augustus Billings Shepard, publisher, aged sixty years.

January 30*th*.—In Myerling, near Baden, Rudolf Francis Charles Joseph, Prince Imperial of Austria and Prince Royal of Hungary and Bohemia, aged thirty years.

February 8*th*.—In New York, Jane Poultney Bigelow, wife of John Bigelow, in her sixtieth year.

February 10*th*.—In Hong-Kong, China, Ralph Chandler, Rear-Admiral United States Navy, aged fifty-nine years.

February 12*th*.—In New York, John C. Dalton, President of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, aged sixty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.



WE are all more or less devoted to *liberté*, *égalité*, and considerable *fraternité*, and we have various ways of showing it. It is the opinion of many that women do not care much about politics, and that if they are interested at all in them, they are by nature aristocrats. It is said, indeed, that they care much more about their dress than they do about the laws or the form of government. This notion arises from a misapprehension both of the nature of woman and of the significance of dress.

Men have an idea that fashions are haphazard, and are dictated and guided by no fixed principles of action, and represent no great currents in politics or movements of the human mind. Women, who are exceedingly subtle in all their operations, feel that it is otherwise. They have a prescience of changes in the drift of public affairs, and a delicate sensitiveness that causes them to adjust their raiment to express these changes. Men have written a great deal in their bungling way about the philosophy of clothes. Women exhibit it, and if we should study them more and try to understand them instead of ridiculing their fashions as whims bred of an inconstant mind and mere desire for change, we would have a better apprehension of the great currents of modern political life and society.

Many observers are puzzled by the gradual and insidious return recently to the mode of the Directoire, and can see in it no significance other than weariness of some other mode. We need to recall the fact of the influence of the centenary period upon the human mind. It is nearly a century since the fashion of the Directoire. What more natural, considering the evidence that we move in spirals, if not in circles, that the signs of the anniversary of one of the most marked periods in history should be shown in feminine apparel? It is woman's way of hinting what is in the air, the spirit that is abroad in the world. It will be remembered that women took a prominent part in the destruction of the Bastile, helping indeed to tear down that odious structure with their own hands, the fall of which, it is well known, brought in the classic Greek and republican simplicity, the subtle meaning of the change being expressed in French gowns. Naturally there was a reaction from all this toward aristocratic privileges and exclusiveness, which went on for many years, until in France monarchy and empire followed the significant leadership of the French *modistes*. So strong was this that it passed to other countries, and in England the impulse out-

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lasted even the Reform Bill, and skirts grew more and more bulbous, until it did not need more than three or four women to make a good-sized assembly. This was not the result of a whim about clothes, but a subtle recognition of a spirit of exclusiveness and defence abroad in the world. Each woman became her own Bastile. Men surrounded it and thundered against it without the least effect. It seemed as permanent as the Pyramids. At every male attack it expanded, and became more aggressive and took up more room. Women have such an exquisite sense of things—just as they have now in regard to big obstructive hats in the theatres. They know that most of the plays are inferior and some of them are immoral, and they attend the theatres with head-dresses that will prevent as many people as possible from seeing the stage and being corrupted by anything that takes place on it. They object to the men seeing some of the women who are now on the stage. It happened, as to the private Bastiles, that the women at last recognized a change in the sociological and political atmosphere of the world, and without consulting any men of affairs or caring for their opinion, down went the Bastiles. When women attacked them, in obedience to their political instincts, they collapsed like punctured balloons. Natural woman was measurably (that is, a capacity of being measured) restored to the world. And we all remember the great political revolutionary movements of 1848.

Now France is still the arbiter of the modes. Say what we may about Berlin, copy their fashion plates as we will, or about London, or New York, or Tokio, it is indisputable that the woman in any company who has on a Paris gown —the expression is odious, but there is no other that in these days would be comprehended—"takes the cake." It is not that the women care for this as a mere matter of apparel. But they are sensitive to the political atmosphere, to the philosophical significance that it has to great impending changes. We are approaching the centenary of the fall of the Bastile. The French have no Bastile to lay low, nor, indeed, any Tuileries to burn up; but perhaps they might get a good way ahead by demolishing Notre Dame and reducing most of Paris to ashes. Apparently they are on the eve of doing something. The women of the world may not know what it is, but they feel the approaching recurrence of a period. Their movements are not yet decisive. It is as yet only tentatively that they adopt the mode of the Directoire. It is yet uncertain—a sort of Boulangerism in dress. But if we watch it carefully we shall be able to predict with some assurance the drift in Paris. The Directoire dress points to another period of republican simplicity, anarchy, and the rule of a popular despot.

It is a great pity, in view of this valuable instinct in women and the prophetic significance of dress, that women in the United States do not exercise their gifts with regard to their own country. We should then know at any given time whether we are drifting into Blaineism, or Clevelandism, or centralization, or free-trade, or extreme protection, or rule by corporations. We boast greatly of our smartness. It is time we were up and dressed to prove it.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A HINT.

"DON'T argue with a fool," is good advice;
Just let him talk, and give your tongue a rest.
You'll find this method easier thrice,
And he himself will prove your view the best.

J. K. BANGS.

A NEW KIND OF ELEPHANT.

A RUSSIAN princess whom I used to know in St. Petersburg once confided to me that she had learned English (which she spoke extremely well) solely for the purpose of being able to read *Lady Audley's Secret* in the original, evidently supposing it to be one of our great national classics. I could not help asking her reproachfully whether she had ever heard of an obscure person called William Shakespeare, and was somewhat dismayed to hear her answer that she admired him very much, and had always wondered how so great a poet could have been born in such a barbarous country as *Scotland*. And I had hardly recovered from this shock when I was again overwhelmed by hearing of a Russian country gentleman who had ordered a copy of *Ivanhoe*, under the title of "Ivan's Hoe," believing it to be a work on Russian agriculture!

But even these queer mistakes were far surpassed not long ago by a Russian general of more energy than education, who, when in charge of the local military transport of a remote district in the south of central Asia, not far from the border of Afghanistan, began to consider the feasibility of employing elephants instead of horses or camels. He consulted an expert, and was rather startled to hear the latter rate the amount of an elephant's food and its probable cost at a figure which seemed to him extravagantly high.

"He must be joking," whispered the general to his secretary. "Surely one elephant couldn't eat all that!"

"May it please your Excellency," answered the secretary (who was as full of learning as the general was devoid of it, and never lost a chance of dragging in a fine word), "it is a hyperbole."

The word "hyperbole" was far beyond the comprehension of the worthy general; but he would rather have died than admit as much, and he rose to the emergency.

"Ah! it's a hyperbole, is it?" said he, looking as knowing as he could. "Well, *that* of course alters the matter; I dare say a hyperbole might be able to eat that amount, but I'm sure an ordinary elephant couldn't."

DAVID KER.

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ROBESPIERRE AS A POET.

WE all fancy that we know all that there can be to know about Robespierre, and something about Lazare Carnot, grandfather of the present President of the French Republic, but few persons suspect that in 1783 they, together with all the young aristocrats of Arras, sang songs in praise of wine and love and beauty, and, crowned with roses, recited the ballads and madrigals of the troubadours of the thirteenth century.

They both were active members of the society of the Rosati, founded at Arras in 1778. The meetings of this society took place on the banks of the Scarpe, in a bower of roses planted for that purpose. They were held only at the season when roses were in bloom, and the candidate for admission was required to pluck a rose, inhale its fragrance three times, and place it in his button-hole, after which, taking a glass of rosy wine, he drank it at one draught to the health and prosperity of all Rosati, receiving at the hands of the president a diploma in verse, which was to be responded to in like manner.

Here are the verses that Robespierre offered to the society on his admission:

THE ROSE.

I see in the nosegay you offer
  A sharp thorn side by side with the rose.
Your poetic words shame the poor proffer
  Of thanks, gentle sirs, in my prose;
The things you so charmingly said
  Have confounded and rendered me dumb.
The rose is the compliment paid;
  The thorn, my poor answer to come.

Ah, yes, in this beautiful fête,
  Where harmony reigneth alone,
What bud with the rose-bud can mate?
  What verses can equal your own?
I bewail the sad fate that is ours—
  The fate that misplaces, alas! us;
For what the rose is amongst flowers,
  Your poems will be in Parnassus.

When I ponder your gift, I confess,
  By my faith! it is not all I thought it,
And my sense of your kindness grows less,
  For I know now from whence you have brought it.
And your sacrifice, sirs, may be found
  Not so great as the world would suppose;
Since your gardens with laurels abound,
  You can spare me the gift of a rose.

ROUGH ON SCRIBULER.

"I DIDN'T think Ranter could play Shakespeare!"

"He can't; he hired Scribuler to rewrite Hamlet for him."

TWO STAND-POINTS.

"YOU should repent before it is too late," remarked the minister. "The greatest consolation one can have is to die happy."

"It is well enough for a rich fellow like you to talk that way," returned the sinner, "but if you had to rough it like me, you'd soon find the great consolation was to live happy."

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

A REMARKABLE AND WONDERFUL CHILD.

CALLER (*to fond mother*). "Isn't it somewhat remarkable and wonderful, Mrs. Hobson, that your little boy Frank, though eight years old, can neither read nor write?"

FOND MOTHER. "Oh yes, I think so. The dear little fellow always was a remarkable and wonderful child."

A QUESTION OF ROOM.

"I declare," said Noah, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "we're going to be cramped for room! I don't know where we're going to put all these animals."

"Boss," suggested the elephant and the mastodon, both of whom were switching their tails viciously, "why not leave out the flies and mosquitoes? They take up more room than we do."

DELICATE ATTENTION TO THE AUTHOR.

DAUGHTER (*to mother*). "Young Mr. Lightsome has just written a book, and has presented me with a copy."

MOTHER. "That is very nice, Laura."

DAUGHTER. "Yes; and as Mr. Lightsome said something about making a call this evening, and I am very busy, I wish you would sit down and cut the leaves for me, and place it in a conspicuous place on the parlor table."

A EUROPEAN TRIP DOUBTFUL.

He was on the point of proposing, but thought better of it for the moment and continued the conversation because of an organ-grinder outside. When the music stopped he said, "So you've never been in Europe, Miss Clara?"

"Oh no," she replied; "I never expect to see Europe until my wedding trip."

Then he continued to continue the conversation.

WHEREIN HER SUCCESS LAY.

MOTHER (*to daughter*). "I understand, my dear, that you made quite an impression at the conversazione the other evening."

DAUGHTER. "Yes, mamma."

MOTHER. "What subject did you discuss?"

DAUGHTER. "I didn't discuss anything, mamma; I let others do the discussing."

'WAY BEYOND IT.

"My friends and fellow-citizens," began the impassioned orator, "the gentleman whom we are about to nominate is a man 'way beyond suspicion."

"Sure that's what he is!" shouted an opposing voter. "What we've got agin him is all facts."

PHILIP H. WELCH.

IT has been very well said that those who live in stone houses should never throw glasses.

THE German philosopher who said, "Men become largely what they eat," must have had in mind the cannibal who turned missionary.

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TRUE TO BROTHER SPEAR.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I.

I CAN'T decide why Brother Spear
  Was never joined to me:
It wasn't because the good old Dear
  Hadn't every chance to be;
If Poetry remarked one time
  That Womanhood is true,
It's more than probable that I'm
  The one it had in view;
For, search the city low and high,
  And no one will you hear
To say or hint but what that I
  Was true to Brother Spear.

II.

I mothered all his daughters when
  Their mother's life cut short,
Although they didn't—now or then—
  So much as thank me for't;
I laughed—though scorched with inside rage—
  And said I didn't care,
When his young son, of spank'ble age,
  Removed my surplus hair;
I called and called and called there; why
  He ne'er was in seemed queer:
The house-maid even owned that I
  Was true to Brother Spear.

III.

I hired a sitting in the church
  Near him, but cornerwise,
So his emotions I could search
  With my devoted eyes;
And when the sermon used to play
  On love, divine and free,
I nodded him, as if to say,
  "He's hitting you and me!"
He went and took another pew—
  Of "thousand tongues" in fear;
But what sin was it to be true
  To good old Brother Spear?

IV.

Poor man! I recollect he spoke,
  One large prayer-meeting night,
And told how smallish we all look
  In Heaven's majestic sight:
He said, Not worthy he had been—
  By conscience e'er abhorred—
To be a door-keeper within
  The temple of the Lord;
And that his place for evermore,
  Undoubtedly and clear,
Was mainly back *behind* the door—
  Poor humble Brother Spear!



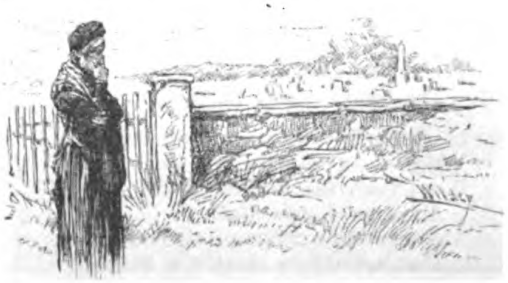
V.

And then *I* rose, and made a speech,
  Brimful of soul-distress,
And told them how words could not reach
  My own unworthiness;
How orphanage I tried to soothe,
  And cheerless widowerhood;
But in the Lord's great house, in truth,
  I too felt far from good,
And that my trembling heart and mind
  Compelled it to appear
That my place henceforth was behind
  The door, with Brother Spear.



VI.

Poor man! he ne'er again, they say,
  Was heard to strongly speak;
He took down ill that very day,
  And died within a week.
But one prayer oft they heard him give—
  That when his days were o'er,
I still upon this earth might live
  A thousand years or more.
As his betrothed I figure now,
  And shed the frequent tear;
And all his relatives will vow
  I'm true to Brother Spear.



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ART STUDENTS IN PARIS.

NEW ARRIVAL. "Are the students here as hard up as they are said to be?"
OLD TIMER. "Hard up? Well, I should say they were hard up! Many of us have so little money that we even have to be freethinkers."

PIETY À LA MODE.

LAST Sunday Dolly came to church,
And in an ancient pew
Leaned back as if she fain would hide
Her loveliness from view,
Though well she knew—the little witch!—
Those shadows must enhance
The bloom upon her wild-rose cheek,
The brightness of her glance.

In stole the winter sun, and touched
Her loosened curls with gold;
Down from the painted window bent
An angel, hands afold,
And wide pale wings of silver light
That seemed to breathe a prayer
For Dolly's young unconscious heart,
And leave a blessing there.

The tenor sang all out of tune;
The parson sighed, and grew
Inclined to take "Love" for a text,
As parsons sometimes do;
And every lad about her fell
To planning, with a smile,
A Wedding March with her to walk
Beside him down the aisle.

While saintly Dolly, sitting in
A rapt and pensive pose,
Like one who dreams of holy things,
Designed her summer clothes. M. E. W.

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A COURT BALL AT THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

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SOCIAL LIFE IN RUSSIA.

BY THE VICOMTE EUGÈNE MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ.

First Paper.

I.

IN order to understand the social structure of Russia we must imagine to ourselves a Gothic cathedral. The visitor who enters the nave is struck first of all by an inexplicable disproportion between the heaviness of the colossus and the frail elegance of its visible anatomy. Arches with fine mouldings, sustained by slender columns, are the only apparent supports of the enormous mass of stone. All these supports converge upward toward a common point, where they abut, namely, toward the key-stone, which often takes the form of a figure sculptured in relief. It seems to be suspended in space, and it nevertheless carries the whole weight of the edifice. This central figure from which everything starts and to which everything converges is the Tsar; the arches and the columns are the aristocracy, which emanates from him, and which alone stands out in relief on the thick masonry behind this net-work of lace. We say the aristocracy, and not the nobility. In Russia the word "nobility" corresponds with ideas considerably different from those which it awakens in the West. It is not here an ancient and closed caste; it is a numerous class, open, and increased each generation by the service of the state under all its forms. It includes all the officers, and with few exceptions all the minor functionaries and all the magistrates. In the country districts there is nothing intermediate between the peasantry and the nobility, which counts in its ranks all that in France and in England would be called the upper and lower middle classes. In the towns alone, in the rather limited class of the merchants, and in the still more limited group of the liberal professions, we might find something analogous to the French *bourgeoisie*. Nevertheless we should have to take this term in the sense which it had in our European towns in the Middle Ages. The emancipation of serfs dealt a mortal blow to the minor nobility. Such of its members as possessed only a few acres of land and a few serfs, losing at the same time a part of this land and the gratuitous labor of their emancipated serfs, had to sell their patrimony. They then migrated toward the towns, demanded their living from the service of the state, and established themselves in the bureaux of the administration. The result is—if we may associate these two words—a very numerous and a very miserable noble proletariat. With the exception of a few historical families, the greater part of this nobility has its origin in the *tchine*, and is constantly augmented and renewed from this source. The *tchine* is the uniform hierarchy, established by Peter the Great to include all his servants in a vast mandarinate, where the civilian, the military man, and the churchman are assimilated with equality of rank. This Jacob's ladder rises at the beginning of life before all Russians of every condition, even before those who have no condition at all. The great business of existence is to slowly climb the fourteen steps until they reach that one from which death alone will dislodge them. At two epochs in the year, when the Emperor distributes his favors, on the first of the year and at Easter, you may see during several days all the functionaries and officers looking for their names amongst the thousands of others on the closely printed lists which fill the third page of the newspapers, just as the Italians look for their numbers on the lists of the drawings of the royal lottery. If the first of the year and Easter do not bring to the exemplary functionary a hoist up the ladder of the *tchine*, they will bring him the cross, the plaque,

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or the cordon of one of the seven orders of chivalry, which must be placed in mathematical progression, according to the degrees of service, one above the other, on persevering breasts. At the top of the hierarchy, on the uppermost step, radiate a few highly favored by fortune, the Field-Marshals and the Chancellor of the empire. On the last of the fourteen steps the cornet and the student humbly take position. After the sixth step, corresponding with the rank of Colonel, hereditary nobility is acquired; while the fourth step confers the much-desired title of General, both in the civil and military order, with the qualification of "Excellency." When one has not lived in Russia it is impossible to conceive the prestige attached to this title of General, or the facilities which it gives everywhere and for everything. The man who is invested with it is separated from the common run of mortals. He obeys the laws only so far as he finds it convenient, and commands in everything, wherever he may be. The common people obey him as if he were a demigod. To attain this dignity is the supreme ambition of all the servants of the state. The common salutation, by way of pleasantry amongst friends, is this verse from the comedy of Griboïedof, which has become a proverb: "I wish you health and the *tchine* of General." Nevertheless, the mere fact of being a General, especially in civil order, does not class a man in the aristocracy of Petersburg. For that, one at least of the following conditions is necessary: brilliant birth, an office at the court, service in the Guards, a reputation for elegance, political influence, and finally, and above all, the favor of the sovereign. You must be of the court or approach the court easily. Two words borrowed from current language characterize the absorption of the empire (an empire which covers the half of Europe and the half of Asia) for the benefit of one man and of a privileged *élite;* Petersburg, the capital of this empire, is called, in official style, "The Residence." This term tells us plainly that the city derives its importance not from the interests that are concentrated there, but from the circumstance that the court resides there. On the other hand, you will invariably hear an individual or a place judged with these words, "He is in society." "Society" means the 2500 persons who are inscribed on the lists of the grand fêtes of the court; the rest of the world does not exist from the point of view of representation.

These short explanations were necessary in order to mark the boundaries of the world whose exterior life we wish to depict. To those who desire to study more deeply its constitution and secrets we cannot do better than recommend the reading of the memoirs of Saint-Simon, who described by anticipation the court of the Tsars when he sketched with satirical pen the physiognomy and peculiarities of the court of Louis XIV. We find in the court of the Tsars the absolute predominance of the military element, with a special *nuance*, which is the fetichism of uniform communicated a century ago by German military régime; the disdain of the nobility of Versailles for the provincial nobility; the competitions and intrigues around the sovereign; the craze for imitating his tastes and manners—in short, all the forms of that perpetual monomania which haunts the soul of the courtier, namely, the desire to be distinguished by the master.

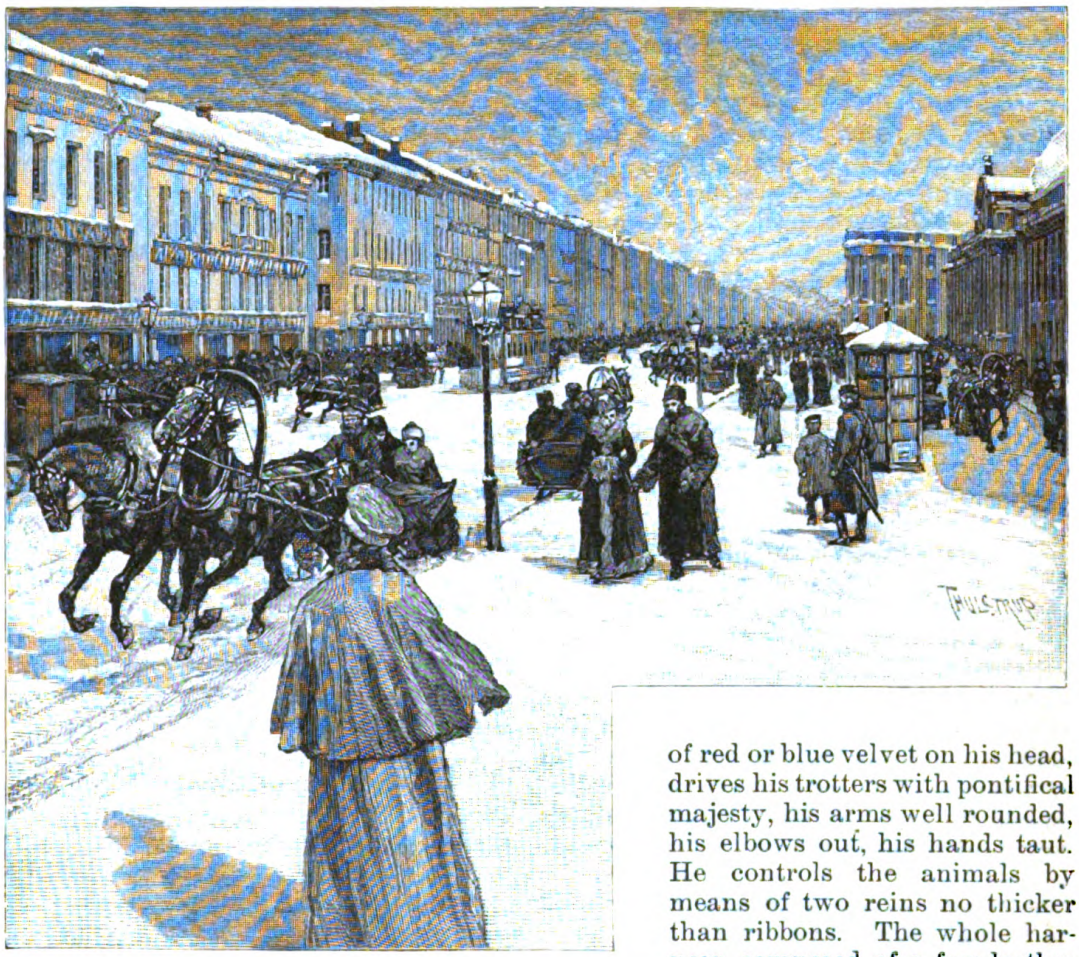
And now let us beg the reader to try and form an idea of the frame in which we are going to sketch a few scenes of elegant life, as it were—those luminous images which the electric-light projects for a moment on a white wall.

II.

This framework is the immense polar region buried beneath snow, vast horizons of plains of a crude white color—a dead world, shining and brilliant like old Chinese porcelain. The accidents of the land having neither form nor color, you divine their existence vaguely, lost as they are beneath the uniform shroud. This frozen world reminds one of the Eastern desert, of which it has the silence, the solitude, and the dazzling quality; the only difference is that snow takes the place of sand. For whole weeks together heavy flakes of snow fall from the low sky, obscuring from view the nearest objects; ten, twenty, and sometimes thirty degrees of cold—a temperature which seems to exclude all manifestations of life.

Suddenly before the train which has rolled the weary traveller for many mortal days across this dreary and unvaried landscape a capital arises: it is the Palmyra of the North, heralded by the painted or gilded domes of its churches. While

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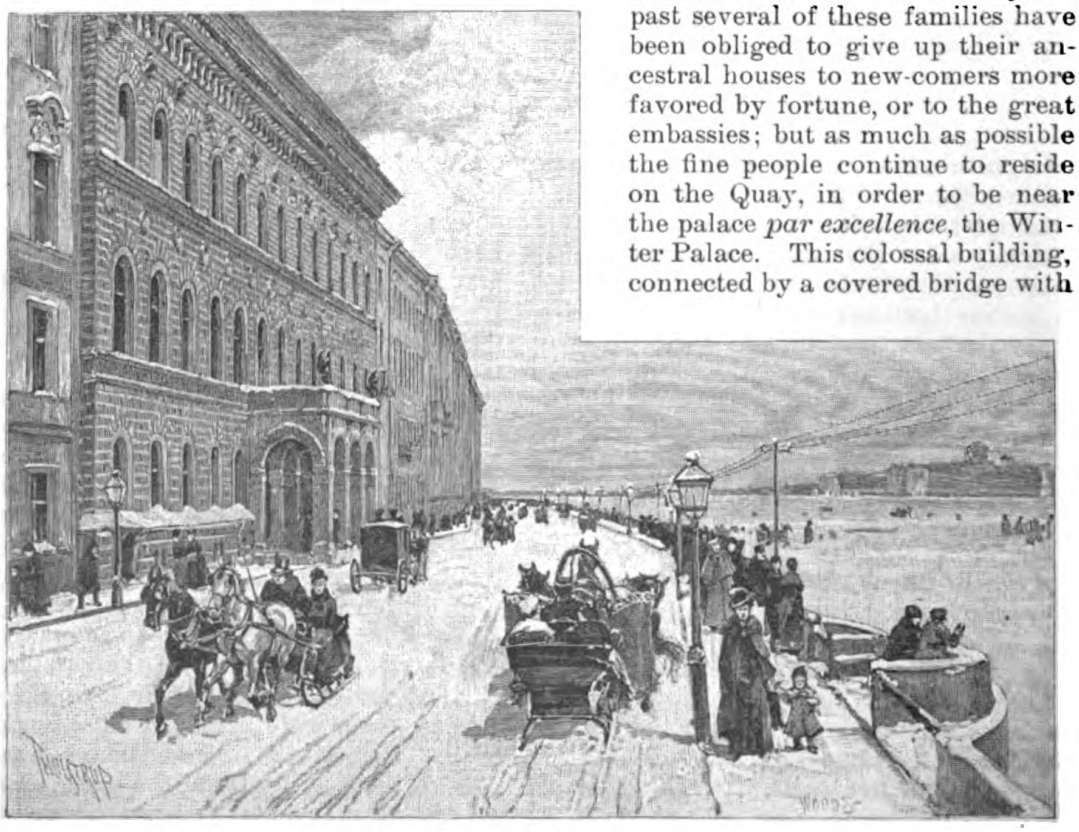
ON THE NEVSKOI PROSPEKT.

the miserable sun of pale copper-color shines for a few hours just above the horizon, let us get into a sleigh, which glides rapidly over the noiseless carpet of the streets. It carries us through business quarters, between lofty houses with double windows, and crosses three lines of canals connecting with the Neva. Here we are in the heart of the city, on the Nevskoi Prospekt. The black trotting horses run at full speed, cross each other like flashes of lightning, making the snow fly beneath their feet in fine dust around the light "egoists." This is the name given to those light sleighs without any back to lean against, where an officer and sometimes a young woman balance themselves, their knees imprisoned beneath the rug of bear-skin. When a couple ride in these sleighs the man holds the woman with a graceful gesture, passing his right arm around her waist. On the tiny seat an enormous coachman, with a long white beard, wrapped in his long coat, a square cap of red or blue velvet on his head, drives his trotters with pontifical majesty, his arms well rounded, his elbows out, his hands taut. He controls the animals by means of two reins no thicker than ribbons. The whole harness, composed of a few leather thongs, is scarcely visible. This gives to the horse a picturesque elegance; it seems to run at liberty beneath the big wooden arch that curves above his neck. Sometimes the sleigh is harnessed with a "madman"; that is to say, a loose horse is attached by a simple trace, who prances and curvets all alone like a wild horse; when a third is added it becomes the "troïka"—the classical team—where the shaft-horse trots between his two companions, who are kept at a gallop all the time. On both sides of the road more modest vehicles, arranged in long rows, appeal to the humbler folks. These are sleighs for hire. They are drawn by poor little ponies, and driven by peasants crouched up in their touloupe of sheepskin—farmers from the environs who come to the capital to earn their living with their farm-horses during the winter season. On the sidewalks the crowd of pedestrians hurry toward the Gostiny Dvor, the bazar, vaulted after the Oriental fashion, where you perceive beneath the arcades the low-

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roofed shops of the goldsmiths and of the sellers of holy images. A group of mujiks have stopped in front of a chapel all ablaze with light; they are piously making the sign of the cross and prostrating themselves on the ground before lighting their candles before the silver-gilt image of the Madonna, which we see shining in the midst of this glowing halo. Let us continue our ride to the end of the Prospekt. We round the building of the Admiralty, pass alongside the Church of St. Isaac, remark as we pass the admirable statue of Peter the Great, raised by the sculptor Falconet on the bank of the river. The bronze Tsar is represented on horseback; with a gesture of sovereign will he causes the town of his dream to rise at his command on this desert marsh where the elks used to wander. A few steps further and we reach the Quay. This is the marvel of St. Petersburg—this dike of rose Finland granite which stretches in a straight line over a length of more than three miles, closing in the Neva, which is as broad at this spot as an arm of the sea. The river is held captive beneath its crust of ice. Foot-passengers and equipages cross it in every direction. In the middle there is a crowd of sportsmen around a ring, where a course has been traced for horse-racing. Further on some Laplanders have fixed their home in a tent of skins, in front of which the children amuse themselves by riding on the backs of reindeers. Opposite, on the northern bank of the Neva, the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul rises above the bastions of the citadel. A flash of light bursts from the twilight sky, and remains there motionless, like a tongue of fire. It is the lofty and slender golden point of the steeple. A ray of the invisible horizontal sun strikes it above the mist, in the clouds, and this luminous sign indicates the burial-place of the Romanoffs, the place where they all go to rest beside the Tsar who founded their race. Further on, the river divides into numerous branches, which run toward the sea through the docks of Vassili-Ostroff, and the view is lost amidst the masts of the ships, fixed for long months in the spot where winter has imprisoned them.

Let us proceed along the Court Quay. As we advance, an uninterrupted series of palaces unfolds itself before our eyes, those of the Grand-Dukes and those of the families of mark. For some years past several of these families have been obliged to give up their ancestral houses to new-comers more favored by fortune, or to the great embassies; but as much as possible the fine people continue to reside on the Quay, in order to be near the palace *par excellence*, the Winter Palace. This colossal building, connected by a covered bridge with



THE COURT QUAY.

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the Palace of the Hermitage, seems to command all the subject palaces around it, and to shelter them under its wings. Built in rococo style by the architect Rastrelli in the reign of Catherine, it has been often altered and enlarged in order to lodge multitudes of servitors of all ranks. It is a world in itself, like the palace of the Sultan at Constantinople. The resemblance is striking, and shows us the identity of origin and manners between the masters of the East and the masters of the North. One single fact will give an idea of the luxury and disorder which formerly prevailed in the immense caravansary: when a severe revision of the *personnel* and of the lodgings was made for the first time after the fire which broke out in the reign of Nicholas, several cows were found in the attics. These cows belonged to an old servant, who kept them for his own personal use.

Let us stop at the Winter Palace. It is there that we shall at once make acquaintance with Russian society on one of the days when it has been invited to a grand court ball.

III.

In the morning the sergeants of the imperial household have gone through the town with their lists to the houses of the elect, who have been convoked for that evening. An invitation to the court is an order given on the very day of the fête. According to received etiquette, it liberates from all anterior engagements with private persons; it liberates even from duties toward the dead, for mourning does not dispense one from the obligation to appear at a court ceremony, and it must be laid aside when one enters the palace. A woman is not allowed to present herself in black before the sovereign, unless she is wearing mourning for one of the sovereign's relatives. Dinner has been taken hastily, for the ball opens at nine o'clock, and you must be there well before the hour in the salons, where you wait for the arrival of the Emperor. Hundreds of carriages fall in line and deposit at the different entrances of the Winter Palace shapeless bundles of furs, and then return to take their position on the square. The coachmen, who pass a part of the night standing in the snow, gather around large fires lighted in grates, which are placed there for these occasions. It is a picturesque bivouac. They look like elfs assembled in the darkness on this field of ice to guard the enchanted palace where a magician is calling up the sweetest visions in a mirage of spring.

The doors close behind the bundles of fur, and immediately after they have entered the vestibule they are metamorphosed by a touch of the magician's wand. The fairy spectacle begins. The heavy cloaks fall from bare shoulders, and beautiful butterflies issue from these chrysalides in the midst of the rare flowers that cover the marble steps, and in the mild air of a June atmosphere. A cortége reminding one of the *Arabian Nights* mounts



STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.

the staircases; trains of lace sweep over the porphyry steps; diamonds and gems shine in the glow of the lustres; there is a brilliant array of many-colored uniforms; sabres and spurs clank over the floors. The guests defile between pickets of Chevalier Guards, chosen from amongst the handsomest men in the regiment—giants in armor, who stand as motionless as statues. The company assembles in the White Room, in the Salle du Trône.

Here in the front rank are considerable personages, the old "portrait ladies," so called because they wear in their corsage in a frame of brilliants a miniature of the Empress; severe guardians of ancient etiquette, living chronicles of the court, they teach the traditions to the swarm of young women over whom they keep watch, namely, the maids of honor, who may be recognized by the monogram in diamonds

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of the reigning Empress, which they wear buckled with a knot of blue ribbon on the left shoulder. The celebrated beauties of Petersburg are all there. They cross the room with a picturesque indolency and pliancy in their walk and bearing. There is something languid in their manner, as though their looks and words were absently following a long dream that leads them to the extreme limits of their interminable father-land. Amongst the men who press around them we remark first of all some aged people and high dignitaries, old servitors who have grown white in the service of the court ever since the reign of Nicholas; aides-de-camp of his Majesty, ministers, ambassadors, and chamberlains with the golden key on their backs; and all these worthy bosoms are bedecked with grand cordons and constellated with decorations which do not leave a square inch of surface free on their breasts. Then come the young officers; most of them belong to the two crack regiments of the Chevalier Guards and the Horse Guards. They carry in their hands a heavy helmet surmounted with a silver eagle with open wings. Here beside them are Lancers in red jackets, Grodno Hussars in green, Cossacks draped in their long tunics belted with cartridge cases in niellé silver. The Hussars of the Guard look peculiarly elegant in their short white dolmans embroidered with gold and bordered with sable fur, which hang loosely over their shoulders. In this crowd the pages of the Empress move about discreetly, and finally the servitors of the palace, the runners, with their hats with long plumes of the time of Catherine, and negroes dressed in rich Oriental costume. The gloomy note of the black dress-coat is banished from this brilliant symphony of color. One single swallow-tail may be seen—that of the honorable minister of the United States.

Nine o'clock. The doors of the private apartments of the Winter Palace open. Immediately there is a deathly silence. A voice announces, "The Empefor." The Tsar advances, followed by all the members of his family, each one in the rank assigned to him by his degree of relationship. If you wish to comprehend at a glance the social secret of this empire, turn your back to the door through which the sovereign enters, and look at this entrance by reflection—if I may so express myself—on the faces of those present. At the same moment all these physiognomies put on, as it were, the same uniform, the same solemn expression, at once grave and smiling. The whole vital force of these men and women is concentrated in their eyes, which seek those of the master. We have never contemplated this spectacle without having been reminded of the first appearance of the rays of the sun on the crests of mountains at the instant when it rises. You have no need to look behind you to know that the sun has risen; you are informed of it by this quivering light on the opposite summits. In the same way, when you are a little accustomed to the court, you have only to look at the faces of the courtiers to be able to see, without possibility of mistake, that the Emperor is about to come, that the Emperor is coming, or that the Emperor has come. And his coming is in reality a rising of the sun—of the sun which brings favor and dispenses life to all these persons.

The first bars of the polonaise immediately re-echo through the rooms. It is not a dance, but a cadenced march, the traditional promenade which opens the ball. The Grand Marshal and the Grand Mistress take the head of the procession. Generally this venerable couple represent between them pretty nearly two complete centuries. The Emperor gives his hand to one of the Grand-Duchesses, the Empress to one of the foreign ambassadors, and other couples form in their suite and proceed around the room. After this obligatory ceremony the sovereign goes to chat with the diplomatic corps or with his grand dignitaries, and the quadrilles and waltzes begin; but the ball does not become really animated until the mazurka, that dashing military and *par excellence* national dance. The cavalier marks the rhythm of the music by striking the floor with the heel of his spurred boot; he raises his partner in his arms like a trembling bird, dashes across the room in three bounds, deposits his prey at the other end, and falls on his knee before her.

The grand balls are the most imposing, but the more private balls, called "bals des palmiers," are perhaps more magnificent. Those who wish to see what old society was must make haste to be present at a "bal des palmiers." There is nothing in the other courts of Europe that can be compared to this fairy-like scene. At one o'clock the Grand Marshal opens the doors of a long gallery transformed into a trop-

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ical conservatory. On the boxes out of which spring palm-trees, myrtles, and camellias in full bloom small tables of twelve covers are placed sufficient for a supper for five hundred people. In the paths of this African forest, which is brought in the morning from the imperial greenhouses server. Nowhere else can be seen in stronger relief the perpetual struggle of refined life against this cruel climate—the caprice of the impossible which caused Petersburg to be born, and which makes it live so near the north pole. These ladies in low-necked dresses who are lounging



THE EMPRESS WEARING THE "KAKOCHNIK."

on sleighs, the picturesque crowd that we have above described form groups, while the music plays, hidden behind the foliage. In this realm of verdure all is joy for the eyes—the flowers on the trees and on the women; the bright colors; the play of light on the cloaks and the cuirasses, on the court dresses all stiff with gold embroidery, on the flashing steel of the swords and helmets, on the plaques of the orders of chivalry, and on the rivers of diamonds—orders and diamonds such as you see nowhere except in Russia.

This is a unique fête for the eyes, but it is still more so for the philosophical ob- beneath these blooming camellias have come over a road of ice through twenty degrees of cold. Between the branches of the palm-trees we can see the motionless river with its burden of equipages; we can see the carpet of snow which surrounds the palace; and our thoughts follow this carpet of snow far, very far, over thousands of versts, and see it covering even to Asia the sad solitudes where the Russian people are sleeping their gloomy winter sleep. Whether we look at the sight before us or whether we reflect, everything is contrast and miracle in this noise of pleasure in the midst of such a

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silence, in this supreme luxury of civilization at the order of the almighty power of the East.

When this almighty power is weary of the scenery of the tropics, it changes it at will for a frame composed of the marvels of European genius and the treasures of Flanders and of Italy. Sometimes, in accordance with the usage which dates from the time of the great Catherine, the ball is transported into the neighboring rooms of the Hermitage Museum, and the mazurka is danced in the midst of an assembly of spectators painted by Veronese, Rubens, and Vandyck.

The living and real fête is as elegant and superb as the fête of those noble phantoms on the panels; and for the stranger who brings to it our paltry cares it is almost as chimerical and as distant as that of the patricians of Veronese. Do those who order the fête and enjoy it bring to it the happy conviction of former times before the days of disaster? There is an indescribable something suggestive of ceremonies which are continued out of a sense of duty, and of a Church where faith has lost its firmness.

There can no longer be any frank gayety in this Winter Palace, haunted as it must be by one of those formidable souvenirs which impose upon royal dwellings a lugubrious physiognomy. In entering this palace under the new reign, on the days when Alexander III. is holding court, the servitors of his father cannot forget the last receptions of Alexander II., which were darkened by so many tragedies. One in particular we can see before our eyes as if it were yesterday. On March 2, 1880, was celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession to the throne of the Emancipator, who at that memorable date was to receive the tribute of gratitude from his people. Magnificent fêtes had been arranged but two weeks before the anniversary day, the 18th of February; the explosion at the Winter Palace occurred, ruined all those projects, and spread mourning and terror around the sovereign. A repetition of the attempt was announced for the 2d of March, and in the capital, smitten with unreasonable panic, the precautions of the police caused people to believe that it was a day of riot rather than of festivity. When we entered these sumptuous halls, where the imagination saw nothing but mines and ambuscades, alarm was betrayed on many a face. Alexander II. appeared; his visible fatigue and emotion scarcely allowed him to address a few words to his guests. Prince Gortchakoff, who had been absent from Russia for several years, was seen there for the last time. The old companions of the Emperor, witnesses twenty-five years previously of the prodigal hopes that had greeted his accession to the throne, looked without courage through the veil of present sadness upon their master, grown old, smitten physically and morally by so many blows, a prisoner in this palace which threatened to fall in ruins over his head. The illustrious Chancellor, in the decline of age and success, betrayed by his strength as well as by his plans, leaned painfully on a console in the salon of Peter the Great, in the midst of that court where absence had made him for so long a time a stranger. A presentiment of an inevitable misfortune oppressed all hearts and hovered over all this august pomp and circumstance.

One year after, March 13, 1881, there was a fresh meeting in this palace, in presence of the bleeding body that had been brought in from a neighboring street. The unforgettable vision of that afternoon is still present in the minds of the youngest of the dancers when a ball calls them to the palace. They see once more the terror and desolation of these vast rooms; the courtiers watching for the doctors to give them news of the agony; the immense square all black with people; the stupor of the crowd waiting with eyes fixed on the imperial standard; finally the sign of the cross which passed over all these tearful visages when the standard fell down the flag-staff, announcing that the drama was over. The habitual guests of the palace who passed there the winter months of 1881, and heard on two occasions the dull explosion of dynamite, retain in their ears that besetting anguish, and more than one catch themselves listening for it between two bars of a waltz.

After all, this is perhaps a stimulant for wild pleasure, especially for the Russian nature; and for that matter it is a sin to sadden by these gloomy thoughts the young couples who are dancing beneath the palm-trees. Life, which desires us to forget everything in order to continue its work, orders them to forget and be happy by love, as it commands these plants to bear flowers in spite of ice and snow. No souvenir of mourning and of terror can

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A SPRING REVIEW ON THE "CHAMP DE MARS."

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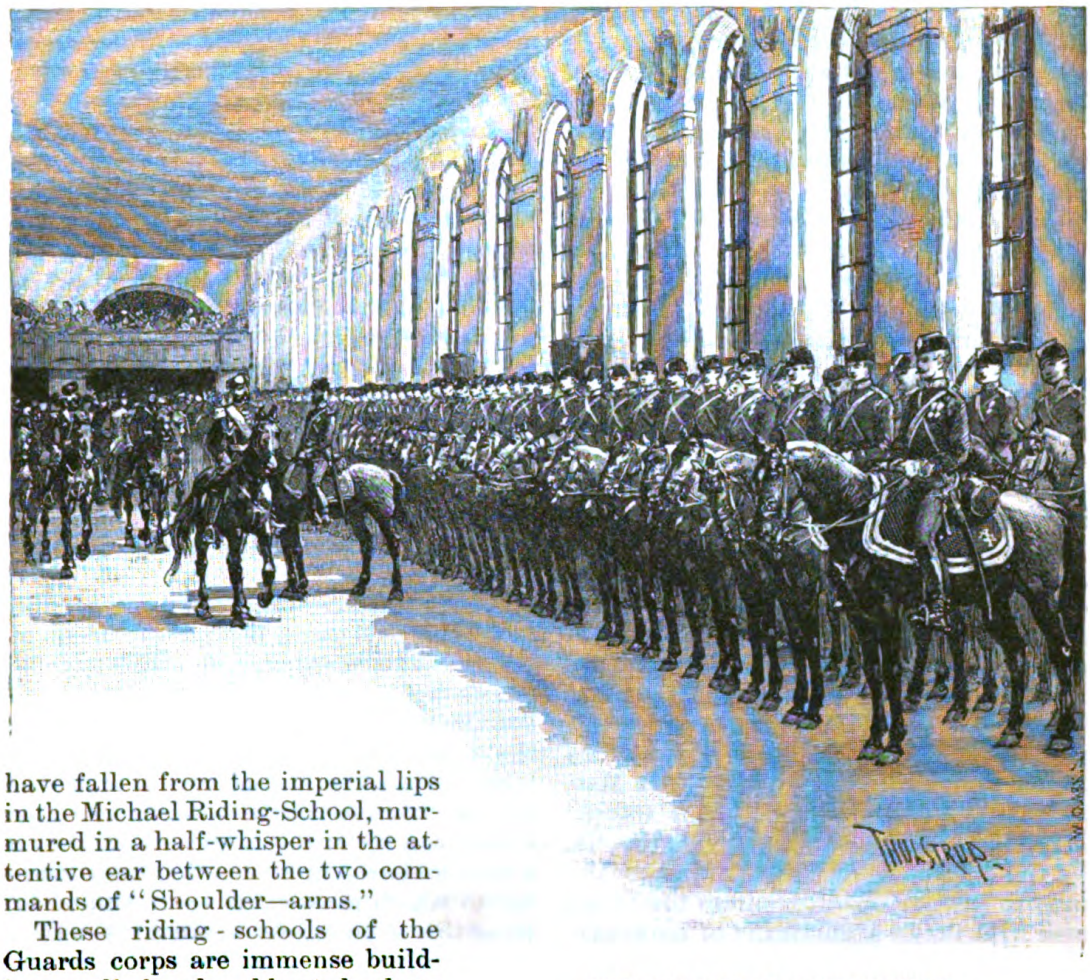
prevail against the sweet influence of life.

Outside of the gala balls the Winter Palace is only opened to society on rare occasions—on the 1st of January and at Easter, on the anniversary of the Tsar's accession to the throne, on the reception of a foreign prince, or for the baptism or marriage of a member of the imperial family. There is also a meeting there on January 6th for the fête of the Jordan, or benediction of the waters of the Neva. This is the most characteristic of these ceremonies. Religious pomp is joined with military glory to give it more brilliancy. A pavilion richly decorated is built on the ice of the river, through which is bored an opening, in order that the cross may be dipped in the water. Liturgical hymns sung by the choruses of the imperial chapel with inimitable perfection accompany the prayers of the Metropolitan. This prelate, followed by his clergy, blesses the invisible waters in order that they may be beneficial to man and fertilizing to the earth during the ensuing year. Formerly at Petersburg, and quite recently amongst the pious populations of the Volga and the Don, this solemnity gave occasion to explosions of fanaticism. As soon as the priest had plunged his crucifix in the river, mujiks would throw themselves into the sanctified waters, with the persuasion that they had a curative virtue like those of the pool of Bethesda. A natural result of this icy bath was a cold in the chest. At the fête of the Jordan it was not devotion alone that made martyrs; the etiquette of the court had its martyrs also. Up to the end of the reign of Nicholas tradition demanded that the Emperor should follow the procession bareheaded and without cloak, and the persons of his household were obliged to imitate his example. Furthermore, incredible as it may seem, the ladies of the palace used to go down into the snow décolletées, their delicate arms and bosoms exposed to the rigorous temperature that prevails at this epoch of the year. At the present day the old usages have become modified, and cloaks are tolerated. We must return to the salons, where people come to congratulate the Tsar, in order to see the curious spectacle of an assembly in ballroom attire at eleven o'clock in the morning. The maids of honor on that occasion wear the ceremonial costume of a red robe with long train; their hair is bound up beneath the *kakochnik*—the national head-dress, borrowed from the ancient Boyars. It is a half-diadem and crescent of garnet red velvet, surrounded with pearls, from which hangs a long white veil. This archaic adornment gives a strong character to the beauty of these blond daughters of the North.

IV.

It is not at the palace that one oftenest has occasion to see and approach the Emperor. It is rather at military solemnities. These solemnities are less frequent in the present reign than they used to be. Alexander III. has not the passionate love of his predecessors for the minor details of military life. He resides very little in Petersburg. Even during his stay in the capital he shirks the exacting duties of military work as much as possible. Nicholas and Alexander II., on the contrary, vied in exactitude in this matter with the Prussian monarchs, and trained the whole masculine society of their empire to respect uniform, and the minute obligations which it imposes. A society keeps for a long time a habit which has been thus profoundly impressed upon it. For nothing in the world would the old Emperor have missed the Sunday parade in the large riding-school of the Michael Square. He went there on the 13th of March, 1881, in spite of the supplications of his minister, Count Loris Mélikoff. It will be remembered that it was on his return from this ceremony to the palace that the assassins struck him. When the Tsar receives the Sunday report in front of the two battalions which share the service of the week he is surrounded by his numerous military household. The old generals resume for the moment their place in the regiment of the Guards where they made their début, and they make a point of marching past with the troops under the eyes of their chief. The foreign attachés and most of the ambassadors follow these exercises regularly; indeed the European powers are almost always represented in Russia by generals, in order that their envoy may enjoy the prestige attached to the epaulet, and the facility of access to the presence of the sovereign which it alone gives. The ambassador rides a moment beside him, and a few words are then exchanged on the events of the day: the words that have had most influence on temporary history

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SUNDAY PARADE IN A RIDING-SCHOOL.

have fallen from the imperial lips in the Michael Riding-School, murmured in a half-whisper in the attentive ear between the two commands of "Shoulder—arms."

These riding-schools of the Guards corps are immense buildings, well closed and heated, where a regiment of cavalry can manœuvre at ease in the depth of winter. In those of the Hussars and Chevalier Guards the officers sometimes give brilliant carousals. They organize equestrian quadrilles with daring horsewomen, and vie with each other in skill to conquer the ribbons of their ladies, who applaud them from the surrounding tribunes. Besides the Sunday parade, scarcely a week passes without the Emperor presiding over the fête of some regiment which is celebrating its patron saint, or one of those numerous jubilees which are destined to perpetuate the military spirit, such as the anniversary of a victory, or the fiftieth anniversary of some chief made famous by a half-century of service. On such occasions the Tsar wears the uniform of the regiment which he wishes to honor, or that of the corps to which the hero of the ceremony belongs. In the same way, when he marries one of his aides-de-camp or when he visits him on his death-bed, he always wears a corresponding uniform. This usage implies a whole system of wardrobe policy, very subtle and very complicated. The servitors of the empire attach the greatest importance to these flattering shades of attention; the motive for which the Emperor has put on such and such a uniform on such and such a day is much commented upon, and carefully registered on that thermometer of the sovereign favor the variations of which are the perpetual study of the courtier.

If you wish to see military Russia in all its glory and epic luxury you must take your place in the first days of April on one of those tribunes which rise at the extremity of the Champ de Mars on both sides of the imperial pavilion. Society meets there to assist at the grand spring review. All the Guard is massed before us—20,000 men at least, and perhaps more. Other states may pride themselves on a military force equivalent to

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this, but none can show a force so magnificent and picturesque in aspect. All the races and all the arms of this varied empire are about to defile before our eyes, from those noble Chevalier Guards, who seem to have been resuscitated from the romantic Middle Ages, down to the Kirgheez of the Asiatic steppe, who are still pagans. "Attention!" Thousands of voices have transmitted the same word of command. "The Emperor!" He appears yonder at the corner of the Champ de Mars. The moment he is seen all the flags flutter, all the bands join in one formidable chorus to send heavenward the sounds of the national hymn, "God save the Tsar." The Emperor arrives at a gentle gallop. Behind him follows an escort which makes many hearts beat amongst the fair public of the tribunes. It is a gathering of the most illustrious names and the finest horsemen of the Russian nobility. All the armies of the world have contributed to form this staff. The Hungarian magnate rides side by side with the Japanese military attaché, the French képi salutes the fez of the Mussulman bey. The Master passes along the front of his troops; the Empress follows in an open barouche. At the approach of their Majesties the band of each regiment resumes the hymn with wild fury—a hurricane of harmony, which accompanies and envelops the imperial procession. The traditional salutations are exchanged between the Tsar and his soldiers: "Good-day, children." "We are happy to do well for your Imperial Majesty."

The sovereign stops before the tribune of the Grand-Duchesses; he gives the signal, and the march past begins. At the head are the platoons of the Asiatic escort, eastern and wild Russia, Mussulmans from Khiva and Bokhara, Georgian princes, Tcherkesses, Persians, Mongols, and Caucasians. These primitive warriors, armed with lances and steel maces, wear long coats of mail over their brilliant silk dresses, furs of great price, damascened helmets or Tartar caps. This is the vanguard of the hordes of Attila, the concession made in the regular army to legend and fancy. Then come the compact masses of the regular army, the infantry first of all—Preobrajensky, Finland Chasseurs, and soldiers of the Paul Regiment, with their large copper hats in the form of mitres—such as were worn by the Grenadiers of Frederick the Great. In accordance with an old tradition, all men who have flat noses are recruited for this regiment. The lines of cavalry follow the infantry like living walls of brass and steel. Then come the light troops—Red Hussars, Grenadiers, and Lancers; and finally swarms of Cossacks, galloping on their little ponies, sweep along from the extremity of the Champ de Mars at full speed, stop and turn short at the foot of the imperial tribune. These troops perform the exercises of the Arab fantasia—lie down on their saddles, lean over to the ground without quitting their stirrups, and pick up the lance or pistol that they have thrown down before them. The artillery closes the march. The batteries, admirably horsed, are carried along at full speed by black chargers as fine as the finest trotters.

As the last cannons disappear, rattling over the pavement behind the trees of the Summer Garden, the court and its guests go to breakfast in the palace of the Princes of Oldenburg, which faces the Champ de Mars; and the foreigner who follows the Emperor—his eyes still full of this heroic vision—wonders how a man can resist the intoxication of such power gathered in his hand and the temptation which must come upon him to let loose this superb force against the world.

In the summer, at the camp of Krasnoe-Selo, the Tsar and his military company live for two weeks in the midst of the troops of the Guard. Every day there are marches and sham battles improvised for the occasion. Breakfast is served in tents, and at night victors and vanquished meet at a gala spectacle in the theatre of Tsarskoe. No civilian is admitted. It is a wonderful sight, this floor of the theatre covered with helmets and epaulets, below a double row of boxes, where the women vie with each other in elegance. At these manœuvres of Krasnoe, at these combats in the presence of carriages full of ladies, we can imagine to ourselves what must have been the campaigns of Louis XIV. when the great King besieged the towns of Flanders surrounded by the beauties of Versailles, and when the trenches were dug before their eyes to the sound of violins.

We have perhaps staid too long at the court, but it was necessary in order to make the reader appreciate the preponderating place it holds in social life. But with the exception of the rapid appear-

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ances which we have just indicated, the Emperor disappears from the eyes of his subjects and retires with his family to the solitude of Gatschina—that Russian Escurial—a gloomy and sombre castle hidden in the midst of pine forests at a few leagues' distance from the capital. There the imperial couple lead a regular, tranquil—one might say *bourgeois*—existence. The Emperor and Empress devote themselves to the education of their children and to the expedition of business. Respect forbids us entering indiscreetly into the home of their Majesties. Let us take leave of them in order to follow society as it goes out of the Winter Palace. We shall find it free from the trammels of etiquette, amusing itself more frankly in the daily life of the salons.

V.

The salons enable us to understand the life of the French aristocracy in the eighteenth century, such as it is described in the memoirs of the time. Organized entirely for the sake of worldly intercourse, conversation, and elegant pleasure, one might revive and apply to this society Talleyrand's words when he called up his souvenirs of the years before 1789: "Those who have not lived at that time have not known what the pleasure of living is." We have sometimes ventured to ask with admiration grave functionaries whom we used to meet every night at an advanced hour at the fêtes of Petersburg, when they found time to work. We must believe that such a thing as work is quite superfluous in this happy country. Everybody gets up late like the winter sun, himself so late. Street life does not begin before ten o'clock in the morning; the shopkeepers have not taken down their shutters before that hour. Immediately after breakfast you call your sleigh for a promenade on the crowded Quay or on the Prospekt, but already day has begun to decline. Visits follow uninterruptedly until dinner-time. You go from house to house among your friends, exchange news—almost always court news which has been published in the morning in the *Journal de St.-Pétersbourg*, and the more private news which you have gathered from the lips of some high-placed personage. After dinner you go to the play. This usage is beginning to go out of fashion, but a few years ago all the "smart" people passed the early part of



EMPEROR ALEXANDER III. AT KRASNOE-SELO.

the evening in some fashionable theatre—either at the Italiens or at the Théâtre Michel, where the best Parisian actors play French comedy. The younger people prefer to go to the bouffes, where Judic and Granier used to receive écrins of diamonds in bouquets of roses. Nowadays the Russian theatre, which was formerly abandoned by the upper class, is coming into favor again. The present reign is setting the example of patronizing national life. People pay court by going to applaud the pieces of Griboïedof, of Gogol, and of Ostrowsky, interpreted by Madame Savina, the Sara Bernhardt of Russia.

After the theatre each repairs to the salon which he habitually frequents. The evening meetings begin quite late. If you arrive at eleven o'clock at the house

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where you are invited, it is not rare to be told that madame is not yet dressed; she has been sleeping after dinner in order to rest her complexion. On the other hand, you may knock at certain hospitable doors up to two o'clock in the morning; no one will be astonished to see you come in, and your place will be set at supper, which is the favorite meal with the Russians. Luxurious or modest, the supper is always served for the intimate friends. It is prolonged until a late hour, and no one goes to bed in St. Petersburg until three o'clock in the morning. These children of the night live at their ease only after dark and by artificial light. There are some delicate women whom no one remembers to have seen by daylight; it is true, very generally, they are women who have passed the prime of their beauty.

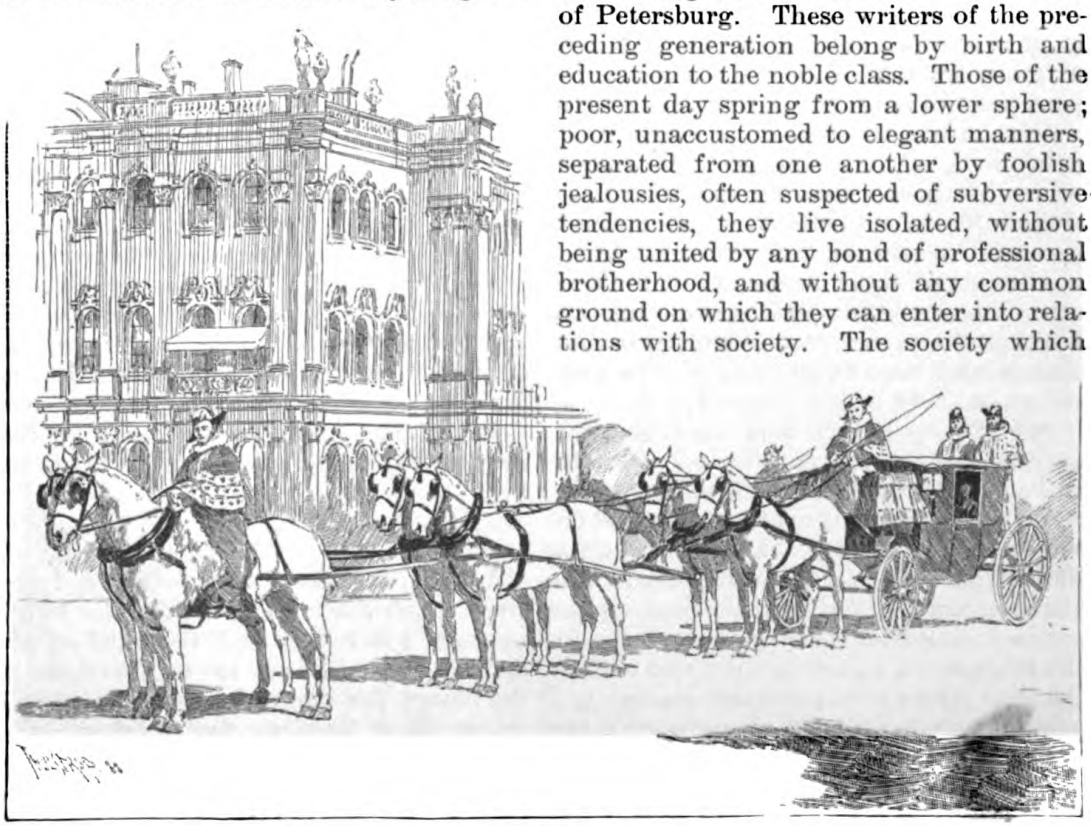
Formerly, and that not so long ago, some seigneurs kept "open house," and you could go and dine there without being invited. The diminution in fortunes has put an end to these patriarchal manners. During the carnival season rich private individuals give balls and concerts, and sometimes *folles journées*, or dances which begin in the morning in the greenhouse filled with tropical plants, and do not end until dawn of the following day in the supper-room. But a description of these amusements would appear pale after a description of the balls of the palace. Let us rather try to catch the physiognomy of the ordinary everyday social life in the familiar groups which meet night after night around the tea-table, where the silver samovar sings.

The subdivision into coteries is the characteristic feature of the change which has been going on in this society during the past fifteen or twenty years. Formerly it was a large family, maintained within limits rigorously fixed by the court list. This common bond kept closely together all the members, who lived in perpetual intercourse. Everybody knew everybody even from childhood. In speaking of each other they used, in accordance with Russian custom, the baptismal name, followed by the name of the father; for instance, Ivan Petrovitch, Anna Pavlovna. Some few foreigners—young men belonging to the European aristocracy—brought to Petersburg by the diplomatic service, were received with open arms as children of the house. All this has changed with the growing extension of that family, with the embarrassments in which nearly all fortunes are involved, and with the appointment to public office of new individuals selected from outside the ancient caste. Shall we add that the formation of opposite political parties contributes somewhat to this schism? The word "parties" would be inexact and, at present at least, too serious for Russia; but at any rate there has grown up in certain circles a habit of criticising the constituted powers, and in order to do that you must be sure of all the persons of the company. We cannot say that society has been invaded, for the largest fortune in commerce does not yet give any access to it. Nevertheless society feels the need of defending itself, being conscious of the approaching danger, and the strongest and proudest sections of it intrench themselves within their little citadels. Foreigners, whom the railways and business are bringing daily in greater numbers, are received less readily than formerly; they no longer enter the family circle. A material barrier has arisen before them. Hitherto French was the natural language of Petersburg society. There are still grandmothers living who scarcely speak Russian, and do not write it at all. Under the new reign, in order to flatter the manifest tastes of the sovereign and of his surroundings, the native tongue has made an offensive return. It is currently spoken in the salons—a fact which would have been considered to be bad tone by the preceding generation. At the Yacht Club, which is the most elegant of all the clubs, ten years ago general conversation took place in French, but to-day the members employ only the mother-tongue. When the foreigner has been lucky enough to conquer these difficulties, after a long stay, he soon appreciates the charm of Russian social intercourse. He discovers, amongst the women especially, a universal intellectual culture beneath the frivolity of fashionable life. When do these torpid beauties find time to read and learn? You rarely see them with a book in their hands; their existence is idle or wholly taken up by pleasure; and yet you never find them at a loss. They are acquainted with the latest novel published in Paris, in London, and in New York; with the latest scientific theory of Hartmann, Herbert Spencer, or Edison; with the opera which has just been presented at Bayreuth or at Milan; they talk intel-

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ligently about literature, music, science, metaphysics, spiritualism, or politics, and always in a well-informed manner, and with surprising clearness and novelty of views. They know everything, it would seem, by birth and intuition. The fact is, they learn everything by social and cosmopolitan intercourse, just like the French women of the eighteenth century. Mesdames du Deffand, de Tencin, and d'Epinay would find sisters worthy of themselves in Petersburg, living in conditions absolutely similar to those of life in Paris under the reign of Louis XV. It is always to this epoch that we must return in order to understand what constitutes the charm of Russian society. This charm is born of absolute liberty of intellect, and of a boldness of thought which scrutinizes all problems, and attacks all questions with the arms of scepticism. Here are none of the conventions or fears which tie the tongue in our old society, divided and battered by so many revolutions. The Russian plays with dangerous ideas like a child with knives whose hurtful power he does not know by experience. The ideas which among us reopen old wounds, because they have been translated into facts, do not awaken in Russia anything but hopes, because they are still in the domain of dream. In the same way, on the eve of 1789, the French nobility was delighted with that which was destined to decapitate and ruin it. An old Russian lady who was reading Taine's book on the *Ancien Régime* said to us one day, "From time to time I close this book with terror, so completely do I find in it the image of our own social and intellectual state"—a state threatening by the morrow which it forebodes, but charming so long as it lasts.

The comparison would be inexact as regards one point only. The savants and men of letters who used to reign in the salons of the eighteenth century mingle very little with the aristocracy of Petersburg. There are only two or three houses where they are received in the private circle. In these intelligent homes we have at times met Tourguénief when he returned to his father-land, Dostoïevsky, Goutcharof, and the celebrated novelists and poets of the last twenty years. Alone, the greatest of all, the Count Tolstoï, remaining invisible. In retirement on his estate of Yasnaia-Poliana, he applies to his peasants the social theories which he preaches in his writings; he has broken with the life of Petersburg. These writers of the preceding generation belong by birth and education to the noble class. Those of the present day spring from a lower sphere; poor, unaccustomed to elegant manners, separated from one another by foolish jealousies, often suspected of subversive tendencies, they live isolated, without being united by any bond of professional brotherhood, and without any common ground on which they can enter into relations with society. The society which



THE EMPRESS'S CARRIAGE.

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reads them is unacquainted with their persons, and when they do appear in a salon they bring with them an embarrassed and silent reserve.

Instead of professional literary men, the artists and literary men of society animate the conversation, particularly the poets. In Russia everybody is a bit of a poet. Verses are written there in abundance and with facility; but, as a general rule, in the aristocracy, as in all classes of this nation, the woman is, *par excellence*, the sociable element. She is superior to the man in penetration and promptitude of intellect. As humanity does not live by brains alone, the young officers of the Guards play the most prominent rôle in the salons, and if they do not shine by their refined culture, they take their revenge by their gallantry. In this social function they give proof of that passionate folly and princely prodigality which Madame de Staël immortalized by saying, "The desire of the Slav would set a town on fire." You may still see grand seigneurs, true sons of Potemkin, playing with the impossible in order to satisfy the caprices of the lady of their heart. One will by telegraph send for a cart-load of roses from Nice, another for a celebrated orchestra from Warsaw. The following story is told of a gentleman poet who died a few years ago. He was talking in the presence of a lady of a Kirgheez musician whom he had met during a journey beyond the Ural, in the steppe of Orenburg —one of those camel-drivers who play their antique Asian melodies on long reed pipes. The lady expressed regret at never having heard these harmonies of the desert. The poet immediately wrote for this Kirgheez to be sent from the other end of Russia, and then despatched him to play before the lady.

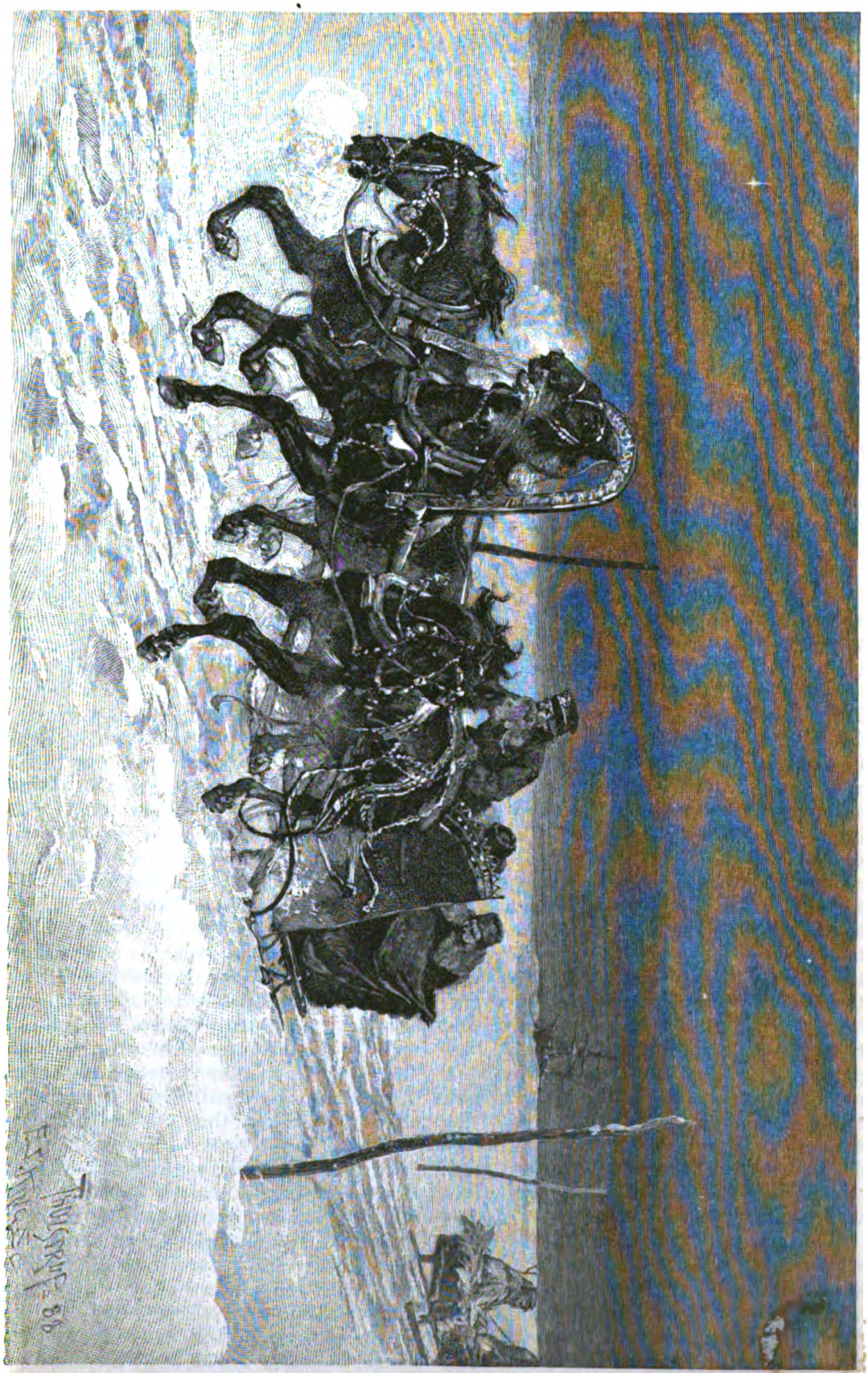
Sport holds a very small place in the existence of these long winters. The climate is unfavorable, and Russians of all conditions detest physical exercise, and do not feel the need of it. In a village on a Sunday you will not see the peasants engaged in games. They remain motionless, gravely seated at their doors, or around the table at the inn. In the upper classes the men who are not hunters resolve the problem of life without ever moving their limbs. Old men are known whom no one ever remembers to have seen walk; they do not stir except to go from their chair to their carriage. Horseback riding is not held in honor even amongst the officers of the cavalry regiments, who rarely ride except when their military duties compel them. Petersburg is the only point in the universe where lawn-tennis has not made its appearance. Skating, in this country where the climate furnishes so abundantly the necessary conditions, is abandoned to the children of the common people. It had a momentary vogue only during the embassy of Lord Dufferin, who was one of the lions of society; the noble lord imposed this taste, which he had brought back with him from Canada. On the contrary, the Montagnes Russe are very popular, because you meet there the Grand-Duchesses in the beautiful gardens of the Tauride. The Empress used to excel in this exercise when she was still Crown-Princess, and practise it in its most dangerous forms; she would descend a rapid incline standing up, at the risk of breaking her neck a thousand times.

It cannot be said that the Russian man is sedentary. He will readily pass his life in a carriage, on a sleigh, or in the railway cars. To traverse space at full speed is a pleasure of which he never wearies, but it is only seated locomotion that he loves. The women, frail hot-house flowers, take pleasure only in the nonchalant habits of their homes amidst hyacinths and azaleas. Conversation, card-playing, dancing, of which they never weary, constitute their pastimes. At times they also feel the passion of the Slavs for dizzy speed, merely for the pleasure of feeling the icy air beat against their cheeks across the snowy steppe over which they career. Often during the conversation around the tea-table some one will propose a troïka ride; the motion is accepted with enthusiasm. This is the favorite amusement of winter nights, and the one that leaves in the mind of the foreigner the most vivid and novel souvenirs.

VI.

Large four-seated sleighs are ordered from a job master famous for the swiftness of his horses and the skill of his drivers. The bells of the teams tinkle at the door; the company envelop themselves from head to foot in furs; the women tie Orenburg shawls over their faces. Two couples take their places in each of the vehicles, and, as may be readily conceived, it is not chance that gen-

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A TROÏKA RIDE TO THE FORTS OF CRONSTADT.

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erally presides over this arrangement, but another little god who is less wise than chance. The driver gathers in his hands his bundle of reins, and speaks tenderly to his horses: "Forward, my little pigeons." The three pigeons start at full gallop through the empty streets, twenty degrees below zero, the air still, the sky black as steel, and sparkling with golden spots which glitter over the whiteness of all objects in this limpid atmosphere. The cold freezes the breath as it issues from the lips. In a few minutes the beards are converted into stalactites of ice. The Russian heart bounds with joy. "Quicker! quicker!" cry the women, their voices broken by wild and joyous laughter. The driver, who has previously fortified his stomach with innumerable glasses of brandy, administers stout blows with his knout over the backs of his horses, and yet they are giving the maximum of speed that can be expected from their limbs. They too seem to get intoxicated with their own galloping. The equipage flies along the quays and crosses the river; the mean houses of the faubourgs, with their poor little lights, vanish out of sight behind it like phantoms. Trees take the place of houses the more deeply we penetrate into the islands; now we glide over vacant country in absolute darkness, the tinkling of the bells and the ripples of laughter alone breaking the silence that has gathered over the earth. When the hoofs of the horses strike the pavement beneath the thinner snow, or when they bound over a projecting block of ice on an arm of the Neva, the heavy sleigh jumps and jolts enough to throw the travellers out. Woe be to the one who is talking at this moment; he is sure to bite his tongue cruelly; and then the laughter redoubles at his expense. The combined intoxication of the movement and of the cold is at its height. "Go on more quickly," the voices of the women say, nervously; and sometimes a deeper voice murmurs in a lower tone: "Why, faster? It would be better that we never arrived at the end."

We do arrive, however. The team, white with foam, stops in front of an isolated tavern. It is Samarcande or Tachkent, one of the inns of the suburbs of Petersburg, famous for the troupes of Bohemians who lodge there. The party hires a room decorated in anything but a luxurious manner: four smoky walls, a few chairs, and a table. Champagne is brought and the Tsiganes appear. The choir is composed of three or four men and eight or ten women. The men wear on their bronze faces the expression of the tranquil dignity of their race. With their aquiline profiles, their sad and profound eyes, they seem like dispossessed kings of Asia. We would gladly depict the women in some picturesque Eastern costume, but the truth compels us to confess that they are dressed in shabby silk dresses, the cast-off finery of some elegant lady, bought at a second-hand store in the Gostiny Dvor. The olive-colored complexions beneath their painted cheeks, and the fire of their eyes beneath their painted eyebrows, alone betray the Indian origin of these daughters of the Pariahs. The leader of the choir tunes his guitar and strikes up an accompaniment, very slow at first, and then gradually quicker and quicker. The Bohemian girls sing; they are seated in a semicircle, their bodies and faces motionless. At the beginning the accent is cold and restrained. These women appear indifferent to the sentiment they are interpreting, like sibyls visited by a god whom they do not feel. But little by little their voices become animated, and warm into that guttural trembling which artists of any other race can never succeed in imitating. The demon has taken possession of the singers; they hurry the rhythm with furious alternations; melodies and words are infused with the same excitement, the languor, the despair, and the fire of wild passions. The soul of the old Aryas has accumulated in these songs all the wildness and melancholy of its nature.

It finds an echo in the soul of the Slavs. Look at those patrician ladies who are listening to the daughters of Bohemia; in spite of the difference in education and social condition they are true sisters of the Tsiganes. With all their apparent reserve and disdain, they vibrate in unison, with the same violence of nature; they will remain there all night, magnetized by these airs of the native country. The men do not attempt to conceal their delight. A Russian will spend his last ruble in order to procure himself the pleasure which he prizes above all others. Monomaniacs return here every evening, and pass their nights listening to these songs, nailed to the table by a tyranny as irresistible as that of the opium-smoker. Most of the officers of the Guards live on

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RACING ON THE NEVA.

a footing of friendly familiarity with the Bohemian women; this evening the presence of ladies embarrasses them. Next time when they return alone champagne will flow in torrents, and pocket-books will be opened without counting. Occasionally a scuffle disturbs the party; some merchants, tired of waiting, will quarrel with the officers for possession of the room and singers. No less passionately fond of this pleasure, and even more prodigal, the merchants manifest their enthusiasm by throwing to the Tsiganes handfuls of bank-notes and golden imperials. A Bohemian woman celebrated in her art has only to stoop to pick up as much money as an operatic "star." Nevertheless none will ever think of suspecting her savage virtue—a virtue which is proverbial, protected by the jealous watching of the men of the tribe, and guaranteed by interest. A handsome Bohemian woman often ends by marrying a General. These unions are not rare in Russia, and the singing woman of Samarcande ends her career as an honorable mother of a family in a provincial town where her husband commands.

The inns where the Tsiganes sing are the usual object of nocturnal excursions; sometimes, however, others are suggested; for instance, to the observatory of Pulkowa, which rises midway between Petersburg and Tsarskoe-Selo, on a hill crowned with pine-trees. It is the only elevation in the marshy plains which surround the capital. There lives a little German colony; for they are Germans who keep watch over the Russian heavens. With a few exceptions this family of astronomers is recruited in the university at Dorpat, and holds its celestial fief with jealous care. When you enter Pulkowa you find yourself transported to another world. You might imagine yourself in some calm institute in Göttingen or Jena. Confined in the mysteries of space and time, these modest savants work under the direction of their senior member or "doyen." They live in common a patriarchal life, an honest German life, staid and serious like that of the stars. Strangers to the noises of the great city and to the interests and passions which surround them, these astronomers have fixed the boundaries of their earthly horizon at the wood of pine-trees and the roofs which shelter their households and their books. The only revolutions that

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they look forward to are those of the firmament; their newspapers are the tables of the sun and planets; their subject of conversation, the theorems of Kepler, or the excellent recipe of Madame la Doyenne for smoking the breasts of geese—an artless mixture of humble domestic cares and of the great secrets of the Eternal. The monks of science mount into their glass palace wrapped up in warm cloaks, with fur caps on their heads, like the astrologers you see depicted in ancient engravings. The old savants conduct their pupils to the top of the tower, into that vast rotunda which revolves upon itself, and seems like the poop of a ship, with its masts, its rigging, its instruments of polished brass, and its port-holes where the telescopes are pointed. The lamps burn over the books, the compass moves over the charts, the telescope scrutinizes the polar regions, and the calculations of ages are continued. The observers are adding a page to the annals of the sky. At that hour when everything which makes noise and illusion on the earth is silent, these modest people are truly the masters of the universe. They ordain its destinies; they know from whence it comes, whither it goes, and what it weighs. Grave, and proud of their responsibility—like their brothers the sailors—they watch for us all. They mark the passage of the planet in the unknown, in the midst of the formidable fleets which it crosses in its passage. If some benighted traveller passes in these solitudes he perceives up there the lights of the crew manœuvring its aerial dome; he wonders if it is not some phantom ship lost on the sea of snow, or else he may imagine that he hears some monks assembled in their oratory for matins, who sing by night the praises of the Lord.

But this solitude and this peace are exposed to frequent invasions. If an eclipse is announced, the ladies of Petersburg form a party to go to Pulkowa; they either belong to the court or have taken the precaution to have some dignitary in their party, and consequently the Imperial Observatory could not refuse to satisfy their caprices. The troïkas deposit in the temple of science the noisy visitors, who take possession of the telescopes, and demand for their own particular use that corner of the heavens where something important is about to happen. They have all these mysteries explained to them; they ferret about in albums of lunar photographs, and their curiosity is excited by the marvels that the old sorcerers tell them. The evening ends with supper on ham and sauer-kraut prepared by Madame la Doyenne, and in listening to one of the young German women play on the piano a sonato of Schumann or Weber. The joyous band then starts back, enchanted with the contrast between its habits of luxury and the austere simplicity of the existence of which it has just taken a glimpse. Another day the troïkas will be called for in the morning for a long excursion to the forts of Cronstadt, over the icy road which connects this island with Petersburg. It is distant about fifteen miles—two hours' gallop over the frozen sea. Poles indicate the route across this deceptive plain; houses of refuge, with alarm-bells which tinkle during the blizzard, remind us that this desert has also its moral sirocco. Here and there a ship stands up against the horizon frozen in the ice; some you see with all their sails spread and yet quite motionless. It is on the return journey after nightfall that the horror of this landscape impresses one. At a certain moment at twilight it is impossible to distinguish on the horizon where the sky begins and where the earth ends. You seem to be caught in an immense sphere of milky crystal; when you look at the horses fixedly they seem to be suspended in ether. In order to enable the eye to recover the sense of reality you must wait until you come across a refuge—the paltry sleigh of a mujik, a flight of crows, or one of those ships which seemed motionless in the morning, but which now in the crepuscular twilight of the snow seem to be gliding along in the opposite direction to your sleigh. No words can express the anguish that weighs like a pall on this polar country—the gloom, the cold, the terror of it are palpable; you are beset with a terrible dread of losing your way. Such doubtless was the primordial chaos before light was separated from darkness and the sea from the land. And the Russian delights in this wild flight through space, feeling that his soul is almost liberated from the body and transported into dream-land by a Walkyrian ride. "Troïka," said Gogol, in a celebrated passage of the *Âmes Mortes*—"troïka-bird, who invented thee? Thou couldst only be born amongst an audacious people. But

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AT THE CLUB—THE WHIST TABLE.

art thou not thyself, O Russia, the brave troïka that none can pass? Where art thou going? Answer! The troïka does not answer; it flies onward, and clears all obstacles."

VII.

Let us leave the salons and the ladies and visit the men when they are amongst themselves at their club. In Russia, as everywhere else, this institution has been introduced from England. At Petersburg and Moscow the principal club to which all the society men belong is called the English Club. Its foundation dates from the reign of the great Catherine. At that epoch the British merchants contracted the habit of meeting together on Saturday evenings, after they had shut up their offices and settled their accounts of the week, to dine, chat, and amuse themselves together. Thus were born the English clubs. They have retained down to our times this characteristic of being meeting-places only on special days. During the rest of the week you meet there only a small number of habitués. On Saturday alone one hundred and sometimes two hundred guests, or even more, begin at four o'clock in the afternoon to partake of the *zakouska*. This is the preliminary repast, which is eaten standing, while you pick out of a multitude of little plates caviare, smoked fish, and salt dainties. These *hors-d'œuvre* are accompanied with draughts of eau-de-vie and kummel; for the Russians drink their strong liquors before dinner. At five o'clock the table is served. This early dinner hour is the subject of perpetual discussion between the young men, who wish to adopt Western fashions, and the conservatives of the old school, who have hitherto succeeded in maintaining the patriarchal usage. The men take their seats with due regard to subordination of ranks; as Tolstoï has said in describing a dinner at Moscow, the men take their hierarchic places as naturally as water seeks its level. The

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club has no president. It is directed by the senior members, who are elected and take service alternately. The member on duty sits at the upper end of the table, and it is he who in a loud voice proposes the health of the Emperor on the anniversaries of the imperial fêtes, when all the men rise immediately and clink their glasses noisily.

What a dinner it is! The heart of Pantagruel would be wild with joy if the Rabelaisian hero could contemplate the piles of victuals which are so gravely absorbed by the heroic stomachs of the Generals of the English Club. It is not the sight of Russia under arms that makes one tremble for the future of the world. It is when he sees Russia eating that the physiologist can surely say, "This is the race that will devour the others." The table groans under the enormous weight of joints of beef, the roasted suckling pigs served hot, or cold in jelly, the sterlets of the Volga, and the monster pasties. By way of an appetizer, as we would eat our dozen oysters, the terrible Russian General absorbs before his soup a dozen *blinies*—which are heavy pancakes stuffed with caviare and seasoned with hot melted butter. This national dish is served only during the carnival, and then it is obligatory. The feast is moistened with copious libations—French wines, hydromel, *kvass* or rye beer, the Russian drink *par excellence*. It is on Easter Day that the capacity of these ogres may be best estimated. The morning is passed in visits to friends, and in every house there is a table laden with viands, in the midst of which towers a whole lamb. The breakfast begins over again at each visit.

The Merchants' Club is organized on the model of the English Club, and its traditions are the same. During the week the rich commercial man of Petersburg or Moscow does not leave his counting-house. Seated with senatorial gravity in his modest shop, where business in tea, grain, and fur is transacted for millions of rubles, he calculates his profits on rings of yellow and black wood threaded on rods of wire fixed on a frame. The Russians have borrowed this arithmetical machine from the Turks and Persians. The merchant passes his evenings with his wife, who is a veritable harem recluse, drinking countless glasses of tea, while the lamp burns before the holy image. On Sunday he puts on his finest caftan and his shiniest boots, calls his drosky, and goes to join his colleagues at the club dinner. The appetite of the General would have astonished Pantagruel, but that of the merchant would confound Gargantua. After these sumptuous repasts we will not guarantee that he will not end up the evening at the tavern of the Bohemians, unless he has paid one hundred rubles for a box to see Sara Bernhardt, who is just giving her opening performance in a language which he does not understand. But the psychology of this most strange mortal, the Russian merchant, would lead us too far. Let us conclude our review of the clubs.

The young "swells" of the Guards and of the diplomatic corps deign to enter the Yacht Club only. Originally, in order to be admitted to this select circle, you had to possess a yacht of your own, but gradually the club has extended its membership, while at the same time it has remained exclusive and rigorous in its elections. Here the superannuated manners of the English Club are ridiculed, and the members observe the usages of the Jockey Club of Vienna and of Paris. At the hour of the promenade the fashionable carriages pass and repass in the grand Morskaia in front of the windows, where the judges of *haut ton* deliver their verdicts. The women raise their eyes timidly toward the areopagus, which judges, without possibility of appeal, their beauty, their toilets, their *liaisons*, whether open or secret, but always fully known to the Arguses of the Yacht Club.

In these clubs, different as they are, one common characteristic reminds you that you are in Russia. On leaving the dining-room each one hurries to take his seat at the whist table. Those who are the most eager call those who linger, with the traditional phrase, "We are losing golden time." In order to arrive at the number of tables you may boldly divide by four the total number of persons present; there will scarcely ever be a mistake. The General whom we saw just now preparing for himself so laborious a digestion is settled for the night at his fighting post. He establishes around him the various attributes necessary for his happiness: the glass of tea, which will be constantly filled; the big silver case, overloaded with monograms and coronets in relief, and containing a goodly stock of cigarettes, which will be lighted one after the other without a moment's respite; the

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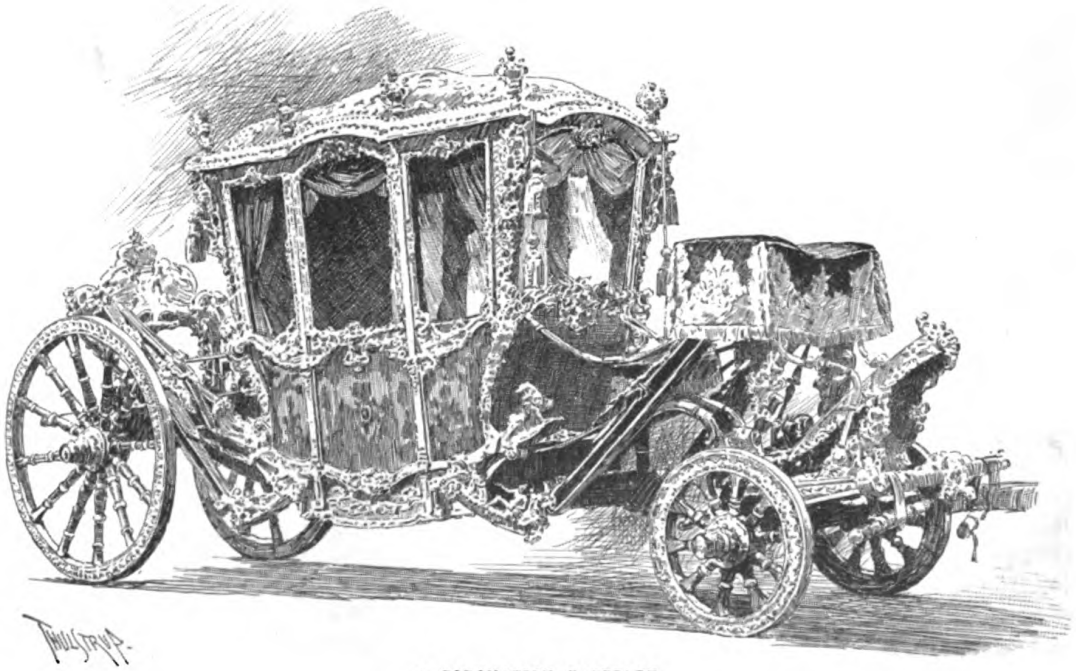
stick of chalk and the brush, for in Russia counters are unknown, and losses and winnings are written on the corner of the green cloth, which is brushed vigorously after each game. The cards are dealt, and for seven or eight hours the conversation of this honorable assembly is reduced to the sacramental formulæ, "Clubs," "Hearts," "Trumps," "The trick."

If we were requested to represent Russia by some symbolic figure, hesitation would be impossible. We should simply have to paint a green baize table with some packs of cards in the middle of a snow steppe. This universal passion for gaming may be explained by many causes. The Slav is nervous, eager for violent emotion, and devoted to chance. The hours are long and ennui unendurable during a stay in the deserted country districts or in the natural stagnation of the small provincial towns. In the capitals, for the rich and leisured classes, conversation in public places was, even until quite recently, embarrassing and full of danger; the police of the terrible Third Section had an eye and an ear in every club. In these places of meeting an imprudent or misunderstood word involved certain disgrace; it was preferable to be silent and to play. This latter cause has disappeared, but its effect remains.

If acquaintances meet in a railway car, cards are brought out of the valise; the conductor is asked to bring a table and some candles; and from Petersburg to Odessa the travellers will play at bézique or quinze without raising their eyes from the board for days and nights together. Two persons who may happen to step from their carriages together at a relay station get into conversation, and the first thing they do is to challenge each other for a game of cards, which will not finish until the one or the other has lost all his money. The whist tables at the clubs show the passion in its mildest form.

Alas! these tables are not satisfied with reigning in their legitimate kingdom. Every day they usurp a little more room in the salons, and drive away that charming conversation which we were vaunting just now; this transformation in social manners is very marked. With some young women gaming has taken the place of that wit which was the charm of former generations.

But while we are sketching these scenes of winter life the days are growing longer and milder; the ice on the Neva is breaking up; the blue water appears between the blocks that float seaward. The Petersburg hive is about to swarm over the whole surface of the empire. Let us follow the emigrants out of the town: we shall find them in another existence, in the midst of new scenes and of other horizons.



A CORONATION CARRIAGE.

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THE BROKEN HARP.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

IF this now silent harp could wake,
How pure, how strong, how true
The tender strain its chords would make
Of love and grief for you!
But like my heart, though faithful long
By you cast forth to pain,
This hushed and frozen voice of song
Must never live again.

Yet haply when your fancy strays
O'er unregarded things,
And half in dream your gentle gaze
Falls on its shattered strings,
Some loving impulse may endear
Your memories of the past,
And if for me you shed one tear
I think 'twould wake at last:

Wake with a note so glad, so clear,
So lovely, so complete,
That birds on wing would pause to hear
Its music wild and sweet;
And you would know—alas, too late!—
How tender and how true
Is this fond heart that hugs its fate—
To die for love and you.

In the Vale of the Dargle, September 18, 1888.

A MEADOW MUD-HOLE.

BY DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

THE least suggestive spot in the world to most people is a mud-hole. The common impression seems to be that fish avoid it, that frogs and birds pass it by, and plants decline to cover its nakedness. This, like a great many other common impressions, is really very wide of the mark. If the water be not unutterably filthy, fish will condescend to tenant the shallow depths, frogs will thrive therein, bitterns and the little rail-bird find such a spot attractive, and many an aquatic plant grows nowhere else so vigorously.

There are, as all know, mud-holes that are but blotchy remnants of man's interference—mere accidents, as it were, which do not concern us; and also those deeper scars where the fair face of the landscape has been wounded severely, as when the ice-gorged river burst its proper bounds, leaving a shallow pool in my pasture meadow: such as these are never beneath the notice of a contemplative rambler. The truth is, in the valley of the Delaware the average mud-hole is eminently respectable. Giving the matter a sober second thought, one will see that mud is not necessarily offensive. That of the meadows, if analyzed, proves to be compounded of very worthy entities—water, clay, sand, and leaf mould. Why, because they are associated, should they be so studiously shunned? No chemical change has taken place resulting in the formation of a dangerous mixture. Mud is unlovable only when you are made its prisoner; but even a fool knows it is best to remain outside the bars when he comes to a lion's cage. The lily loves the mud from which it springs, and who in the wide world loves not the lily? Let us accept her as an authority that this mud has merit.

There is a typical earth scar of the worthier sort within easy reach of my door-yard. I chanced upon it one February morning when the surrounding meadows were frost-bound, but the water was free, sparkling, and full of active aquatic life;

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ON THE NILE.

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WILD-RICE.

and there is not a month that it has not its growth of green, if not a wealth of blossoms. Even the plant life of the preceding summer serves as a covering in winter, and a January thaw starts the hardier grasses as surely as it quickens the sheltered upland dandelions into bloom. And on this bleak February day, when the meadows were like smooth rock, the river a glacier, and with scarce a trace of green to be seen on the hill-side, the expanding spathe of the fetid cabbage—a plant full worthy of a better name—was well above the ground, darkly green and beautifully streaked with purple and gold; and a foot or more below the surface of the water were even greener growths, tangles of thread-like vine that quivered whenever a frightened fish rushed by. Indeed these delicate growths are a delight to our many hardy fishes that, scorning to hibernate when food and shelter are so accessible, must laugh, I think, at the darting ice-crystals that gather and grow strong until they shut out the sun, but never reach their weed-grown habitations.

It was greener still in March; but in April, when the meadow ditches are being decked with splatter-dock and calla, arrow-head and sweet-flag, golden-club and equisetum, then from the bottom of more than one small pond spring up sharp, spear-pointed rolls of rank green leaves, growing until the water's quiet surface is pierced, and a stout stem bears into view two parallel rolls of delicate leaf tissue. I refer to the rare yellow lotus. Perhaps not for all time a native, but it has long since earned its right to a place in our flora.

Most interesting is the beautiful adaptation of the leaf to its surroundings at the outset of its growth. Tightly twisted and pointed obliquely upward, it meets with no resistance from the water, and runs no risk of entanglement with other growths. Once at the surface, the unrolling is rapidly effected, and a bronze chalice with an emerald lining is ready to catch the dew as it falls. The circular perfected leaf, often twenty inches in diameter, is usually supported on a footstalk five or six feet in height, and among them often many floating leaves. Certainly no other of our aquatic plants has so striking an appearance, not even the wild-rice at its best—

> "That tangled, trackless, wind-tossed waste,
> Above a watery wilderness."

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Gray gives as the range of the American species the "waters of the Western and Southern States; rare in the Middle States; introduced into the Delaware below Philadelphia." Introduced by whom? The Indians are said to have carried it to the Connecticut Valley, where it still flourishes in circumscribed localities, and this I find is the impression in southern New Jersey and in the neighborhood of a little lake in the northern part of the State, where also the native lotus is found growing, but I have not yet found a positive statement to that effect. Rafinesque in 1830 remarked, "As it is scarce in the Atlantic States, it is said to have been planted in some ponds by the Indians."

The fact that the Southern and Western Indians valued the plant is significant. Nuttall records that "the Osages and other Western natives employ the roots of this plant, which is of common occurrence, for food, preparing them by boiling. When fully ripe, after a considerable boiling they become as farinaceous, agreeable, and wholesome as the potato. This same species....is everywhere made use of by the natives, who collect both the nuts and the roots."

Early in the century it was growing in the meadows of the Delaware below Philadelphia, and Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton considered it indigenous. He says also that "efforts at cultivating this plant and multiplying its sites of growth have been unsuccessfully made in the neighborhood."

It is curious that Kalm, who gave so much attention to the food plants of our Indians, should not mention the lotus. It certainly could not have been at the time of his visit here (1748) a common plant, yet the lower Delaware, where a half-century later it was still found, was a locality about which he botanized with much industry. It is hard to believe that had he once caught sight of its enormous leaves, often thirty inches in diameter, or seen the bright yellow blossoms on their towering stems, he would have omitted to make mention of such an experience. Kalm spent a considerable part of his time among his countrymen at Raccoon, now Swedesborough; and at Woodstown, but a few miles away, the native lotus grows luxuriantly, a relic, it is believed, of Indian water-farming.

There is no improbability in the opinion that the Indians cultivated the plant.



THE YELLOW LOTUS.

They were certainly practical horticulturists as well as growers of field crops. It was of an Indian orchard that the pioneer settler of a New Jersey town wrote when he stated, in 1680, that peaches were "in such plenty that some people took their carts a peach-gathering. I could not but smile at the conceit of it. They are a very delicate fruit, and hang almost like

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our onions that are tied on ropes." The peach was probably introduced into Florida by the Spaniards, and in about a century or less its cultivation by the Indians had reached northward as far as New Jersey. The nuts and roots of the lotus could as readily be transported as the pits of the peach, so no obstacle was in the way. Intertribal intercourse was very far-reaching, as shown by the occurrence of peculiar forms of stone implements common in distant localities, and Mexican obsidian and Minnesota red pipe-clay all along our eastern Atlantic seaboard.

While yet we have the Indian in mind it is well to refer also to the very significant fact that these people took the golden-club (*Orontium aquaticum*) from the tide-waters and planted it in upland sink-holes, miles from the nearest spot where it grew naturally.

Perhaps we can never be positive about the matter. If a fiction, it is so pleasing a one I trust it will never be overthrown. To stand upon the bank of a pond and see in it traces of both an aboriginal flower-garden and a farm certainly adds to the interest that surrounds the plant.

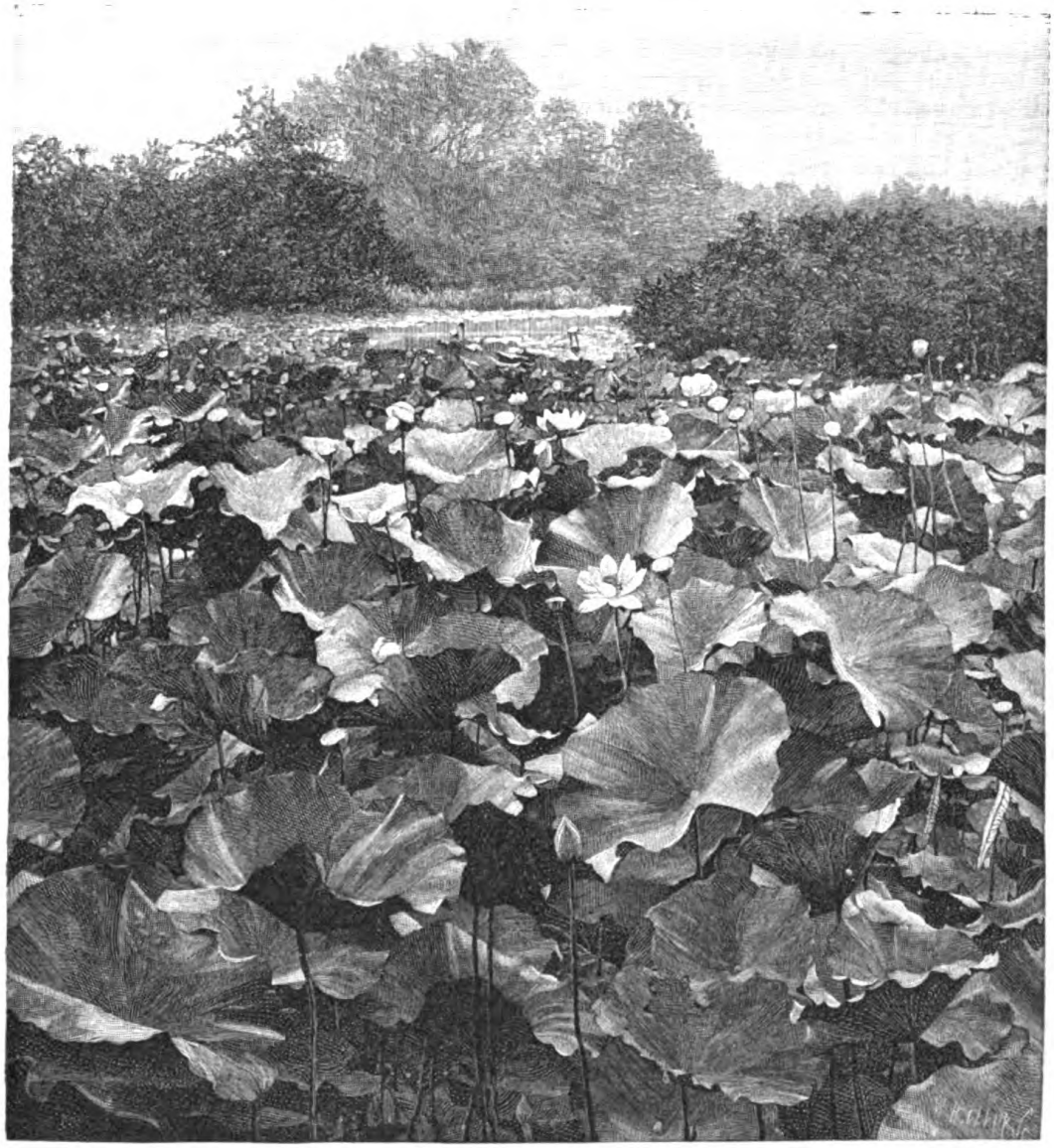
We have it on the authority of Emerson that Thoreau expected to find the Victoria regia about Concord. It was but an extravagant method of expressing his opinion of the merits of that region; but I am not so sure that the Victoria is the most beautiful of all aquatic plants. Finding it growing and blooming every summer in an open field near by, I have surely the right to express my preference for another. It and the lotus grow in the same waters, and I love the lotus more, give it the first place among flowers, although there floats upon the surface of these same waters royal red lilies of India, tooth-leaved white lilies from Sierra Leone, the golden one of Florida, and, perhaps more magnificent than all, the splendid purple lily of Zanzibar. I can start across lots and quickly come upon them all in an open field; but it is the lotus that holds me.

I cannot rid myself of the thought that with the Victoria, as with all its attendant lilies, the hand of the care-taker is necessary. A very Amazon itself, it needs an Amazonian setting. We look for a naked baby on the largest pad, and the infant's mother in a canoe gathering Victorian seed-vessels. These, with a troop of scarlet ibises, spur-winged jacanas, and chattering macaws, are all needed to complete the picture. With them, the world has perhaps nothing more striking to offer; without them, the plant is too bizarre, too like the eagle when shorn of its priceless gift of liberty. Not so with the lotus; it accords well with the unpretending valley of the Delaware, is not a thing apart, but the culmination, as it were, of nature's vigor here, and seemingly not out of place even when it fills a meadow mud-hole.

One species is, as we have seen, truly American, native, and to the manner born, even if introduced and cared for by the Indian along our Eastern seaboard; but now, where the wildness of the Indians' day has been long lost to us, and novelty is sweet, we rejoice to find the lotus of the East is no longer a stranger in the land.

In a now nameless little stream, filling the narrow interval between low hills, till within a few years there grew little but the yellow dock, white arrow-leaf, blue pickerel-weed, and here and there a lily. It was simply a typical muddy brook, such as is found everywhere in the "drift" areas of the State. Every plant was commonplace; but far be it from me to infer that any one was mean or meritless. Not a flower named but is really beautiful; yet, save the lily, none would be gathered for nosegays. Why, as is so common, speak disparagingly of the yellow nuphar, our familiar splatter-dock? Let it be gathered with care, with no fleck of tide-borne mud upon its petals, and see how rich the coloring, and with what grace the flower has been moulded. I doubt not, were the nuphar fragrant, it would be extolled as it deserves, as, were the rose fetid, it would be despised. Thus one writer remarks, "From its filthy habits it has been called, with some justice, the frog-lily." But wherein lies its filthiness it is hard to determine. It has no decided preference for waters too stagnant for its fairer cousin the white nymphæa; and then smirched lilies are no novelties. A pond may be too muddy for even them to preserve their purity, yet they will grow as luxuriantly as their unstained sisters. That the nuphar may remain longer in polluted waters than will the nymphæa does not argue that it prefers such conditions, and never a frog but loved clean water better than foul. Botanists should not speak slightingly of the animal world: it too has its beauties. And the reference

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A COLONY OF THE EGYPTIAN LOTUS.

to the frog shows a woful ignorance of that creature.

How many have held the flower-stalk of the arrow-head—a sea-green staff studded with ivory? They, at least, will admit its beauty. Nor will the spike of violet-blue flowers of the pickerel-weed fail to be admired even if gathered; and what flower when torn from its stem but loses grace? No shrub so sprawling but fills its niche fittingly.

Where these native aquatic plants grow they complete the little landscape. Each would be quickly missed were it absent; they are part and parcel of an evolved microcosm, needing nothing. Such was this little creek.

Into the deep mud of the stream, widened here by a dam to a pond of several acres, a single tuber of the Egyptian lotus was placed eight years ago, and the result awaited with much curiosity, if not anxiety. That same year it sprouted and grew luxuriantly. It was soon too prominent a feature of the landscape for its own good—the cows came, saw, and tasted, but did not fatally wound. It withstood the summer's heat, but would it withstand the winter's cold? The pond that before was like all other ponds is so no longer. The native growths that seemed so firmly rooted have disappeared, and the lotus has taken all their places—so completely, indeed, that now even the

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water is shut from view for more than an acre's space. As the spot is approached from the neighboring hill-top we get a bird's-eye view, the effect of which is striking and thoroughly un-native, so far as plant life is concerned, and in a measure disappointing. Recall some rainy day in a crowded city when from an upper window you have looked down upon the street. No sidewalk and but little wagon-way to be seen—nothing but a waving expanse of upraised umbrellas. Hence the disappointment, if you have read travellers' tales of the lotus's bloom. But worthier thoughts well up as you draw nearer.

One has but to glance over Gray's *Botany* to notice how many plants have been introduced from Europe, and are now so firmly established that native species are forced to retire before them. The pond before me exhibits another, and so recent an instance it has not yet been recorded. What radical changes this Egyptian plant will work are yet to be determined; that we can foresee one of them—the crowding out of the nuphar—is unquestionable. That any change will be one to be regretted is highly improbable. To introduce the lotus is not to repeat the blunder of the English sparrow. It is certain not to oust other plants that are more valuable, for as yet we have found little if any value in the products of our marshes. Since the country's settlement it has been the aim of the thrifty to convert them into dry land whenever practicable. Thanks to whomsoever thanks are due, many are irreclaimable.

Seeing how forcibly this wonderful flower of the lotus impressed itself upon the minds of the ancient Egyptians and the East generally, how prominently it figures in Eastern religions—"all idols of Buddha are made to rest upon opened lotus flowers"—it is safe to conclude that when familiar to all, even in this utilitarian age, it will not be merely ranked as one of many flowering plants; it is of too commanding an appearance for this, and to literature will prove a boon. Asters, golden-rods, and buttercups can have a well-earned rest.

Years ago the cultivation of the American species proved a failure, and those who are now best capable of judging still record the curious fact that the native lotus is much more difficult to establish in our waters than the Eastern, and does not grow with quite the same luxuriance. Its introduction by the aborigines along our Eastern seaboard has been mentioned; perhaps it has lost vigor since it lost their care, and has disappeared excepting where its environment was peculiarly favorable. And the question arises, after all, is it in the strict sense a native? May it not, indeed, have been brought hither in prehistoric times? The question of a superlatively ancient communication between the continents is a tempting subject for study, and how appropriate when resting in the shade of the Eastern lotus! Such a train of thought need not stir up any ghost of a mythical lost Atlantis. Still the American form has certain marked peculiarities. The mature torus has a decided constriction some distance from the insertion of the stem, wanting in the foreign species, and the seeds of the former are globular instead of distinctly oval. Whatever the history of the American form, that of the Eastern, or Egyptian, as it is usually called, is too well known to need repeating, however briefly, and yet the plant is still wrapt in mystery. A word, however, concerning the term Egyptian in connection with it. At present it is a plant of India, of China and Japan, Australia, the Malay Archipelago, and the Caspian Sea—an enormous range; but it is no longer found in the valley of the Nile. The use of the name rests upon the fact that it was once there, not only a cultivated plant, but held sacred by the people of that country, as it is by the Hindoos. Egyptologists, however, are not of one mind as to the relation of the lotus to the antiquities of the Nile region, some questioning the matter altogether, and considering the sculpturing to represent the lily of the Nile, one of the grandest of the white nymphæas. Quite recently, too, it has been ably argued to be the renowned rose of Sharon. "Of such a kingly flower Solomon might well have said, 'I am the rose of Sharon.'"

Perhaps we should be contented with our splendid native flora, but surely there is room in waste places, our unappreciated marshes and mud-holes, for the lotus—

> "a flower delicious as the rose,
> And stately as the lily in her pride."

A treasure in other lands, why should it not be in ours? If he who causes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before is a public benefactor, so he

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who adds the lotus to our meadows must likewise be so accounted. "A piece of color is as useful as a piece of bread."

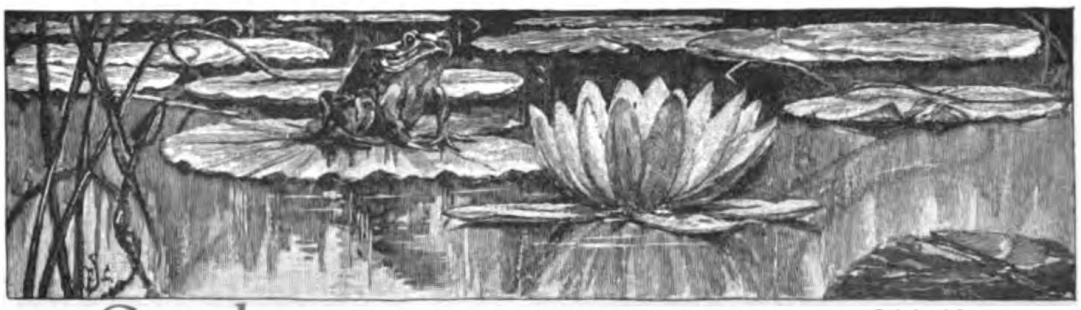
With the blooming lotus within reach, let us come now to a few plain statistics. In the little mill-pond it has been exposed to precisely the same conditions as the native plants, and now flourishes in absolute perfection. Mingled with the fully expanded blossoms may always be seen the buds in every stage of growth, and this from early summer until frost. Happily there is not, as is so often the case, a magnificent but brief display, then nothing but leaves. If not a joy forever, it is at least one of a protracted season. Buds or blossoms, they are alike beautiful. Among many that are pale yet distinctively tinted there often stands out one or more with the loosening petals tipped with deepest crimson. Far more are like gigantic tea-rose buds, that soon open like a tulip, creamy white and rosy at the tips. Often these glorious flowers measure ten inches across when fully open, and are supported by stems extending far beyond the tallest leaves. One such that I measured was more than eight feet high.

When the flower is fully expanded, the huge seed-pod, or torus, is a prominent object. Herodotus likened it aptly to the nest of a wasp. It is of the richest yellow, and surrounded by a delicate fringe of the same color. The seeds are seen imbedded in the flat upper surface, gems in a golden setting so lavish that their own beauty is obscured. After the petals have fallen—they are miniature boats of a beautiful pattern, that, catching the breeze, sail with all the grace of model yachts—this great seed-pod continues to grow, and is a curious funnel-shaped structure, holding the many seeds securely, yet not concealing any. The latter become as large as hazelnuts, and are quite as palatable. And so, here in New Jersey, one can be a lotus-eater, can float in his canoe and pluck fruit from giant lilies. But be not too free to do so. It is not the fabled lotus, after all, and one's digestion may be more disturbed than his mind pleasantly affected.

In this isolated pond, seen by but few, and unknown to hundreds living near it, a bit of a far Eastern landscape is reproduced—a forest of graceful lotus, with its strange leaves, matchless blossoms, and wonderful seed-pods; and what has been here effected is being repeated in the mud-hole of my pasture meadow.

Less than a year ago, when spring was well advanced, I placed a root in the mud, and left it to battle with the crowding native growths. Certainly the advantage was all upon one side, but it did not lose heart at being pitted against such heavy odds. Now it overshadows them all. For a time they are permitted to be co-occupants, but not for long. The lusty lotus is even now reaching out to a wide stretch of marshy meadow; and there too, I doubt not, it will flourish as at my neighbor's. It is a rightful ambition to be able to sit down beneath one's own vine and fig-tree. Let me add the lotus, for it has come to stay.

For how long have water-lilies been on sale in our streets and at our railway stations, auguring well for the love of aquatic plants? And that strange and scarcely known lily, alas! of almost mephitic odor, the xerophyllum, is hawked about Philadelphia streets in early June, loved for its beauty despite the unfragrance; and so too this famous flower of other lands must soon appear, but not to sink to the level of a mere pretty blossom: it is too suggestive a plant to meet with such a fate. What Margaret Fuller once wrote to Thoreau well bears repeating: "Seek the lotus, and take a draught of rapture."



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MR. DE BLOWITZ.

A CHAPTER FROM MY MEMOIRS.

BY MR. DE BLOWITZ.

IT is certainly disagreeable to hear a man speak of himself; but I consider still more irritating a man who speaks from the tomb, who may accuse, insult, vilify, lie, yet the victims made by whom can reply only by vainly breaking their nails against the planks of his coffin. Of the two evils I prefer incurring the least; and not wishing to allow the facts about to be stated to fall into oblivion, I prefer publishing them in my lifetime rather than leaving my heirs to do so.

The publication in the *Times* of the Treaty of Berlin at the very hour it was being signed at Berlin was, according to the universal opinion, the greatest journalistic feat on record, and that publication, due to me, is the subject of the chapter I am writing. I say this plainly, because I feel no pride for it. To have published an important document before anybody else does not make you a great writer, or even a great journalist, and I would rather have written *The Battle of Dorking* than have published all the secret documents in the world. Anybody who is a journalist by profession might have done what I did if he had said, "I *will*

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do it," and had thought over the ways of doing it. It was a feat in which neither talent nor science stood for anything. The story I am about to tell must not therefore be ascribed to vanity, but should merely be considered the accomplishment of a duty to my profession, for which I feel a passion. The public should know, indeed, by what efforts of imagination and perseverance one sometimes succeeds in keeping them posted up, especially as the reader who runs his eye over a document paraded in the columns of a newspaper is apt to fancy that it had simply to be asked for or bought. Now if documents had merely to be bought, nothing would be easier. Rich papers would procure them, while the others, as is customary, would reprint them gratis without telling their readers from what source they derived them. But this is not enough. To be able to pay for a document is not sufficient, for in the majority of cases bought documents are spurious, those possessing genuine ones not being men capable of selling them. I will therefore relate the history of the acquisition of a document which necessitated not only the spending of money, but long preliminary labor, the warding off of failure, and the throwing off the scent of those who sought to discover the origin of the communication. I give the story because it ought not to die with me, and because it belongs to the history of modern journalism.

In October, 1877, on calling one morning on the Duc Decazes, minister of Foreign Affairs, in the large office he occupied on the first floor in the Quai d'Orsay, he said to me: "There will soon be a Congress for the settlement of the Eastern question. I shall be the representative of France at it. I shall have been member of Parliament, ambassador, minister of Foreign Affairs, and plenipotentiary representing France at an international diplomatic Congress. People will no longer be able to twit me with not having worthily upheld the name I bear, and with not having at least endeavored to give fresh lustre to it." Then, after a few minutes' silence, he added: "You ought to go to it; it will be very interesting; and I will do all I can, consistently with my duty, to facilitate your task."

"You forget, Monsieur le Duc," I said, "that rather more than two years ago there appeared in the *Times* a letter entitled 'A French Scare,' denouncing the warlike projects of the German military party, and that the author of that letter could not go to Berlin, which is where the Congress will be held, without incurring the risk of much that is disagreeable."

"I am sure nothing will be done to remind you of that, and I still think that if you are told to go you should readily do so."

By a rather curious coincidence I had a call that very afternoon from a young foreigner whom a friend warmly recommended to me. This young man had a pleasing, intelligent countenance, and made the best possible impression on me. He told me he had left his country because his brother had been drawn into gambling, had lost all that both of them possessed, had victimized people and left debts; that he himself, though clear of it all, had been forced to emigrate to escape the shame of hearing his brother decried, whom he nevertheless dearly loved. What he now wanted was to gain a small sum allowing him to go to the colonies to make a fortune, and to retrieve his name by paying his brother's debts.

The story was quite true. This honest young man interested me very much. I felt that he was ready to make the greatest efforts to attain his object, and I promised to see what I could do for him.

I made several attempts in his favor, but could not succeed. This was all the stranger as the young man had an excellent bearing, was very intelligent, spoke several languages, wrote them fairly, and in short would have made the most valuable secretary imaginable. The difficulty was that a secretary's post is a livelihood, but does not speedily allow of saving the small capital which he required for going to the colonies.

He called on me several times, and interested me more and more. One morning he came, it was in 1878, and I had just had a letter informing me that there was an idea of sending me to the Berlin Congress, the meeting of which had been delayed for a time, but which was certain to take place in the course of the year. It was then January. Marshal MacMahon had been defeated, and the Duc Decazes had fallen. There was an attempt, indeed, to put forward the Duke as plenipotentiary, M. Waddington, minister of Foreign Affairs, being too much of a novice in diplomacy to undertake such a task.

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I knew M. Waddington well. M. Dufaure had deputed me two days before the formation of his cabinet to ask him whether he would agree to take the Foreign Office, and I am bound to say that Madame Waddington then strongly dissuaded him. He had accepted, but was at first very nervous, afraid of opening his mouth lest he should commit a blunder. I knew, therefore, that there was no relying on him at Berlin to be backed or posted up, and that for fear of compromising his diplomatic fame he would resolve on absolute reticence.

I reflected that in going to Berlin I should encounter the hostility of most of the Chancellor's supporters, who resented my letter of 1875, and that of the Chancellor himself, whom the letter had much irritated; that the English diplomatists made it a rule to communicate nothing; that the Russians would distrust the correspondent of an English journal; that Count Corti, if it were he who represented Italy, would be exposed to a violent opposition, and would not risk receiving blows by making confidences; and that the Austrians, hedged in by Germany and Russia, would not venture to open their mouths. As for the Turks, like all those marked out beforehand for victims, they would be afraid of their own shadow, even if they had a shadow, of which I was not certain.

I reflected that I was going to make a grand fiasco at Berlin, and compromise a career which, tolerably brilliant at starting, had already brought on me so many grudges, calumnies, and attacks of which I have not ceased to be proud. The idea was unbearable, and I felt that in the interest of the *Times*, as much as of myself, it would be better not to go to the Congress.

Just then my young friend was announced, whom I had not seen for a long time, and had positively forgotten. Here I must confess that I have a theory which will perhaps be ridiculed, but which has governed my whole life. I believe in the constant intervention of a Supreme Power, directing not merely our destiny in general, but those of our actions which influence our destiny. When I see that nothing in nature is left to chance, that immutable laws govern every movement, that the faintest spark which glimmers in the firmament disappears and reappears with strict punctuality—I cannot suppose that anything with mankind goes by chance, and that every individuality composing it is not governed by a definite and inflexible plan. The great men whose names escape oblivion are like the planets which we know by name, and which stand out of the multitude of stars without names. We know their motions and destinies. We know at what time the comet moving in infinite space will reappear, and that the smallest stars whose existence escapes us obey the fixed law which governs the universe. Under various names, in changing circumstances, by successive and co-ordinate evolutions, the great geniuses known to the world, those whose names have escaped oblivion, reappear. Moses is reflected in Confucius, Mohammed in John Huss, Cyrus lives again in Cæsar, and Cæsar in Napoleon, Attila is repeated in Peter the Great, and Frederick II. in Bismarck, Louis le Débonnaire in Philip VII., and Catilina in Boulanger. Charlemagne and Joan of Arc alone have not yet reappeared, the one to revive authority and the other *la pudeur*. Everything moves by a fixed law, and man is master of his own destiny only because he can thwart or promote by his own intervention and action the place he should fill and the path traced out for him by the general decree which regulates the movements of every creature.

By virtue of this theory it will be easily understood that I have always endeavored to divine the intentions and designs of the Supreme Will which directs us. I have always sought not to thwart that ubiquitous guidance, but to enter on the path to which it seemed to point me. When, at the very time that the idea of going to Berlin plunged me in despair, my door opened and I saw my young friend enter, it struck me that he was destined to assist me in the accomplishment of the task devolving on me at Berlin.

"You are still bent on undertaking whatever is honestly possible to effect your purpose?" I asked.

"Still so," he replied.

"Then call on me again in a few days."

I went to Prince Hohenlohe, the German ambassador to the French Republic. "Your Highness," I said (it is a title appertaining to him as sprung from a mediatized family), "I shall probably be

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deputed to attend the Berlin Congress as correspondent of my paper. I know there is a lively recollection of a letter published in 1875 against the projects of the German military party, and as your Highness has been friendly to me, I have come to ask whether or not you would advise me to go to Berlin, or whether I should not be afraid of a reception rendering my mission very difficult if not impossible."

The Prince was silent a few seconds. "I must reflect," he said; "come again in three days."

Three days meant that he would make inquiries at Berlin. When I went again he said: "I have reflected. You can go to Berlin. You will be well received."

Two days afterward my young friend called again. "Here," I said, "is what I ask you to do. You will leave Paris in a few days. Here is a letter of introduction, from a friend of mine not concerned in politics, to the private secretary of a foreign statesman who will certainly represent his country at the Berlin Congress. You will present yourself with this letter as a young man seeking an improving situation and asking no salary. You have some weeks, perhaps months, before you. You will employ them in getting an introduction to the chief of the person to whom you are recommended, and you will manage so that when the Congress convenes, if he goes, you go with him. I shall be there. I do not ask you to divulge the smallest secret to me, or to commit the slightest indiscretion. You will simply keep me summarily informed of the things done. It will be for me to supplement your hints. You will never speak to me of things about to be done, for I will not give you a derogatory task. You will simply help me in forestalling the information of others, and when the Congress has adopted articles, you will communicate them to me; but I shall not publish them till the day the Congress holds its last sitting, so as in no way to thwart its labors. Here is the address at which you will keep me posted up; and the Congress over, provided you have faithfully performed your task, I will hand you the sum you deem necessary for making your fortune in the colonies."

Four days afterward he started.

Several weeks elapsed, and the constantly deferred Congress was convened for the 13th June, 1878. I arrived at Berlin on the 11th. On the way, as at Berlin, I had a pleasant reception, as I had been assured. Everybody was affable, but, as I had foreseen, nobody gave me the slightest information. Some days before starting I had said to a German diplomatist, "At Paris the fish talk, at Berlin the parrots are dumb." The remark had been repeated, and people seemed resolved on confirming it.

Lord Odo Russell, though neither a parrot nor a fish, received me with the charming manners which had made him so popular, but did not give me the smallest information. M. Waddington was visibly embarrassed at receiving me. It was much the same everywhere — affable greetings, pressing invitations, great courtesy, but nothing, absolutely nothing, for the impatient tooth of a correspondent. Prince Bismarck, in receiving the plenipotentiaries, had told them that indiscretions must be avoided at all cost, and the journalists who had invaded Berlin prevented from sending their papers authentic information. Outside rumors must not hamper the march of the Congress; and it was also, I think, a question of saving the reputation for muteness of the German capital.

On the 13th June the Congress opened. The journalists assembled at Berlin walked like exiled shadows in the Wilhelmstrasse, laying wait for the echoes which escaped or might escape from the Congress hall. They learned that the Chancellor had made the members pledge themselves to absolute silence on the deliberations of the Congress. There was consternation.

On the night of the 13th I had a meeting with my young friend, the only one during my whole stay. He had quite succeeded. He was at Berlin as a kind of diplomatic outsider, receiving no salary, no lodging, nothing indeed, but deputed to co-operate in the labors imposed by the Congress on one of its members. He felt himself, however, closely watched. He brought me some summary information of no great importance, but which served me as a starting-point, and enabled me, indeed, from the very next day, to give my correspondence a more dignified character, and to collect some positive facts.

The real labors of the Congress had not begun. We felt that we should not meet again, and indeed I never met him afterward. It was settled that we should on

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no account take an intermediary, which would have been to give us constant uneasiness, and expose ourselves to a voluntary or involuntary imprudence. In the end—it was four in the morning—we fixed on a plan, a very poor one, yet which seemed preferable to any others. As I had hired a carriage by the month, I was in the evening to make it wait, the windows being open, at some spot or other, and he in passing was to throw in his communications, written on very thin paper, and forming a tiny memorandum-book. Though not very well satisfied with this plan, I could hit on no other, nor he either, and we parted with this understanding.

He had already left the room, when he returned, saying, "Excuse me—I have taken your hat for mine."

An idea fastened on my mind. "Shut the door," I said, "and sit down; your method of communication is found."

That method, which succeeded admirably, was of childish simplicity.

I was staying at the Kaiserhof. Every day he came there for lunch and dinner. There was a stand where hats were hung up. He placed his communications in the lining of his hat, and we exchanged hats on leaving the table. When I was to dine out, I gave him notice overnight, and told him at what hour, before or after dinner, I should take tea. Only twice were we forced to put off the communication till next day. Once, however, we had a scare. One of my English colleagues, on leaving the dining-room, made a mistake and took my friend's hat. Without looking at each other, we felt, as he wrote me next day, that we turned pale. If the colleague in question had kept the hat, he might have discovered the third article of the treaty, which had been adopted at the previous day's sitting, as also a hint of the difficulties raised between Russia and England on the boundaries of Bulgaria, and very disagreeable consequences for my friend might have been the result. Fortunately on reaching the door the Englishman put on the hat, which dropped over on his nose. He laughingly took it off and replaced it on its peg. I had risen to take the hat from him, but sat down again. I breathed freely, and my friend must have done the same.

This plan was pursued without a hitch till the 3d of July. The brief notes which I received in this way enabled me to see several members of the Congress during the evening, beginning with the most communicative one, and then going to others, piecing things together, and thus composing a perfect description of the sitting just held.

As an example of how in such a case information might be gathered, one evening after dinner I found this in the hat: "I have not gleaned much. Prince Gortchakoff has made a speech which created a little amusement, ending with the words, 'Russia is more jealous of gathering the laurels of glory than the olive of peace!'"

Furnished with the phrase, I went to a diplomatist who was an ardent admirer of the old Chancellor. The conversation began with commonplaces, but necessarily turned on the labors of the Congress.

"It seems," I said, "that some members of the Congress ridicule the speech just delivered by Prince Gortchakoff, especially the phrase with which he ended, 'Russia,'" etc.

The diplomatist drew himself up. "It is very wrong to ridicule it, and I hope you are not going to be the echo of these unjust railleries. The Russian Chancellor's speech was very acute and clever, despite its apparent pretentiousness. He clearly showed that"—and he proceeded to repeat some passages of the speech.

I paid two other visits, and toward midnight could telegraph the speech accurately enough for Lord Salisbury laughingly to say to me next evening, at Comte St. Vallier's soirée, "You forgot a few commas and semicolons, but with that exception the speech is given quite accurately." This did not prevent a newspaper from declaring it apocryphal, because I had said "Prince Gortchakoff rose," whereas plenipotentiaries always speak seated.

I only wished to show how I had often to go to work to know what had passed at the Congress. I afterward learned that Prince Bismarck was much annoyed at the publication of the speech, and that at the next sitting, seated by a diplomatist from whom he fancied I had derived it, he lifted up the table-cloth and sarcastically said, "I am looking to see if Blowitz is not underneath." The fact is, I had been happily guided. Tongues had been looser at Berlin than at Paris, and I was able on the morning of the 22d of June to publish the agreement effected the previous night between England and Russia on the Bulgarian question.

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That question had raised such difficulties that the sittings of Congress had been suspended, and Mr. Disraeli, the future Lord Beaconsfield, either from adroitness or sincerely, had engaged a special train for Monday, the 24th, to leave Berlin. It would have been a disastrous rupture. The whole world was anxiously waiting. The 22d was a Saturday. If I had not been able to publish that morning that an agreement had been effected, Saturday's Stock Exchange would have had a terrible fall, and many people would certainly have been ruined. But the agreement was effected at midnight on Friday, and was known in London at six o'clock in the morning, and in the rest of Europe at eight or nine. No Stock Exchange manœuvre was practicable, and by this revelation I made numberless enemies among those who were speculating on a rupture.

When the Wolff Agency at Berlin published a London telegram quoting the information, many even among the members of the Congress—for I knew them—were ignorant of the agreement, which was not to be communicated to them till Saturday's sitting, the only thing they knew being that they were convened for that day. I had every reason, therefore, to be satisfied, and things went on well till the 4th of July. On the 3d my friend had committed an imprudence.

When I started for Berlin, or rather when Prince Hohenlohe had encouraged me to go, I had said to him: "Does your Highness think the Chancellor will grant me an audience? In the first place I am very anxious to know a statesman who is the great historical figure of the second half of the nineteenth century. Moreover, to go to Berlin without seeing Prince Bismarck is like going to Rome without seeing the Pope. It would be a mortification for me."

Prince Hohenlohe, who is the most perfect gentleman I know, and has great diplomatic *finesse*, but does not employ it in his private relations, especially when he meets any one who trusts him, replied that he could pledge himself to nothing on that point. "All I can promise you," he said, "is that I will do my utmost for your having an audience, but I do not answer in any way for the success of a step which I shall take but once, for I will not press it a second time."

The 1st of July arrived. Prince Bismarck had replied in the negative to the request for an audience which had been addressed to him in my name by Prince Hohenlohe. "He had received," he said, "hundreds of applications for an audience. Everybody had collected at Berlin, and the leading personages had all asked to see him. He could not receive me without receiving the others, especially the journalists, and, above all, the German journalists, whom he had always refused to receive, would never forgive him if he received only me."

I abandoned the hope of seeing him, and felt very much vexed, for by strange ill-luck I had not even caught sight of him. But in the afternoon of the 1st of July, on entering the hotel, Prince Hohenlohe's card was handed to me. He had called at the hotel, and had said on the card that he wished to see me as soon as possible, and would be in the evening at the English Embassy, where a reception was to be held.

I went to the Embassy, where the Prince arrived about eleven o'clock. What was my surprise when he informed me that Prince Bismarck asked me to dine with him next day at half past six, in morning dress. On the 2d, accordingly, at a quarter past six, Prince Hohenlohe, as had been arranged, called for me at the hotel. I was waiting at the door for him, and we went together to the Chancellor's.

Next day everybody at Berlin, and very soon all Europe, knew that I had dined with the Chancellor, and had staid with him till toward eleven at night. It was commented on as a great event, and the French papers have often twitted me with this dinner, styling me "Prince Bismarck's guest." These absurd attacks have never impaired the great satisfaction I feel at a recollection full of interest. I have since often opposed Prince Bismarck's policy; he himself, through a misunderstanding, once attacked me in the Reichstag. I have blamed him for many things, and at the time I write these lines Professor Geffken's imprisonment seems to me abominable, notwithstanding the attempt to justify it by the ill-inspired disclosure of the indictment; yet nothing will prevent my declaring that Prince Bismarck and Pope Leo XIII. are the only men—I have seen nearly all the great personages of the time—who have not disappointed me, but have even surpassed my expectations.

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Prince Bismarck appeared to me a man beyond comparison with any, having a powerful mind, an unequalled intelligence, a clear will, a strong decision, a wonderful sagacity, a striking way of saying things, of judging men, of foreseeing and directing events. Add to this great and scornful pride, speaking of men with cutting sarcasm, an incisive and picturesque style, an absolute confidence in his own superiority. Even his stature exceeded my expectations. I had never seen him except at Madame Tussaud's waxworks in London, where he was represented as a short man, so that when the door opened and this giant in uniform entered I was quite taken aback.

My interview with him made a great impression at Berlin. The attitude of the diplomatists toward me altogether changed. No idea can be formed of the ascendency exercised by the German Chancellor over the eminent diplomatists attending the Congress. Prince Gortchakoff alone, eclipsed by his rival's greatness, tried to struggle against him. All the rest listened to him with extreme deference, and unresistingly allowed themselves to be led by him. From that moment I had no need to solicit information; it came to me of its own accord, and this at the very moment when the source which had at first so well served me failed me.

My friend, who had been till then exceedingly prudent, on learning that I had seen the Chancellor in so special a way, took airs upon him, and without betraying our relations, excited distrust. From that time he was kept at a distance, and from the 4th of July his hat contained nothing but rueful confessions of his imprudence and bitter regrets at being unable to serve me. I did my utmost to console him, and though I did not see him again, I learned that he had left Europe, and he has since admirably succeeded in his enterprises. Still I lost all chance of having the treaty, though information on the Congress reached me thenceforth, as I have said, without difficulty.

On the 5th of July, a week before the Congress closed, I was reading in the hall of the Kaiserhof a private letter just arrived, and containing the following passage:

"I have watched with delight the campaign you have been making at Berlin. It would be a crowning of that campaign if you could be the first to publish the treaty, and I need not tell you with what joy I should see you realize what would be the greatest feat of modern journalism."

At that moment a diplomatist who had always been friendly to me passed through the hall of the hotel. I must have looked downcast, for he came up with alacrity and said, "Have you been getting bad news?" With the instinctive idea I have already spoken of, according to which a man's destiny depends on the sagacity with which he seizes on the indications given by fate, instead of replying, I showed him the letter. He perused it attentively, then, turning to me, "So you set great store on forestalling the publication of the treaty?"

"If you put on one side all the grand crosses in the world, and the treaty on the other, I should choose the treaty."

"And how are you going to get it?"

"I have just had an assurance that Prince Bismarck is highly satisfied with what I sent on our conversation, and thinks I have rendered a service to peace. I am going to ask him to give me the treaty as a recompense."

My friend reflected a minute, then exclaimed: "No, do not ask him till you have seen me again. Walk out to-morrow between one and two in the Wilhelmstrasse, and I will see you."

Next day, on coming into the street, he came up to me and hurriedly said, "Come for the treaty the day before the closing, and I promise you you shall have it."

I could hardly restrain my delight. Now that I was certain of getting the treaty, I had a twofold anxiety. In the first place, the Congress was to terminate on the 13th. The Chancellor had positively said so. It was a Saturday. I should have the treaty on the 12th, and it was necessary at all cost for it to appear on the 13th, for the English papers do not come out on Sundays, and Monday would have been too late. Secondly, it was not enough to have the treaty: I must be the only one to have it. The German papers were angry with the Chancellor for not receiving them. I reflected that probably to pacify them he would give them the treaty, which would thus appear at Berlin on the Saturday, and that I should be beaten. I was in despair. How prevent Prince Bismarck from doing what he chose? How telegraph the treaty? It

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was impossible in Germany or Austria, and at Paris it would be too late, for, getting it only on Friday, I could not be at Paris in time for it to be published on Saturday in London.

In the end I came to two resolutions: I felt that Brussels was the only place to telegraph from. I called on Baron Nothomb, the Belgian minister at Berlin. I told him there was an idea of a nightly telegraphic service between Brussels and London, and asked him to give me a letter for M. Vinchent, director-general at Brussels, urging him to telegraph immediately a long message which I might have to forward to London, to prove the speed with which Brussels and London could communicate. He readily gave me the letter. This reassured me as to telegraphic transmission. There remained the question of preventing anybody else from having the treaty. After long and elaborate reflection I fixed upon a plan which appeared both simple and rational. I asked Prince Hohenlohe and the Comte de St. Vallier to ask Prince Bismarck to give me the treaty, and I reasoned thus: The Prince says that I have rendered service to peace. I ask him to reward me by giving me the treaty. If he gives it, I am all right; a man like him does not do things by halves. As it is to reward me, he will not give it to anybody else. As he alone can give it to the German press, if he gives it me, I can wait till the end of the Congress, send it on Sunday, and have it published on Monday morning. If he refuses me, I am certain he will refuse others. A gentleman like him would never reply to my request and to the service I have rendered by betraying me and giving me a rebuff by communicating the treaty to others. In either case I shall not be forestalled.

Prince Hohenlohe and the Comte de St. Vallier were good enough to prefer my request. On the evening of the 11th of July Prince Hohenlohe informed me that next morning he would tell me the Chancellor's answer. At half past nine I went for the treaty promised me by the diplomatist, my friend, as above related. It was given me, except the last two articles, which were not to be adopted till the penultimate sitting, and the preamble, intrusted to M. Desprez, who had not yet drawn it up. Furnished with this treaty, I returned to the Kaiserhof to await Prince Hohenlohe's answer. It arrived at ten, and said: "I much regret being unable to give you a favorable reply, but, considering the ill-humor of the German press, the Chancellor is afraid of irritating it too much by giving you the treaty." Thereupon I pretended to be very angry. I ordered my luggage to be packed, I asked for my hotel bill, I engaged a compartment for the 12.30 train, and announced that I was leaving without waiting for the last sitting next day. One of my fellow-correspondents, the most talkative of them all, asked the reason of my sudden departure. I confided to him that I was enraged, that Prince Bismarck, spite of the service rendered by me, as he himself said, to peace, had just refused to give me the treaty (I showed him Prince Hohenlohe's letter), that I considered this shameful, and that I would not stop an hour longer in a city where I was thus treated.

My confidant posted off to repeat my confidences, and all my brethren, sharing my indignation, came to condole with me. My excellent friend and colleague, Mr. (now Sir) Mackenzie Wallace, who had been very devoted to me throughout the Congress, was apprised by my secretary that I was leaving, and that in the interest of the paper I begged him to start with me. I stated that I was going to take leave of the Comte de St. Vallier. I ordered my luggage to be sent to the station, where we were to meet Mr. Wallace and my secretary in the compartment reserved for me.

The Comte de St. Vallier, then French ambassador at Berlin, and one of the three French plenipotentiaries at the Congress, was the type of a French nobleman. Amiable, elegant, attentive, listening readily, having a natural polish which allowed him to be very gracious without risk of seeming familiar, he had received me with a warmth which touched me. He suffered from indigestion, had to diet himself strictly, lived on milk, and presided with perfect grace over grand banquets where he could touch nothing. His receptions were one of the charms of the Congress, and attended with an eagerness which was their highest praise. Having never ventured to give me information, he had in return with all the more alacrity undertaken with Prince Hohenlohe to prefer the request, the failure of which had just been intimated to me. I called on him at eleven, having asked him to receive

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me because I was leaving. He advanced with his usual grace, saying,

"I am vexed, believe me, at the failure of our application, but it is useless to dwell upon it. I regret that you take the thing so very much to heart. Stop two days. The Congress will be over to-morrow, and the day after, as simple ambassador, I could give you retrospective details which would still be interesting." I thanked him, but said I adhered to my plan of departure. "Pleasant journey, then. What can I do for you?"

"A good deal, M. le Comte. Give me the text of the preamble which M. Desprez must have drawn up, and which must be in your hands."

"The preamble, indeed, has just been handed to me, but what good can it be to you? You do not want to pretend to know the treaty by publishing the preamble?"

"Give me your word of honor, M. le Comte, to keep my secret for forty-eight hours, and I will explain what use I am going to make of the preamble."

"If it is not contrary to my duty, I promise."

I opened my vest and showed him the treaty. He turned a little pale on seeing it. "I regret," he said, "that you have told me the secret, for if the Chancellor asks whether I knew the thing, I shall be forced to confess. But while saying this, nothing could have more amused me than this way of seeing our rebuff retrieved;" and he began laughing heartily. "As to the preamble," he continued, "I cannot let you copy it, or give you the text, for I have no other. But sit down. I will read it slowly and aloud. Now is the time to justify your reputation for a wonderful memory." So, taking the manuscript, he read it slowly and very distinctly. I thanked him and took leave.

I reached the station a few minutes before the train started. Mr. Mackenzie Wallace was already seated in our compartment. My secretary was waiting on the platform. He told me some of my brethren were there to bid me farewell. "And to see if I really start," I remarked. I assumed a gloomier and sterner air than ever, which allowed me to keep silence; for I was afraid of forgetting the preamble if my attention was diverted by talking. At length I was able to enter our compartment and to salute the persons politely come to take leave of me.

The train started. It had not been difficult to see that in the crowd collected on the platform there were people deputed to watch me, and I even perceived that one of them, whom I had noticed during my stay at Berlin, was in the adjoining compartment. Mr. Wallace, who had taken a really fraternal interest in my Congress labors, and had often devotedly facilitated them, was visibly chagrined at my rebuff, and my secretary had an air of consternation which enchanted me; for the sincerity of his disappointment could have escaped nobody.

When we had passed the outskirts of Berlin I said to my secretary, "Take pen and ink; I am going to dictate something;" and I dictated the preamble. When he had written this, I pulled out the treaty. There was a perfect outburst of delight—the sweetest recompense which my efforts could obtain; for I saw two honest hearts affectionately and unreservedly sympathize with a success so anxiously achieved.

"Now we are not going," said I to Mr. Wallace, "to read the treaty. Here are needles and thread; open your vest; we will sew the treaty and preamble in, so that you will not have to bother about its safety, and we will append Baron Nothomb's letter to M. Vinchent." This being done, I said to Mr. Wallace: "We are evidently watched, especially I. At the first large station you will leave this compartment and go into one some way off on the left, for on the right I believe there is some one watching us. I pretend not to know you, and you do the same with me. At Cologne you will take the Brussels train, and you will arrive at five in the morning. You will go straight to the telegraph. If, as I expect, they refuse to transmit the treaty without higher orders, you will wake up M. Vinchent, and present Baron Nothomb's letter, and ask him for the order of transmission."

Things passed just as I had foreseen. Mackenzie Wallace went into another compartment, and we did not approach each other, but at the stations where we alighted I laughed heartily, for though the treaty was firmly sewed to the lining of his vest, I saw him from time to time put his hand to his heart as if to insure himself of its safety. When on getting to Brussels he offered the telegram for the clerk to count the words, the latter said, "Why, it is the Treaty of Berlin; I cannot undertake to send it." Wallace thereupon asked to see M. Vinchent. He was

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told he was in bed. He showed Baron Nothomb's letter and insisted on seeing him. The letter was sent to the director-general's house, he was woke up, and a quarter of an hour later he wrote at the foot of the Baron's letter the order of transmission.

At the very hour on the 13th of July when the treaty of 1878 was signed at Berlin, a London telegram announced that the *Times* had published the preamble and sixty-four articles, with an English translation appended. "How could it have got the preamble yesterday morning, seeing that it was not drawn up?" asked Prince Bismarck of the Comte de St. Vallier. "Was it not you, Count, who gave it the treaty?"

By this time M. de St. Vallier had no reason for keeping the secret further, and he was bound to reply without hesitation. He therefore frankly related what had happened.

"And what did he say when you told him?" I asked M. de St. Vallier.

"Excuse me," replied the Count, smiling, "but he did not tell me to repeat it to you."

At Berlin the news of the publication of the treaty made a great stir, and an irritation not even yet allayed. People immediately set to work to discover from whom I got the treaty. I will relate some day how, five years afterward, the Chancellor tried to make me reveal it, but meanwhile the account I have just given is the first authentic narrative of how the treaty fell into my hands. Nothing more will ever be known, and if I have written thus much, it is that the public may know by what efforts, sacrifices, and difficulties, and at the cost of what anxiety, one sometimes succeeds in satisfying their thirst for knowing and forestalling events.

THE WESTERN OUTLOOK FOR SPORTSMEN.

BY FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE.

TO all who delight in the manly and invigorating recreations of the shooting field it must be a matter of great regret that among the framers of our Constitution there was no one so far-seeing as to incorporate a general law for the protection of the big game of this country. Had such provision existed—even during the past twenty years—we would not have witnessed the wanton extermination of the buffalo, and the threatened annihilation of the giant of the North American *Cervidæ*—the elk. It is only the observant and practical sportsman who for the past twenty-five years has spent months at a time in the haunts of the game of this country who can claim a right to discuss the Western game outlook intelligently. For the most part, the fashionable hunter's chief aim is to simply kill for the sake of killing, resorting to all manner of unworthy artifices to accomplish this end; to slaughter, even when his game cannot be utilized, that he may boast of numbers slain, and to wantonly destroy, that he may show on his return the trophies torn from his victims. At the present time the West is overrun yearly by trophy-hunters from all parts of the world. Unable, in the majority of cases, from lack of endurance and skill and a knowledge of wood-craft, to procure their own antlers and pelts, they employ native hunters at high wages to lead them to the game, and, if they fail to hit the game, to do the killing for them. These men are induced, therefore, to slaughter vast quantities of game when it is not in season, when otherwise they would have reserved it for their own maintenance, and permitted the noble animals to perpetuate their kind. In this way thousands of heads of game are annually destroyed, but their number is comparatively small when compared with that killed by skin-hunters, ranchmen, and by reckless stockmen, who, just for the fun of it, never miss an opportunity to employ their repeating rifles at all kinds of game.

This unnecessary destruction of game could have been prevented, or at least checked, had adequate laws existed, and their enforcement been made a matter of national consideration. But on looking Westward we find that the great decrease of game other than the buffaloes and the elk is mainly consequent on the settlement of what but a short time ago were the natural homes of the animals. Within a few years the country between the Missis-

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sippi and the Pacific coast has become traversed by railroads, and the grassy plains and fertile valleys on which countless herds of buffalo, elk, and antelope used to roam without molestation have become cattle ranges and stock farms. In fact the whole Western country may now be described as one huge stock ranch covered with cattle-men and settlers, before which the different varieties of big game are retiring.

Sixteen years back no man could go amiss in searching for game in the West. He had only to strike into the mountains, ten to one hundred miles from the railroad, to get all the hunting he wanted. The mountains were covered with elk and white and black tail deer, and the plains with antelope. At that time mountain-sheep were very numerous in the Bad Lands of the Missouri, Little Missouri, and Yellowstone. Bear, both grizzlies and black, were common in the mountain ranges, while buffaloes were plentiful in Montana, very abundant in Texas, and fairly numerous in northern Nebraska, Kansas, and the Indian Territory.

Even then the Union Pacific Railroad had cut the great buffalo herd in two. The skin-hunters had already begun, and in the course of two or three years they had exterminated the buffaloes in Kansas and Nebraska. The destruction was not completed in Texas and the Indian Territory until 1880, while the last important killing in Montana and Dakota was in 1883.

At the present time, outside of the National Park, where about two hundred and sixty buffaloes are now harbored, there are not over three hundred, probably not as many, left in the whole United States. The survivors of this magnificent race of animals are scattered in little bunches in several localities. There are about one hundred in Montana, or at least there were a year ago, some at the head of Dry Creek and the remainder at the head of Porcupine Creek. In Wyoming there are a few stragglers from the National Park, which, when chased, run back there for protection. In the mountains of Colorado last summer there were two bunches of mountain bison, one of twenty-five head and the other of eleven. These have probably been killed. There are none in Dakota, though eighteen months ago thirty were known to be there. It was estimated in 1887 that there were twenty-seven in Nebraska, and about fifty more scattered in the western part of the Indian Territory and Kansas. Those in Nebraska have since been killed by the Sioux. Of the thousands that once inhabited Texas, only two small bunches remain. Thirty-two head are near the Ratons, in the northwestern part of the Panhandle, and eight in the sand-hills on the Staked Plains north of the Pecos River. These were seen and counted on the 1st of April of last year. This estimate of the remnant of a great race is believed to be essentially correct. It was obtained from reliable and well-informed persons throughout the West, and in part from personal observation during the past years.

It is often asked why an attempt has not been made to save the buffalo by domesticating it, and questioning whether the profits derived from its flesh, horns, and hide would not be much greater than from raising common cattle. The experiment has been tried by Mr. Charles Goodnight on his Paladura Cañon Range, in Armstrong County, Texas. Ten calves were roped by Mr. Goodnight in the spring of 1879, and raised. It was found that they were very troublesome and hard to handle. They bred more slowly than common cattle. Mr. Goodnight has ten domesticated buffaloes now on his ranch. He has endeavored to cross them with Hereford cattle, with but poor results. Out of hundreds of trials he succeeded in procuring but one hybrid. This, a cow-calf, was bred to a buffalo bull, and the result was a bull-calf which in appearance closely resembled a pure buffalo, thus proving the strength of the buffalo blood. Several of the domesticated herd, however, had issue. They were found to defend their young with great ferocity, and at no time has it been safe for strangers or women to go afoot among them. Mr. Goodnight is at present trying a series of experiments in buffalo breeding, but with poor success. Unless the domestic cow is reared with the buffalo they will not cross. The experiment has best succeeded with dun colored cows. I understand that Goodnight has sold his band, and that they finally passed to Mr. W. F. Cody.

While Mr. Goodnight's trials at breeding the buffalo were no doubt original with him, he is by no means the first to experiment in breeding the buffalo in a domesticated state. We are told by Mr. Audubon that as early as 1813 Mr. Robert

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Wickliffe, of Kentucky, commenced some interesting experiments. He began breeding from two buffalo cows, from which he raised a small herd. The cows came from the upper Missouri River. At first they were confined in a separate park with some buffalo bulls, but later on they were all allowed to herd and feed with the common cattle; nor did their owner find his buffaloes more furious or wild than common cattle of the same age that grazed with them.

On getting possession of the tame buffalo bulls, Mr. Wickliffe endeavored to cross them as much as he could with common cows, which met with some success, but he found the common bulls always shy of buffalo cows, and unwilling to accede to the same experiment of crossing. From the domestic cow he had several half-breeds, one of which was a heifer. This he put with a domestic bull, and it produced a bull-calf. This when killed as a steer produced very fine beef. He bred from the same heifer several calves, and then, that the experiment might be perfect, he put one of them to a buffalo bull, and she produced a bull-calf, which was raised to be a very fine large animal, a three-quarter, half-quarter, and half-quarter of the common blood. After making these experiments he left them to propagate their breed themselves, so that he only had a few half-breeds, and they always proved the same, even by a buffalo bull. The full-blood was found not to be as large as the improved stock of common cattle, but as large as the ordinary cattle of the country.

The udder, or bag, of the buffalo is smaller than that of the common cow, and while the calves of both were allowed to run with their dams upon the same pasture, those of the buffalo were always the fattest. It was the experience of old hunters of that time that when a young buffalo calf was taken it required the milk of two common cows to raise it.

Unfortunately Mr. Wickliffe had no opportunity of testing the longevity of the buffalo, as all his died, either being killed by accident or because they were aged. He, however, raised some cows that at twenty years old were healthy and vigorous and capable of suckling their calves. It was his experience that a half-bred buffalo bull would not produce again, while a half-bred heifer was productive from either race, beyond the possibility of a doubt.

It is certainly interesting to compare the widely differing experience of Mr. Goodnight with a remnant of a most persecuted race, and that of Mr. Wickliffe's, fifty years ago, when the buffalo had few other enemies in the land than the Indian and the wolf.

In Mexico, it is said that a large band still exists on the big plains some seven hundred miles south of the northern frontier, and west of the Mexican Central Railroad. While hunting in the winter of 1887 in the Sierra Tierra Nate I learned from some Yaqui Indians that the herd was not a myth; that it was a very large one; and, owing to the almost inaccessible country in which it was located, that its numbers had not been depleted. How accurate these reports may be I do not know. In other respects the information given by the Yaquis regarding the country in which I was hunting, and the best game localities there, was found to be accurate. As it is well known that formerly there were large bands of buffaloes in Sonora and Chihuahua, they may have migrated southward. For some years past those who have been best informed have refrained from making known the exact localities where the few remaining bands of buffaloes could be found. They did this trusting that Congress would take steps to check their absolute extermination. This has not been done. The sportsman, therefore, who desires to belong to the party that "kills the last buffalo" should betake himself at once to the east side of the National Park, where, by skirting its edge, he may chance to get a shot. This is the best locality left in the United States to kill a buffalo.

Turning to the now doomed elk, we find that twenty years ago they were almost the most abundant game animal in the Western country, perhaps not even excepting the buffalo. In former times their range existed all over North America. Their horns have been discovered in the Adirondack region and in Lower Canada, while in northern California the elk in small numbers still are found. In 1870 it was very abundant in the valley of the Missouri River, and almost everywhere to the west of that stream. It is an easy animal to kill, and in consequence has been hunted to death. The sportsman in those days could work up to a band of elk, and fire, if he chose, a hundred shots at them. There are occasions when, being

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shot at, the elk, instead of running away, merely jump about, while the repeaters are mowing their fellows down.

Their decrease in the last eight to ten years has been enormous; yet while the skin-hunters are partly to blame for this, the elk have of late years been killed mainly for their meat. As soon as the cold weather sets in, the settlers go out, each party with several wagons, to get their stock of winter meat. Three years ago one hundred and twenty wagon-loads of elk meat were brought out of Bate's Hole, south of the North Platte River. In the autumn of 1887 there was not one elk left in this district. What, however, has made the elk more scarce than anything else is the spread of the cattle ranches. The cattle go where the elk live, tramp down the grass and brush, and usurp their beds. Formerly it was not an uncommon sight to see five thousand elk in one scattering band. At that time they were very abundant in the Uinta, Wasatch, and Big Horn mountains in Wyoming, all through the mountains of Montana, and along the Missouri and Loup Fork River in Nebraska. Now the sportsman will find no elk to kill in the last-mentioned State, and will have to hunt hard to get a shot in either Montana or Wyoming.

The best and surest find for elk at this time is along the boundary between Idaho and Wyoming, south of the National Park, and in the Salmon River country in Idaho. There is probably no country in the world as rough to hunt in as that last mentioned. The mountains are very steep, rising from five to six thousand feet out of the valleys. The hunter has to be continually climbing up over the jagged rocks, or descending into the broken cañons. Even to the native hunter the travelling at best is very slow. It requires youth, stout legs, and good wind to follow the trails of the elk in this section. Yet when the hunter goes into these mountains in the morning there is a fair chance that he will find plenty of tracks, and come across game within a few hours. The sportsman, however, who travels in the West is continually meeting small parties of hunters who report elk plentiful at different places. Pinning these men down to particulars, he finds they were told so by "some one." The "some one," if discovered, usually simplifies matters by saying that he saw a small band there several months before.

While elk are not nearly as numerous as they used to be, there are thousands of them left in scattered bands throughout the West. One day in the summer of 1887 an old hunter, a friend of mine, riding south of the National Park, came across six bands of elk. To the visiting sportsman this would indicate that the country was full of game; but let him stop and think of the immense tract of country where the wapiti used to be abundant, and where to-day there is not one left.

In western America there are two bears that claim the sportsman's attention—the grizzly and the black. The former, hunters have endowed with many aliases, such as "silver-tip," "brown," "cinnamon," "bald-face," and "range" bear. These names do not mean anything, for the grizzly, like the dog, is of many colors. These two varieties of bears can, among other things, be distinguished by the formation of their claws. Those of the grizzly are longer on the fore than on the hind feet. The claws of the black bear are short, and are of the same length on all four feet. It is difficult to persuade the hunters of different sections that the "silver-tip," "cinnamon," "brown," "bald-face," and "range" bears are all from the same ancestry, and that the same animal is called by different names in different localities. But while hunters may vary in their nomenclature, they one and all agree that the full-grown grizzly is the gamest animal in the world, and the one to be most dreaded.

Never do these bears stand on their hind legs and pursue the hunter with terrible howls and roars, as is the orthodox way of describing their conflicts with human beings in the ghastly literature of the country. When not hit in the brain or spine, they put their head down, and with a swinging gallop rush upon the hunter. They usually receive their death wound without demonstration, sinking down and dying mute. The majority of grizzlies shot by our famous Eastern sportsmen are those that have first been trapped. They are killed when in this crippled condition, after dragging often for miles a large steel-trap with a huge trailing log attached.

The grizzly is found west of the Missouri River, and very rarely, if ever, east of it. They inhabit both the plains and mountains. A dozen years ago they could be seen almost anywhere in the mountain ranges, but since their destruction has been compassed by baiting and traps they

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have become shy, and difficult to approach near enough for a certain killing shot. Bears are the most wary animals of all the big game in America. They go singly, and usually see the hunter before he catches a glimpse of them. They then cunningly slip away, and are difficult to trail. At this time they are fairly abundant in the mountains of Montana, a sure find being in Crazy Women's Mountain, north of the Northern Pacific Railroad. There is also a goodly number of bears distributed over the mountains of Idaho and Wyoming, some in southern California, scattered in the Sierra Madres and on the junction waters of the Santa Maria River in San Luis Obispo County. They are also numerous in the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas.

The black bear has a far wider range than the grizzly, but in the West it is confined mostly to the mountains, and rarely comes out on the prairies. It is well distributed, however, and is especially abundant in the timbered country, moving about to where the mast and berries are most plentiful. Black bears are very numerous in northern Montana. On the Pacific coast they outnumber the grizzlies, where both species feed on the salmon. The destruction of the grizzlies has been much greater than that of the black. Bears, though still abundant, are very difficult animals to hunt and kill in a sportsman-like way.

In these days the hardest game to hunt in America is the big-horn, or mountain-sheep. Twelve years ago they used to be wonderfully abundant in the Bad Lands of the Missouri and Yellowstone. When the first white men went there the sheep used to be so tame that they would stand and look at the intruders on their domain, and show no distrust at their approach. It was then a familiar sight, while drifting down the Missouri River in a skiff, to see these gallant-looking animals grouped on all points of the bluffs. Since then their decrease has been very great; not so much from being killed by hunters as from the settlement of the country. In rapid succession they have been forced to migrate from one place to another, and this has caused a majority of the sheep to retire into the high mountains of the remote Northwest, no one knows where. From the regions where they were but a short time ago so abundant they have gone forever. To-day they can be found in small companies on the high rough peaks of the unsettled country bordering the National Park. The Salmon River country of Idaho is an excellent place to find them—and to see them get away. They are scattered throughout western Colorado on the rough peaks and in the almost inaccessible mountain regions. Their range extends into British Columbia and the North. The big-horn is now as vigilant and shy as it was once gentle. Its successful pursuit requires experience, untiring patience, and good marksmanship, and a steady head for heights. The flesh of the mountain-sheep is considered in delicacy of flavor the best that the game of the West affords.

The glory of killing a mountain-goat consists in having courage and endurance sufficient to climb to its home on the loftiest peaks in the almost inaccessible mountains. As for the animal itself, it is the most stupid animal that came out of the ark, while its meat is poor and its skin worthless. They have decreased in Washington and Oregon, where but a few years ago they were abundant. Their range extends to Alaska, while a few have been known to straggle as far south as Colorado. Like the mountain-sheep, their decrease is not from shooting, but from the settlement of the country. There are a few goats left in the Deer Lodge country in southern Montana, and in the Salmon River country in Idaho. Only a very few are killed every year, and the sportsman might "climb the mountains o'er" for a week and then not find this variety of game or get a shot.

Although the slaughter of antelopes for their hides has been enormous, there are places where they can be found in great abundance. In the summer season they are numerous in the North Park, Colorado, and along the Arkansas River, and back on the plains in the Indian Territory. In the winter they also collect along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, being very abundant on the Laramie Plains in Wyoming. Despite the fact that the antelope is a very wary animal, and, owing to the character of the grounds which it inhabits, is very difficult to approach, they are daily diminishing very rapidly. The sportsman, therefore, who desires to kill this variety of game should as soon as possible anticipate its certain extermination.

The decrease of the three varieties of

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deer—the "white-tail," "black-tail," and mule-deer—has been much less than the other varieties of Western big game. As yet the people have not made it a business to hunt them for either skins or meat. The meat-hunters are still devoting their attention to the killing of larger game; but as it decreases, the deers' turn will surely come. There are yet plenty of deer in the mountains of the West. The "white-tails" haunt the willowy stream bottoms, while the mule-deer, almost universally known as the "black-tail," resorts to the high mountain lands in summer, and comes down to the rough foothills in the winter. The true black-tail deer is only found on the northern Pacific coast. Mule-deer are abundant enough along the upper Missouri River, but their centre of abundance is on the high dry plateau between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. The sportsman who wishes to shoot "white-tails" cannot go far wrong by hunting in any of the river-bottom countries of the West. Both the "white-tails" and mule-deer were very plentiful several years ago in the Black Hills of Dakota. In this section the first-named variety was more abundant than in any other part of the country. They have been shot off along the Platte River. Good shooting, however, can still be had along the Loup Fork.

Straggling moose are to be met with in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and northern California. Their range is limited, however, and they are becoming exterminated. Even in the British Possessions, this, the grandest of our native ruminants, is becoming more scarce as the conditions of its old homes are changed and its old feeding-grounds destroyed by the settlements of the white man.

Thus we see on all sides, and even in the most remote and inaccessible sections of our country, our "big game" diminishing with terrible rapidity. Our only hope therefore in preventing the thorough extermination of the game lies in the maintenance of the National Park and the protection of the animals that now harbor there. Until July, 1885, there was no pretence made to protect the game in the Park, but even with inadequate protection the animals that make their home there have increased in number, and now there are more buffaloes within the reservation than there were two or three years ago. Left undisturbed, the game in the Park will breed and multiply, showing the necessity for its thorough protection, which can only be enforced by vigorous measures regulated by Congress.

It has long been known that the Indians are the only real preservers of big game. On their ranges, where the white man did not dare to go, game of all kinds was most abundant. For this reason the Sierra Madres in Mexico are still virgin of sportsmen and skin-hunters. The ranchmen as yet have not driven their cattle and sheep into the grassy cañons, and at this writing there is a wide section that has been but little shot over. There deer, bears, mountain-lions, antelope, and turkeys are in abundance; and the sportsman in search of novelty may pass several months in a country of which little is known. On one of the spurs of these mountains I found admirable sport in January last.

No idea can be formed of the annual destruction of big game from the skins that are brought into the trading post, for their number is very small compared to that of animals killed. Nor can any estimate be deduced from the statements of the sporting ammunition manufacturers, as it is impossible for them to decide what part of their production is actually employed in killing game. The rough figuring of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, the largest manufacturers of cartridges in this country, is interesting, however. It is largely made up of guess-work, and must be accepted as such. This firm made last year 250,000,000 of all kinds of cartridges. Of this number it is thought two-thirds were sold in the West. Mr. T. G. Bennett, vice-president of the company, says: "From my own experience in an ordinary summer's shooting, about one-tenth of one per cent. of cartridges fired may be said to be used on game. The rest are expended in target practice." On this very modest basis of figuring, about 167,000 cartridges of only one manufactory are shot annually at game, without taking into account that a great many hunters reload their empty shells once to ten times. Mr. M. Hartley, president of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, from an experience of twenty years, expresses his opinion that a smaller quantity of large-sized cartridges for shooting large game is sold now than in former years, which he attributes to the decrease of the number of large game in this country. The United States Cartridge

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Company, one of the three large cartridge manufacturers in this country, is unable to estimate what part of its production is used in the West.

More interesting, perhaps, to the majority of Eastern sportsmen is the small-game outlook in the Western country. We find that during the past fifteen years the two most popular birds of the gallinaceous order, the prairie-chicken and the quail, have increased their domain very materially. As settlements began to crop up, and Indian-corn and grain fields took the place of wild prairie lands, the sport-providing birds were found to follow in the wake of civilization. Where only the coyote and jack-rabbit had heretofore been found, the grouse and quail began to appear. As long as the sequence of mild winters followed their emigration to their new homes they increased in astonishing numbers. This was especially the case in Kansas. For some years after their appearance in this State all went well. Then came the terrible snows and blizzards of the winter of 1885 and 1886, and at one fell swoop the quail were buried in their winding-sheets. The snow melted, and the frozen birds were found by hundreds of thousands along the Osage-orange hedge-rows where they had sought shelter from the storms. The grouse fared somewhat better, for they appear to have anticipated the approach of the "northers," and to have invaded the Indian Territory, and to have passed across it into Texas. So extended was their southern migration that they infested the southern Rio Grande section, where hitherto they had never been seen, and where they have since remained to populate that portion of Texas. All this indicates that the best shooting of the future will be in the Southwest, especially on those lands which will be irrigated and cultivated for the production of grain. While a succession of mild winters will again occasion the restocking of Kansas, and propitious breeding seasons replenish the crop in Missouri and Iowa, the absolute certainty of good shooting in these States is anything but assured. The sportsman would do well, therefore, to look for his sport in the Indian Territory, Arkansas, and northern and northeastern Texas. The shooting in the Indian country for the next dozen years will be the cream of all the sport in this country.

Within the remembrance of many Eastern sportsmen the prairie-chicken did not inhabit Nebraska, while now, owing to the cultivation of the cereals, the State has been fairly stocked. In those times the sharp-tailed grouse had its eastern limit in Michigan. As this State became settled it returned westward, the prairie-chicken following it into Minnesota and Nebraska. The range of the sharp-tailed grouse at this time is from the western limit of the range of the prairie-chicken on to the Pacific coast. It is very abundant in the Sierra Nevadas and other mountain ranges. It lies well to a dog, is bold on the wing, and is one of the most delicious of all the grouse family. The sage-hen, which is a very large bird, is found on the sage plains of the Rocky Mountain region. It is not often seen east of Sherman, on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, and follows down the Missouri River as far as Wolf Point. While large bags of sage-hens are made every year, for the sport of shooting them over dogs, they are still very abundant.

Wild turkeys are still very numerous in the Indian Territory and Texas. Their decrease is marked in Arkansas, New Mexico, and Arizona, owing to the practice of killing the birds whenever an opportunity offers. There is no pretence made in the West to observe the breeding season of these magnificent birds; indeed, the native hunters avail themselves of the known habits of the birds at such time to compass their destruction.

In California and Oregon the greatest abundance of game of many varieties still exists. The ruffed grouse shooting in the last-named State is excellent, while the valley quail in southern California are on the increase. They are well distributed in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevadas and Coast Range, where the sportsmen will see thousands of them in one day. The same may be said of the mountain quail of California, the Arizona quail, and the scaled quail of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and Mexico. All these varieties are very abundant, and increasing in their several localities, as is the gentle and talkative Massena quail of Mexico, which is found on the parched deserts and in the rocky cañons of all the mountain ranges.

The shooting in the West is so much controlled by the weather conditions, by early and late seasons, by droughts and floods, that it is impossible to anticipate the season's crop of game in any one sec-

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tion. Wild-fowl and the waders, of all varieties, continue to swarm along the great rivers and their tributaries; yet, while geese and ducks are abundant early in the autumn in Dakota, and migrate in myriads to Texas, where they remain all winter, they are nowhere found as numerous as on the Pacific coast. In California, along the Sacramento River, in the San Joaquin Valley, and at Lake Tulare, the finest wild-fowl shooting is to be had, though it is not what it was some years ago.

UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE LITTLE ONES.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

I.

O CHILDREN'S eyes unchildlike! Children's eyes
That make pure, hallowed age seem young indeed—
Wan eyes that on drear horrors daily feed;
Learned deep in all that leaves us most unwise!
Poor wells, beneath whose troubled depths Truth lies.
Drowned, drowned, alas! So does my sad heart bleed
When I remember you; so does it plead
And strive within my breast—as one who cries
The torture of her first-born—that the day,
The long, bright day, seems thicker sown for me
With eyes of children than the heavens at night
With stars on stars. To watch you is to pray
That you may some day see as children see
When man, like God, hath said, "Let there be light."

II.

Dear Christ, Thou hadst Thy childhood ere Thy cross:
These, bearing first their cross, no childhood know,
But, aged with toil, through countless horrors grow
To age more horrible. Rough locks atoss
Above drink-reddened eyes, like Southern moss
That drops its tangles to the marsh below;
No standard dreamed or real by which to show
The piteous completeness of their loss;
No rest, no hope, no Christ; the cross alone
Borne on their backs by day, their bed by night,
Their ghastly plaything when they pause to weep,
Their threat of torture do they dare to moan:
A darkness ever dark across their light,
A weight that makes a waking of their sleep.

III.

Father, who countest such poor birds as fall,
Count Thou these children fallen from their place;
Lift and console them of Thy pity's grace,
And teach them that to suffer is not all;
Hedge them about with love as with a wall,
Give them in dreams the knowledge of Thy face,
And wipe away such stains as sin doth trace,
Sending deliverance when brave souls call.
Deliver them, O Lord, deliver them!—
These children—as Thy Son was once a child!
Make them even purer than before they fell,
Radiant in raiment clean from throat to hem;
For, Lord, till Thou hast cleansed these sin-defiled,
Of such the kingdom, not of heaven, but hell.

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THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

BY ANDREW MARVELL.

HOW vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays:
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flow'rs, and trees, do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companys of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white, nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name,
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beautys her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

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"WHILE ALL THE FLOW'RS, AND TREES, DO CLOSE, TO WEAVE THE GARLANDS OF REPOSE."

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When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow:
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wond'rous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head.
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Mean while the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does streight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets, and claps its silver wings:
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walk'd without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
Of flow'rs, and herbs, this dial new!

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"WHAT WOND'ROUS LIFE IS THIS I LEAD! RIPE APPLES DROP ABOUT MY HEAD."

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"AND, AS IT WORKS, TH' INDUSTRIOUS BEE COMPUTES ITS TIME AS WELL AS WE."

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Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholsome hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs?



OGEECHEE CROSS-FIRINGS.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

"Entys'd
To take to his new love, and leave her old despys'd."—*Faerie Queene.*

I.

THE Joyners, besides fifty negroes, owned a thousand acres of Ogeechee bottom-land, extending southward to the Mays, who, with as many slaves, paid taxes on over thirteen hundred acres. The mansion of the former, square, two-storied, with attic, was situate a few rods from the public thoroughfare leading from Augusta on the Savannah, through Gateston, the county-seat, to Milledgeville, then the capital of the State. In a similar house, with a somewhat more tasteful piazza, a mile below, a little removed from a neighborhood road extending down the river-bank to the Shoals, dwelt the Mays. Equidistant, near the Gateston road, were the Dosters, in their story-and-a-half house, who, with a dozen slaves and about three hundred acres of land, rolling and much thinner than their neighbors', were doing at least as well as could have been expected. The Joyners and Mays had been intimately friendly always, and no neighbor had ever believed himself so dull a prophet as not to have foreseen, long before William and Harriet May and Hiram and Ellen Joyner were old enough to be thinking about sweethearts, that those two families, like their fine plantations, were destined in time to be united, and by a double bond.

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The heads of both these families had deceased. So had that of the Dosters, the last, besides his widow, leaving Thomas, lately grown to manhood, and two younger children. At the period in which occurred what this story is meant to tell, Hiram and William were about twenty-two, and Ellen and Harriet nineteen and eighteen.

But for the demise of Mr. Doster, Thomas would have had a better education. This event made necessary his leaving the State college at the end of the Junior year, in order to conduct the family business. To the necessity that called him away he yielded with more reluctance because he was to leave behind a very dear cousin, with whom the expectation had been to study and enter into a partnership for the practice of the law. Yet in this while he had learned quite as much of books as either of the young men his more favored neighbors, who after leaving the academy had been two years at the University of Virginia, where they had spent money to such figures that their mothers readily assented to their proposal to return home without academic degrees. For three years past they had been managing in some sort the goodly estates left by their fathers; but some said that but for their negro foremen the plantations would deteriorate faster. Much of their time had been spent in fox-hunting, bird-hunting, and other field-sports, in horseback journeyings to Milledgeville and Augusta, and in other ways which they regarded their fortunes ample enough to allow. Each, however, had reasonably good moral character, and was frank enough to admit to his mother sometimes that, compared with that of the Dosters, their place was not kept up sufficiently, and that upon ground well known to be less productive the Doster crops were better. Yet all along it had been hoped that after a while, particularly when they had married and settled down to steady business, Hiram and William would make good, energetic, prosperous citizens like their fathers.

The Mays were tall, slender, and fair; the Joyners of middle height, dark hair and complexion; Ellen somewhat petite, her brother stout and strongly set. The girls were considered quite pretty after their separate styles, and their brothers would have been slow to believe that Tom Doster, midway between them as to figure and complexion, was considered by most people rather better-looking than either. The education of the girls was excellent for those times. It was only about a year back when they had come out of the female academy at Gateston, wherein they had spent all their years since very young girlhood. This academy, founded and kept by Rev. Mr. Wyman, a Baptist clergyman, native of Vermont, had, and most deservedly, a very high reputation, that had extended throughout the State and into several adjoining. All branches taught in New England seminaries, including music, drawing, and painting, were in the course which both the girls had made, not only with satisfaction, but high honors. Ellen played on the piano uncommonly well, and Harriet, less skilful there, was a sweeter singer. The young men were quite proud of these accomplishments of their sisters, but for which it was thought that they might have exerted themselves more for their own development. As it was, they held to their fox-hunting and other amusements, each satisfied apparently with the thought that when the time should come for subtracting from the other's family he would give in exchange a value regarded equal to that which he would receive.

Thomas Doster had made it appear very soon after leaving college that this movement meant business. The vigor and economy with which he had managed the farm were such that in three years enough had been laid up to purchase two hundred more acres and a family of negroes. For some considerable time people had been saying what a fine young man Tom Doster was. The Dosters, belonging to the same church, visited with the other two families, but not nearly so often as those with one another. The young men, particularly William May, who was of heartier temperament than Hiram, rather liked Tom, and in their own families might go so far as to admit that his example, if such a thing were necessary, might be worth imitating. If they felt like patronizing him, they could do so to not much extent, something in his manner, except when in presence of the girls, putting such deportment in restraint. Every week-day he was to be seen, in his plain, home-made, well-fitting clothes, where either the plough hands or the hoe hands were at work, and the passing by of old or young, male or female, seemed to affect in no wise the feeling of manhood as,

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HOW THE MAY PLANTATION WAS FARMED.

thus homely clad, he kept at his work. Right often, as the girls with their brothers, or one with him of the other, were riding past, he would take off his broad-brimmed hat, return their salutation, and, if happening to be near the fence, come forward at notice of disposition to linger for a brief chat. On Sundays when there was meeting at Horeb, a mile or so inland from the Joyners', he put on his best, and looked the equal of anybody there. Occasionally, when one of the girls had ridden there on horseback, accompanied by her brother, he proposed to escort her home, and—but not often—accepted the invitation to dinner which it was customary in all country neighborhoods to extend on such occasions.

"Tom's a stirring fellow," said Will May to Harriet one day, when, after some conversation with him as he sat upon his fence, they were passing on.

"Yes," she answered; "I think Tom Doster is a very promising young man; handsome too, even in his homespun clothes. I suspect that he would have made a good lawyer."

"Best as it is; indeed lucky, in my opinion. There's no good in a fellow trying to rise too far above his raising. It's well for Tom Doster that he could not go to the bar. He's proud enough, hard as he has to work, and he cannot, if he ever tries, conceal his aspiring nature. I like Tom very well myself as a neighbor; but Hiram, especially of late, doesn't. Hiram says that Tom is as proud as if he owned both our plantations and his little patch of ground besides."

"I don't see why he might not feel as proud as other people, brother Will. He's young, handsome, intelligent, industrious, and of as good family as any, if they do have less property. I should not call *pride* the feeling that keeps him from looking up to those who are in more favored conditions. I should rather name it a sense of freedom, which every man who feels himself to be a gentleman is bound to have."

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"Yes; and that's just the way, as Hiram says, that Ellen talks, and both of you are rather imprudent in the way you treat Tom Doster; and I tell you now, Harriet, that Hiram especially doesn't like it."

"Oho! He doesn't! nor do you, I see. Well, Ellen and I must amend our speech, and be more circumspect in our behavior, even if we cannot help our tastes and manners."

Then she looked back with mock regret toward Tom, who was working away as if he had forgotten having seen and talked with them.

"Come, Harriet, you needn't put on airs."

"Of course not, before my brother Will, and especially before Hiram, of whose displeasure he warns me. But," she added, to tease her brother, "they do say that Tom's cousin has grown to be handsomer even than him. I'll have to see for myself before I can believe it."

"Wasn't that a pretty come off? He and Tom were to be two great lawyers, you know; and their grand scheme has wound up by Tom being, as his father before him was, a common hard-working farmer, and his cousin a Methodist preacher."

"It *was* rather strange. As for poor Tom, the disappointment was unavoidable, and, like a true man always will in such cases, he has borne it not only patiently, but cheerfully. His cousin Henry, I doubt not, is following what he believes to be the line of his duty, and if so, that shows him to be a true man also."

"Everybody to his notion. Let us get on." They urged their horses to a brisker pace, that soon brought them to the Joyners', where they tarried awhile before returning home.

Henry Doster was son of Tom's uncle, who dwelt several miles beyond Gateston, and whose estate was somewhat larger than that of his deceased brother. Everybody, his parents, even himself, had been expecting, ever since he first entered college, and until just before he was to leave, that he was to become a lawyer. But about a couple of months before graduation, at the head of his class, during a revival meeting of the Methodist church in Athens, the seat of the State university, he, who always had been piously inclined, became convinced that he had a call to the sacred ministry. His parents, not church members, but rather affiliating with the Baptists, felt a double disappointment. Yet they loved and respected him too well to complain. He was gentle as he was handsome and gifted. While in college he had the good fortune to be popular both with faculty and students, because he deported himself just as he ought before all. Of olive complexion, brown eyes and hair, his face on occasion would light into redness as decided as ever painted the fairest cheek. When he was in animated declamation his form of five feet ten swayed with a grace more engaging because unstudied, even unconscious, and his voice, at all times sweet, rang sonorous and true as a clarion's. His college mates had prophesied for him an eminent career at the bar, and many felt regret more than surprise at the course which, suddenly, as it seemed, he had resolved to pursue. At Commencement he made his modest valedictory with much *éclat*, smilingly bade adieu to all his associates and acquaintance; then returned to his home, and went to preparing himself for the solemn work that he was to undertake.

II.

The two leading religious denominations, as now, were then nearly equally divided in middle Georgia, the ascendency held by the Methodists in the towns and villages being balanced by that of the Baptists in the rural districts. Not many of the clergy of either had received a college education, yet many of them were very efficient preachers, and some eloquent to a high degree. The Methodists were well pleased at the accession of a young man in whom was such goodly promise. Brief preliminaries were required for the pulpit, and only a few months after the time when Henry Doster had counted upon applying for admission to the bar, he was preaching the gospel. So young, and modest as young, it was thought well that for the first year he should work under the guidance of one of the older and more pronounced preachers. Fortunate to both it seemed, the Reverend Allen Swinger, a native of the county, was holding his headquarters in Gateston, and to him as assistant in his circuit Henry was assigned. This gentleman, very tall and muscular, had been in his youth a noted fighter, having won his wife, so the tradition went, by his conquest of a formidable

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"NOW THEY MAY BE SOME KIND OF MEN THAT BACHELDRIN SUIT."

rival, and he had not left behind all of his native combativeness when he advanced upon a higher field. He was fond of wielding what he styled his sledge-hammer, not only against sinners in general, but pronounced opponents of his own faith, of the entire certitude of which he never had felt a doubt since the day on which he embraced it first. Yet he was, or he meant to be, as pious as he was aggressive, and he cordially believed that his interest in the welfare of souls, outsiders and nominal insiders, was as good as the best. Many and many a time with emphasis would he talk about thus:

"If Allen Swinger know anything at all about hisself, his own self, and if *he* don't, the question arise who do, but if so be, I am not aginst none of their souls' salvations, if they would only git their consents to give up their mean ways, and then git right straight up and come aright straight along where everybody that ain't a actuil a blinded with predijice is obleeged to see, plain as open and shet, is the way they got to foller so they mayn't git conswined not only to fire but brimstone sprinkled on top of that, which every sence I ben converted myself, like a bran' snatched from the burnin', I ben astonished that ary body could ever be sech a big fool as to think he could stand ary one, let alone both. Now as for Henry Dawster, if he wasn't quite so thin skin, and if he could get his consents to pitch in four-an'-a-half* aginst worldlyans, and be more vig'ous on them Babtisses, which if they ain't headed they goin' to take this whole country, same like the sand of Egyp', him and me together could git up rewivles a'most a constant. But I can't yit git him to make charges on 'em. That whut I call comin' down out the pulpit and marchin' right on *to* 'em, right and left. Yit he's a good religious boy, same as a good Meth'dis' woman that don't know how to be ary thing else, and I love him a'most a like he were my own child, and, in time, and speshual, when he git hisself a wife, I shall count on his spreadin' hisself accordin' to his talons, which, jest betwix me and you, to go no furder, he's got a plenty, more than any one man's sheer, when he have the expeunce to go along with 'em."

Unlike as were these two, a friendship amounting to affection united them. The

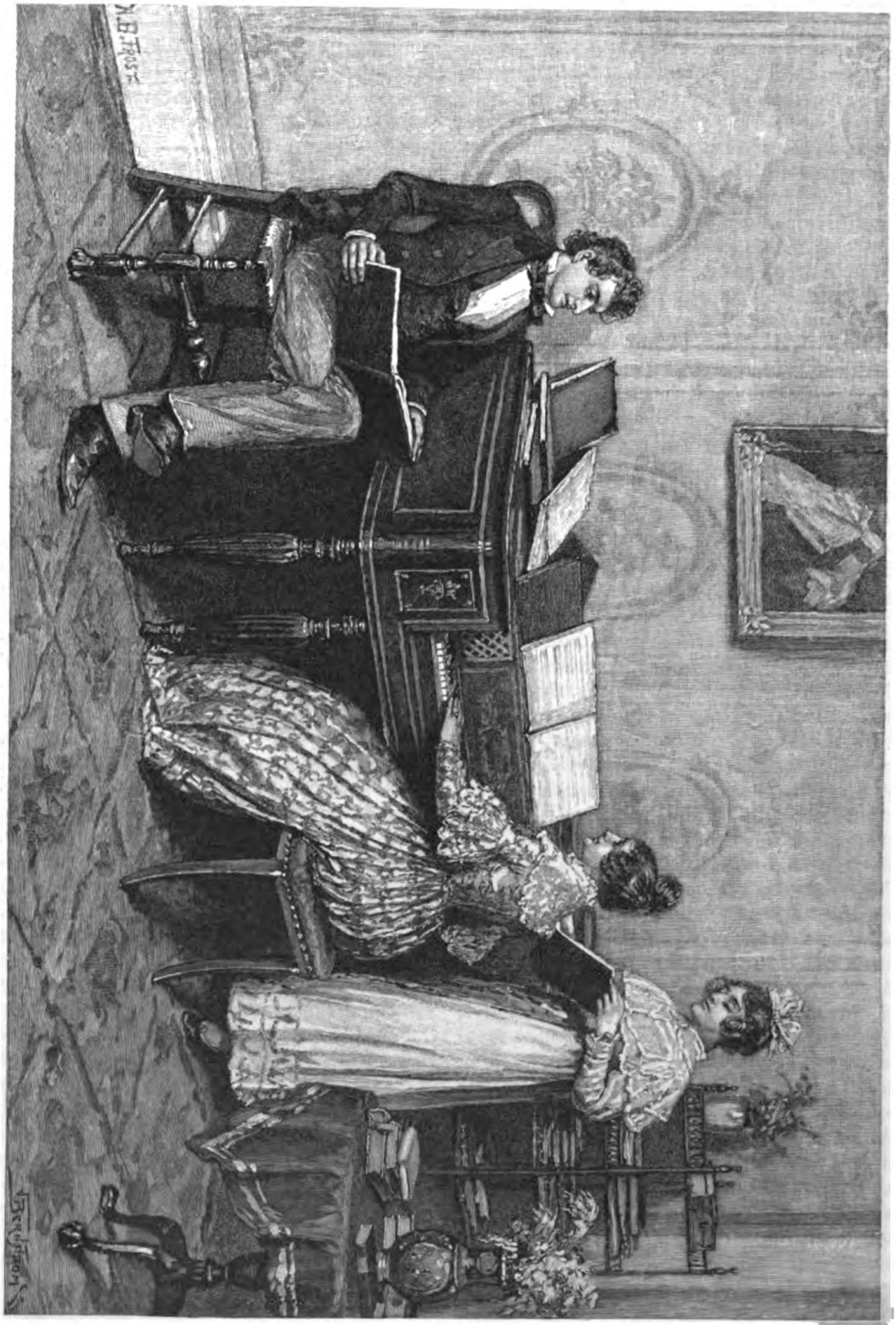
* Mr. Swinger by this phrase meant *fore and aft.*

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absence of everything like envy in Mr. Swinger, instead, the bounding pride he felt in Henry's superior gifts, and his eagerness to help in such employment as he believed would develop and exhibit them to best advantage; on the other side, the young man's ready performance of every service assigned, his confidence in the single-minded integrity with which Mr. Swinger deported himself toward him—these and others bound them in not long time closely and fondly. In spite of his general sternness of manner and speech, Mr. Swinger had much softness of spirit and considerable humor. The submission of a sinner or any other kind of enemy would melt his ire to tenderness instantly. He could tell a joke with excellent effect, and he would do so even when himself was the butt of his ridicule, and his delight in such rehearsal was equal to his hearers' in the laughter thus provoked. He believed, and he so assured the young preacher often, that he could never make important continued headway in his profession as long as he remained single. His talks upon the subject discovered some romance in his being.

"Bacheldrin, Henry Dawster, now they may be some kind of men that bacheldrin suit; but they monst'ous few, and a preacher, speshual Meth'dis', not among 'em. Make no odds how much a young preacher in the first off-start in his mad careers, so to speak, may think more of hisself than other people think he's liable to, and he mayn't feel like he want to bother and hamper hisself with one single female section of people, yit he'll find in time that the time will come, and that mayby suddent, when his holt will begin to loosen, and it 'll keep on a-loosenin' tell he'll have to let her drap. And it's speshual the case when he have good looks, but which I've never ben oneasy about your settin' Tar River afire on *them* score. Yit so it is, and I have yit to see the bachelder preacher that won't knock under in the course of time. Because for why? In every combunity that I've ever ben ary where they always girls, and not only them, but widders and old maids of all age and description, that in a case like the present they everlastin' workin' up slippers, or money-pusses, or dressin'-gownds, or neck-hankchers, or somethin' of some kind that no nation of men of no kind ever had ary use for, but which in the first place that they'll go to convince him, if he don't look out, that he's too good to go and preach to common poor people at ill-convenant places. *And*, at last, he'll see that sech foolishness have to stop, and 'stid of sech onuseless articles, which nobody, much less a Meth'dis' preacher, have no yearthly necessity for, he'll find that what he want is a *wife*, not only for company, but for makin', and mendin', and keep him decent respectable. Now it ain't that I would ricommend any young man to go *into* the very market of young women, as it were, like he was after a horse or a piece of prop'ty. No, *sir;* and if a man is any account he'll wait, no matter how long time it take, tell he fall dead in love with jes one lone partic'lar one by herself, and feel like, thoo every bone in his natur', that she's the onliest pink of perfection they is, make no deffunce how much the gittin' of married bound to take the aige off sech as that. No, *sir;* and I tell you now, Henry Dawster, 'twer'n't for sech *as* that, that aige would be took off a heap sooner and a heap more of it. Yes, sir, my boy, wait tell she strike you a centre shot, and you feel like the ground ain't hardly good enough for her to walk on it. *Of* course a feller bound to find out in time, and when it's all over, that his wife ain't of that angel kind of women love-tales tells about; and you mayn't believe it, but often I've sot up a mighty nigh all night with a toller candle, and sometimes nothin' but a lighted knot fire, a-purusin' *Alonzer and Melissy*, and *The Bandit's Bride*, and sech, and cried, and wantin' to be thar, and jerkin' out my knife, hack them villions' heads off, and takin' them women off somewheres and live together, jes me and them, by ourselves. *Yit* I know, well as ary body that ain't a borned fool obleeged to know, he can't expect a wife who have the keer of a family to be always a-settin' up in the parlor with her best frock on a-listenin' to him a everlastin' cotin' kiss verses, like he used to did. *And*, besides, what's a heap more, if ary thing, for the argyment of this p'int of the case, he have ben conwinced long before now, and that without her a-tellin' him, that he ain't, nor he never were, nother the General Wash'n't'n nor the Jul'us Cæsar he want to make her believe when she took him. *But*, Henry Dawster, sech idees does a man good in the first off-start; and when he's done

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A MORNING AT MRS. INGRAM'S.

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married and settled down, fa'r and squar', if he'll be true, and he won't be too fau't-findy, he'll yit think his own wife is the best of the whole kerhoot of 'em, jes as every married man had ought to think of his wife; and as for old bachelders, he'll always feel sorry for any sech a cold, froggy set, like I've ben sorry for 'em ever sence me and Hester took up together. *No*, sir, or I may ruther say, *yes*, sir; you should ought to wait tell you find one you think is a Wenus or a Juberter, or whut them po-uts calls 'em in their po'try; and when you do, then far'well world."

It was interesting to see the relations between them, one with the unstudied speech and manners of a rude pioneer, the other with those of a culture needed for the work of new social conditions. The younger, while he could not but be amused at what must soon become obsolete, yet reverenced with all his heart the honest earnestness that persisted in methods which he would not have known how to attempt to change. The elder was as courageously upright and as fondly affectionate as he was barbarous in outward appearance and demeanor. The love he had for his protégé, especially his eager wish that he should make an early happy marriage, led him often to talk of his own young time and of his after-conjugal life, in which it was easy to be seen that much of true-love's fruition had fallen to his lot.

The new preacher boarded with the Ingrams, whose handsome mansion, in a grove of red oak and black-jack, stood at the head of a street called Maiden Lane, on the side of which, where it made a bend, was Mr. Wyman's academy. Behind, extending south and southwest, was their plantation of two thousand acres. Here also had boarded Harriet and Ellen while at school; for in those times families who were at the highest in property and social position, for the sake of the school and the churches, took boarders, and that at nominal charges, considering the living dispensed by them. Mrs. Ingram, a niece of Mrs. May, had been brought up a Baptist, but after her intermarriage had accepted the faith of her husband, a Methodist class-leader. As neither of the congregations could afford to hold public worship every Sunday, the members of each commonly attended that of the other on alternate meeting-days, notwithstanding the oft discussion of denominational differences. These, even sometimes when acrimonious, were ignored in neighborly intercourse; for indeed the Rev. Mr. Bullington, a near neighbor of the Ogeechee Dosters, who served both Horeb and the Baptist church in Gateston, was believed by his brethren to know, when duly roused, about as well as Mr. Swinger how to defend blows and to give. Mr. Wyman not often held forth there, suspecting that his brother Bullington's feelings were a little hurt sometimes at the praise bestowed upon his more learned discourses, and when he did, recognizing the policy and the duty, as far as possible, of being all things to all men, seldom preached mere doctrinal sermons.

Our girls occasionally visited the Ingrams, Ellen as freely, because she knew that she was as welcome, as Harriet. Henry Doster had seen them seldom, and not at all since he had first gone to college. One day, when he had been in the village several weeks, Mrs. Ingram, happening to enter one of the stores, met at the door Harriet May, who was about to return home in the family gig, in which her brother had brought her.

"Caught you at last," said Mrs. Ingram, "just as you were about to steal off. What have I done to all you people that not one of you has darkened my door in weeks on weeks? Will May, you may just go on home by yourself, and tell Aunt Martha I kept Harriet and carried her home with me, that being the only way that I could get her there. You young folks ought to be ashamed of yourselves for not calling on my boarder and showing him some attention. I tell you now that he is as good company as anybody, if he is a preacher."

"Why, Cousin Emily," answered Harriet, looking down at her plain gingham, "I couldn't stay to-night. I just came to town to get some things for ma, and—"

"You needn't say you can't, for I say you shall; and if Will is too busy with the plantation work, or rather with his hunting and running about, to come for you in two or three days, I'll get Mr. Ingram to take you, or I'll send you in the carriage."

"Stay, Harriet, if you'd like," said Will. "I'll come for you whenever you say. You needn't be troubled about your dress. That's good enough for kinfolks and a preacher, Methodist at that."

"Methodist at that!" retorted Mrs. Ingram. "I wish you were as good as

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Henry Doster; and if you didn't think so much of your own good looks, you'd wish you were as handsome. But you are a good boy for giving up so nicely for Harriet to stay. Now do, my dear Will, you and Hiram, please make a set call soon on Mr. Doster, and tell Ellen as you go by there that if she has anything against Emily Ingram, that respectable lady would like to know, soon as convenient, what it is, and you tell her further that if she does not come to my house within less than one week from this day I will see if it is possible to know the reason why, and tell her that I said it in earnest and without cracking a single smile. Hear?"

"I hear, cousin. If Ellen wants to come, I'll bring her up to-morrow in our carriage. Maybe I better be with her when she meets the Doster that's so awfully good-looking."

"I didn't so describe him, you conceited fellow. I only intimated that some people might dare to regard him handsomer than even you. Well, off with you. Good-by. My love to aunty and all the Joyners."

III.

"How did you girls like the young preacher?" Mrs. May asked of her daughter on her return.

"Oh, ma, I was glad Cousin Emily kept me, although I felt not quite comfortable in an every-day frock in presence of a young man so well dressed and so cultivated. However, the next day, when Ellen brought me another, I was already at ease."

"Yes; Ellen sent me word by Will that she was going to join you at Emily's, and suggested that you might like me to send you something."

"Bless Ellen's heart, and yours too! You are both so thoughtful. Henry Doster doesn't look like a preacher, ma. He's handsome too, and a good talker, and a good listener."

"What did he talk about?"

"Oh, lots of things — society, books, music—"

"And religion?"

"No, ma'am, not at all. I suppose he thought that young girls and of Baptist people would not care to hear a Methodist preacher discourse in private on religion, and when they were guests in the house where he lived. I thought that was very polite and sensible. Yet at bedtime he made the most beautiful prayer. His voice, especially when it takes on a religious tone, is very impressive. We were not long on books, I assure you. I suspect he saw that Ellen and I were not anxious he should find how few we had read, and he let us drop the subject when he saw that we wanted to. Pious as he is, yet he is full of fun. Cousin Emily says he tells her things about old Mr. Swinger that she and he both, and so does the old man when present, laugh at till they have to cry. But he didn't talk about him to us. That, I suppose, he felt would be telling tales out of school. He's *devoted* to music. He sang a very good tenor with some of my songs, and he declared to me privately that Ellen played better than any person he'd ever heard. He evidently admires Ellen highly."

"Is he like Tom?"

"Not very; but rather. Ellen thinks he's handsomer than Tom. I hardly think so. He's very fond of Tom, and he said that he had promised to make him a visit before long. Brother Will did not come to the house until it was nearly time for us to start back. But I was glad that he did come at last, and was polite enough to invite Henry Doster, when he was in the neighborhood, to call upon us."

"William ought to have done that, of course, and, to tell the truth, I'd like to see him myself after all the talk about his being so smart and such a fine preacher."

"He'll call here, I doubt not, when he comes to see Tom. I hope Hiram will call upon him before that, and I hope that when the young man does call, brother Will won't be as condescending in manners to him as he is to Tom."

"William does seem to rather wish to patronize Tom. I wish in my heart he'd be as attentive to business as Tom Doster. The Doster property is improving and increasing constantly, while, if it wasn't for Levi, ours would go to rack faster than it is going already. If he and Ellen are ever to marry, I wish they'd do it soon, and let him settle down to work. Hiram does some better than he; but there's room for improvement there too."

"The difficulty with both of them, ma, is that they've been so long taking some things for granted that—"

"Oh, well, well, child, let us all hope they'll see in good time the need of a change, and then go seriously about making it. Go to your room now and change

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MR. BULLINGTON'S WEDDING COUNTENANCE.—[SEE PAGE 901.]

your frock. I want you to help Ritter in baking some cakes."

The mothers of these families much desired to each have the other's daughter for her daughter-in-law, though the contemplation of the other's son in corresponding relationship was far from eager. The young men had received many an earnest parental admonition of the danger of losing what they had been counting on always in security; and for more than a year past they had been growing more anxious upon the subject than they would have admitted to any. Especially was it thus with Hiram, who, of the two, was more single-minded, of far greater persistence in sullen purpose, and capable of deep resentment of injury done or suspected to be intended. Not courteous by nature, he had ever deported himself toward both the girls as if neither had right to opinion as to the disposition which circumstances had destined. William May, gay, volatile, was fond of teasing his little sweetheart in all ways within the limit of impunity. In neither case had been that ardor of pursuit which is always becoming, and which is almost always necessary with such girls as Harriet and Ellen. Therefore, when courtship began to be avowed, the men were surprised, and Hiram indignant, though much frightened, when their proposals were checked by the girls, who said, smiling, that, having been confined at school so long, they must have rest of indefinite duration, with as much freedom and fun in it as possible. They were lovely girls. None knew that fact better than Hiram and Will, and, I may add, Tom Doster, who lived so near, yet regarded himself as so far away. No doubt from childhood they had looked forward to the destiny which to all minds seemed inevitable. Yet now, become women, they felt that influences of a kind hitherto unknown must accrue before they could consent to take such steps.

Although Tom Doster had never shown, as he was aware of, any preference for either, Hiram, particularly since his own most unexpected discouragement, suspected him of wishing to marry Harriet, and for some time past what had been meant for condescension toward him had given place to a reserve that illy concealed his jealous hostility. If Tom's preference had been for Ellen, such hostility would have been as deep, though different in kind. But in that case he could have given, as he knew, open and effectual expression to it, and this he would have done with his native arbitrary resoluteness, knowing well that his chances of getting Harriet, uncertain as he had been startled to find them, would be reduced to nothing unless Will was to have Ellen in exchange. Tom was aware of this suspicion, which, whether well founded or not, was then known to none besides himself. He had been meeting Hiram's new manners as he had his former, apparently not noticing that they were different from what he might have been better pleased to see. His visits, especially at the Joyners', con-

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tinued as theretofore, infrequent and seemingly, if not really, accidental. Several times, however, within the last six months, when the girls, together or singly, were visiting friends in town, he went there, and—generally with his cousin—called upon them whenever they were elsewhere than at the Ingrams'. In this time Henry Doster had become well acquainted with both; but it was near the end of the spring before he made his long-promised visit to Tom. This occurred only a few days after a call which Hiram, responding to many suggestions from both families thereto, had made upon him.

During the sojourn of a couple of days the cousins paid a visit together to the Mays and Joyners. The easy courteousness of the preacher made a good impression on the mothers. Mrs. Joyner, a much more ardent partisan of Horeb than Mrs. May, said that she could not but wonder and be sorry that such a fine bright young man could ever have become a Methodist preacher. Will and Hiram, as in their mothers' presence they must, behaved with decent hospitality, although Ellen thought her brother might have made fewer allusions to the profession of the principal visitor, and perhaps Harriet would have been more pleased if Will had been less punctiliously gracious.

"Two remarkably fine young women, Tom," Henry said when, having parted from the Joyners, they had mounted their horses for the return. "I wonder you haven't fallen in love with one of them. Indeed I am inclined to suspect you have—perhaps with Miss May, as I noticed that you had rather more to say to her than to the other."

Tom laughed and answered, "Yes, they are very fine girls; but I've never indulged what thoughts I may have let come into my mind occasionally."

"Why not?"

"Oh, reasons enough, Henry, for that."

"Are they actually engaged, think you, either couple?"

"I can't say. If they are not, it amounts to about the same. It has been understood always that it is to be so some time or other, and the girls, knowing that, feel, I suppose, that they needn't be in a hurry. Those boys, I think I have noticed, have been getting impatient about matters. You can see that by their confounded over-politeness to gentlemen in their own houses, which means that gentlemen may take notice that if they come there for any purpose outside of paying ordinary neighborly civilities, they may as well keep away. Ma says she doesn't believe that they are engaged; and she says furthermore," he added, with a not quite hearty smile, "that each of the mothers is anxious for her son's marriage with the other's daughter as soon, and wants her own daughter's put off as late, as possible. It's a right interesting case, is it not, where in the swap each has to give so much boot."

They walked their horses for a while in silence.

"Tom," his cousin at length said, "if you are satisfied that these girls are not engaged, and if you have a feeling in that way, I cannot see why you should repress it, unless you are confident that its indulgence would be hopeless. It is plain to me that both of them like you, and in the looks of each, when the name of her brother's friend was mentioned, especially in the case of Miss May, there was something—well, it seemed to me a sort of pain, indifference—which led her to turn from the subject. Now, my dear old fellow," laying his hand fondly on Tom's shoulder, "I don't ask you for your confidence, though I rather think that I might get what in such a case I should freely give to you; but if, as I suspect, you do love one of these young women, you ought to know that a man is under some bonds to his own heart and its honorable ambitions, and I have never known one who with greater propriety than yourself may feel and use all manful means to the fulfilment of such obligation."

Suddenly turning upon him, Tom said, playfully, "Looky here, my boy, why not take some of that counsel to yourself? There are two of those women and but one of me."

Henry blushed slightly, and looking forward, answered, with solemnity: "My dear Tom, if I should ever look for a wife, my best chances, I suppose, to say nothing of congruity, would be among the Methodists. I doubt if I shall ever marry, bound as I am to an itinerary life, which perhaps no woman whom I could admire sufficiently, especially if she were not of my religious faith, could be expected to endure without complaint. But you," turning to him again—"you, my dear Tom, so upright, energetic, constantly bettering your condition, with promise of

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a career higher, far above those young men, and with a manfuler appreciation than theirs of these young women whom they have not cultivated the manhood to deserve — if you want one of them, and do not believe that you would be interfering with a pre-contract, expressed or implied, I repeat it, you owe it to every behest of your being as a freeman to enter these lists."

They had turned into the grove fronting the house, when, checking their horses simultaneously, they dismounted. There was so much of solemn earnestness in Henry's words that when they had seated themselves upon the projecting roots of one of the oak-trees, Tom told him without reserve the secret that hitherto had been kept within his own breast. Henry, putting his arms around him, and laying his head upon his breast, sobbed in silence for a minute. Then lifting himself upright, he said, with glowing face:

"Oh, Tom! my beloved, my most precious old Tom! Thankful am I, oh, so thankful! Yet I would have chosen to, and I would have prayed to die rather than not, avoid a conflict between your heart and mine! You understand now my earnest wish to look into yours. Give me your hand. Hand in hand we will go to meet these arrogant youths, that already claim what they have never learned how to sue for and to win. Let us commit the issue to God, who, I do not doubt, will order whatever is best for all."

IV.

Promptly began a change in Tom Doster's life. Not neglecting any part of his work, he thenceforth went more frequently not only to the Mays', but the Joyners'; for kindred to his own was the cause of the cousin who had imparted to him the new courage by which he was now inspired. Increased freedom of speech was noticeable at both houses, particularly when one or both of the young men were present. It looked as if he meant to show that he felt himself to be any man's equal in whatever a man may strive with honor to achieve, regarding the risks and dangers for what they were worth, no less, no more. Always having ignored the condescensions of William May, and Hiram Joyner's supercilious reserve, he treated the expression and the withholding of their opinions as if they were of the same importance in his mind as those of any others in the neighborhood. It was plain that he had decided to be necessary not only courage, but timely exhibitions of it. His cousin acted similarly whenever in their society. He saw the girls always when they were in town, and several times within the space of a few weeks had visited them at home, sometimes with Tom, more often alone. Though little used to the society of young women, the instincts of a true lover who had been born and reared a gentleman taught him at once all the manners he needed. Before the summer was ended it began to be talked in the village, and throughout the region between it and the river, that Tom Doster was courting Harriet May and Henry courting Ellen Joyner, both to all appearances with very fair prospects of success. What made the rumor seem more probable was that not one of them, male or female, when joked upon the subject, either admitted or denied.

Hiram had learned at last that his sister, petite, meek, though she was, could not be controlled entirely by his own imperious will. Without speaking to her on the matter, he ruminated silently upon what course he would pursue if he should be convinced that there was any just foundation for it. But William May, outspoken always, determined to find out if possible at least how far Harriet was interested in Tom. One day, after returning from one of the fields, having met Tom, who had just come out of the house seeming in contented humor, he said to his sister:

"Harriet, of course I don't believe a word of this talk that is going the rounds about you and Tom Doster. Yet since his cousin, that everybody is flattering out of his senses, has been coming down here, and following you and Ellen all over town when you go there, Tom has gotten to be as proud as a peacock with a full-spread tail, and he behaves as if he felt himself as good as anybody. What the deuce does it all mean? I never saw Hiram so angry in my life."

"I don't see, brother Will, why Tom Doster should not feel as you describe, about his 'goodness,' as you call it, compared with that of other young men of his acquaintance," she answered, very, very mildly.

"Well, *I* do; for he has neither the property nor the position to warrant."

"He has not indeed the ***property*** that, for instance, you have, or Hiram; but as

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for *position*, you know very well that in this county it is as good as—as anybody's, not only for what depends upon his personal character, but his family, which I have heard pa say was as good as any in all his acquaintance."

"Ay? Well, I merely remark that Hiram is getting furious about the report connecting Ellen's name with that Methodist coxcomb, and he says that it has to stop, otherwise he will forbid his visiting the house. If they were the right sort of men they would both of them, at least less often, come to private houses where they are obliged to know that they are not wanted."

"Brother Will, *I* do not object to the visits of Tom Doster—I, for whom you suppose, perhaps truly, that they are intended mainly, and I have good reason to believe that Ellen feels similarly about those of his cousin. Ma has not forbidden, nor has Mrs. Joyner that I know of, that we receive the visits of these young men, and until that is done I, at least, shall treat them with the same civility with which I have always treated those whom I have taken to be gentlemen."

"My!" he said, pleasantly, as if commending her spirit; "you talk as if you felt independent as a wood-sawyer."

"I know not how independent such a person habitually feels, but I know very well that *I* shall always be a very dependent woman, and so I mean to try to be very careful as to the one on whom I am to depend mainly when—when the time comes. Brother William," she went on, nerved by a feeling stirred by his harsh language, "you and Hiram Joyner have always had some strange notions, and neither of you has had the art, perhaps because you never believed it worth your while, to conceal them. You have acted with me as if you had, and could have had, no other expectation than for me to accept Hiram in marriage whenever he chooses to offer himself, and Hiram has done the same and more with Ellen in her relation to you, and that because such was the surest if not the least troublesome means of accomplishing your own ends. Why could not both, or one of you at least, sue on your own merits?"

"Like Tom Doster, eh?"

"Well," she replied, in yet more animated tone, "if you so mind, I'll answer, YES, Tom Doster! for if he is moving now, or if he ever will be moving, in the matter of which we are talking, it is or it will be on that line, just as he has been doing ever since I have been old enough to form any judgment on his movements compared with other men's. Now, my dear brother, I am going to ask you a question, which, of course, you'll answer directly or not, as you choose. If you felt perfectly sure that Ellen would never consent to marry you, would you be entirely willing for me to take Hiram?"

The question embarrassed him, but it fretted also. He answered, petulantly, looking away from her, "If you'd accept Hiram, Ellen would engage herself to me to-morrow."

"And you would take her on such terms? Yes," blushing with pain, she said, "my own brother virtually admits that he would, if he could, barter his sister to a man in exchange for that man's sister to wife, although well knowing the infirmities of that man's nature, which would make it impossible for any woman of spirit to live with him happily. Well, my brother, I cannot be a party to such a bargain, even if it were possible it could be made. But, oh dear! oh dear! how you have mistaken that dear girl! She is too fine a gentlewoman to talk even with me, her most intimate friend, about such things; but I am without a doubt that Hiram often and often has conducted himself toward her in that same way, but more offensively, according as he has a domineering spirit, which you have not, and little of affectionateness for his sister or anybody else. Now let me tell you: Hiram Joyner's interference has been the worst possible for you. But for it I am inclined to believe that you might have gotten Ellen in time, if you could have shown to her that your hope and your wishes to win her were based only upon honest endeavors to deserve her. As it is, brother Will, whatever chances you may have had are now gone."

"What?" he cried. "You mean to tell me that Ellen Joyner is going to throw herself away on that whining preacher?"

"Brother William!" She was about to respond with the generous indignation provoked by this insult to an absent friend, but she repressed it, and said: "I choose not to betray a trust which Ellen has not given me permission to reveal. I said what I did of the uselessness of any further indulgence of whatever expectation you may have had. Honorable, noble girl

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that she is, she would not object to that, but would rather desire it. I will not say if the man to whom she has given her affections is or is not Henry Doster, of whom my brother, I am sure, forgot himself just now when he spoke in such grossly unkind and unjust words."

"Oh, confound it all! I take that back, of course. Indeed, as between Henry Doster and Tom, I rather think, if I were a woman— However, I ought not to say that, either, to you, though you haven't told me whether or not there's any truth in the blamed report about yourself. The fact is, Harriet, the whole thing has taken me by such surprise that— Hang it all! let it go. I'm left, it seems; and it's some satisfaction to find that out so soon, and by you. All right. I shall bother with the thing no more. I can outlive it, I'm thankful to trust. But Hiram!"

Then he laughed outright, and continued: "Harriet, that young fellow don't know Hiram Joyner. He don't know anything at all about him. You are going to hear of some interesting news when Hiram finds out what you tell me. By-the-way, Cousin Emily told me this morning in town that you and Ellen had promised to spend camp-meeting at her tent."

"Yes, I'm going, if ma does not object. I haven't asked her yet."

"Methodist stock seems to be rising down here on Ogeechee. Wonder what old man Bullington will think of that; and Hiram— I tell you, and you may tell the rest of them, that when that boy finds out how things are, they'll hear from him."

He rose, and mounting his horse again, galloped back to the field. Mrs. May, coming in shortly afterward, asked what had they been talking about so loud that she could hear their voices from the door of the kitchen, where she had been standing. When Harriet had answered, she sat down, and after some reflection, said:

"Ah, well! Your father and Mr. Joyner set a great deal by the hopes they had about their children. If they could have lived to raise their boys so as to be fit for making the right sort of husbands, things might have been different. As it is, they've nobody to blame but themselves, though I've always tried to count on nothing else than for poor William to get Ellen. It would have been the making of him. As for Hiram, I was always afraid of such as that with his rough temper, and his disposition to rule everybody about him. But poor Will!"

Then she shed tears.

"But, Harriet"—suddenly rousing herself—"if I was in yours and Ellen's place, after such a—I suppose I may call it disappointment—I just declare I wouldn't be engaging myself to the first man that offered himself. I have nothing against Thomas, who is a good, industrious young man; but I've never even so much as dreamed of your marrying him. The whole thing has taken me by such surprise that I hardly know what to say about it. As for his cousin Henry, I don't know that I ever met a more gentlemanly, well-mannered young man, and between the two, even if he is a Methodist preacher— Oh, you needn't be smiling in that way, when I'm in dead earnest."

"I beg pardon, ma. I was smiling at your speaking so positively just after declaring that you knew not what to say. I am not going to act precipitately in this matter, my dear mother, and I shall hope to have your approval of whatever I may conclude to do. I'm not much surprised at your preference for Henry over Tom, partly because he is *not* in Tom's place, and partly because you consider him more brilliant perhaps; and I haven't a doubt that Mrs. Joyner has put before poor dear Ellen the same comparison reversed, emphasizing Tom's being such a good Baptist."

"You are right there," replied the mother, her natural cheerfulness somewhat restored. "I was over there a little while this morning when you and Ellen went to the Andersons'. Hiram came in where his mother and I were, and he went on terribly about Henry Doster."

"What did Mrs. Joyner say?"

"Not one word. She knows she can't stop Hiram when he begins. But I told the young gentleman plain that I didn't agree with a word he said about him."

"I'm glad you did. Bless your dear heart, ma, it was like you to refuse to hear in silence abuse of a man who in your opinion had fairly supplanted your own son. Hiram will not hurt Henry Doster by such talk, especially in the estimation of Ellen, learned as she has at last to ignore his imperiousness. If it hadn't been for him, Ellen, I do believe, would have taken brother Will. *His* constant dogged interference prevented. Did he say anything against Tom?"

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"Didn't mention Tom's name; but his mother did, and while she was praising Tom to the skies he looked out the window, and let on as if he were not hearing. Poor sort of behavior, to my opinion. Well! well! but it showed that if he finds out there's anything serious between Ellen and Henry Doster, he'll do his very best to break it up. They are the strongest kind of Baptists, you know; that is, all except Hiram, who, I'm afraid, has no religion of any sort; at least not enough to do him any good; but Ellen and her mother are, Mr. Joyner being the original starter of Horeb; and Hiram, if he can't work it with Ellen, will bring in old Brother Bullington and set him at his mother. I pity the poor little thing when that's the case."

Then Mrs. May laughed, this charitable thought having brought that much relief. Harriet joined in heartily to enhance this frame of her mother's mind. Indeed Mrs. May, though a good Baptist woman, would say sometimes that in her opinion there were in the world people as good as those of her own denomination—an admission that Mrs. Joyner might have feared and Mr. Bullington would have known to be imprudent.

This good man lived in a small house with a small farm attached, about a mile north of the Dosters', and about half that distance from Horeb. Tall like Mr. Swinger, but much heavier both in body and in spirit, gloomy-looking at all times, his brows grew darker at any thought of harm done or meditated either against himself or the religious faith of which for many years he had been a very bold, a very loud, and a reasonably acceptable public exponent. It was not often that he laughed, although he did laugh; at least he tried to laugh sometimes when he had gained some personal or denominational triumph, or believed he had some well-founded hope of it. The seasons of his heartiest gayety, if the word could be employed fitly in his case, were wedding feasts, the degrees of his enjoyment thereat depending upon contingencies. Country churches in those times contributed but small stipends to their pastors, some excusing themselves with the authority that at its first institution, and admitted to have been done then at its very best, preaching of the gospel was furnished without money and without price. Mr. Bullington perhaps had never said so in words, yet he honestly suspected that somewhere or other there might be a flaw in this argument. Still he felt contented to think that the sums received from his four churches, with the occasional mite dropped in from a fifth Sunday, were at least as much as he could have earned had his powers been exerted in other professional or in agricultural endeavors. Specially consoling and grateful was the supplementary help of fees, ranging from one dollar to five, obtained from liberal happy bridegrooms; so much so that he was a noted encourager of marriages among his own flocks, not only early but repeated, whenever death had made them possible. At wedding feasts, notably when the enclosure in the license was at maximum or approximate, and when he was full up to the brim of good things, his struggles to be merry like the rest were both commendable and interesting. If his face on such occasions could have corresponded with his huge body, those efforts would have been entirely, even immensely, satisfactory. As it was, when his sides were shaking, that countenance, as if restrained by its sense of duty behind expression of hilarity not becoming his sacred office, took on a most painful sternness that seemed to fix a just equilibrium.

For two or three years last past he had been counting upon being called to the Mays' and the Joyners' on some fine evenings at candle-light, where he would feel sure—they being the richest and most liberal among all his people—that handsome things would be done for him who should tie the knots as fond as indissoluble. Only once had he encountered face to face his rival, Mr. Swinger, and the latter admitted afterward that he had had the worst of it. Now that Mr. Swinger, or any other Methodist preacher, would come within the verge of Horeb on a mission which, next to his public ministrations, it had ever been his fondest pleasure to serve, had not entered his mind, liable as it was to gloomy apprehensions. Therefore, when the report arose about Ellen Joyner and Henry Doster, a sprout, as it were, from the trunk of Mr. Swinger, he tried to scout it as an evil, malicious, idle tale. Yet he could not but be anxious, and while meditating on his own most prudent line of action, news came that both the girls were going to the camp-meeting, now at hand.

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"Thar, now!" he exclaimed to his wife; for of these occasions he ever had a dread, not unmingled with horror. "However, mighty nigh everybody, special young people, will go to that whirlypool. A body must try and hope for the best."

But a deep groan told that this reflection had brought no relief.

V.

To an old-time Georgian it is very pleasing now to recall the camp-meetings of the long ago, particularly those in the county wherein the scenes recorded in this story are laid. Four miles south of Gateston, and nearly one mile distant from the public thoroughfare, ground of about ten acres, parallelogram in shape, had been selected by the Methodists for this purpose shortly after the first settlement of that region. Here the level land on three sides ended, and at a few rods' distance in their front declined several feet, becoming somewhat precipitous shortly after leaving the camp at a spot where was a spring of abundant cool water. A large wooden shed, called "The Stand," without floor or weather-boarding, capable of covering, say, four thousand persons, stood near the centre. Rudely constructed tents of unplaned boards, also without floors, were on three sides, and on the only rising ground of the last was one floored and otherwise more elaborate, known as "The Preachers' Tent"; for the clergy, married and single, during the camp, which lasted four days, not often longer, were domiciled together, but took their meals promiscuously among the tent-holders.

Observing the wagons and ox-carts during a couple of days before, laden with household goods of every kind, moving in one direction, a stranger might be led to suspect that a large number of the population were emigrating to foreign parts. By Friday night, where three days ago naught of animate nature was to be seen except the birds and gray squirrels in the surrounding forest, was a village of several hundreds of inhabitants ready for the entertainment of relatives, friends, acquaintances, and strangers of almost every degree. On either side of the passage, extending from the front to the eating-place in the rear of each tent, were the sleeping chambers. In front was a shed to defend from the sun's rays the men who sat there and smoked cigars and chatted, while the women, except at night, and not often then, remained within. Behind the tent was another shed for the cook and her utensils. If she slept anywhere, I suspect it must have been under the dining table. Further yet in the rear were rail pens holding pigs, lambs, and domestic fowls. Vehicles of burden travelled back and forth continually for supplies for the ever-threatening void. Hundreds of wagon-loads of wheat and oat straw were brought daily to be spread afresh upon the ground inside. Beyond the carriageways, some near the edge, some deeper within the woods, were booths whereat one could purchase cigars, confections of various kinds, and perhaps, in a quiet way, a bottle or a flask with something which could not be licensed, but which claimed to be excellently good, considering everything. At night the grounds were lit with bonfires kindled from pine knots upon wood scaffolds thickly covered with earth. Public services were held four times a day, at eight and eleven in the forenoon, three in the afternoon, and candle-light. All were expected to rise from bed for morning prayers, which were offered by one of the preachers or other pious person, and to retire at bedtime, the signal for both which occasions being announced by a long tin trumpet. After the services for the whites were over, reasonable time was allowed to the negroes beneath the trees in the rear of the stand, who, then as now, preferred to do their own worship among themselves.

The numbers eating at any one of these tables in many rounds of seatings were very large. People from all parts of the county, from several adjoining—cotton factors and merchants from Augusta and Savannah, from Milledgeville and Macon, some with pious, the greater number with other intents—resorted there. Housewives vied among one another in putting forth abundance and variety of hospitable entertainment. As for Gateston, particularly on Saturday and Sunday, not a fourth of its population would be left at home, those not having tents, and many of other religious denominations, unwilling to endure the solitude, repairing, some with their wives and young children, to the general rendezvous.

On the east side—called by humbler folk "Quality Row," because taken by

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the leading families—were the Ingrams, whereat the Mays and Joyners sojourned, not only the girls, but the young men also. Tom Doster, although invited there, was busy with saving his crop of fodder, and did not appear until Sunday, and that with expectation of returning home in the afternoon.

Among the clergy were several possessed of a high order of eloquence, and others less gifted in this regard, but hoping ter the first prayer and the second hymn, for from nearly every tent door the pulpit could be observed, or, when not, the speaker could be guessed from the numbers seen hurrying to the stand.

Mr. Swinger, devoted with all his heart to his calling, always feeling prepared with a sermon of any length requisite upon any text of Scripture, yet, with becoming consideration for visiting brethren, had requested that he be not called



ALLEN SWINGER AND JERRY POUND.

to make up by abundant strength of lungs habituated to sounding on loftiest keys platitudes of warning, mainly upon the conditions of the infernal world. With four sermons a day, most persons, except the notably devout, as well inside as outside the denomination, the young especially, elected which they would attend. It was in vain that, in order to prevent such discrimination, announcements were withheld, and it could not be known who was to preach at any particular hour until afupon during the meeting, proposing, however, to "do the ex'ortin'," as he styled it, after the sermon of Henry Doster, which had been appointed for Sunday night.

"Young man like Henry, you know, brothin, it 'll mayby sorter encourage him up in the back to know his old father, as I calls myself, is behind thar a-ready and a-waitin' to prize him out if he git stuck in his first camp-meetin' splurgin'. He's a powerful modest boy, but if he can keep his head clear before so many people, I

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sha'n't be oneasy; for the thing's in him, if he can fetch her out. Let me back him up in his first off-start. He know, Henry Dawster do, he can 'pend on old Allen Swinger till everything turn blue."

I should remark here that although he had not sought from his young friend the confidence which he doubted not his having good reasons for withholding, yet he had been intensely interested in the rumor connecting him with Ellen Joyner, and he had been as deeply resentful as so pious a man could be at what he had heard of Hiram's fierce hostility, as evinced by utterances not only most disrespectful, but threatening, toward Henry. Other things had contributed to put him rather out of his accustomed humor by this time. A much smaller number of mourners than with some confidence he had counted on, had responded to most persuasive and urgent appeals to come up to the altar. Never before, it seemed to him, had sinners been more obdurately unconcerned about their spiritual condition. More talk than usual, he felt sure in his mind, had been about politics, crops, money-making in general, county and neighborhood news, than at any camp-meeting in he would not like to say how long. Lastly, there was a matter of family trouble on his mind. Jerry Pound, son of his own dear widowed sister, a great lubberly careless fellow, his mother had besought her brother to try yet again to do something with, as it did seem to her that he cared no more for his soul's salvation than if he never had a soul to be saved. Mr. Swinger during the two past days had held some talk with the youngster what times he had been able, spite of his dodging, to catch him within hearing, and had become sufficiently disgusted with the little impression made by his remonstrances. That very evening he had said to Jerry, loud enough to be overheard by several young persons of both sexes who were sitting or standing near: "Jerry Pound, your hide's as tough as the jography books tells about them rhinoserouses that it ain't worth a man's while to shoot a rifle at 'em; and your back is hard same as a logger-head turkle that you has to put a coal of fire on him before he'll move when he don't want to. But never you mind."

It was not that Jerry was not a hard-working youth; but ever since he had grown too big to be whipped for doing such things slyly, he was in the habit of playing marbles openly on Sundays, and going with others to the creek a-swimming, and by his mother was suspected even of occasional swearing.

On the whole, therefore, the state of mind in which Mr. Swinger found himself all that afternoon was far from confident or cheerful. Yet he was not a man to be put back by such considerations from the prosecution of his duty. Indeed they conspired to make him more eager to put forth his word of exhortation. He said afterward:

"Fact of the business, I were sorter mad, and I *had* to let out. Then, spite of it all, I couldn't be conwinced in my very bones that so much good preachin' and ex'ortin', and so much hard wrastlin' in praar, was a-goin' to be let frazzle out jes so to the little end o' nothin'. I had heerd older people than me say the darkest time o' night is jes before day, and I determ'ed to govern myself accordin'."

Thus far Henry Doster had seen little of the Ogeechee girls except when in the great congregation, or at the Ingram tent doorway when happening to be walking past. People said that it looked well that at such a solemn time he postponed for a more exalted society that of Ellen Joyner, whom they were sure that, preacher as he was, he was dying to be with. Once—Saturday afternoon it was—he did stop in for a few minutes only, but even then he talked more with Harriet than her. At the time of this visit Will May was not present, being at the tent near by, where Miss Mary Anderson, whose family dwelt across the river, was staying. Hiram was on hand, and sticky as a leech, some said. He barely nodded to the visitor on his entrance, and when the latter left, was so absorbed in the Milledgeville *Recorder*, a weekly newspaper then four days old, that he did not notice him.

As soon as Tom reached the camp on Sunday, leaving his horse at the public lot, he repaired to the Ingrams', where he expressed himself sorry to decline the invitation to dinner, being under promise to one of his neighbors, a humble man on the opposite row. Mrs. Ingram declared that she was just as mad as she could be; but she was appeased when he said that, having decided to remain until after the night service, he would sup there.

"And don't he look splendid?" she said to Harriet when he had gone out to sit with the men under the front shed. "I

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"AND DON'T HE LOOK SPLENDID?"

declare, when a man like Tom Doster, who has been working hard all the week, comes out on a Sunday in his nice broadcloth and the other nice things he's got to put on, I— But bless your heart, child, I've got too much business on my hands to be running on about Tom Doster; and indeed, handsome as he is, I think Henry— However, many birds of many kinds, and I've got to miss Brother Duncan's sermon, and look after Simon and that pig on the pit. Mr. Ingram will have a duck-fit if it isn't barbecued just right."

Merrily she kissed her beautiful cousin, and retreated to those regions in the rear, out of which to this day it remains a mystery to me, and to all except such housewives as she was, what breakfasts and dinners and suppers, and handings round on waiters between times, were

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evolved. When a man far away from such scenes, both in space and in years, begins to talk about them, he is prone to indulge too fondly. He cannot at least but love to muse, amid other recollections, on those long, so long ago camp-meeting days, and more on those camp-meeting nights. Religiously inclined, earnestly so, indeed, but not taking part in the exciting scenes which so many with varying purposes gathered there to witness, when the bugle would sound the call for silence and repose, when even all mourners' wailings would be hushed, it was a pleasant thing to take a rustic chair, and leaning against a post of the tent, sit and listen to the night music then rising in the woods, and dream, and dream, and dream of hopes and destinies for this life and the life eternal.

VI.

Tom had never heard his cousin preach, and having found out somehow that he was to do so that night, remained, intending to return after the sermon, although he was to ride more than a dozen miles. He supped at the Ingrams', accepting, as if both were the same to him, the superfluous politeness of Will and the stiff reserve of Hiram. When it was time to go to the stand, he offered his arm to the hostess, who, taking it, said:

"You all see what a genuinely polite man can do. Tom, these boys, not since here have they been, has either of them proposed to take me to the stand."

"Why, Cousin Emily," said Will, "you have been so busy with culinary and other domestic affairs that I hardly believe you've been to the stand since the meeting began."

"Makes no odds, sir; you should have offered your services the same. But come on: they are already singing the first hymn. I wouldn't go now, but Mr. Ingram told me this evening as a great secret, which I hope it is no harm to reveal now, that Henry was to preach to-night. Viney will have to attend to the next table, as I've got to hear Henry, no matter how the supper goes."

As she moved off with her escort, Hiram, almost loud enough for Tom to hear, said to Ellen, "I'll bet my ears he don't go home to-night."

"Why brother!" exclaimed Ellen.

"Come; let us be going," said Harriet, taking Will's arm.

This movement in punishment of his rude speech angered him painfully. He spoke not, however, but giving his arm to Ellen, followed the rest. Tom and Mrs. Ingram got seats about midway. The others seated themselves several benches behind them. The lad Jerry Pound, as if he would be seen in fine company, put himself immediately behind the two couples.

"Hello! Jerry," whispered Will, during the singing of the second hymn; "you here?"

"Oh yes, Mr. May. Ma and Unk Allen, spite of us bein' pressed with fodder pullin', wanted me to come, and I thought I'd as well come and see the crowd and what's goin' on."

"Things haven't been as stirring and lively as usual this camp-meeting, have they?"

"No—no *sir*. Unk Allen say the very old scratch is to pay in this congregation; but he say he mean to see if he can't head him before the meetin's over."

"Haven't got religion yourself yet, Jerry, it seems?"

"Not quite, sir," he answered, giggling. "Unk Allen been talkin' to me straight up and down when he could come up with me. I been dodgin' him because he talk so brash. He say I'm so fur gone, he's afeared *salt* couldn't save me."

Henry Doster already had gotten some reputation as a speaker, although his efforts had been expended mainly among the humbler churches of the circuit. These not his cultured tastes nor his love and courtship had availed to make him neglect, even when, more than once, in order to fill an appointment, he had to swim his horse over a creek swollen by rains.

"He have the right sperrit about him," said one day good old Mr. Hood, who for thirty-five years and more had been fighting his way among "them Baptisses that jes swarms about and around Long's Bridge and Buffler Creek. He behave like he don't set hisself above the poorest and the iginantest of us all, and my opinions is, if his life's spar'd, he's goin' to weed a wide row in the pulpit."

That night, when he rose and looked out upon the vast audience before him, it was apparent that, besides the sense of solemn responsibility, he labored with much embarrassment. His face, handsome always, now had a beauty almost marvellous. The tinge upon his cheek,

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destined soon to deepen, already appeared, as with some trembling of voice he began. Pious as he was, man-like also in all his instincts, he was not conscious of any reference to himself in the meditation that led to his text: "A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven." Yet, on its announcement, Will May mischievously winked at Hiram, and whispered, "He's aiming at us, Hiram."

"Please be silent!" whispered Harriet, in pained remonstrance. Hiram answered not, but his grim visage as he looked at the preacher showed that he regarded himself as defied, if not already insulted by him.

It appeared soon that the speaker was competent to take all the benefit which the Roman master of eloquence had taught may be gathered from embarrassment by an orator, honorable, gifted, and duly inspired with a sense of the importance of his theme. His hair, worn long as was the habit then, trembled as he spoke with tenderness of the estate of poverty, the seeming mysteriousness of its ever-during existence in all communities, notwithstanding our Lord's tender commiseration, the necessity of that continued existence in accordance with the economy of Him who, instead of chiding, had dignified it, lauded, lived in it while in the form of humanity, blessed it in word and work, and warned mankind against its maltreatment, even its neglect. He had been speaking but a few minutes when it was felt by all that a great light had risen newly in the Church. When he had gotten fairly to the discussion of his subject he poured forth an unbroken stream of eloquence to the end. Not dispraising riches, instead he highly commended efforts to obtain them by industry, frugality, and all fair methods, and for purposes reconcilable with the claims of charity and religion. He held up to scorn the miser, but the spendthrift he denounced with greater severity. Among many things, he said:

"We cannot but feel some compassion for the unhappy miser who in his insane dread of want denies to himself even the necessaries of his being. Yet at last is there not something of the remains of lost manhood in thus looking with apprehension, vain as it is, of becoming dependent in old age upon the charity of mankind? Indeed yea. Instead of him, even him, it is the spendthrift who, rioting in the inheritance devolved upon him from the industry of his forefathers, is of all most to be despised. The miser, as if he expected to live forever, works and saves, saves and works, in terror of dependence at some period remote, when his lovers and friends, few as they may be, will have departed and left him alone. In the case of such a man, along with what is less contempt than pity, we must mingle some respect for the relic of a nobleness that his own hands cannot wholly destroy. But the spendthrift! Counting not upon immortality in his earthly being, and not even upon the entire indestructibility of what others have gathered for his enjoyment, which he sees wasting continually in his profligate hands, he complacently expects its loss to be supplemented by earnings from the sweating labors of others, living or dead, and such a one, of all men, seems to me the least of a man."

Fine was the peroration in which he compared the love of money, even when fairly obtained and neither meanly hoarded nor recklessly squandered, with other loves, as social, domestic, above all, the love of God, in which all true loves meet and by which they are regulated. During this splendid declamation, to some, perhaps to but one, yet certainly to her, his face seemed radiant as a seraph's. When it was ended he looked around for a moment appealingly, then bowing low, sat down, and immediately after his successor had risen, left the pulpit and disappeared. Simultaneously Tom, taking leave of Mrs. Ingram, retired, and getting his horse, left for home.

The effect of the sermon all through its delivery was signal. Interjectional expressions, first few and constrained, became more frequent and audible in and around the pulpit and the enclosed space in front called the altar. Mr. Swinger's deportment throughout was interesting. At first his face indicated apprehension extremely painful. Soon he lifted his bowed head and looked with beaming face upon the audience, as the youthful orator went every moment higher beyond his most eager hopes. Fearing he might embarrass him by too hearty manifestations of delight, now he would bow his face low, covering it tightly with his hands, and now lift it on high and sternly contemplate the rafters above, or endeavor to peer through the darkness into the forest behind, as if not cognizant of

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what was going on before him or indifferent to it. Often he crossed his legs and recrossed them, or pressing his knees together held them fast in his arms clasped beneath, as if without such precautionary restraint they would kick, in front or back, the boarding from the pulpit. When the sermon was ended, with a voice heard in the stilly night more than a mile away, he shouted, "Glory be to God!" and it was echoed by hundreds of tongues.

Ellen and Harriet both rose in tears.

"Let's quit this place," said Hiram, rising, low, but his face livid with anger.

"Not yet," answered Ellen, wiping her eyes. "Go if you wish, brother, and Will also, if he's tired. Harriet and I can get back to the tent by ourselves."

"Oh no," said Will; "let us stay, Hiram, and see them through. Old man Swinger is on his high horse, and we'll have some tall riding."

Hiram resumed his seat, and leaning back looked with disdain at Mr. Swinger as he rose with both arms wide extended: "Brothin and sisters," he began, "the fact of the business is, I don't feel like exhortin' this here congregation, away up here in this here pulpit. We've been a-invitin' o' these people two days, and this make three nights, and we been polite as if we been a-askin' 'em to a weddin' or a candy-pullin', and up tell now and *down* tell now they been a monst'ous few that they have seem to keer no more for keepin' theirselves out of fire and brimstone nor not as much as when they tryin' to prize out one o' their waggins that's been stallded in a mud-hole. And the long and short of it is, I'm a-goin' to git out o' here and go to chargin' on 'em; and" (slightly turning his face rearward) "I want Henry Dawster—Godamighty bless his soul *and* body!—I want him when he rest awhile, and he see me a-wantin' o' help—I want him to foller me and charge on. Time he was a-beginnin' to learn how to charge, well as ockepy the pulpit."

Descending and slowly advancing, in language and tones mingled of disgust, admonition, command, threatening, he roared: "All you everlastin' sinners and worldlyans, them among you that they feel that if you ain't anxious, you some ruther keep out of hell than go thar, I want you to come into this here altar here, and drap down on your marrer-bones and acknowledge to Godamighty ef not quite all, some of the biggest o' your meanness, and beg Him if He can't be kind enough and condescendin' enough to spar' you. Come on," he thundered, as they began to pour in, "come a right along. It ain't yit quite too late, but it's a been a-gittin' late on you, and that rapid. O you money-gitters, and you money-lovers, with your broadcloth and your high-heel boots, and them that's too stingy to buy 'em! O you that has land and niggers and horses and mules and cattle and sheep and hogs, and all the 'purtenances to them a-belongin', and a-expectin' all them to foller you to the grave, and wait on you and pomper you thar, and some of you the more you've got, the meaner and stingier you've got, and it's come to that that whut you've got does you no more good than the fifth wheel of a waggin, and so the good-for-nothiner you've got, all of you come along: that's a right: come a right along! It may be a hard p'ints for the old ship o' Zion to take you all aboard with all your ongodly baggages of sin and wickedness; she have to k'yar for some of the torndownishest among you. But come along; she'll take you on, even if you sink her. And them that mayn't feel like a-comin' plum' in *to* the altar, let them knuckle down whar they sets, and we'll try to do somethin' for 'em even thar."

By this time he had advanced quite near where our party was seated. The girls, following the suit of Mrs. Ingram, who, at Tom Doster's departure, had moved and taken a seat by them, kneeled upon the straw, and William May, half reclining, leaned his head upon the bench in front of him. But Hiram rose, and standing erect, conspicuous among hundreds, confronted the preacher. The latter, as he admitted afterward, felt violently aroused all the native combative temper of his being before this enemy of all goodness, especially of his beloved Henry. He paused a moment, as if revolving how best to meet such audacious defiance of one of whose personal malignant hostility he was well convinced; then, regarding him with scorn, burst forth thus:

"Yes: and you conceited, extravagant, impident young chaps, that I ain't shore but whut you're the triflin'est of the whole lot, that you do nothin' but run about and spend the money your daddies worked for, and died and left you, and a-spendin' it on nobody and on nothin' but your

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own kyarcasses, and then mayby a-expectin' to marry them that got prop'ty when whut you got is done squandered and gone—I pass sech as you by as them that's made up their mind to go to the devil whut not; and if so be, why, go, and Godamighty, *if* He can, have mercy on your mean, ornary, good-for-nothin' souls!"

Waving his hand with contempt, he took another stride, when an object of nearer interest was presented before him. For several minutes Jerry Pound, not able to back himself through the pressing throngs, had been crawling, or so endeavoring, beneath the benches, and at this moment had risen, perhaps to get more air, climbing by one of the pillars of the arbor, behind which he tried to dodge from his uncle. When the latter espied him he laughed aloud, and with the fiercest glee shouted:

"Oh, you needn't be a-tryin' to dodge behind that thar post, Jerry Pound. Ye're like a rabbit that's ben runned into his holler, and you got to twist him out with a forked stick. To think, my own sister's son, that's made her peace with the good Lord a long ago, and with the egzample of sech a mother, and at sech a time when he see this people's hearts a-workin' up, and him a-tryin' to dodge the onliest uncle he's got, and hide behind the arbor post ruther'n he'll have saved his everlastin' no-'count soul!—I declar' it's jest too bad for a body to put up with for ary use under the sun. Ih hi! you dodger! You find you can't dodge to the extent you been a-countin' on. Oncet or twicet before I didn't know but whut I had you; but you that slick and slickery that a body, same as a eel, they got to put sand in their hand to git a livin' holt on you. Come along here, sir."

Fastening his teeth together as if to restrain intemperate wrath and objurgation, he caught the fugitive by the arm and dragged him with such force that when he reached the aisle, partially cleared by the people, he fell prone upon his knees. Then Mr. Swinger, seizing his coat collar with one hand, and with the other the trousers around his middle, and crying, "Cler the way thar for this waggin-load of ini-quitty!" made for the altar. Arrived there, he released Jerry's collar, and let his head come down quick but unhurt among the abundant oat straw, saying, "Thar! anyhow you shall go through the motions."

Then high above the cries of mourners and shouters rose the jubilant wail of Mrs. Pound, as, pushing her way within, she lifted her great turkey-tail and fanned her son, wedged among the kneeling multitudes. Mr. Swinger, panting, turned toward the pulpit and cried:

"And now, Henry, my boy, I ain't agzactly broke down, but I'm a tired a-haulin' and a-totin' o' that mess. And yet," softening to the prostrate boy, "there is many a heavier load in this congregation than whut that poor orphan boy is, which he's hard-workin' as the days is long, and 'twer'n' for his playin' marbles of a Sunday and sich, ef he had grace he'd be the ekal of many that think theirselves far above him. But come along, Henry, and go to chargin' awhile tell my wind come farly back. Whar's Henry?"

One of the preachers whispered that Henry had left the pulpit and the stand immediately after his sermon. The words of disappointment, if any were uttered, were silenced by the lifting of a hymn, during the singing of which many, in answer to Mr. Swinger's charge, and many more in spite of it, came and kneeled within and around the altar.

Such was the beginning of a revival long remembered, in which many were added to the Church.

VII.

During the sermon of Henry Doster the attention of all persons, even those of moderate culture, had been fixed by the power which an eloquence unrivalled in their experience must exert. He had transcended all expectation, showing at the same time that he had kept a reserve of strength yet greater. Many times during its delivery the girls most interested in his endeavor shed tears, Harriet as freely as Ellen. Even William May was touched with something like a generous enthusiasm, under the impulse of which, at the close, he said to Harriet:

"I didn't dream that he had such powers. It beat anything I ever heard."

When the charge of Mr. Swinger was over, smiling he looked at Hiram, whose face was red-hot with resentment.

"Will," said the latter, "if Ellen wants to stay longer in this cursed place, you can see her to the tent. I want to speak to a person outside."

He left at once, and passing out, made for the preachers' tent, and inquired for

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Henry Doster. He was answered that Henry on his return from the stand had thrown on his overcoat and walked out, saying that he would stroll for a while in the woods at the rear. Hiram walked back and forth for some time; then returned to the tent. The girls had retired. Never had he felt so wrathful. He believed fully that it had been preconcerted between Henry Doster and Mr. Swinger, that this movement, covert in one, audaciously open in the other, was to be made upon him. In vain Will May, who said he suspected nothing of the kind, advised him to let the matter drop.

"Hiram," he said, "I'm afraid you are going to do something imprudent. Henry Doster alluded no more to you than to me, or to any other young man of our habits. He is too much of a gentleman to have meant anything personal of any individual in a pulpit discourse. As for old man Swinger, you worried him by rising when you did, and getting as it were in his path with threatening look. He can't stand a dare, being plucky to the backbone. Let's drop it and go to bed."

But Hiram sat before the tent for hours and brooded.

On the next morning Henry Doster came there to hold prayers and to breakfast. All met his courteous salutation with heartiness except Hiram, who, not appearing at prayers, and coming to the breakfast-table after the blessing was asked, did not notice the reverend guest.

"Mr. Swinger came down heavy on sinners in general last night, Mr. Ingram," said a young man who sat near the host.

"Oh yes," answered Mr. Ingram; "the old gentleman has his ways; but if there are any better men, I don't know where to go to find them."

"Some of his remarks," said Hiram, "were grossly insulting to me, at whom they were openly pointed. But he has not the education nor the breeding to behave otherwise. In this case I have no doubt he was put up to it by some one else."

Mr. Ingram frowned. Henry paused in his eating, his face pale and his eyes dilating. Ellen hastily retired from the table. Harriet, her cheeks slightly reddening, glanced momentarily at Hiram; then, having caught Henry Doster's eye, put her finger to her lips. Instantly he smiled, and addressed a remark to Mr. Ingram upon a subject so remote from Mr. Swinger that Hiram, anguishing from the contempt thus put upon his words, rose also before his breakfast was finished, and as Henry was in the act of leaving the tent, said to him, abruptly,

"I wish to have a few words with you in private, sir."

"Certainly, Mr. Joyner. They told me at our tent last night that you had called for me, and it was partly for that I came here this morning. Shall we take a walk?"

"Yes, sir, wherever you say."

"We will go to yonder woods, then," he said, pointing beyond the preachers' tent.

When they had gone, Ellen said to her friend, "Oh, Harriet! Harriet! brother is beside himself. After that insult at the breakfast-table, there's no telling what he'll say or do when he gets Henry off to himself. I'm almost sorry I didn't tell him everything."

"It would have made matters worse, my dear. Be sure that Tom's counsel is the best, and don't be afraid but that Henry will take care of himself."

"Poor brother has started the issue, as I knew he would; but I did not expect for it to come in that way."

"Nor I; yet it is the very best in which it could have come. It's just a piece of splendid luck; that's what it is. Oh, I'm so glad that Tom went home last night! Cheer up, little one. It will all come right, and the sooner for that very walk that Hiram is taking with Henry."

Then she put her arms around Ellen, and almost bore her to their chamber.

"Come straight with me and finish that breakfast, miss," said Mrs. Ingram, entering the room. Ellen obeyed, and neither referred to the occasion of her having left the table. Yet the hostess could not forbear saying to Harriet afterward: "Somebody will have to put a straitjacket on Hiram if his foolishness is not stopped. I've never seen Mr. Ingram so angry. He declares that but for Ellen and his mother he would have ordered him from the table and the tent. But *did* ever a man show the gentleman more beautifully than Henry Doster? I don't blame Ellen for being so in love with him: she just couldn't help it."

"He did indeed. Hiram is either worse or he has less sense than I thought. But he'll see that his conduct will have expedited what he hopes to prevent."

"How?"

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"Never mind now. You'll see before long."

"I wish I hadn't invited him to this tent."

"*I* am glad you did, and thankful that he came."

The woods in the rear of the preachers' tent, to the extent of twenty acres or so, by immemorial usage were regarded as not to be entered during the camp except by the clergy or others accompanied by one or more of them. Hither these were wont to resort, sometimes in twos and threes, sometimes singly, in the intervals of their service at the stand, for the sake of exercise and meditation. Thither these young men wended.

"The fall will soon be upon us, you notice, Mr. Joyner," said the preacher, pointing to the browning and yellowing of the forest leaves, as they were entering.

"My object," answered the other, "was not to discuss the seasons with you, sir, but—"

"I did not so understand your request for an interview," was the quick reply; "but I suggest that we postpone reference to the matter you have on your mind until we reach a spot where we may consider it without incurring risk of being observed."

"As you please, sir."

Nothing more was said by either until they had proceeded a distance of a couple of hundred yards, to a spot where was a dense growth of dogwood and crab-apple. Here Henry halted, and seating himself, he looked up mildly, and said:

"Well, sir, as your business seems urgent, too much so to be put off until I can get through with some rather pressing engagements, I am now at your service."

His calmness, so different from what he had expected, irritated Hiram yet more. He said, bluntly, as he well knew how: "I've been intending for some time to tell you, sir, that I wanted you to stop your visits to my house and your attentions to my sister."

"Why have you not done so, Mr. Joyner, before now, when you find me so preoccupied?"

"Because I have not had a suitable opportunity, sir. I intended to wait until the camp-meeting was over, and would have done so but for your thrusting forward last night that old ruffian to insult and outrage me, and I determined then to wait no longer. I sought you last night, but was not able to find you."

"So they informed me at our tent on my return from a walk. To whom do you allude in your use of the word 'ruffian'?"

"I allude, as in spite of your pretended ignorance you know very well, to old Mr. Swinger."

"I did suspect indeed that you were referring to that gentleman, startled as I was that a man young as you would speak thus of one so much your elder, whom you must know to be held in much respect, indeed in much reverence, wherever he is known."

At that moment a slight noise among the leaves was heard, and a gray squirrel came tripping along and made for a large poplar-tree near by, in a fork of which was a nest. Arrived there, the pretty thing turned suddenly, ran up an adjacent oak, and halting on one of the lower branches, commenced chattering earnestly, as if in admonition to the two men below. Henry Doster looked up as, brandishing its full-spread tail, it continued to pour forth.

"Your attention, sir!" said Hiram, in commanding tone.

"I crave pardon, sir," pleasantly bowing, Henry answered. "It was doubtless a mere vagary of my thoughts to imagine for a moment if that little beast were trying to express its regret for the words with which you just now characterized so excellent a man as the Reverend Mr. Swinger. As a matter of fact I aver most positively that I did not know beforehand a word that he was going to say in his exhortation last night, if that was the occasion of his fancied offence to yourself; indeed," he added, smiling, "I doubt if *he* knew, as he usually speaks on such occasions according to the inspiration that he feels prompted by. However, passing that by for the time, and referring to your first remark, wherein you notify me of your wishes regarding *your* house, as you style it, and some attentions that I have had the honor to pay to your sister, I will answer that my impression all along has been that the mansion in which you reside along with your mother and her belonged to them jointly with yourself, and having been treated by them on the few occasions when I have been there with much courteousness, I am not quite sure that I shall observe that portion of your demand; but I think

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—yes, I rather think that, at least for some time, I will."

"*I* rather think you will, sir."

"Perhaps you do. It concerns me little whether you do or not. As to the other portion, I must say to you frankly that I shall pay no sort of attention to it whenever I may happen to meet Miss Joyner, unless I find that her will in that behalf coincides with yours."

"In the name of *God!*" said Hiram, laboring hard to repress the loudness of his voice, "what *is* a man to do in such a case?"

After meditating a moment Henry answered, "What would you do, pray, sir, if the object of your present ire, instead of myself, were my relative, Mr. Thomas Doster?" Then he again looked up at the squirrel, which had run up to a higher limb, and was continuing its warnings.

With deep scorn Hiram replied: "But for Mr. Thomas Doster's leaving the camp after your Fourth of July oration, I should have made through him the demand just put to you in person. It is not relevant to consider what I might do were he in your case, notwithstanding I will say that his vicarious visits and attentions to my family are disgusting to me; infinitely less so, however, if for his own personal ends, would they be than his cousin's. No one could regret more than I do, on all accounts, that I have not to deal with that gentleman, who, as I have always believed, has some sense of honor and responsibility, instead of his preaching cousin, who seeks to thrust himself into my family, and that, as I verily believe, by maligning a man whom everybody that knows my sister, and whom she herself until lately, has been expecting her to marry. If you were not a preacher—even as it is I can hardly refrain from putting on the black cloth you wear to screen your person from violence such marks as would disgrace you in her eyes and all others. And I now warn you, sir, that unless you cease your—"

"Hold, sir—hold for a brief moment, I pray you," interrupted Henry, still sitting, as Hiram stood writhing with passion. "Mr. Hiram Joyner, I do not know how much I ought to feel gratified by your words in praise of my cousin. If they had been more cordial they would have approximated nearer his deserts. But, sir, it is not true that I have ever sought, and I claim to be a man incapable of seeking, to win the hand of any woman, or any other object that I may deem necessary to my well-being, by the employment of such arts as you mention. Having answered this much to the insulting charge which your manliness, it seems, was not enough to withhold you from bringing without proof, I have now to add that my profession or, the better to suit your taste, the sort of clothes I wear will help, I trust, to defend me against many a real danger, but I assure you that I neither rely upon them as much as a jot now, nor shall I hereafter in any possible conflict with *you*. For the sake of others of your family I restrain the words that would rise to my lips in further answer to your charges and your threatenings, except to say that I brand the former as grossly false, and that I despise the latter as vain menaces of a childish braggadocio."

He then rose and looked with calm defiance upon his adversary.

"God!" exclaimed Hiram, overpowered by rage. Taking a step backward, and closing his fingers tightly, he raised his hand on high. Henry sprang forward and seized his arm. At that moment, like the bull of Marathon or him of Bashan, Mr. Swinger rushed from behind the poplar, and as he put himself between the combatants, elbowing them apart, said, in merry tones:

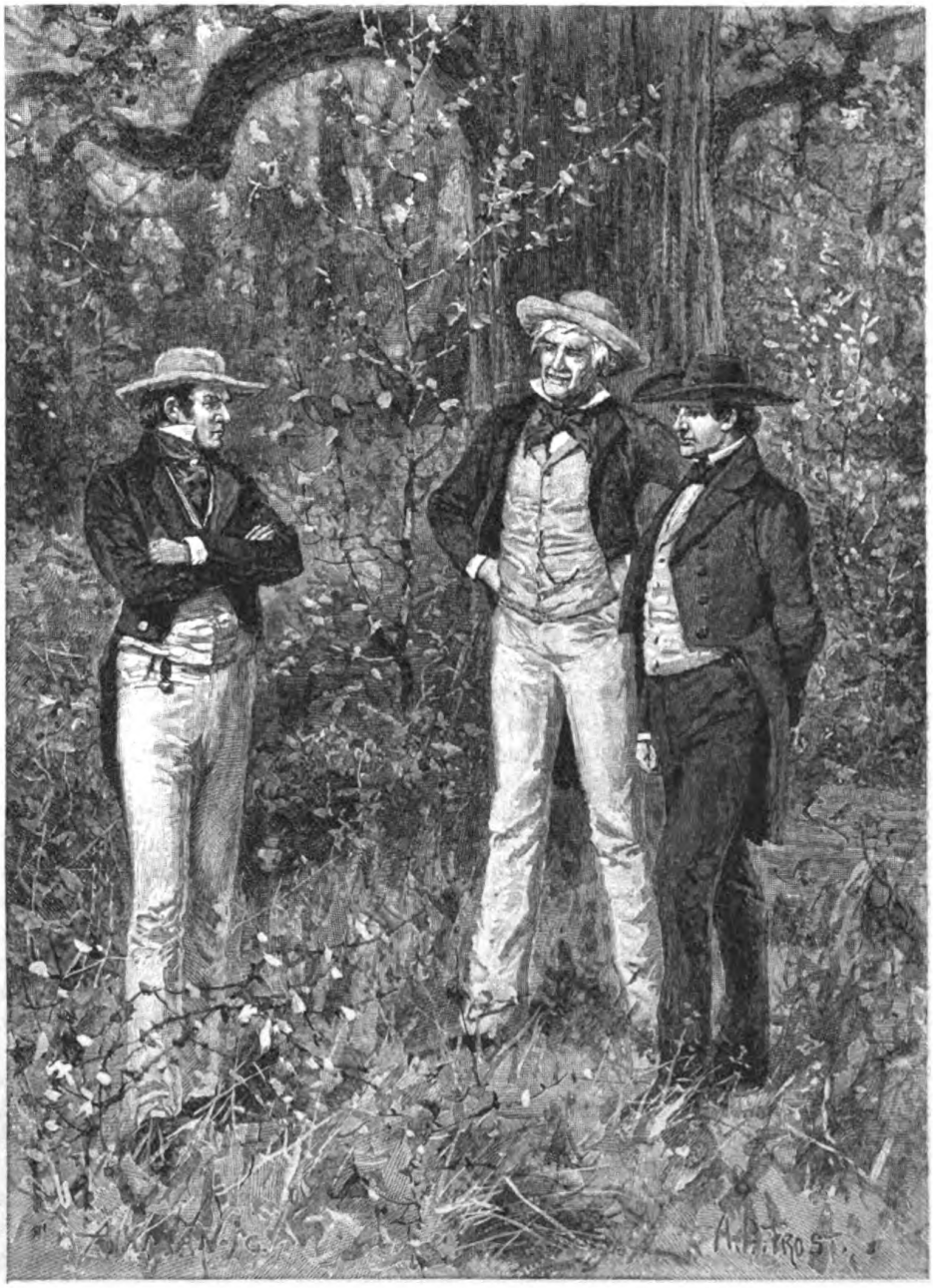
"No, you won't: not quite you won't: not if old Allen Swinger know hisself."

VIII.

No man could have foreseen what would have been the issue of the contest. At least so could not Mr. Swinger; otherwise his deportment, as they were presently assured, would have been different. The young men could not but separate under the repulsion of those stalwart arms. He looked at Hiram with angry disdain, as the latter recoiled with some sense of shame for having given way to his passion so far beyond what he had intended.

"Hime Jyner"—flattening his lips against his teeth—"want to know how come I here? Well, I tell you. I see you and Henry Dawster a-movin' to these woods, and I knowed from some o' your talk in the neighborhood I heerd about you was up to some sort o' devil-*ment*, and so I circled around, I did, and I took my stand behind that poplar thar. Oh, you can come down now, you little varmint"—looking up at the squirrel, that

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"HIME JYNER, WANT TO KNOW HOW COME I HERE?"

had not yet ceased its complainings: "you like to told on me, though I weren't after your young 'uns. Go 'long home!"

The squirrel took him at his word, descended, tripped joyously to the poplar, and was soon hidden within its nest.

"And now," Mr. Swinger resumed, "you want to know how come I to part you two? Well, I'll up and tell you that too. It were jes because I were 'spicioned Henry Dawster a bein' ruther light weight, and not used to sech, you might of ben too much for him. Understand? If I hadn't ben jubous on them p'ints in my mind, I'd a stood back and a let him lam you till you hollered and out with some o' your meanness. The good Lord know I ain't for fightin' when it can be holp; but when it can't, then I'm for pitchin' in; and when I *am* in, I'm for fannin' out the concern, even if I *does* have a rewivle on my hands. And let me tell you, Hime Jyner, if it have ben *me*, 'stid o' this yearlin' of a boy, no

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sooner'n you out with your oudacious sass, I'd a whirled in on you and I'd a frazzled you out to that you'd a ben thankful to be let take it all back. I'm not a-denyin' I were meanin' some o' my words last night for you along o' t'other ongodly chaps, that you special got right in the path o' my chargin' and looked that impident that I were jes ableeged to give you a passin' wipe; but when you say I were put up by this boy here—when you say *that*, you tell a—"

"There, there, Brother Swinger!" exclaimed Henry, "do not—I beg you do not utter the word. Mr. Joyner doubtless believed to be true what he said."

"Well"—reluctantly lowering the arm he had raised—"I'll do as you say, Henry. Mayby he did. But it go to show whut fool notions some people have, that they think so much more o' theirself than t'other people know they're worth that they'll go off half-cocked, and nothin' but a flash in the pan at that. Now, Hime Jyner, your father, Zekil Jyner, were a man I thought a heap of, 'spite o' his bein' sech a streenious Babtis'. But yit he were a man o' them kind that he'd a never denied a bein' o' that, nor whatsonever else he might think it were his juty; and he were not a man to jes find fau't and make a hullaballoo with people that he have no more occasion than you has with me or Henry Dawster, ary one, without you jes natchiully thinks people belongs to you to order 'em about as you please—hauh?"

"If he is through, sir," said Hiram, sullenly, still looking only at Henry, "I withdraw the charge which Mr. Swinger—though with his usual extreme rudeness—has convinced me to have been without just foundation. It is possible that I was overhasty in referring in such terms to your profession: but the demand I made regarding your deportment toward my family I repeat, and I shall trust to be able to enforce it. As for Mr. Swinger, he is too old a man for me even to think of resenting his coarse insults."

He then turned and walked rapidly away.

"Old or young," answered Mr. Swinger, loud enough to be heard but for the swaying shrubbery and the sound of the trampled leaves, "he could fan *you* out so bad you'd have to be took up and took home in pieces. In my day I *wanted* no better fun than to handle sech as you, two at a time. Sher boy! sher!"

Henry had sat down again and covered his face with his hands. Looking fondly upon him, the old man said:

"Come, my son, take down them hands and liven up. Thar's nothin' to cry about, nor not even to be sorry about, exceptin' it's for not lickin' that bar into some sort o' shape; which, I hadn't been afeered you was too light weight for the above, I'd a let you a done it. It ain't of'n a Meth'dis' preacher *have* to fight; but when he do it's a positive needcessity for him to whup the fight, or he'll git that cowed that he can't preach the blessed gospel effecuil like it *got* to be preached to make headway with the gen'ration o' sinners we has to deal with in this gen'ration o' people. The good Lord don't want them He have choosed for to preach His word to go about a-makin' a *practice* o' fightin', and pickin' up fights with Tom, Dick, and Harry; but nother do He want 'em to be a-backin' down when people tries to run over 'em. So git up and look peert. You got to preach agin to-night."

The young man looked up with imploring remonstrance.

"Yes, *sir!*" the elder answered, unrelentingly. "It's done fixed, same as the law o' the Mede and Persian. This very night of our Lord some more o' your sweat and whut else stuff you got in you got to come out. Another reason I some ruther you wouldn't hitch with Hime Jyner, and look all tousled and bunged up when you rise in the pulpit. Come, git up, and march back, and don't you open your mouth nary one time about whut have took place here this mornin'. It'll do you more good than harm, and in more ways than one. But I hain't got time to talk about that now."

Taking him by the arm, he raised him up, and they repaired to their tent. They were not surprised to hear during the day that Hiram and Ellen had left the camp and gone home. With what little reflection he had time to give to the matter, Henry rather thought he would have thus advised. With every successive effort he rose higher in men's opinions. The camp was continued only two days longer than the usual time, when, owing to the great strain on tent-holders, it was broken up, and the services carried on for another week in town. In this while Henry saw Ellen not at all, though after the return to town he met Harriet daily at the Ingrams'. The rencontre in the woods be-

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came known only to those immediately interested in it, and its extent to not all of them until some time afterward. Second only to that he felt in the great revival was Mr. Swinger's interest in the fortunes of his dear protégé, and in their private interviews he spoke of them in cheerful hope.

"Go on, my boy, with your juties, and attend to *them* the best you know how. Not only the good Lord, but everybody else, have respects of a man that stand up to his juty. When this meetin' is over, then we can see how it suit to move. Hime Jyner settin' at you ain't goin' to do you any harm, special when it's found out how you stood up to him. *That* part got to come out certain if the rest do. Whatever you do, don't let Tom know yit how it all were. Tom's fiery hisself. It's best for him not to know all about it, so he can keep goin' thar, and keep you posted how the land lays. You better not go anigh the Jyners' yit awhile. They ain't no doubt Hime's told his people all about it—bull-headed feller that he is—and your a goin' to the Mays' and *not* thar, it 'll show Missis Jyner that you has respects of her feelin's, and it 'll make Ellen madder with Hime and more determ'ed to lean on you, and it 'll fetch things to a head quicker. The old lady come of fightin' stock, Babtis' as they was, and she ain't goin' to think less o' you for standin' squar' up to Hime, her own son if he do be; and as for the young 'un, it 'll sagashuate her stronger. Wimming, Henry Dawster, is a kind o' creeters, I don't keer how skeery they make out theyselves, they want them they goin' to take up with to be feared o' nothin', special them that has two legs. A man got to study wimming to find out all about 'em, like I had to do when I were a-courtin' Hester, and they had me up a tree. Why, sir, in them times a feller, and he were Hester's cousin, and he have prop'ty, and he were a big feller, and a fightin' feller, and he wanted Hester for his own self, he did—for she were pretty as a pink—and he made all kind o' game o' me. And I took it, because I were afeard o' mispleasin' any her relation and kinfolks, and a leetle more and he'd a got her. At last, when I see how things was a gwine, I got desper't', and so one day I meets him in town, and he hadn't hardly more'n said the word *beans* to me before I lit on him, I did, and I wore him out. Now whut you think were the upshot o' sech as that? Well, sir, the very next time I see Hester she were comin' out o' meetin'; for I darsn't not come anigh her ma's house; and when she see me she bowed, she did, and she smile; and the next day, when I went thar all a-trimblin' —for she *were* a beauty, I tell you, boy, and she hold her own now along with any of 'em yit, as people can see for theyself—*but*, when I got thar, *ef* she didn't rise, and, as I understood the motion, she hilt her arms open. *She* always say she didn't. All the same to me. In*to* them arms I flewed, same as a sparrer from a hawk, and thar I ben ever sence, blessed be God! And whut's more, her ma, that feller's own blessed aunt on his father's side, *she* got riconciled to the match, which up to then she ben horstile, same ef I come of Tory people. *No*, sir; that's wimming the world over; and main reason I parted you and Hime, I were feared o' your light weight. But you showed the sperrit, and, as the feller said, that are sufficient. *No*, sir; that skrimmage will go to fetch the business to a compermise quicker than if it hadn't happened. It would of done it quicker if it have ben the Mays, which they ain't that awful streenious about Babtis' as the Jyners. Yit, my son, you done right in follerin' your instink o' love. I believe in *her* strong as pizen, same as I did thirty year ago. A man got no business a-wantin' to marry any female girl without she seem to him at the very top o' creation, so to speak, and he feel the instink o' love breakin' out all over him in spots big as a sheepskin. No, SIR!"

Henry smiled, as well at the speculations of Mr. Swinger on his own romantic experiences as at the intimation thus given unintentionally of his partial regret that his young friend's affections had not found a lodgment somewhat further down the river.

IX.

Whether or not Mr. Swinger understood human nature as well as he claimed, results justified his predictions. Ellen prudently refrained from expressions of much feeling at home. She managed to see Tom Doster on the day of her return from the camp-ground, and in the interview both gave and received some salutary advice. Two weeks afterward, when Mrs. Joyner found out that Henry had been in the neighborhood and had called only at the Mays', she said to Hiram:

"You've made matters worse by your

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foolish interference. Ellen has seen that Henry Doster is quite able to take care of himself against violent young men like you, and though she don't say so in those words, it's plain to me that, just as I'd be in her place, she thinks more of him than she did before; and it would have looked much more decent, besides being better every way, if the young man, when he was down here, could have come right on to the house, instead of having to meet the child at the Mays'. The respect he showed for himself as well as us all by keeping away proves to me that he's a gentleman, and if he wasn't a Methodist preacher I don't know that I should feel so much opposed to it. As it is, you've put it where it's worth nobody's while to say anything about it, one way or another."

"I've done my duty," answered Hiram, bluntly. "Ellen, as she always has done in spite of my advice, will do as she pleases, especially when *you* don't try to hinder her; but such things are very far different from anything pa ever anticipated."

Then he went out, in order to let this remark, as he knew it would, rankle in his mother's mind.

Mrs. May also had her words of indignation for Hiram's conduct, and admiration for that of Henry.

"Why, William," she said to her son, "Sally Joyner ought to be proud of such a young man for Ellen's beau, and if she wasn't such a Baptist, and so proud of Horeb because Mr. Joyner started it, she would. Upon my word, when I heard how he had behaved to Hiram in what was the most uncalled-for attack I ever heard of, to say nothing of camp-meeting going on at the time, I declare, Methodist preacher as he is, I couldn't but wish—However, I won't say that; but you two boys, William May and Hiram Joyner—how *have* you two boys abused your opportunities! I've no patience with either of you!"

Will laughed as he turned away, for already Mary Anderson, whose father's land and negroes were just across the river, was beginning to seem in his eyes about the equal of anybody.

In all this while the mind of the pastor of Horeb had been anxiously exercised in spite of several quite unexpected immersions, which there was no denying were owing to the late Methodist revival. He tried to be reasonably thankful that some little good had come out of such a whirlpool, as he was wont to characterize the camp-meetings, but he must brood over the possible loss of at least one favorite lamb. Outside of his own home, except when in the pulpit or when engaged otherwheres in religious (particularly denominational) discussion, he was far from being a wordy person, and he seldom meddled, except when appeal was made to him, in family matters among his congregations. One evening Hiram Joyner came over to his house, and after merely saluting Mrs. Bullington, asked her husband for a private conversation. After the visitor had gone, the groans and other interjectional things from Mr. Bullington, being more than common, awakened some curiosity in his wife.

"Whut in the world Hiom Jyner want 'ith you, Mr. Bull'n'ton, make you look so ser'ous? I don't know when that boy ben to this house before."

"I ought to look ser'ous, 'oman, if I don't. Hiom Jyner ser'ous too, and well he mout be. I didn't know tell now the intrust he take in Horub, which Zekol Jyner thought and believed he were foundin' on a rock when he built her, and him nor nobody else ever expected sech a thing in this whole ontimely world as to see a Meth'dis' comin' down here and breakin' of her up by marryin' in*to* a fambly that nother wants him nor hisn. Them reports about them girls was jes the fact-truth, and Hiom Jyner say that if somethin' ain't done, and that soon, both them famblies is broke off from Horub. For you know well enough, to my sorrer, that them Mays they hain't never been the good ginuine Babtis' like the Jyners, and when that preacher, that he's Tom Dorrister's cousin, and Tom a-helpin' him—*my* Lord! And when *he* have took Ellen away, Hiom say they cert'n to git Tom and Harriet in time, and I can't tell the time I felt like I ben a-feelin' for this last hour. When I ben a-countin' on Tom Dorrister for one o' the very acuil deacons when he got a little more age and expeunce on his shoulders, and as for the helpin' support the pârstor accordin' to his prop'ty, he ben the one most 'pennance was to be put of all of 'em. I wouldn't of *believed* it of Tom Dorrister. And not only so, but I always, tell this news, counted on the jindin' o' ther banns whensonever they got married that everybody never had ary sech a thought but Ellen and

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"DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT YOUR LOTS AND LOTTERIES, FEMALE!"

Willom May, and Hiom Jyner and Har'i't. And I'll jes tell you how it 'll be. The old man Swinger 'll be the one to do the marr'in' o' that Dorrister preacher and Ellen, and then *he'll* hop up and put Tom and Har'i't through, a bein' of Tom's cousin, and in course a wantin' back his fee he paid ole Br'er Swinger, and *I* sha'n't be even invited to nary one o' their weddin's. 'Ain't I got cause to feel ser'ous, 'oman?"

"Oh, Mr. Bull'n'ton," began his affectionate wife, with comforting intent, "if it's the lots and lotteries of them young people—"

"Don't talk to me about your lots and lotteries, female!" he bawled. "Your lots and your lotteries don't do ary good to *my* mind, the fix *my* mind's in."

The good wife subsided, and could sympathize only in silence with the multitudinous complainings of her lord before sleep that night came, imparting temporary relief.

The next morning, after awakening, the first words that Mrs. Bullington overheard, sounding as if they came up from the bottom of an extremely deep grave, were, "Woices: the time have come when *woices* got to be raised and let out in sech a quan—*darous*—come off!"

About an hour after his breakfast he rode to the Joyners'. Dismounting solemnly, solemnly hitching his horse, he walked as if his legs barely were able to take his gigantic form into the piazza.

"Brother Bullington," quickly said

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Mrs. Joyner, even before taking his heavy hand, "you are not well. I saw it the minute I laid eyes on you. Take that rocking-chair, unless you are afraid to sit out in the open air, and I'll have Nancy bring a dipper of cool water from the well."

He let himself down upon the rocker, and waved his hand with some defiance to the open air, as if the harm it could do, added to that already poured from other sources, was merely contemptible. And when able to speak, though in much feebleness, he answered: "How do *you* do, Sister Jyner? No, Sister Jyner, I ain't afeared o' the ar. The ar can't hurt me. You said somethin' about water, if I heerd you correct, Sister Jyner, and I'll acknowledge my mind were a-runnin' *on* water the minute you spoke. No, no—oh no!" And he raised a hand in mournful, firm deprecation as the lady started into the house to call for the beverage. "My mind, I say, have been a-runnin' *on* water more here lately than I 'member it have run thar, special sence I were old enough to be conwicted o' the value, not so much for the drinkin' of it, leastways for the present. Fact is, I never doubted nor wished to deny the good Lord made water for man and beast to drink; *one* thing. But the *mainest* thing, if I understand the Scriptur', water, when it were made, it were made for people to git down *into* it, and have theirselves dipped *into* it, or ruther, as the Scriptur' say, *baptized into* it, by them He have app'inted the authority to wash away their sins. And I well 'members how that used to be the idees that Br'er Zekol Jyner had on them same subjects, and I couldn't begin to tell the times, me and him, that we always went together in our mind, same ef we been two black-eye peas. But, a-last! him a bein' now dead and goned, and me left here and a tryin' to peg away best I can by myself—no, no, Sister Jyner, I don't want no water to *drink*, a yit, a not a denyin' I won't take a gourd after a while. Whar's Ellen?"

"Harriet came by here a little while ago and got Ellen, and they rode together over to Sister Doster's."

"Rode to Sister Dorrister's! *The* good Lord send it were to stay thar!" he said, with solemn heartiness. "That is, of course, I mean when the child git ready to leave the parenchal ruff. But it give me, her bein' away, a some better chance o' empt'in' my mind of *some* o' the load that look like I can't sleep o' nights a thinkin' on poor Br'er Zekol Jyner, and a leetle more and I'd a lost my appetites for my victuals."

They had a long talk. Rather Mr. Bullington dwelt at great length upon the awful consequences of bringing into that neighborhood, and into houses which delicacy forbade him to particularize, such doctrines as sprinkling, falling from grace, and in all dreadful human probability infant baptism. The truth of the whole business, in Mr. Bullington's opinion, was that such as that ought to come as nigh as anything in this whole world could come to make the deceased, to whom so respectful, affectionate allusion had just been made, turn over in his coffin if he could do nothing else. At length he ended, and after taking the promised gourd, bade his hostess a mournful adieu, and moved away as solemnly as he had come.

Mrs. Joyner, although much more cultivated than her pastor, and less narrowed in opinions, yet reverenced him much; doubtless the more for the sake of the affectionate relations that existed between him and her late husband. Therefore she was much affected by his words, and when Ellen returned, hardly was her bonnet off when she said:

"Ellen, I know, of course, that I have no right to your confidence or any influence upon you, although you are my own and only daughter, and I *used* to have both. I forgot to ask you how is Sister Doster."

"She's well, ma," answered Ellen, lowly, holding her bonnet strings and looking as if she feared her mother was losing her reason.

"Ah! glad to hear it; but if you have made up your mind to marry that Methodist preacher, I think you owe it to me and to the memory of your father, to say nothing of poor dear old Brother Bullington, who, if anything, is worse off about it than I've been until now—I think you owe it to us all to have some sort of understanding that you are not to be interfered with in your religion; that is, if you haven't already determined in your own mind to give it up."

Ellen removed her bonnet at leisure, readjusted the combs in her hair, then sitting down, answered:

"Ma, Henry Doster has never mentioned Methodism to me a single time that I

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can remember. Mr. Bullington has been here, I see. I thought they were his horse's tracks I noticed at the gate. And he has set you more against Henry. Did he have to say anything about Tom?"

"Some; not very much."

"What *did* he say, ma?"

"He only said—that is, he only intimated that—perhaps it wouldn't have been so bad if Tom— What are you laughing at, Ellen?"

"Beg pardon, ma; but, seeing what you were going to say, I was comparing it with what Harriet told me of *her* mother saying, no longer ago than yesterday, about Henry Doster, and of her preference for him over Tom. It *is* right curious. You agreed with Mr. Bullington; now didn't you, ma?"

"Well, if you *must* know, I *did;* and I wish in my heart, if you must have a Doster, that it was Tom, and that to-morrow."

"Well, ma," replied the daughter, after a little sigh, "I've heard you say many and many a time that you married the man of your own choice, although he was not that of your parents, and that you never had cause to repent of it, and now you talk to me as if I had no right to govern myself according to my own feelings. Yet, ma, you know that if Tom Doster and I, no further back than six months ago, had taken a fancy for each other, you would have been against it, and so would Mrs. May have been as between Harriet and Henry Doster, whom now she declares she would receive as a son-in-law readily—yes, thankfully. What are two poor inexperienced girls to do in such a case?"

Ellen, notwithstanding her inexperience, looked at her mother as if she had the argument on her. But the latter confidently responded: "No, because neither of us had ever had a thought of your marrying Dosters of any kind. Martha May knows not what she's talking about when she talks that way; but she's no strong Baptist anyway, and never was, and she's carried away with what people talk about what a great orator that Henry Doster is, and going to be a bishop or some great somebody, when there's Tom Doster joining land right next to her, and the industriousest young man in this whole section of country, and would make that plantation look another sort to what it's been brought, and he's always been a good Baptist, and he's as good-looking *any* day as Henry Doster, and to my taste better. And then what is to become of me when my only daughter is following a Methodist preacher wherever they've a mind to send him when people get tired of him in one place and another, and my only son, no more managing than Will May, and so little company or comfort to his mother otherwise? But I suppose I'll have to trust that the good Lord will take care of me somehow in my old age."

Then she wept freely, though without bitterness.

"Ma," said Ellen, in manner as conciliatory as her affectionate spirit could employ, "I am glad you spoke to me so freely and candidly. I have never asked Henry Doster about what are to be my religious privileges, nor as to the relations I am to be allowed to hold with you, the more dear to me because you are a widow, and because brother is not as considerate of you as he ought to be. *He*, as you well know, would no more have approved Tom Doster's than he now approves Henry's suit of me, although he would have swapped me to anybody who could have given to him Harriet in exchange. Let that go. But, ma, I tell you now, and you may tell Mr. Bullington if you choose, that I have no idea, at least for the present, of quitting yours and my father's church. Somehow, ma, my parents have seemed to become the dearer, if possible, to my heart since—since I have been indulging another feeling." She blushed deeply, and covered her face. "Of course," recovering, she continued, "nobody can foresee what changes are to come over their lives; but now my expectation is to continue a Baptist, praying always to be as good a one as pa was and as you are. Can you be satisfied with that, ma?"

"I'll have to be, I suppose."

"Still you'd feel safer if it was Tom;" and she playfully patted her mother's cheek.

Removing the hand, yet not rudely, "You know I cannot tell a falsehood, Ellen."

"Ah me!" sighed the sweet girl, and went up to her chamber.

X.

Mr. Bullington's call was on a Wednesday. On the following Friday evening

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"AND WHEN YOU'RE THOO, I GOT ANOTHER GOLD PIECK FOR YOU."

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our two girls went in the Joyner carriage to spend the rest of the week at the Ingrams'. Tom had business in town on the following day, and as that was the stated Conference Saturday for Mr. Bullington's congregation in town, it occurred to Tom to do his pastor a little favor. So riding up to his gate toward sunset, he called him out, and said:

"Brother Bullington, I have to go to town early in the morning on some business, and knowing your horse was busy helping to put in wheat, I thought I'd propose to take you in my gig, if it will suit you, and you can make it convenient to start immediately after breakfast."

"Why, Tommy—why, yes, my son," he answered. "It suit me exact. I *am* mightily pushed to git in my wheat before the dark nights gives out. I'll be over to your ma's time you git your breakfast, and—"

"Oh no, I wouldn't have you take all that trouble. I'll ride over here."

"All right, Tommy. 'Light, and tell me the news."

"Sorry I can't stay, Brother Bullington; no special news that I know of. I am glad I can accommodate you. Good-evening."

"Evenin', Tommy."

And Mr. Bullington thought that he felt some better; for this was the first visit, brief as it was, that Tom had made him since the beginning of the rumors concerning him and Harriet May. Next morning he had just risen from an early breakfast, when, going to the door, he saw Tom's gig trotting briskly toward his gate.

"My! my! You *are* bright and yearly this mornin'," was his salutation as he advanced to meet him.

Considering his prominence as a public man, Mr. Bullington had to a degree remarkable, even in his profession, a faculty of attention, at times of intense listening. Serious, indeed saturnine, in disposition, in the presence of one or more interlocutors he had a habit of compressing his lips, swelling his jaws, and contracting his brows while regarding with solemnest attention a speaker, whether the latter's remarks were meant to be taken as earnest or sportive. Afterward he would reflect most respectfully, even severely, before giving the answer which subsequent silence might lead him to believe was expected. Joy or grief seemed to make no separate impression upon that countenance, except that the former perhaps was rather more agonizing. He never wept, at least with his eyes, except on occasions of much hilarity, when, as it appeared, he was suffering quick remorse for having been momentarily seduced from his habitually solemn port by manifestation of interest in the frivolities of such a wicked world. On such occasions the corners of his mouth would let down, his lower lip shrink and hide behind its superior, all making it appear that in him, among the various emotions of the human heart, that excited by humor was the most sorrowful.

Tom was in high spirits. Any healthy young man with no uncommon load upon his conscience ought to have been light of heart driving along the road on such a morning in the fall of the year, the sun, the air, the forest leaves, seeming as if they had been created to gladden mankind. Tom rattled on gayly on this theme and on that. He believed that he said some good things, some excellent things, in fact, for one used to more serious work than merely making money. Some of them must have been extremely funny, judged by the excruciating grief of his companion. When they had gotten as far as what town people called the Two-mile Branch, and the horse had taken a drink and set out again, Tom said:

"Brother Bullington, I want you to do me a favor. It won't take much time or trouble. Get up there, Bill."

Mr. Bullington turned, and for a while looked savagely into Tom's face, at length answering, "You ought to know, Tommy, if you don't, that I'll do what lay in my power for you, or any of your people."

"I thought so, or I wouldn't have taken the liberty of asking you. Brother Bullington, I want you to marry me."

"The goodness gracious, Tommy!" in due time came the response. "Why, I'll do it. In course I'll do it. When?"

"I'll let you know before long. I thought you'd do me that favor. The truth is, I wouldn't feel exactly right in giving the wedding fee I've laid up to anybody else than you, whom ma and I and all of us think so much of."

Mr. Bullington would surely have cried now if he had known how. Concentrating his gaze more and more fiercely upon Tom, he writhed and writhed, as Tom, waving his whip now and then, enlarged upon the pleasure it would be to him al-

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ways hereafter to remember that his own pastor, and his wife's pastor, and the pastor of his parents, and the pastor of his wife's parents, and the pastor of— But here they reached the Gateston Hotel. After alighting, Tom turned the horse over to the hostler, and said:

"Let us go into the hotel parlor for a little while, Brother Bullington. I want to see a couple of gentlemen there for a few minutes, after which you and I can continue our conversation."

Entering, Mr. Bullington looked in slow, menacing astonishment, first at Mr. Swinger, then at Henry Doster.

"Well met," said the former, rising, taking Mr. Bullington's hand, lifting it up, and shaking it cordially. "How do, Br'er Bull'n't'n? Mornin', Tom. Little 'head o' time; but better too soon than too late, special on the arrant you come on this mornin'. Take a seat, Br'er Bull'n't'n, and tell me all about yourself and fambly. Hain't see you, not to shake hands 'long with you, sence that day at the Shoals."

After salutings and seatings all around, Mr. Bullington regarded Mr. Swinger sternly, as if to ward against assault. But the latter soon put him at as much ease as it was possible for him to feel in the company of dangerous heretics, who, plausible without, within were possessed of malignity and subtlety. After declaring over and over again how glad he was to see his brother Bullington, and to notice how well he held his own, and if anything how gladder to be told that Mrs. Bullington and the children were well as common, and after getting from Tom Doster such a promise as there would be no going back on to help Mr. Bullington in getting in his wheat during the dark nights, he said:

"Henry, I don't think I ever told you how bad Br'er Bull'n't'n got me one day at the Shoals. I no doubt Tom's heerd it."

"Now, now, Br'er Swinger," said Mr. Bullington, "you goin' to tell on your own self that a way?" But they knew that, in spite of such remonstrance, he was quite willing for the story to go on.

"Oh yes; a good thing's a good thing, Br'er Bull'n't'n, and when they on me, I'm bound to let t'other people git the good of it, even if *I* can't. Well, you see, Henry, it were a one Sadday evenin', I reck'n it ben about, or mighty nigh about, three year ago: ain't it, Br'er Bull'n't'n?"

"Be three year Sadday before the fourt' Sunday o' next mont'."

"That's it. You see *he* 'ain't forgot. Well, sir, after preachin' that mornin' to about a handful o' people at our poor little Hopewell meetin'-house t'other side of Iggeechee, as I rid by the stow at the Shoals on my way back home, I see Br'er Bull'n't'n and a whole lot o' men thar in the peazer, and I thought I'd 'light and stop, and howdy, and swap a few words with 'em all; for Br'er Bull'n't'n know I always liked him, if he *is* sech a rambunctious Babtis'. Him nor none of 'em notice me till they see me comin' up the peazer steps, because for why at that very minute he were firin' away at a ter'ble rate agin we Meth'disses, and his words, jes as I come up, wuz to the effect that if John the Harbiniger had ben a Meth'dis', the Scriptur' would 'a named him that stid o' John the Babtis'; and he up, he did, and as he howdied along with me he say, 'And here's Br'er Swinger, as good a man as they've got, and he can't deny my words.' Well, sir, you better believe. It were a Babtis' crowd, as you know they're awful strong, up and down, on both sides o' the Iggeechee. Yit, I thought, never do not take up the old man's channelge, though I weren't in whut a body might call in fightin' fix, a not a expectin' no sech. And then it were somehows, for the onliest time *in* my life, my idees, *and* my thoughts, *and* my argyments, *and* my words, *and* my speeches, *every*thing I had, they all got that jumbled together, and they got that piled up on top o' one 'nother, that I jes had *to* stop, and *to* set down, and see if I couldn't ontangle 'em, and gether 'em in hand. And then, right thar, at the very minute, I begin to think I see daylight. 'Br'er Swinger'—you might a heerd him a mile—he bawled out, he did, and he hollered, and say: 'Ah, Br'er Swinger, it were John the Babtis'. No Meth'disses in them days—leastways o' them names. No wonder you speechless; but if you wuz able to talk, and could stand up and talk all day long, I'd jes take a cheer and set down calm, and 'casion'ly fling in a primmary few remarks, and ask you to p'int out the chapter and the veerse whar they tells about the Meth'disses in the Good Book.' And then he shook his big sides, and the t'others they all broke out in*to* a gener'l haw-haw. Well, sir, bless your soul! All of a suddent I got so *mad* that for jes about a second if I didn't feel like haulin' off and lettin' old Br'er Bull'n't'n have it right in

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the mouth, for flingin' sech a laugh on me, onperpar'd for it as I were. But I know sech as that won't begin to do, because I know Br'er Bull'n't'n have big a fist as me, and it wouldn't do nohow."

Here all broke into heartiest laughter except Mr. Bullington, who, what time he was not wiping his overflowing eyes, sat heaving his vast frame and glaring upon the narrator with a ferocity whose wretchedness was appalling.

"And so finuil," resumed the historian of Ogeechee border warfare, "what you reck'n I done? Why, sir, I whirled in, I did, and I thought I'd try laughin' myself too. But you all know what sort o' laughin' that is when you know people see you feel more like cryin' than arything else; and so the more I tried to laugh, the more the whole kerhoot of 'em laughed, shore enough; and at last I got up, and *got* away, and *got* on my horse, and banished off from thar."

It looked as if the agony of Mr. Bullington would soon become unendurable; but at this moment the light tread of ladies' feet was heard in the hall, and presently the landlady of the hotel and Mrs. Ingram entered, followed by Ellen and Harriet. The last two were bonneted and beaming red. After shaking hands with her pastor, Ellen said, "Mr. Bullington, Tom told you, I suppose, that we couldn't think of anybody else marrying us but you."

"Why, Ell'n—why, my child—why, yes; but I thought—why, whar's— *You* goin' to marry *Tom*? and that not under the parrenchal ruff?"

"We'll explain all that afterward, Brother Bullington," said Tom, as he put into his hands the marriage license, out of which, as he opened it with fumbling hands, dropped two twenty-dollar gold pieces. With difficulty he found his spectacles, and when the coins, so far beyond what he had ever received for such a service, were lodged, one in one pocket of his trousers and the other in another, he performed the rite as well as he could. Then sitting, and putting his hands in his pockets, he looked around in abject despair. Then Mr. Swinger rose, and, as Henry and Harriet took their places, said: "Here come another batch, Br'er Bull'n't'n. Marryin', like everything else, ketchin', you know. Be ready."

When all was spoken except the final prayer, Mr. Swinger turned and said, "Bre'r Bull'n't'n, this couple is Meth'dis' and Babtis' both, you know, and it take two of us to hitch *them* to the traces; so you got to make the praar."

Mr. Bullington, huge as he was, jumped as one roused from a dreaming sleep. Not having kept up at all with current events, his dazed eyes wandered around the room while he remained seated.

"You hear me?" said Mr. Swinger, in commanding tone. "Take them hands out o' them pockets, and git up out o' that cheer, and ask the good Lord to send His whole *ratternue* of angels down here on this young man and this young 'oman that's jes ben jinded in the banes. Out with 'em, and up with you, and when you're thoo I got another gold piece for you."

That day was remembered by Mr. Bullington as the most eventful in all his experience. About six months afterward, while telling of it to the family of his brother Cummins, near Fenn's Bridge, among other things he said:

"Hadn't ben I were a public man, I'd a ben that nonplushed and pulled to pieces I'd a forgot how to talk and how to pray up to the 'casion. You see, when it first got out about them young people a keepin' comp'ny, people put it that Tom were after Sister May's daughter, and his cousin for Sister Jyner's. And they not disputed it, so they could git the mothers, and special the brothers, to firin' away at the wrong feller, a hopin' that way they'd other take some sort o' shine to the right 'n, or leastways git riconciled to him. And bless your soul, it done it; that is, with the mothers, which they was the mainest ones. Then it were they concluded to strike while the iron were hot, to keep down any more fussin' when it were found out how the land lay shore enough. They wanted Emerly Ingram to let 'em have the thing over at her house; but Emerly were afeard o' hurtin' feelin's, and so they immergrated to the tavern. And I tell you I were nonplushed; but old Br'er Swinger, with all his predijice, say I come out splendid, and *he* never knowed till that mornin' no more'n t'other people which was which among 'em. And when Henry Dorrister hand me that twenty-dollar gold piece, and I tuck it, a seein' his feelin's would be hurted, and old Br'er Swinger's too, if I didn't take half the fee, I say to myself, here's a Meth'dis' that if he's nothin' else he's liber'l. And if you

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believe me, Sister Cummins, them female mothers actuil laughed, and as for Sister Jyner, she actuil cried, and both for joy, when they heerd the news. And them boys—well, they see, matter o' course, it were too late to call off and open on another trail. Willom May, he laughed too; for he were already promised to Mary Anderson, that she's now his lawful wife. As for Hiom, he looked monst'ous cowed; and he do yit. Look like he don't feel like puttin' into young wimming's society, nor young men's nuther, but he ruther, when he go about at all—he ruther take it out in roamin' in a flock by hisself. Har'i't, jes as I expected, have took up with the Meth'dis'. Two kind o' wimming I've notussed in my expeunce o' people. One of 'em draws, and the tother lets other people drag them. You, for instance, Sister Cummins, you drawed Br'er Cummins from 'mong the Meth'dis', because he see you wuz right, while Har'i't, like her cousin Emerly, were drug off. But it some consolation that it were by a young man that if he's nothin' else he's liber'l."

THE DRAMATIC OUTLOOK IN AMERICA.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE "decline of the drama" is a phrase frequently used and rarely defined. It is a vague term, and many a man who employs it would not find it easy to declare its exact meaning. More often than not the critic of the acted drama is a constant praiser of the past, which he did not see, and a pert contemner of the present, of which he is forced to see too much. To our surprise, as we study the history of the theatre, we find that this has almost always been the case, and that the drama has almost always been in a decline, just on the verge of dying, with barely strength enough to draw its last breath. And yet it still lives, and it bids fair to survive to a ripe old age.

In seeking to find a precise definition for the phrase "decline of the drama," we may begin by acknowledging that it cannot indicate any diminution in the popularity of the theatre; it is within the observation of even the youngest veteran that there is a steady increase of playhouses and play-goers. Nor does it mean that the theatres are any less magnificent than they were, for they have never been more commodiously arranged or more sumptuously decorated than they are now. And in like manner we may say that there has been no falling off in the splendor of theatrical spectacle; indeed, it is often a reproach to the modern stage that it is prone to sacrifice acting, which is the vital essence of theatric art, to adornment, which is but external, superficial, and accidental.

There are some who declare that the decline of the drama means that there is a decadence of the art of acting. A certain speciousness in this assertion there may be. Since the privileges of the patent theatres of London were abolished, and since the introduction of the starring system, no longer do we see the best actors of a country massed in one or two compact companies in the chief city. They are scattered here and there throughout the world. A great actor is not content with the local reputation which satisfied Burbage and Betterton. He is ready to put a girdle round the earth in forty weeks, playing now in London, a few days after in New York, next week in San Francisco, and a month later in Australia. But although the leading performers of the country cannot any more be seen in a single evening, there has been no falling off in the histrionic art. Never has it been finer, firmer, richer, or more varied than it is now. Never have there been performers of greater skill than there are to-day, either for trâgedy, comedy, history, pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited. It is idle to call the bead-roll of the foremost actors of our time; but even the youngest play-goers have seen Mr. Booth, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Irving, Signor Salvini, Signora Ristori, Herr Barnay, Madame Sarah-Bernhardt, and M. Coquelin—a galaxy not to be matched readily in the palmy days of which we hear so much and know so little.

By a process of exclusion we are thus led to declare that the decline of the drama can mean only that the dramatic is no longer the leading department of literature. From the Elizabethan period, through the Restoration and the reign of

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Queen Anne, down almost to the end of the last century, when Goldsmith gave us *She Stoops to Conquer* and Sheridan brought out *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*—during these two centuries the drama was the chief form of literature in our language. It is not so now, and it has not been so for nearly a hundred years. The purpose of the present paper is to point out certain of the causes of this decadence; and then to suggest certain reasons why it may fairly be presumed that the period of this decline is at last complete, and why we may expect in the near future a revival of dramatic literature among English-speaking peoples.

Like every other art, the drama has its ups and downs, its years of famine and its years of fulness. The undulatory theory is as true of literary progress as it is of light and of sound. One of these recurring periods of depression in our dramatic literature was coincident roughly with the beginning of this century, but about the time when the drama ought to have arisen out of this slough several causes combined to keep it down. These causes were chiefly four—the development of the newspaper in England, the popularity of the Waverley Novels, the Romantic revolt in France, and the perfecting of the mechanics of play-making by Scribe. Each of these four causes may be considered briefly and in turn.

The first and the least of these was the development of the newspaper. British journalism began to exert real influence less than a hundred years ago, and the impetus of expansion did not come until early in this century. A newspaper is a slice of contemporary existence; it is a daily panorama of the life of the world, with its joys, its griefs, its slow setting forth of the inevitable, its sudden surprises, and all its infinite tragedy. In no exact sense of the word is a newspaper the competitor of the play, and yet the sudden extension of journalism undoubtedly tended to decrease the public interest in the drama. Almost contemporaneous with the development of the newspaper was the enlargement of the novel at the hands of Sir Walter Scott. In the last century Richardson and Fielding, Smollett and Goldsmith, had laid a solid foundation for English fiction; but it was not until the author of *Waverley* built up an enduring monument by his splendid series of romances that the novel rose to be a rival of the play. Scott's instant triumph, and the all-embracing popularity which followed it, revealed to young men of literary aspirations that the road to fame and to fortune might lie through the publisher's shop rather than through the stage-door. It is much easier to write a novel than it is to make a play; and it is very much easier to get a novel published than it is to get a play produced.

Thus it came to pass that there was a dearth of English dramatists. Mere adapters, patchers up of other men's plays, hewers of wood and drawers of water for the daily needs of the theatre—these there were then, as there are always. But real authors, men who had studied life and who could reproduce it on the stage, had their attention turned from the theatre. It was at this time in England that the divorce was first declared between literature and the drama—a divorce as ill-advised for both parties as the separation of society and politics from which we suffer here in the United States.

For a while the absence of new pieces did not signify, and the theatres continued to act the dramas they had; they revived old comedies; they restored old tragedies; they repaired the cast-off plays of the past. John Philip Kemble was then at the head of the English stage, and he had no liking for new dramas. Charles Lamb said Kemble held that all the good plays had been written. Kemble was a great actor, and it was natural for him to think that Shakespeare was none too good for his own acting. Yet it may be doubted whether too frequent revivals of Shakespeare's plays are signs of a healthy condition of the stage—if it be admitted that one of the chief duties of the theatre is to reflect, as best it can, the life of to-day.

At length, despite Kemble's careful management, the stock on hand was used up, and the public tired of dramatic remnants. Then for the first time the void in the English theatre began to be filled by importation from abroad—at first from Germany, whence came *The Stranger* and *Pizarro* and other of Kotzebue's tearful and turgid dramas. But the German supply was soon exhausted, and recourse was had to the French. Until the beginning of this century the stage of England had been self-reliant. It had borrowed a play from France now and again, but it had lent quite as much as it

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had taken. Few even among professed students of the stage know that in the clearing-house where international borrowings are recorded there is a balance in favor of the English as against the French up to the end of the last century. For instance, there were two adaptations of *The Rivals* acted in Paris, and three of *The School for Scandal*. But early in this century the balance ceased; England began to borrow indiscriminately from France; and the fair exchange soon became open robbery.

As it happened, France was able to meet this demand. Its dramatic literature had just burst the bonds which had swathed it for more than a century. *Hernani* had sounded his trumpet, and the hollow walls of Classicism had fallen with a crash. The chill stiffness and the arid discussion of the pseudo-classic drama had been swept aside by the fiery ardor of the Romantic revolt. The tragedies of the false Classics, as bare as a demonstration in geometry, gave place to the dramas of the Romantics, as full of color, of movement, and of passion as a tiger. Hugo and Dumas and their fellows found a dead dramatic literature which was nothing but words; and in its stead they made a living drama which was chiefly action. These bold, vigorous, captivating plays, made on the model of Shakespeare and of Scott in a measure, were hardy enough to stand the voyage across the Channel to the land of Scott and of Shakespeare. And in due season there were few theatres in Great Britain or the United States where *Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life*, *Lucretia Borgia*, and *The Tower of Nesle* did not see the light of the lamps.

While the Romantics with their feverish fervor were making over the French theatre in their own image, Eugène Scribe, a workman of surpassing skill in the lower walks of the drama, was engaged in perfecting the mechanics of play-making. M. Taine has told us that the art of play-making is as susceptible of improvement as the art of watch-making. Scribe almost succeeded in inventing a machine-made play—and he did found a factory for play-making. As M. Alexandre Dumas *fils* says, the dramatic art is wholly an art of preparation: no man ever understood better than Scribe how to prepare, how to twist, and how to untie the knot which is the heart of a play. To the presentation of the story, to the development of the central situation, Scribe was ready to sacrifice all suggestion of poetry, the study of character, brilliancy of dialogue, local color, style, and even, if need be, grammar. His plays are plots, and little more; and his characters are puppets, into which he has breathed only enough of the breath of life to enable them to fall easily into the situations adroitly arranged for them. He might lay the scene of a comedy in France or in England or in Russia: there was no touch of local color, no insight into national characteristics. The action of all his pieces really passed in a vague, unbounded region known to the wits of Paris as *La Scribie*—Scribia—a sort of Bohemia, which is a desert country by the sea, and in which everything happens exactly as the dramatist wishes. As Scribe's plays took place in no particular country, there was no particular reason why they should not be acted in any country. They were as appropriate to England or to Russia as to France. And so it was: Scribe's comedies and the comedies of the host of collaborators who encompassed him about were translated and transferred, altered and adapted, in every capital in Europe. Localized by the translator, they were often by him presented as original; and the habit has not altogether died out, for within the past eighteen months a comedy has been acted in New York which the authoress claimed as her own, but which was only an adaptation from Scribe.

The principles which Scribe discovered were turned to account by certain followers of the Romantic school, and there arose a band of melodramatic writers skilful like Scribe, and pictorial like Hugo and Dumas. Chief among these is M. Dennery, the author of *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, *The Sea of Ice*, and *The Two Orphans*. The dramas of these playwrights were also adapted, altered, and stolen throughout the world As Schlegel used to suspect a Spanish origin for every play with an easy and varied intrigue, so for a while whenever we saw a neatly constructed drama, symmetrical and well articulated, we were inclined to ask what Frenchman had had a hand in its making, unwillingly and unwittingly.

When the Romantics had made themselves masters of the French stage, and when Scribe had elaborated his system of dramaturgic art, then and then only did

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the French play go forth finally to conquer the world. As the scanty band of English dramatists, thinned by the spread of the newspaper and the growth of the novel, surrendered the control of the English stage, the French were ready to take it, and for fifty years they held it with a garrison. For fifty years and more the literary quality of the plays produced in England rarely called for criticism. The best pieces of this period were the *Virginius* and *The Hunchback* of Sheridan Knowles, *The Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu* of Lord Lytton, the *London Assurance* and *Old Heads and Young Hearts* of Mr. Boucicault, and the *Masks and Faces* of Charles Reade and Tom Taylor —all effective stage-plays, no doubt, but artificial, all of them, and almost free from any vain attempt to represent contemporary society. In Emerson's words, "Life lies about us dumb; the day, as we know it, has not yet found tongue." The English stage did not try to give tongue to English thought; it was filled with impossible plays, in which Gallic emotion was mangled to fit the Procrustean bed of the British proprieties. In the process of decanting the French drama into English demijohns, the lees were shaken up and the fine flavor was lost, while an effort was made to give body to the French wine by adding British brandy. The plays known as *Peril* and *Diplomacy* are types of this bastard hybrid, neither French nor English, nor anything but mulish; and we may say of this adapted drama what the Western wit said of the mule, that it has no pride of ancestry and no hope of posterity.

The dramatic decadence in England which began early in this century has continued wellnigh to the present time. Twenty-five years ago the drama in England was almost at death's door. Not only was there an insufficiency of English plays, but the stage was treated with contempt; play-going was unfashionable, and the theatre was disintegrating from lack of leaders and for want of organization. But now a change seems to impend. There is a revulsion of feeling in favor of the stage, and by this dramatic literature will probably profit. The time seems ripe for a renascence. Of the four causes which long tended to prevent this, at least three are less powerful than they were half a century ago. Journalism may still be as attractive as ever, but prose fiction in England is suffering from an over-supply, and from the reaction which always comes after strenuous effort. There are now no great English novelists, and the English novel is apparently entering on a period of depression not unlike that from which the drama is emerging.

At the very moment when the demand for plays is increasing, the source of supply in France is drying up. The Romantic school has been dead for years, the school of Scribe is dying, and so is the little school of melodramatists who stood midway between the other two. Rarely are the new French plays suitable for export; and the stock of old French plays is absolutely exhausted. For the fifty years in the middle of this century the French dramatists brought forth thousands of plays, emotional or amusing, intense or ingenious, melodramatic or farcical; and of all these thousands every one which had any possibility of success in English has been translated and adapted again and again. The vein is thoroughly worked out now, and although a persistent prospector may chance on a pocket, it will be but a happy accident.

The old French plays are used up, and there are fewer new French plays than there were. The young men who are taking to literature in France feel themselves freer in writing fiction than in working for the stage. As I have said before, a novel is easier to write than a play, and it is far easier to get before the people. Quite recently the spread of education, with the consequent growth of the reading public, has at last made the French novel as profitable as the French play. Thus it happens that there are not as many promising young playwrights in Paris as there were ten years ago, and not half as many, perhaps, as there were twenty years ago. Not only are there fewer plays produced, but those actually acted in Paris are far less likely to please the American people. For one thing, the French dramatists of to-day are conscious of the realistic movement which dominates the fiction of France, of Russia, and of America. The younger playwrights especially are aware of the increasing public appreciation of the more exact presentation of the facts of life. Now the more accurately a play conforms to life as it is in France, the less available it is for performance in America. What most interests the play-goer in New York

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is a representation of American life; he does not care to see a comedy turning on the niceties and conventionalities of merely Parisian existence. As Realism, and its younger brother, Naturalism, gain in power in Paris, fewer and fewer French plays will be fit for the American market. The three chief French dramatists of this second half of the nineteenth century are M. Augier, M. Dumas *fils*, and M. Sardou. The plays of only one of these, M. Victorien Sardou, a disciple of Scribe, are brought out successfully in Great Britain or the United States. Of all the dramas of M. Alexandre Dumas *fils*, only one, the *Dame aux Camélias*, has held the stage in America, despite a frequent attempt to acclimatize others. And no one of the modern comedies of M. Émile Augier — the most wholesome and honest of the French dramatists of the day—has been acted at any one of the leading theatres of New York during the score of years since I have been a constant play-goer. Two plays of M. Octave Feuillet have been profitable in America, and two only, the *Roman d'un jeune Homme pauvre* and the *Tentation*, most skilfully adapted by Mr. Boucicault as *Led Astray*. Many, if not most, of the French plays of to-day, the serious dramas as well as the comic farces, are calculated solely for the meridian of Paris. They are so Parisian that they are not understood even in the French provinces. They are as local to the Boulevard des Italiens as are Mr. Harrigan's amusing pieces to Mulligan's Alley. And it would be as difficult to transplant them to New York as it would be to make a French adaptation of *Squatter Sovereignty*.

There were in 1887–8 in the city of New York four theatres having permanent companies and giving plays worthy of serious consideration. These were Wallack's, Daly's, the Madison Square, and the Lyceum. In these four theatres during four years (1884–5–6–7) there have been acted adaptations of only eight French plays. In 1884 *Lady Clare*, a British perversion of the *Maître de Forges* of M. Georges Ohnet, was the sole example of French dramatic art at these theatres. In 1885 there were acted two versions of the *Andréa* of M. Sardou; another adaptation of the *Maître de Forges;* a translation of the *Denise* of M. Dumas; and an English play called *Impulse*, derived more or less remotely from a French play called *La Maison du Mari*. In 1886 came *Our Society* (based on M. Pailleron's *Monde où l'on s'ennuie*), and *Love in Harness* (based on M. Valabrègue's *Amour conjugal*). In 1887 we had a second arrangement of *Denise*, a version of M. Dennery's *Martyre*, and *In the Fashion*, which was an adaptation from Scribe. This is the complete list of the plays adapted from the French which were produced at the four leading comedy theatres of New York during the past four years. And it may be added that most of those adaptations failed to interest the public, and that no one of them was a signal success—no one of them was acted for one hundred nights. I note also that at certain other of the New York play-houses where there is no permanent company, and where the entertainment is provided by strolling stars, during the same period four other French plays were produced—*Lagardère*, *Mlle. de Bressier*, the *Chouans*, and *Three Wives for one Husband*. No one of these achieved an emphatic success. It is to be recorded also that in these four years two comedies by an American author, Mr. Bronson Howard, *One of our Girls* and the *Henrietta*, were performed each for almost a whole season.

What is true of New York is not untrue of London: there, as here, the play adapted from the French is giving way to the play originally written in English. How great the change is in both cities could be shown only by a comparison with the statistics of ten and fifteen years ago—a comparison for which I have no space here. One of the chief causes of this gradual disappearance of the French drama from the English-speaking stage is the recent recognition of international stage-right. By an absurd anomaly the foreign novelist cannot control the printing of his story in this country, but the foreign dramatist can protect the performance of his play. This reform has been achieved in America by judicial decision, and in England by a treaty with France. It has had a double effect. First, the foreign dramatist, French or German, now insists on full payment for his work, and thus the English-speaking dramatist is no longer forced to sell his wares in unfair competition with stolen goods. Second, the foreign dramatist insists on receiving full honor for his work, and thus the English-speaking dramatist is no longer discredited by

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the presumption that his play is adapted from the French. Nowadays when a new French comedy or a German farce is produced in London or in New York the foreign author's name is on the play-bill, and it is also on the check for the royalty.

The reason why so many foreign plays continue to be brought out is not far to seek. It is partly because a habit often survives long after the exciting cause has ceased, and partly because the conduct of a theatre is a very ticklish task, full of perplexity and danger, which managers try to reduce to a minimum. To produce a new play, absolutely untried, is always a risky piece of business, for barely one in three makes a hit and pays a profit. Those in charge of theatres seek to avoid this risk, as far as may be, by buying plays which have already approved themselves.

That there is already evidence of improvement in the quality as well as in the quantity of the plays written in Great Britain and the United States, I do not think any competent and candid observer would deny. I should not like to be forced to maintain the thesis that even now the average English play is better than the average English novel, although I am well aware that the average of the English novel of the past few years is low enough. But the conditions are now favorable for dramatic development, and I can see signs of its coming. There is no need to count noses, but I may suggest that *Claudian* and *Clito* and *Loyal Love* are symptoms of a revival of the poetic drama; I may note that in the *Lights of London* and in the *Silver King* there was the promise of a new type of melodrama, effective and affecting, sensational if you will, but natural also, and not without the ruddy drop of human blood which alone gives vitality to the work of the pen; and I may remark that in the authors of *Sweethearts*, of *Forget-me-not*, and of *The Squire* there is a little band of English playwrights who have proved their possession of the power to write comedies as simple and as direct, as ingenious in construction and almost as brilliant in dialogue, as the comedies we go to see in Paris at the Gymnase and the Vaudeville. It is true that tradition tends to keep up a tone of hard glitter in the speech of English comedy; the dramatist easily remembers that he is a follower of Sheridan, and hence comes a certain forced sparkle, a factitious smartness, a profusion of cut-and-thrust epigram perilously near to rudeness. The persons of the play are prone to take the liberty Dr. Johnson allowed himself, according to Goldsmith, who, in discussing the doctor's repartee, declared that whenever Johnson's pistol missed fire he knocked you down with the butt.

The signs of improvement in dramatic art, visible enough in Great Britain, are to be detected also in the United States. The Americans are a quicker people than the British and of a more artistic temperament. Already has the American dramatist followed the American novelist across the Atlantic. Sooner or later nearly every successful American play is reproduced in London, just as every successful English play is reproduced in New York.

Lowell tells us that Dryden's "comedies lack everything that a comedy should have—lightness, quickness of transition, unexpectedness of incident, easy cleverness of dialogue, and humorous contrast of character brought out by identity of situation." All these requisites of comedy can be seen in American novels and in American short-stories, and they are beginning to be discoverable more abundantly in American plays.

Two of the chief qualifications of the dramatist—invention and ingenuity—are recognized characteristics of our nation. A sense of humor is another quality not to be denied to us; and our humor is negative as well as positive—it can take a joke as well as it can make one. The jest's prosperity lies with the audience quite as much as with the author. The kind of humor which the American most relishes turns on character. What we are keenest to seize in a story or on the stage is a touch of human nature.

It is just a hundred years since Royall Tyler, afterward Chief-Justice of Vermont, wrote *The Contrast*, the first play by an American author which was acted by a professional company. This American comedy had in Jonathan the earliest of a long line of stage Yankees, and to the performance of this part by Wignell it owed most of its good fortune. *The Contrast* proved the possibility of putting the life and the people, the manners and the customs, of our own country on the stage, and since then the most enduring successes of our theatre have been plays

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of American character. From Hackett's Colonel Nimrod Wildfire and Chanfrau's Mose to the later Rip Van Winkle of Mr. Jefferson, the Davy Crockett of Mr. Mayo, the Colonel Sellers of Mr. Raymond, the Judge Slote of Mr. Florence, and the Joshua Whitcomb of Mr. Thompson, the American play-goer has been prompt to appreciate the presentation of American character, however harsh and inadequate and inartistic might be the dramatic framework in which it was to be seen.

It would be impossible to deny that the plays in which these characters appeared were often feeble, forced, and false, shabby in structure and shambling in action. Here we have the weakest point in the American drama. The playwright has not taken the trouble to learn his trade. There is a grammar of the dramatic art which must be mastered like any other grammar. The writer of a comedy should have so thorough a knowledge of the conditions of the theatre and of the mechanics of play-making that when he puts together his plot he does not need to think about the rules any more than he has to recall the laws of English grammar whenever he writes a letter. This technical knowledge should be digested and assimilated until its application is absolutely instinctive.

The best means of diffusing the needful knowledge of theatrical technic is collaboration, by which the inexperienced writer who thinks he has a subject for a play may secure the help of the expert who can teach him how to treat it. The biography of Lord Lytton has shown us that Macready was in reality part author of *The Lady of Lyons* and of *Richelieu;* he was consulted at every step, and it was due chiefly to his understanding of the stage that the plays were successful. The most promising of English and American dramatists of our day have gone to school to Scribe and to M. Sardou to spy out the secrets of their art. Like watch-making, play-making is a trade at which a man must serve his apprenticeship; and nowhere may his *Wanderjahre* be more profitably spent than in a tour of the Parisian workshops. Thus may be acquired skill in construction—and constructive skill is almost the first requisite for the dramatist, if we accept the assertion of M. Dumas that the dramatic is an art of preparation.

All great dramatists have studied the theatre before they wrote for it. Many of them have had a close connection with a playhouse. Shakespeare and Molière were players themselves, and managers also, with a personal interest in the takings at the door—a fact which forced them to keep touch of the public very carefully. Their dramas act well: that they also read well was a secondary consideration. A play is something to be played; and what is kindly called a "drama for the closet" is a contradiction in terms; it is a play intended not to be played. If a drama have not the well-knit story and the artful sequence of situation which permit the characters to reveal themselves decently and in order, no meteor flashes of poetry, no aurora borealis of eloquence, can save it from the deep damnation of its taking off the boards. There is no more frequent phrase in the mouth of a manager, in returning a manuscript play, than that it is "well written," or that it has "literary merit"; and no phrases are falser. If the play is not well made it cannot be well written, however brilliant its dialogue. If the structure is not sound, and if the characters are not rightly contrasted, there is no "literary merit." Dramatic literature is not fine writing; it resides rather in the conception of the characters and in the concoction of the story than in any elevation of language. Théophile Gautier said that the skeleton of every good play was a pantomime. The deaf and dumb can seize the story of *Hamlet* and enjoy it. All the Attic salt in Athens would not save the tragedy of *Œdipus* if its situations were not as artistically arranged and as pathetically effective as those of *La Tosca*, M. Sardou's latest one-part play.

That the drama is the highest form of literary endeavor will be denied by no true lover of Shakespeare and of Molière—the foremost figures of the two greatest modern literatures. The drama is not only the highest, it is also the broadest of all literary forms; it appeals to the plain people as directly as to the Brahmin caste. A playwright must please the public at large under penalty of not being allowed to please anybody. A novel may have its thousand readers a year and not slip out of men's memories. But if a play does not interest and hold and move a thousand spectators night after night, it is soon withdrawn and laid on the shelf to be seen of men no more.

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A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD.*

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

III.

MR. LYON'S invitation was for a week. Before the end of the week I was called to New York to consult Mr. Henderson in regard to a railway investment in the West, which was turning out more permanent than profitable. Rodney Henderson—the name later became very familiar to the public in connection with a certain Congressional investigation—was a graduate of my own college, a New Hampshire boy, a lawyer by profession, who practised, as so many American lawyers do, in Wall Street, in political combinations, in Washington, in railways. He was already known as a rising man.

When I returned, Mr. Lyon was still at our house. I understood that my wife had persuaded him to extend his visit—a proposal he was little reluctant to fall in with, so interested had he become in studying social life in America. I could well comprehend this, for we are all making a "study" of something in this age, simple enjoyment being considered an unworthy motive. I was glad to see that the young Englishman was improving himself, broadening his knowledge of life, and not wasting the golden hours of youth. Experience is what we all need, and though love or love-making cannot be called a novelty, there is something quite fresh about the study of it in the modern spirit.

Mr. Lyon had made himself very agreeable to the little circle, not less by his inquiring spirit than by his unaffected manners, by a kind of simplicity which women recognize as unconscious, the result of an inherited habit of not thinking about one's position. In excess it may be very disagreeable, but when it is combined with genuine good-nature and no self-assertion, it is attractive. And although American women like a man who is aggressive toward the world and combative, there is the delight of novelty in one who has leisure to be agreeable, leisure for them, and who seems to their imagination to have a larger range in life than those who are driven by business—one able to offer the peace and security of something attained.

There had been several little neighborhood entertainments, dinners at the Morgans' and at Mrs. Fletcher's, and an evening cup of tea at Miss Forsythe's. In fact Margaret and Mr. Lyon had been thrown much together. He had accompanied her to vespers, and they had taken a wintry walk or two together before the snow came. My wife had not managed it—she assured me of that; but she had not felt authorized to interfere; and she had visited the public library and looked into the British Peerage. Men were so suspicious. Margaret was quite able to take care of herself. I admitted that, but I suggested that the Englishman was a stranger in a strange land, that he was far from home, and had perhaps a weakened sense of those powerful social influences which must, after all, control him in the end. The only response to this was, "I think, dear, you'd better wrap him up in cotton and send him back to his family."

Among her other activities Margaret was interested in a mission school in the city, to which she devoted an occasional evening and Sunday afternoons. This was a new surprise for Mr. Lyon. Was this also a part of the restlessness of American life? At Mrs. Howe's german the other evening the girl had seemed wholly absorbed in dress, and the gayety of the serious formality of the occasion, feeling the responsibility of it scarcely less than the "leader." Yet her mind was evidently much occupied with the "condition of woman," and she taught in a public school. He could not at all make it out. Was she any more serious about the german than about the mission school? It seemed odd at her age to take life so seriously. And was she serious in all her various occupations, or only experimenting? There was a certain mocking humor in the girl that puzzled the Englishman still more.

"I have not seen much of your life," he said one night to Mr. Morgan; "but aren't most American women a little restless, seeking an occupation?"

"Perhaps they have that appearance; but about the same number find it, as formerly, in marriage."

"But I mean, you know, do they look to marriage as an end so much?"

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"I don't know that they ever did look to marriage as anything but a means."

"I can tell you, Mr. Lyon," my wife interrupted, "you will get no information out of Mr. Morgan; he is a scoffer."

"Not at all, I do assure you," Morgan replied. "I am just a humble observer. I see that there is a change going on, but I cannot comprehend it. When I was young, girls used to go in for society; they danced their feet off from seventeen to twenty-one. I never heard anything about any occupation; they had their swing and their fling, and their flirtations; they appeared to be skimming off of those impressionable, joyous years the cream of life."

"And you think that fitted them for the seriousness of life?" asked his wife.

"Well, I am under the impression that very good women came out of that society. I got one out of that dancing crowd who has been serious enough for me."

"And little enough you have profited by it," said Mrs. Morgan.

"I'm content. But probably I'm old-fashioned. There is quite another spirit now. Girls out of pinafores must begin seriously to consider some calling. All their flirtation from seventeen to twenty-one is with some occupation. All their dancing days they must go to college, or in some way lay the foundation for a useful life. I suppose it's all right. No doubt we shall have a much higher style of women in the future than we ever had in the past."

"You allow nothing," said Mrs. Fletcher, "for the necessity of earning a living in these days of competition. Women never will come to their proper position in the world, even as companions of men, which you regard as their highest office, until they have the ability to be self-supporting."

"Oh, I admitted the fact of the independence of women a long time ago. Every one does that before he comes to middle life. About the shifting all round of this burden of earning a living, I am not so sure. It does not appear yet to make competition any less; perhaps competition would disappear if everybody did earn his own living and no more. I wonder, by-the-way, if the girls, the young women, of the class we seem to be discussing ever do earn as much as would pay the wages of the servants who are hired to do the house-work in their places?"

"That is a most ignoble suggestion," I could not help saying, "when you know that the object in modern life is the cultivation of the mind, the elevation of women, and men also, in intellectual life."

"I suppose so. I should like to have asked Abigail Adams's opinion on the way to do it."

"One would think," I said, "that you didn't know that the spinning-jenny and the stocking-knitter had been invented. Given these, the women's college was a matter of course."

"Oh, I'm a believer in all kinds of machinery—anything to save labor. Only, I have faith that neither the jenny nor the college will change human nature, nor take the romance out of life."

"So have I," said my wife. "I've heard two things affirmed: that women who receive a scientific or professional education lose their faith, become usually agnostics, having lost sensitiveness to the mysteries of life."

"And you think, therefore, that they should not have a scientific education?"

"No, unless all scientific prying into things is a mistake. Women may be more likely at first to be upset than men, but they will recover their balance when the novelty is worn off. No amount of science will entirely change their emotional nature; and besides, with all our science, I don't see that the supernatural has any less hold on this generation than on the former."

"Yes, and you might say the world was never before so credulous as it is now. But what was the other thing?"

"Why, that co-education is likely to diminish marriages among the co-educated. Daily familiarity in the class-room at the most impressionable age, revelation of all the intellectual weaknesses and petulances, absorption of mental routine on an equality, tend to destroy the sense of romance and mystery that are the most powerful attractions between the sexes. It is a sort of disenchanting familiarity that rubs off the bloom."

"Have you any statistics on the subject?"

"No. I fancy it is only a notion of some old fogy who thinks education in any form is dangerous for women."

"Yes, and I fancy that co-education will have about as much effect on life generally as that solemn meeting of a society of intelligent and fashionable wo-

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men recently in one of our great cities, who met to discuss the advisability of limiting population."

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed, "this is an interesting age."

I was less anxious about the vagaries of it when I saw the very old-fashioned way in which the international drama was going on in our neighborhood. Mr. Lyon was increasingly interested in Margaret's mission work. Nor was there much affectation in this. Philanthropy, anxiety about the working classes, is nowhere more serious or in the fashion than it is in London. Mr. Lyon, wherever he had been, had made a special study of the various aid and relief societies, especially of the work for young waifs and strays.

One Sunday afternoon they were returning from the Bloom Street Mission. Snow covered the ground, the sky was leaden, and the air had a penetrating chill in it far more disagreeable than extreme cold.

"We also," Mr. Lyon was saying, in continuation of a conversation, "are making a great effort for the common people."

"But we haven't any common people here," replied Margaret, quickly. "That bright boy you noticed in my class, who was a terror six months ago, will no doubt be in the City Council in a few years, and likely enough mayor."

"Oh, I know your theory. It practically comes to the same thing, whatever you call it. I couldn't see that the work in New York differed much from that in London. We who have leisure ought to do something for the working classes."

"I sometimes doubt if it is not all a mistake—most of our charitable work. The thing is to get people to do something for themselves."

"But you cannot do away with distinctions?"

"I suppose not, so long as so many people are born vicious, or incompetent, or lazy. But, Mr. Lyon, how much good do you suppose condescending charity does?" asked Margaret, firing up in a way the girl had at times. "I mean the sort that makes the distinctions more evident. The very fact that you have leisure to meddle in their affairs may be an annoyance to the folks you try to help by the little palliatives of charity. What effect upon a wretched city neighborhood do you suppose is produced by the advent in it of a stylish carriage and a lady in silk, or even the coming of a well-dressed, prosperous woman in a horse-car, however gentle and unassuming she may be in this distribution of sympathy and bounty? Isn't the feeling of inequality intensified? And the degrading part of it may be that so many are willing to accept this sort of bounty. And your men of leisure, your club men, sitting in the windows and seeing the world go by as a spectacle—men who never did an hour's necessary work in their lives—what effect do you suppose the sight of them has upon men out of work, perhaps by their own fault, owing to the same disposition to be idle that the men in the club windows have?"

"And do you think it would be any better if all were poor alike?"

"I think it would be better if there were no idle people. I'm half ashamed that I have leisure to go every time I go to that mission. And I'm almost sorry, Mr. Lyon, that I took you there. The boys knew you were English. One of them asked me if you were a 'lord' or a 'juke' or something. I cannot tell how they will take it. They may resent the spying into their world of an 'English juke,' and they may take it in the light of a show."

Mr. Lyon laughed. And then, perhaps after a little reflection upon the possibility that the nobility was becoming a show in this world, he said:

"I begin to think I'm very unfortunate, Miss Debree. You seem to remind me that I am in a position in which I can do very little to help the world along."

"Not at all. You can do very much."

"But how, when whatever I attempt is considered a condescension? What can I do?"

"Pardon me," and Margaret turned her eyes frankly upon him. "You can be a good earl when your time comes."

Their way lay through the little city park. It is a pretty place in summer—a varied surface, well planted with forest and ornamental trees, intersected by a winding stream. The little river was full now, and ice had formed on it, with small openings here and there, where the dark water, hurrying along as if in fear of arrest, had a more chilling aspect than the icy cover. The ground was white with snow, and all the trees were bare except for a few frozen oak leaves here and there, which shivered in the wind and

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somehow added to the desolation. Leaden clouds covered the sky, and only in the west was there a gleam of the departing winter day.

Upon the elevated bank of the stream, opposite to the road by which they approached, they saw a group of people—perhaps twenty—drawn closely together, either in the sympathy of segregation from an unfeeling world, or for protection from the keen wind. On the hither bank, and leaning on the rails of the drive, had collected a motley crowd of spectators, men, women, and boys, who exhibited some impatience and much curiosity, decorous for the most part, but emphasized by occasional jocose remarks in an undertone. A serious ceremony was evidently in progress.

The separate group had not a prosperous air. The women were thinly clad for such a day. Conspicuous in the little assembly was a tall elderly man in a shabby long coat and a broad felt hat, from under which his white hair fell upon his shoulders. He might be a prophet in Israel come out to testify to an unbelieving world, and the little group around him, shaken like reeds in the wind, had the appearance of martyrs to a cause. The light of another world shone in their thin patient faces. Come, they seemed to say to the worldlings on the opposite bank—come and see what happiness it is to serve the Lord. As they waited, a faint tune was started, a quavering hymn, whose feeble notes the wind blew away at first, but which grew stronger.

Before the first stanza was finished a carriage appeared in the rear of the group. From it descended a middle-aged man and a stout woman, and they together helped a young girl to alight. She was clad all in white. For a moment her thin, delicate figure shrank from the cutting wind. Timid, nervous, she glanced an instant at the crowd and the dark icy stream, but it was only a protest of the poor body: the face had the rapt, exultant look of joyous sacrifice.

The tall man advanced to meet her, and led her into the midst of the group.

For a few moments there was prayer, inaudible at a distance. Then the tall man, taking the girl by the hand, advanced down the slope to the stream. His hat was laid aside, his venerable locks streamed in the breeze, his eyes were turned to heaven; the girl walked as in a vision, without a tremor, her wide-opened eyes fixed upon invisible things.

As they moved on, the group behind set up a joyful hymn in a kind of mournful chant, in which the tall man joined with a strident voice. Fitfully the words came on the wind, in an almost heart-breaking wail:

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the working and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon."

They were near the water now, and the tall man's voice sounded out loud and clear:

"Lord, tarry not, but come!"

They were entering the stream, where there was an opening clear of ice; the footing was not very secure, and the tall man ceased singing, but the little band sang on:

"Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon."

The girl grew paler and shuddered. The tall man sustained her with an attitude of infinite sympathy, and seemed to speak words of encouragement. They were in the mid-stream; the cold flood surged about their waists. The group sang on:

"Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon."

The strong, tender arms of the tall man gently lowered the white form under the cruel water; he staggered a moment in the swift stream, recovered himself, raised her, white as death, and the voices of the wailing tune came—

"Love, rest, and home—
Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come!"

And the tall man, as he struggled to the shore with his almost insensible burden, could be heard above the other voices and the wind and the rush of the waters—

"Lord, tarry not, but come!"

The girl was hurried into the carriage, and the group quickly dispersed. "Well, I'll be—" The tender-hearted little wife of the rough man in the crowd who began that sentence did not permit him to finish it. "That 'll be a case for a doctor right away," remarked a well-known practitioner who had been looking on.

Margaret and Mr. Lyon walked home in silence. "I can't talk about it," she said. "It's such a pitiful world."

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IV.

In the evening, at our house, Margaret described the scene in the park.

"It's dreadful," was the comment of Miss Forsythe. "The authorities ought not to permit such a thing."

"It seemed to me as heroic as pitiful, aunt. I fear I should be incapable of making such a testimony."

"But it was so unnecessary."

"How do we know what is necessary to any poor soul? What impressed me most strongly was that there is in the world still this longing to suffer physically and endure public scorn for a belief."

"It may have been a disappointment to the little band," said Mr. Morgan, "that there was no demonstration from the spectators, that there was no loud jeering, that no snowballs were thrown by the boys."

"They could hardly expect that," said I; "the world has become so tolerant that it doesn't care."

"I rather think," Margaret replied, "that the spectators for a moment came under the spell of the hour, and were awed by something supernatural in the endurance of that frail girl."

"No doubt," said my wife, after a little pause. "I believe that there is as much sense of mystery in the world as ever, and as much of what we call faith, only it shows itself eccentrically. Breaking away from traditions and not going to church have not destroyed the need in the minds of the mass of people for something outside themselves."

"Did I tell you," interposed Morgan—"it is almost in the line of your thought—of a girl I met the other day on the train? I happened to be her seat-mate in the car—thin face, slight little figure—a commonplace girl, whom I took at first to be not more than twenty, but from the lines about her large eyes she was probably nearer forty. She had in her lap a book, which she conned from time to time, and seemed to be committing verses to memory as she looked out the window. At last I ventured to ask what literature it was that interested her so much, when she turned and frankly entered into conversation. It was a little Advent song-book. She liked to read it on the train, and hum over the tunes. Yes, she was a good deal on the cars; early every morning she rode thirty miles to her work, and thirty miles back every evening. Her work was that of clerk and copyist in a freight office, and she earned nine dollars a week, on which she supported herself and her mother. It was hard work, but she did not mind it much. Her mother was quite feeble. She was an Adventist. 'And you?' I asked. 'Oh yes, I am. I've been an Adventist twenty years, and I've been perfectly happy ever since I joined—perfectly,' she added, turning her plain face, now radiant, toward me. 'Are you one?' she asked, presently. 'Not an immediate Adventist,' I was obliged to confess. 'I thought you might be, there are so many now, more and more.' I learned that in our little city there were two Advent societies; there had been a split on account of some difference in the meaning of original sin. 'And you are not discouraged by the repeated failure of the predictions of the end of the world?' I asked. 'No. Why should we be? We don't fix any certain day now, but all the signs show that it is very near. We are all free to think as we like. Most of our members now think it will be next year.' 'I hope not!' I exclaimed. 'Why?' she asked, turning to me with a look of surprise. 'Are you afraid?' I evaded by saying that I supposed the good had nothing to fear. 'Then you must be an Adventist, you have so much sympathy.' 'I shouldn't like to have the world come to an end next year, because there are so many interesting problems, and I want to see how they will be worked out.' 'How can you want to put it off'—and there was for the first time a little note of fanaticism in her voice—'when there is so much poverty and hard work? It is such a hard world, and so much suffering and sin. And it could all be ended in a moment. How can you want it to go on?' The train approached the station, and she rose to say good-by. 'You will see the truth some day,' she said, and went away as cheerful as if the world was actually destroyed. She was the happiest woman I have seen in a long time."

"Yes," I said, "it is an age of both faith and credulity."

"And nothing marks it more," Morgan added, "than the popular expectation among the scientific and the ignorant of something to come out of the dimly understood relation of body and mind. It is like the expectation of the possibilities of electricity."

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"I was going on to say," I continued, "that wherever I walk in the city of a Sunday afternoon, I am struck with the number of little meetings going on, of the faithful and the unfaithful, Adventists, socialists, spiritualists, culturists, Sons and Daughters of Edom; from all the open windows of the tall buildings come notes of praying, of exhortation, the melancholy wail of the inspiring Sankey tunes, total abstinence melodies, over-the-river melodies, songs of entreaty, and songs of praise. There is so much going on outside of the regular churches!"

"But the churches are well attended," suggested my wife.

"Yes, fairly, at least once a day, and if there is sensational preaching, twice. But there is nothing that will so pack the biggest hall in the city as the announcement of inspirational preaching by some young woman who speaks at random on a text given her when she steps upon the platform. There is something in her rhapsody, even when it is incoherent, that appeals to a prevailing spirit."

"How much of it is curiosity?" Morgan asked. "Isn't the hall just as jammed when the clever attorney of Nothingism, Ham Saversoul, jokes about the mysteries of this life and the next?"

"Very likely. People like the emotional and the amusing. All the same, they are credulous, and entertain doubt and belief on the slightest evidence."

"Isn't it natural," spoke up Mr. Lyon, who had hitherto been silent, "that you should drift into this condition without an established church?"

"Perhaps it's natural," Morgan retorted, "that people dissatisfied with an established religion should drift over here. Great Britain, you know, is a famous recruiting-ground for our socialistic experiments."

"Ah, well," said my wife, "men will have something. If what is established repels to the extent of getting itself disestablished, and all churches should be broken up, society would somehow precipitate itself again spiritually. I heard the other day that Boston, getting a little weary of the Vedas, was beginning to take up the New Testament."

"Yes," said Morgan, "since Tolstoï mentioned it."

After a little the talk drifted into physic research, and got lost in stories of "appearances" and "long-distance" communications. It appeared to me that intelligent people accepted this sort of story as true on evidence on which they wouldn't risk five dollars if it were a question of money. Even scientists swallow tales of prehistoric bones on testimony they would reject if it involved the title to a piece of real estate.

Mr. Lyon still lingered in the lap of a New England winter as if it had been Capua. He was anxious to visit Washington and study the politics of the country, and see the sort of society produced in the freedom of a republic, where there was no court to give the tone and there were no class lines to determine position. He was restless under this sense of duty. The future legislator for the British Empire must understand the Constitution of its great rival, and thus be able to appreciate the social currents that have so much to do with political action.

In fact he had another reason for uneasiness. His mother had written him, asking why he staid so long in an unimportant city, he who had been so active a traveller hitherto. Knowledge of the capitals was what he needed. Agreeable people he could find at home, if his only object was to pass the time. What could he reply? Could he say that he had become very much interested in studying a school-teacher—a very charming school-teacher? He could see the vision raised in the minds of his mother and of the earl and of his elder sister as they should read this precious confession—a vision of a school-ma'am, of an American girl, and an American girl without any money at that, moving in the little orbit of Chisholm House. The thing was absurd. And yet why was it absurd? What was English politics, what was Chisholm House, what was everybody in England compared to this noble girl? Nay, what would the world be without her? He grew hot in thinking of it, indignant at his relations and the whole artificial framework of things.

The situation was almost humiliating. He began to doubt the stability of his own position. Hitherto he had met no obstacle: whatever he had desired he had obtained. He was a sensible fellow, and knew the world was not made for him; but it certainly had yielded to him in everything. Why did he doubt now? That he did doubt showed him the intensity of his interest in Margaret. For love is hum-

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ble, and undervalues self in contrast with that which it desires. At this touchstone rank, fortune, all that go with them, seemed poor. What were all these to a woman's soul? But there were women enough, women enough in England, women more beautiful than Margaret, doubtless as amiable and intellectual. Yet now there was for him only one woman in the world. And Margaret showed no sign. Was he about to make a fool of himself? If she should reject him he would seem a fool to himself. If she accepted him he would seem a fool to the whole circle that made his world at home. The situation was intolerable. He would end it by going.

But he did not go. If he went to-day he could not see her to-morrow. To a lover anything can be borne if he knows that he shall see her to-morrow. In short, he could not go so long as there was any doubt about her disposition toward him.

And a man is still reduced to this in the latter part of the nineteenth century, notwithstanding all our science, all our analysis of the passion, all our wise jabber about the failure of marriage, all our common-sense about the relation of the sexes. Love is still a personal question, not to be reasoned about or in any way disposed of except in the old way. Maidens dream about it; diplomats yield to it; stolid men are upset by it; the aged become young, the young grave, under its influence; the student loses his appetite—God bless him! I like to hear the young fellows at the club rattle on bravely, indifferent to the whole thing—sceptical, in fact, about it. And then to see them, one after another, stricken down, and looking a little sheepish and not saying much, and by-and-by radiant. You would think they owned the world. Heaven, I think, shows us no finer sarcasm than one of these young sceptics as a meek family man.

Margaret and Mr. Lyon were much together. And their talk, as always happens when two persons find themselves much together, became more and more personal. It is only in books that dialogues are abstract and impersonal. The Englishman told her about his family, about the set in which he moved—and he had the English frankness in setting it out unreservedly—about the life he led at Oxford, about his travels, and so on to what he meant to do in the world. Margaret in return had little to tell, her own life had been so simple—not much except the maidenly reserves, the discontents with herself, which interested him more than anything else; and of the future she would not speak at all. How can a woman, without being misunderstood? All this talk had a certain danger in it, for sympathy is unavoidable between two persons who look ever so little into each other's hearts and compare tastes and desires.

"I cannot quite understand your social life over here," Mr. Lyon was saying one day. "You seem to make distinctions, but I cannot see exactly for what."

"Perhaps they make themselves. Your social orders seem able to resist Darwin's theory, but in a republic natural selection has a better chance."

"I was told by a Bohemian on the steamer coming over that money in America takes the place of rank in England."

"That isn't quite true."

"And I was told in Boston by an acquaintance of very old family and little fortune that 'blood' is considered here as much as anywhere."

"You see, Mr. Lyon, how difficult it is to get correct information about us. I think we worship wealth a good deal, and we worship family a good deal, but if any one presumes too much upon either, he is likely to come to grief. I don't understand it very well myself."

"Then it is not money that determines social position in America?"

"Not altogether; but more now than formerly. I suppose the distinction is this: family will take a person everywhere, money will take him almost everywhere; but money is always at this disadvantage—it takes more and more of it to gain position. And then you will find that it is a good deal a matter of locality. For instance, in Virginia and Kentucky family is still very powerful, stronger than any distinction in letters or politics or success in business; and there is a certain diminishing number of people in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, who cultivate a good deal of exclusiveness on account of descent."

"But I am told that this sort of aristocracy is succumbing to the new plutocracy."

"Well, it is more and more difficult to maintain a position without money. Mr. Morgan says that it is a disheartening thing to be an aristocrat without luxury; he declares that he cannot tell whether

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the Knickerbockers of New York or the plutocrats are more uneasy just now. The one is hungry for social position, and is morose if he cannot buy it; and when the other is seduced by luxury and yields, he finds that his distinction is gone. For in his heart the newly rich only respects the rich. A story went about of one of the Bonanza princes who had built his palace in the city, and was sending out invitations to his first entertainment. Somebody suggested doubts to him about the response. 'Oh,' he said, 'the beggars will be glad enough to come!' I suppose, Mr. Lyon," said Margaret, demurely, "that this sort of thing is unknown in England?"

"Oh, I couldn't say that money is not run after there to some extent."

"I saw a picture in *Punch* of an auction, intended as an awful satire on American women. It struck me that it might have two interpretations."

"Yes, *Punch* is as friendly to America as it is to the English aristocracy."

"Well, I was only thinking that it is just an exchange of commodities. People will always give what they have for what they want. The Western man changes his pork in New York for pictures. I suppose that—what do you call it?—the balance of trade is against us, and we have to send over cash and beauty."

"I didn't know that Miss Debree was so much of a political economist."

"We got that out of books in school. Another thing we learned is that England wants raw material: I thought I might as well say it, for it wouldn't be polite for you."

"Oh, I'm capable of saying anything, if provoked. But we have got away from the point. As far as I can see, all sorts of people intermarry, and I don't see how you can discriminate socially—where the lines are."

Mr. Lyon saw the moment that he had made it that this was a suggestion little likely to help him. And Margaret's reply showed that he had lost ground.

"Oh, we do not try to discriminate—except as to foreigners. There is a popular notion that Americans had better marry at home."

"Then the best way for a foreigner to break your exclusiveness is to be naturalized." Mr. Lyon tried to adopt her tone, and added, "Would you like to see me an American citizen?"

"I don't believe you could be, except for a little while—you are too British."

"But the two nations are practically the same; that is, individuals of the nations are. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, if one of them gives up all the habits and prejudices of a lifetime and of a whole social condition to the other."

"And which would have to yield?"

"Oh, the man, of course. It has always been so. My great-great-grandfather was a Frenchman, but he became, I have always heard, the most docile American republican."

"Do you think he would have been the one to give in if they had gone to France?"

"Perhaps not. And then the marriage would have been unhappy. Did you never take notice that a woman's happiness, and consequently the happiness of marriage, depends upon a woman's having her own way in all social matters? Before our war all the men who married down South took the Southern view, and all the Southern women who married up North held their own, and sensibly controlled the sympathies of their husbands."

"And how was it with the Northern women who married South, as you say?"

"Well, it must be confessed that a good many of them adapted themselves, in appearance at least. Women can do that, and never let any one see they are not happy and not doing it from choice."

"And don't you think American women adapt themselves happily to English life?"

"Doubtless some; I doubt if many do; but women do not confess mistakes of that kind. Woman's happiness depends so much upon the continuation of the surroundings and sympathies in which she is bred. There are always exceptions. Do you know, Mr. Lyon, it seems to me that some people do not belong in the country where they were born. We have men who ought to have been born in England, and who only find themselves really at ease and suited when they go there. There are some women like them, who are ambitious, and court a career different from any that a republic can give them. They are not satisfied here. Whether they are happy there I do not know: so few trees, when at all grown, will bear transplanting."

"Then you think international marriages are a mistake?"

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"Oh, I don't theorize on subjects I am ignorant of."

"You give me very cold comfort."

"I didn't know," said Margaret, with a laugh that was too genuine to be consoling, "that you were travelling for comfort; I thought it was for information."

"And I am getting a great deal," said Mr. Lyon, rather ruefully. "I'm trying to find out where I ought to have been born."

"I'm not sure," Margaret said, half seriously, "but you would have been a very good American."

This was not much of an admission, after all, but it was the most that Margaret had ever made, and Mr. Lyon tried to get some encouragement out of it. But he felt, as any man would feel, that this beating about the bush, this talk of nationality and all that, was nonsense; that if a woman loved a man she wouldn't care where he was born; that all the world would be as nothing to him; that all conditions and obstacles society and family could raise would melt away in the glow of a real passion. And he wondered, for a moment, if American girls were not "calculating"—a word to which he had learned over here to attach a new and comical meaning.

V.

The afternoon after this conversation Miss Forsythe was sitting reading in her favorite window-seat, when Mr. Lyon was announced. Margaret was at her school. There was nothing unusual in this afternoon call; Mr. Lyon's visits had become frequent and informal; but Miss Forsythe had a nervous presentiment that something important was to happen that showed itself in her greeting, and which was perhaps caught from a certain new diffidence in his manner.

Perhaps the maiden lady preserves more than any other this sensitiveness, inborn in women, to the approach of the critical moment in the affairs of the heart. The day may some time be past when she is sensitive for herself—philosophers say otherwise—but she is easily put in a flutter by the affair of another. Perhaps this is because the negative (as we say in these days) which takes impressions retains all its delicacy from the fact that none of them have ever been developed, and perhaps it is a wise provision of nature that age in a heart unsatisfied should awaken lively apprehensive curiosity and sympathy about the manifestation of the tender passion in others. It certainly is a note of the kindliness and charity of the maiden mind that its sympathies are so apt to be most strongly excited in the success of the wooer. This interest may be quite separable from the common feminine desire to make a match whenever there is the least chance of it. Miss Forsythe was not a match-maker, but Margaret herself would not have been more embarrassed than she was at the beginning of this interview.

When Mr. Lyon was seated she made the book she had in her hand the excuse for beginning a talk about the confidence young novelists seem to have in their ability to upset the Christian religion by a fictitious representation of life, but her visitor was too preoccupied to join in it. He rose and stood leaning his arm upon the mantel-piece, and looking into the fire, said, abruptly, at last,

"I called to see you, Miss Forsythe, to —to consult you about your niece."

"About her career?" asked Miss Forsythe, with a nervous consciousness of falsehood.

"Yes, about her career; that is, in a way," turning toward her with a little smile.

"Yes?"

"You must have seen my interest in her. You must have known why I staid on and on. But it was, it is, all so uncertain, I wanted to ask your permission to speak my mind to her."

"Are you quite sure you know your own mind?" asked Miss Forsythe, defensively.

"Sure—sure: I have never had the feeling for any other woman I have for her."

"Margaret is a noble girl: she is very independent," suggested Miss Forsythe, still avoiding the point.

"I know. I don't ask you her feeling." Mr. Lyon was standing quietly looking down into the coals. "She is the only woman in the world to me. I love her. Are you against me?" he asked, suddenly looking up, with a flush in his face.

"Oh, no! no!" exclaimed Miss Forsythe, with another access of timidity. "I shouldn't take the responsibility of being against you, or—or otherwise. It is very manly in you to come to me, and I am

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sure I—we all—wish nothing but your own happiness. And so far as I am concerned—"

"Then I have your permission?" he asked, eagerly.

"My permission, Mr. Lyon; why, it is so new to me, I scarcely realized that I had any permission," she said, with a little attempt at pleasantry. "But as her aunt, and guardian as one may say, personally I should have the greatest satisfaction to know that Margaret's destiny was in the hands of one we all esteem and know as we do you."

"Thank you, thank you," said Mr. Lyon, coming forward and seizing her hand.

"But you must let me say, let me suggest, that there are a great many things to be thought of. There is such a difference in education, in all the habits of your lives, in all your relations. Margaret would never be happy in a position where less was accorded to her than she had all her life. Nor would her pride let her take such a position."

"But as my wife—"

"Yes, I know that is sufficient in your mind. Have you consulted your mother, Mr. Lyon?"

"Not yet."

"And have you written to any one at home about my niece?"

"Not yet."

"And does it seem a little difficult to do so?" This was a probe that went even deeper than the questioner knew. Mr. Lyon hesitated, seeing again as in a vision the astonishment of his family. He was conscious of an attempt at self-deception when he replied:

"Not difficult, not at all difficult, but I thought I would wait till I had something definite to say."

"Margaret is, of course, perfectly free to act for herself. She has a very ardent nature, but at the same time a great deal of what we call common-sense. Though her heart might be very much engaged, she would hesitate to put herself in any society which thought itself superior to her. You see I speak with great frankness."

It was a new position for Mr. Lyon, to find his prospective rank seemingly an obstacle to anything he desired. For a moment the whimsicality of it interrupted the current of his feeling. He thought of the probable comments of the men of his London club upon the drift his conversation was taking with a New England spinster about his fitness to marry a school-teacher. With a smile that was summoned to hide his annoyance he said. "I don't see how I can defend myself, Miss Forsythe."

"Oh," she replied, with an answering smile that recognized his view of the humor of the situation, "I was not thinking of you, Mr. Lyon, but of the family and the society that my niece might enter, to which rank is of the first importance."

"I am simply John Lyon, Miss Forsythe. I may never be anything else. But if it were otherwise, I did not suppose that Americans objected to rank."

It was an unfortunate speech, felt to be so the instant it was uttered. Miss Forsythe's pride was touched, and the remark was not softened to her by the air of half banter with which the sentence concluded. She said, with a little stiffness and formality: "I fear, Mr. Lyon, that your sarcasm is too well merited. But there are Americans who make a distinction between rank and blood. Perhaps it is very undemocratic, but there is nowhere else more pride of family, of honorable descent, than here. We think very much of what we call good blood. And you will pardon me for saying that we are accustomed to speak of some persons and families abroad which have the highest rank as being thoroughly bad blood. If I am not mistaken, you also recognize the historic fact of ignoble blood in the owners of noble titles. I only mean, Mr. Lyon," she added, with a softening of manner, "that all Americans do not think that rank covers a multitude of sins."

"Yes, I think I get your American point of view. But to return to myself, if you will allow me, if I am so fortunate as to win Miss Debree's love, I have no fear that she would not win the hearts of all my family. Do you think that my—my prospective position would be an objection to her?"

"Not your position, no, if her heart was engaged. But expatriation, involving a surrender of all the habits and traditions and associations of a lifetime and of one's kindred, is a serious affair. One would need to be very much in love"—and Miss Forsythe blushed a little as she said it—"to make such a surrender."

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"I know. I am sure I love her too much to wish to bring any change in her life that would ever cause her unhappiness."

"I am glad to feel sure of that."

"And so I have your permission?"

"Most sincerely," said Miss Forsythe, rising and giving him her hand. "I could wish nothing better for Margaret than union with a man like you. But whatever I wish, you two have your destiny in your own hands." Her tone was wholly frank and cordial, but there was a wistful look in her face, as of one who knew how roughly life handles all youthful enthusiasms.

When John Lyon walked away from her door his feelings were very much mixed. At one instant his pride rebelled against the attitude he had just assumed. But this was only a flash, which he put away as unbecoming a man toward a true woman. The next thought was one of unselfish consideration for Margaret herself. He would not subject her to any chance of social mortifications. He would wait. He would return home and test his love by renewing his life-long associations, and by the reception his family would give to his proposal. And the next moment he saw Margaret as she had become to him, as she must always be to him. Should he risk the loss of her by timidity? What were all these paltry considerations to his love?

Was there ever a young man who could see any reasons against the possession of the woman he loved? Was there ever any love worth the name that could be controlled by calculations of expediency? I have no doubt that John Lyon went through the usual process which is called weighing a thing in the mind. It is generally an amusing process, and it is consoling to the conscience. The mind has little to do with it except to furnish the platform on which the scales are set up. A humorist says that he must have a great deal of mind, it takes him so long to make it up. There is the same apparent deliberation where love is concerned. Everything "contra" is carefully placed in one scale of the balance, and it is always satisfactory and convincing to see how quickly it kicks the beam when love is placed in the other scale. The lightest love in the world, under a law as invariable as gravitation, is heavier than any other known consideration. It is perhaps doing injustice to Mr. Lyon not to dwell upon this struggle in his mind, and to say that in all honesty he may not have known that the result of it was predetermined. But interesting and commendable as are these processes of the mind, I confess that I should have respected him less if the result had not been predetermined. And this does not in any way take from him the merit of a restless night and a tasteless breakfast.

Philosophizers on this topic say that a man ought always to be able to tell by a woman's demeanor toward him whether she is favorably inclined, and that he need run no risk. Little signs, the eyes alone, draw people together, and make formal language superfluous. This theory is abundantly sustained by examples, and we might rest on it if all women knew their own minds, and if, on the other hand, they could always tell whether a man was serious before he made a definite avowal. There is another notion, fortunately not yet extinct, that the manliest thing a man can do is to take his life in his hand, pay the woman he loves the highest tribute in his power by offering her his heart and name, and giving her the definite word that may be the touchstone to reveal to herself her own feeling. In our conventional life women must move behind a mask in a world of uncertainties. What wonder that many of them learn in their defensive position to play a game, and sometimes experiment upon the honest natures of their admirers! But even this does not absolve the chivalrous man from the duty of frankness and explicitness. Life seems ideal in that far country where the handsome youth stops his carriage at the gate of the vineyard, and says to the laughing girl carrying a basket of grapes on her head, "My pretty maid, will you marry me?" And the pretty maid, dropping a courtesy, says, "Thank you, sir; I am already bespoken," or, "Thank you; I will consider of it when I know you better."

Not for a moment, I suppose, is a woman ever ignorant of a man's admiration of her, however uncertain she may be of his intentions, and it was with an unusual flutter of the heart that Margaret received Mr. Lyon that afternoon. If she had doubts, they were dissipated by a certain constraint in his manner, and the importance he seemed to be attaching to his departure, and she was warned to go with-

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in her defences. Even the most complaisant women like at least the appearance of a siege.

"I'm off to-morrow," he said, "for Washington. You know you recommended it as necessary to my American education."

"Yes. We send Representatives and strangers there to be educated. I have never been there myself."

"And do you not wish to go?"

"Very much. All Americans want to go to Washington. It is the great social opportunity; everybody there is in society. You will be able to see there, Mr. Lyon, how a republican democracy manages social life."

"Do you mean to say there are no distinctions?"

"Oh no; there are plenty of official distinctions, and a code that is very curious and complicated, I believe. But still society is open."

"It must be—pardon me—a good deal like a mob."

"Well, our mobs of that sort are said to be very well behaved. Mr. Morgan says that Washington is the only capital in the world where the principle of natural selection applies to society; that it is there shown for the first time that society is able to take care of itself in the free play of democratic opportunities."

"It must be very interesting to see that."

"I hope you will find it so. The resident diplomats, I have heard, say that they find society there more agreeable than at any other capital—at least those who have the qualities to make themselves agreeable independent of their rank."

"Is there nothing like a court? I cannot see who sets the mode."

"Officially there may be something like a court, but it can be only temporary, for the *personnel* of it is dissolved every four years. And society, always forming and reforming, as the voters of the republic dictate, is almost independent of the government, and has nothing of the social caste of Berlin or London."

"You make quite an ideal picture."

"Oh, I dare say it is not at all ideal; only it is rather fluid, and interesting, to see how society, without caste and subject to such constant change, can still be what is called 'society.' And I am told that while it is all open in a certain way, it nevertheless selects itself into agreeable groups, much as society does elsewhere. Yes, you ought to see what a democracy can do in this way."

"But I am told that money makes your aristocracy here."

"Very likely rich people think they are an aristocracy. You see, Mr. Lyon, I don't know much about the great world. Mrs. Fletcher, whose late husband was once a Representative in Washington, says that life is not nearly so simple there as it used to be, and that rich men in the government, vying with rich men who have built fine houses and who live there permanently without any government position, have introduced an element of expense and display that interferes very much with the natural selection of which Mr. Morgan speaks. But you will see. We are all right sorry to have you leave us," Margaret added, turning toward him with frank, unclouded eyes.

"It is very good in you to say so. I have spent here the most delightful days of my life."

"Oh, that is charming flattery. You will make us all very conceited."

"Don't mock me, Miss Debree. I hoped I had awakened something more valuable to me than conceit," Lyon said, with a smile.

"You have, I assure you: gratitude. You have opened quite another world to us. Reading about foreign life does not give one at all the same impression of it that seeing one who is a part of it does."

"And don't you want to see that life for yourself? I hope some time—"

"Of course," Margaret said, interrupting; "all Americans expect to go to Europe. I have a friend who says she should be mortified if she reached heaven and there had to confess that she never had seen Europe. It is one of the things that is expected of a person. Though you know now that the embarrassing question that everybody has to answer is, 'Have you been to Alaska?' Have you been to Alaska, Mr. Lyon?"

This icy suggestion seemed very inopportune to Lyon. He rose and walked a step or two, and stood by the fire facing her. He confessed, looking down, that he had not been in Alaska, and he had no desire to go there.

"In fact, Miss Debree," he said, with effort at speaking lightly, "I fear I am not in a geographical mood to-day. I came to say good-by, and—and—"

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"Shall I call my aunt?" said Margaret, rising also.

"No, I beg; I had something to say that concerns us; that is, that concerns myself. I couldn't go away without knowing from you—that is, without telling you—"

The color rose in Margaret's cheek, and she made a movement of embarrassment, and said, with haste, "Some other time; I beg you will not say— I trust that I have done nothing that—"

"Nothing, nothing," he went on quickly; "nothing except to be yourself; to be the one woman"— he would not heed her hand raised in a gesture of protest; he stood nearer her now, his face flushed and his eyes eager with determination—"the one woman I care for. Margaret, Miss Debree, I love you!"

Her hand that rested on the table trembled, and the hot blood rushed to her face, flooding her in an agony of shame, pleasure, embarrassment, and anger that her face should contradict the want of tenderness in her eyes. In an instant self-possession came back to her mind, but not strength to her body, and she sank into the chair, and looking up, with only pity in her eyes, said, "I am sorry."

Lyon stopped; his heart seemed to stand still; the blood left his face; for an instant the sunshine left the world. It was a terrible blow, the worst a man can receive—a bludgeon on the head is nothing to it. He half turned, he looked again for an instant at the form that was more to him than all the world besides, unable to face the dreadful loss, and recovering speech, falteringly said, "Is that all?"

"That is all, Mr. Lyon," Margaret answered, not looking up, and in a voice that was perfectly steady.

He turned to go mechanically, and passed to the door in a sort of daze, forgetful of all conventionality; but habit is strong, and he turned almost immediately back from the passage. Margaret was still sitting, with no recognition of his departure.

"I beg you will make my excuses, and say good-by to Miss Forsythe. I had mentioned it to her. I thought perhaps she had told you, perhaps— I should like to know if it is anything about difference in —in nationality, about family, or—"

"No, no," said Margaret; "this could never be anything but a personal question with me. I—"

"But you said, 'some other time.' Might I ever expect—"

"No, no; there is no other time; do not go on. It can only be painful." And then, with a forced cheerfulness: "You will no doubt thank me some day. Your life must be so different from mine. And you must not doubt my esteem, my appreciation" (her sense of justice forced this from her), "my good wishes. Good-by." She gave him her hand. He held it for a second, and then was gone.

She heard his footstep, rapid and receding. So he had really gone! She was not sorry—no. If she could have loved him! She sank back in her chair. No, she could not love him. The man to command her heart must be of another type. But the greatest experience in a woman's life had come to her here, just now, in this commonplace room. A man had said he loved her. A thousand times as a girl she had dreamed of that, hardly confessing it to herself, and thought of such a scene, and feared it. And a man had said that he loved her. Her eyes grew tenderer and her face burned at the thought. Was it with pleasure? Yes, and with womanly pain. What an awful thing it was! Why couldn't he have seen? A man had said he loved her. Perhaps it was not in her to love any one. Perhaps she should live on and on like her aunt Forsythe. Well, it was over; and Margaret roused herself as her aunt entered the room.

"Has Mr. Lyon been here?"

"Yes; he has just gone. He was so sorry not to see you and say good-by. He left ever so many messages for you."

"And" (Margaret was moving as if to go)—"did he say nothing—nothing to you?"

"Oh yes, he said a great deal," answered this accomplished hypocrite, looking frankly in her aunt's eyes. "He said how delightful his visit had been, and how sorry he was to go."

"And nothing else, Margaret?"

"Oh yes; he said he was going to Washington." And the girl was gone from the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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AGRICULTURE AS A PROFESSION.

BY JAMES K. REEVE.

THERE are steadily accumulating conditions which will in the near future make imperative the adoption in this country of closer and more enlightened methods of agriculture than now generally obtain among our farmers. Cheap lands and wide areas of virgin soil have been a constant temptation to superficial cultivation: and while we were boasting of development, the facts show that we have been a nation of poor farmers.

Upon lands comparatively new, and aided by all our American pluck and enterprise, our splendid machinery, and our "knack" of being foremost in every undertaking, we produce less than one-half as great a yield of wheat per acre as England. Looking at the grand total, we lead the world; at the result of individual effort, and we are behind almost every land but India.

Our population is increasing in a ratio never before known in the history of nations; the productiveness of our arable lands is decreasing, and the present generation will see the limit of the territorial expansion of our agriculture. When this limit is reached we shall be confronted by two alternatives—either to let another and wiser nation feed us, or to so husband our own resources that the emergency may be met and overcome from within. In the presence of a like dilemma Great Britain in a quarter of a century increased the product of her lands in an amount equal to the sustenance of five million people.

The rise in land values, with consequent increase of taxes and of interest upon invested capital, coupled with the decreased amount and value of the product, is now rendering it extremely difficult for farmers in the older sections to secure an adequate return from the employment of their capital and labor. The statistical agent of the Agricultural Department reported the average income of farmers in New York State for 1886 as being only three and one-half per cent. upon their capital invested; and this without any allowance for the value of their own time and labor. At that rate, the more land a farmer has, the worse he is off; and as methods of cultivation which will tend to better this condition are wellnigh impossible, or at least impracticable, upon large areas, and under the existing management, we find consequently a growing tendency toward the subdivision of agricultural holdings.

The ordinary occupations of the average farm are either grain-growing or stock-raising, or the two in conjunction; and since these are the pursuits that have been found specially unprofitable on high-priced lands, these branches of agricultural industry are being driven West, and away from the populous centres, and their products are conveyed to the consumer hundreds or thousands of miles away for a less cost than they could be produced in the immediate vicinity of their market. The more valuable lands are thus left for the production of fruits, vegetables, milk, etc., which necessitate a close market, and which also bring such a return per acre as may be expected to allow a margin of profit.

This profit, however, cannot be attained by the same methods of work that the stock and grain farmer pursues; more minute attention must be given to every detail, and a system of cultivation adopted in direct contrast to the other. Where one employs a maximum of land with a minimum of labor, the other will concentrate the greatest amount of labor upon a limited area.

While cheap lands in the West relieve us from the immediate necessity of determining how we may profitably grow the coarser products, the absorption of the public domain will presently show us that every effort must thenceforth be devoted to making the most of what we have, and intelligent direction of every branch of our agriculture will be demanded by the exigencies of that time. Then we will commence to renovate our exhausted lands, to conserve the forces of the soil, to intensify methods of cultivation, and, above all, to accept the proffered aid of science.

The general application of scientific knowledge and exact methods to the business of agriculture will never generally prevail until we have, first, a class of men thoroughly educated in the theory and practice of agriculture, who will carry into the processes of the farm the teach-

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ings of the school; or, second, men who, being fitted by education and training for business or professional life, yield to the superior inducements of agriculture, and take into that field their methodical and intelligent habits, and supplementing these by reading, study, and practice, devote their talents to the furtherance of its development.

In the production of the first of these the work now being done by our agricultural colleges is worthy of notice. The last annual report of the United States Commissioner of Education gives a list of forty-eight colleges and universities now in operation, and distributed through nearly all of the States and Territories, which were either organized in consonance with the act of Congress of 1862, or which, having their organization prior to that, were subsequently beneficiaries under the act, and mainly indebted to it for their present existence and financial support.

This act, differing from most legislation in the fact that it was materially in advance of public sentiment, granted a large amount of the public lands to the respective States for the purpose of establishing colleges "where the leading objects should be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts."

Besides these endowed institutions there are in the United States forty-two other "schools of science," in some of which agriculture is a leading feature, and in most of which especial attention is given to its related sciences. Difficulty has been experienced in ascertaining the total number of students in these institutions pursuing a strictly agricultural course. In twenty-five of those of the class first noted are 2072 out of a total of 6091 students. Probably the whole number engaged in the study of agriculture and its kindred branches will approximate five thousand.

The methods of work and instruction at the different schools vary according to the policy deemed best by the controlling powers; but the general object aimed at is "to give a thorough practical knowledge of agriculture, and at the same time liberally educate the man."

Class-room instruction embraces particularly those sciences which relate to agriculture and the kindred arts, such as chemistry, horticulture, botany, zoology, physiology, and veterinary medicine and anatomy; and in order to effect a symmetrical training these are supplemented by such studies as history, mathematics, book-keeping, political economy, logic, landscape-gardening, and civil engineering, while the classics and abstruse sciences are usually elective. This is further supplemented by laboratory work, by out-of-door observation, and in many cases by actual compulsory labor upon the farm or in the gardens, where the solutions to knotty questions are "worked out" by the aid of the hoe or the pruning-knife.

While in Germany, France, Great Britain, Belgium, and various small nationalities of Europe, the productiveness of the soil has been steadily increasing during the past half-century through improved methods of cultivation, which in the beginning were compelled by the increasing needs of a redundant population, a policy of negligence, resulting from the lack of a broad understanding of the situation, has in this country been as steadily decreasing the average yield per acre. In some of the older sections large areas have been abandoned because the crop produced would no longer repay the cost of cultivation. In a large section of Iowa, which is still a part of our "new and fertile West," the corn crop has declined in twenty-five years from forty to twenty-two bushels per acre. In other States the farmers are shifting unmethodically from one crop to another, as this or that seems to hold out a promise of better returns.

The restoration of these depleted lands has become a problem beyond the capacity of the ordinary farmer, who, by following old methods, has been instrumental in further depreciating them, when his work should have been so intelligently directed that each season's operations would have enhanced their fertility. It has been tersely said that the question before the farmer is "how to feed the land while the land feeds him." Greeley's advice has been too literally followed, because the present generation have found it a simpler matter to "go West" and take up new lands than to attempt the improvement of the old. When this alternative is no longer available the highest intelligence will be demanded for successfully coping with these changed conditions, not only directly in the line of supplying the demand for increased production, but the

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broader culture that will lead to an understanding of the situation and its shifting phases.

Our advancing civilization is demanding a class of products that were foreign to the knowledge of a former time. The rapid accumulation of wealth, and the liberal habits of expenditure common to all classes in America, have resulted in an extensive market for the finest food supplies. This may be particularly seen in the increase of fruit imports: tropical fruits which only a few years since were rarely seen except in the markets of the larger cities are now commonly found throughout the year in all the interior towns and villages.

The larger markets now demand fresh fruits and vegetables at all seasons, and that this tendency is expansive is illustrated by the fact that recently I have seen Florida strawberries freely sold in small interior villages of the North as early as the 1st of March. The consumption of this class of products is rapidly increasing, and rarely is the supply in excess of the demand.

The larger profit usually results from the manufacture of the most valuable goods. The art of the goldsmith leads more rapidly to the accumulation of wealth than does the blacksmith's forge; and as gain is a more or less prominent object in all pursuits, it is well to note that the cultivation of the soil offers no exception to this rule.

A young man entering upon the study of any of the so-called liberal professions, knowing that some of the best years of his life must be spent in accumulating the intellectual capital necessary for its successful prosecution, naturally asks what prizes he may hope eventually to gain. It is not for the things of common attainment that his best efforts are put forth. Is there anything besides the ordinary farm and the three and one-half per cent. of the New York statistician to tempt men into the profession of agriculture? In answer to this question a recent publication of the agricultural department of Cornell University states that "no less than twenty-seven of our graduates are at the present time holding professorships or positions of similar grade in institutions of honorable rank." These are mainly occupying chairs of agriculture and the related branches. With ninety institutions now in existence, embracing a present total of 974 instructors, and with the probability of the early organization of other schools and departments, it is apparent that there is considerable opportunity in this direction. The general government, through its Department of Agriculture, and in scientific research in this and other countries, employs a considerable number of men whose especially requisite qualifications for the work demanded are exactly those which the course of instruction in the agricultural college tends to develop.

More directly in the line of applied agriculture are the superintendency of the test gardens of the large seedsmen, chemists in the laboratories of fertilizer manufacturers, the superintendency of the public parks, the professions of landscape-gardening and civil engineering; and botany and horticulture are direct pathways to the foremost ranks of science.

As to the possible pecuniary results that may be obtained by one who realizes the possibilities of agricultural development, and brings to its aid exact scientific methods, it is difficult to speak authoritatively. Few men fully realize the possibilities of an acre of ground; the bare statement that it contains 43,560 square feet conveys little meaning. It is not difficult to grow upon an individual foot of that surface a product of flowers, plants, vegetables, or small fruits that is worth five cents. This ratio applied to the entire acre would give a product of the value of $2178. This result has actually been accomplished, but I am afraid that ordinary cultivators will hardly deem the statement worthy of credence.

Intensive methods are the outcome of thorough agricultural education: it is this leavening influence that is mainly instrumental in effecting the decrease in the average size of farms that is now so marked a feature of our agricultural statistics. Men have been finding out that the last load of manure on an acre pays better than the first, that the last turn of the cultivators is the most beneficial of all, and that so long as there is room for the one or need for the other on the first acre it is folly to apply them to the second.

During the past five years the gross return from the six leading grain crops of the United States has averaged less than nine dollars fifty cents per acre; and as in many cases the greater return has been secured from the less valuable land, it may readily be seen that lands worth

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one hundred dollars or more per acre have not yielded a very liberal income. It must be borne in mind that from this meagre sum must be deducted taxes, cost of seed, labor and implements, support of working stock, and the value of the labor and superintendence of the owner, before the net income begins. It is the knowledge that such is a true representation of the average condition of our agriculture, and scepticism as to the possibility of attaining more favorable results, that deter many who otherwise might be inclined to enter upon the pursuit. It is therefore pleasant to cite in contrast to the above some facts showing what has been and may be accomplished by the application of intensive methods to small areas.

A recent prize offered by an Eastern horticultural society for the largest money product from a given area of small fruits was awarded to a strawberry grower whose sales from two acres amounted to more than seventeen hundred dollars; and Mr. E. P. Roe, in *Play and Profit in my Garden*, has told us how he secured a gross return of slightly more than two thousand dollars from the same amount of land. In the report of the last annual meeting of the New Jersey Horticultural Society the following are given as some of the yields obtained by its members, "although the season had been uniformly bad." Early cabbage produced $435 per acre; early tomatoes, $585 per acre; asparagus, four acres returned $900; seven acres, $1000; four acres, $200 per acre, and some instances as high as $300 per acre.

Mr. Peter Henderson tells of an asparagus grower near Atlanta whose crop gave for three successive years a net profit of $1500 per acre; and as instancing departures from old methods cites the case of a farmer residing near Rochester, "who half a dozen years ago timidly made the attempt of growing a half-acre of his fifty-acre farm in vegetables for a village market. His venture was so satisfactory that he gradually increased his area, so that he now uses thirty of his fifty acres mostly in growing cabbages for the Rochester market. He further informed me that the net profit from the cabbage garden last year was six thousand five hundred dollars, or a little over two hundred dollars per acre, and that it was not a very good year for cabbages at that." And for the encouragement of those not "to the manor born," the same authority gives the following case as being within his personal observation: "A college-bred man of twenty-eight, failing in health from office work, purchased a farm of sixty acres at Northport, Long Island. The second year he tried a few acres in vegetables and small fruits, which he found sale for in the village of Northport at most satisfactory prices. I was on his farm in the summer of 1883, and I must say that for a man who had got his knowledge almost wholly from books, his venture looked as if it would be a complete success." In the dairy region of southern central New York, where the writer's boyhood was passed, and where the chief agricultural attractions consist of a gently undulating landscape and some most enticing trout streams, the general farming community have found themselves compelled to live "rather close to the bone." A rise or fall of a half-cent per quart in the wholesale milk market of New York city may be sufficient to turn the balance from one side to the other of their profit and loss account. Yet among their number is a Princeton alumnus, the record of whose work I have recently seen, who by the application of agricultural science to the growing of crops, the manufacture of ensilage, and the feeding of stock is enabled to pursue the "even tenor of his way," which is to harvest an annual profit many times in excess of the average three and one-half per cent. of his State.

These are some of the pecuniary results (and the instances could be indefinitely multiplied) of high cultivation and intelligent work, coupled with an understanding of the needs of the market. Now let us look at a specific result of applied science, and its possible effect upon the agriculture of the future. The average yield of wheat in the United States is about twelve bushels per acre. It is commonly sown with a drill, which deposits the seed in rows eight inches apart; eight rows are commonly planted at each turn; an average of one and a half bushels of seed is used per acre: one man with team will plant eight acres per day, and this being done in September, the field has no further attention until the reaper is put in the following July to gather whatever harvest Providence has seen fit to send as a reward for the negligence of the husbandman.

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Professor Blount, of the Colorado Agricultural College, having first made an elaborate study of the habits and needs of the wheat plant, conducted a series of experiments in its cultivation with the following results:

First he planted upon an exact square acre seven and one-half pounds of hand-picked wheat in rows eighteen inches apart, and at harvest threshed out sixty-seven bushels; again, upon one-fourth of an acre he planted thirty-two ounces of selected seed, and the product was eighteen bushels; and again, upon seventy-six square feet he planted seventy-six kernels of extra-fine seed, weighing forty-five grains, and the product was ten and one-half pounds, or nearly at the rate of one hundred bushels per acre.

These results are not more remarkable in the excessive yield from a given area than in regard to the yield from a given portion of seed. Agricultural discussion too often directs attention to a result without sufficiently analyzing the means by which it is obtained. A pertinent feature of these experiments is the saving of an amount of seed which, averaged upon the entire grain acreage, would add annually a vast sum to the wealth of the nation.

If we should throw into the sea annually fifty million bushels of wheat and a proportionate amount of the other cereals, the world would cry out at our improvidence. Yet if Professor Blount's conclusions are correct—and they are supported by much collateral evidence—we bury this amount in the ground where it is not only thrown away, but where it actually decreases the resultant crop.

The economic results that would follow if we should be able to increase our production even approximately to the above ratio are too far-reaching for the scope of this article. Our ability to feed an almost limitless increase of population would be assured. It may be that over-production would recoil upon ourselves, but we have already successfully encountered the lowest wheat markets of the globe, and as increased production would mean decreased cost, we might eventually be able to make good our boast of "feeding the world."

With a population increasing at the rate of twenty-five per cent. with every decade, it is hardly probable that our production (after the final occupation of all the public lands) will at the best more than keep pace with its needs. As before suggested, a most progressive development will be required if we even accomplish that.

Farmers generally will say that the results secured by the above experiments are not attainable upon any extended scale: probably not, to the average farmer, because, having so much land to till, he must still sow his eight acres per day. It may occasionally occur to one of particular intelligence that it might be economy to produce his hundred bushels by the thorough cultivation of two acres rather than by superficially working upon eight. Such a one will find that exact and scientific methods are practical as well.

It would consequently seem that the pursuit of agriculture can offer inducements to the student who would in turn become the teacher, to the business man who would exert his talents in it as a financial enterprise, to the scientist who would combine a profitable avocation with the investigation of the laws of nature, and to the economist who from his own observations would add to the general knowledge of how best to conserve the forces of production.

As a check to the congestion of the cities it is possible that a more general understanding of the possibilities of an agricultural life might exert a salutary influence. Appeals to classes are generally fruitless; but suggestions to individuals of opportunities for escape from the disheartening competition that prevails in many avenues of industry might be of some avail.

The proportion of our population engaged in the occupations of the soil is steadily decreasing; and while the smaller percentage required to supply food for the whole marks the advancement of the civilization of the nation, this tendency furnishes the best opportunity for the remaining producers, as the demand constantly increases with the growth of the non-producing class.

We have already remarked that the present tendency of our agricultural development is toward the highest cultivation of a small area; and while this method offers the greatest probability for satisfactory pecuniary results, it at the same time requires for its accomplishment a much smaller capital than does ordinary farming. In the older States one

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hundred acres may be taken as the size of the average farm. (The last census reported it at ninety-nine acres for both New York and Ohio.) The amount of $7500 might be stated as an average sum needed for the purchase and equipment of such a farm, and under ordinary methods it would at the most yield only a liberal sustenance to the owner, while a farm of ten acres, well improved and conveniently situated, perhaps just in the suburbs of a thriving town where an immediate market could be found for the most valuable products, will often not demand more than a third of this sum for purchase, equipment, and working capital, and under intelligent management will not only afford a liberal support, but should leave a good sum as yearly profit.

While the conditions under which European agriculture is pursued are wholly different from those existing here, a recent report of Mr. J. S. Potter, United States Consul at Crefeld, upon "the condition of agriculture in Germany," partially illustrates this superiority of a small farm over the larger one, and is particularly applicable as showing the ways in which science benefits the farmer. It must, however, be borne in mind that the German farmer works under the disadvantages of high-priced lands and a heavy burden of taxation, and that the economic habits of the people, and especially of the working classes of the towns, who are compelled to observe the utmost frugality in order to subsist upon their meagre wages, deprive him of the liberal market for the better class of products that we have here. There is no possibility of his obtaining the large returns per acre that have been instanced above, except in especially favorable locations, and even then only on a limited scale.

Prussia is an over-populated country, and the necessity of making the land produce to its utmost capacity, which is certain to be a future condition here, is already present there. To quote the Consul's own words:

"How to produce much upon a small area is therefore the German farmer's natural lesson.... Small farms, where cultivated with intelligence, are shown to have produced the best average results." A comparison is then made between two farms, situated side by side, one containing ten and the other twenty acres. "The owner of the ten-acre farm managed to secure from it a comfortable living for himself and family. The owner of the twenty-acre farm, while working apparently much harder, and with double the investment in land, accomplished with less tidy and genteel accompaniments the same result. His labor was spread over twenty acres, while the labor of his neighbor was concentrated upon half that surface.... The owner of the ten acres farmed with his head and his hands, while his neighbor followed the ways of his father, and worked with his hands only. He had never investigated the ingredients of the soil he cultivated, nor the elements of the fertilizers he spread upon it, and had no faith in what he heard regarding the possibility of saving 'tons of manure' by putting his land in such condition that it would draw from the air and the clouds vital fertilizing elements, and hold them as nourishment for the next growing crop. 'It seems to me,' he said, 'that only a crazy man can seriously expect manure to come down from the skies on his land. My neighbor talks to me about such things, and tells me that some crops draw from the air more "stickstoff" [nitrogen] than others, and in order to secure the full benefit of this "invisible manure," he advises me to raise, upon the "rotation principle," certain crops here and others there, and to prepare the soil in this way and that. He says it is the natural way, and very easy, and that if I give nature a fair chance she will help me, and all that. But these school-house ways are to me very confusing. The old ways, which I understand, are safest and best for me.'"

This honest, industrious man was a type of an almost limitless class of farmers, in America as well as in Germany. He followed closely in the footsteps of his fathers, doing the things they did, knowing the things they knew, and nothing more. He had, as they have, no faith in "book-farming," even when its results were made apparent before his eyes.

The owner of the ten-acre farm had been a teacher in an agricultural school, and from that had brought his savings to the purchase of his little home, which was then in an impoverished and unproductive condition. His acquired knowledge had enabled him to bring it to a high state of cultivation, so that from it he could accomplish all that his neighbor did with opportunities apparently twice as great.

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The German government carefully fosters all industrial education. Their system of agricultural schools is so designed as to afford facilities for every class of students. In the highest the instruction is in connection with a full six years' university course, and in the lowest grade short courses of gratuitous instruction are given for whoever will attend.

The recent action of Congress in passing the so-called "Hatch bill," appropriating the sum of $15,000 annually to each of the States for the purposes of agricultural experimentation, will doubtless result in the near future in largely increasing our positive knowledge regarding things now only guessed at. This bill is entitled "An act to establish agricultural experiment stations in connection with colleges established in the several States under the provisions of an act approved July 2, 1862, and of the acts supplementary thereto."

Its design is not to afford additional instruction in the schools (except as this may be done by conducting experimental work directly under the eye of the student), but for purposes of investigation and experiment, and for disseminating the information so obtained among the people.

The directions which this work may take are multifarious—such as studying the diseases of crops; insect pests and their preventives; the chemical and cultural needs of growing crops; the action of fertilizers; diseases of animals; the propagation of new and desirable varieties of grains, fruits, and vegetables; experiments with such as are indigenous to other lands, in order to determine if they may be profitably introduced here; the restoration of fertility to exhausted soils; methods of best counteracting the effects of drought. And again in intensive methods of cultivation and the growing of specially valuable products.

In this connection an immense field is before us in the growing of flowers for perfumers' uses. We now probably grow under glass more flowers for decorative purposes than any other nation. Doubtless certain portions of our country are as well adapted to their out-of-door cultivation as France or Italy. The profits sometimes realized from such work are enormous, and if it could be made a branch of our agricultural industries would alone soon repay the cost of this last appropriation. Private enterprise has already made some effort in this direction, but the knowledge demanded covers such a wide range of conditions and processes that the experimental work will be too slow and costly to greatly attract individuals. Should the government through its experiment stations show the practicability of flower culture and the manufacture of essences, and by their work illustrate the methods and conditions essential to success, flower farming would soon become an established feature of our agriculture.

To show the importance of this branch from a financial stand-point I will use the figures given by Mr. Frank H. Mason, United States Consul at Marseilles, regarding perfume-flower culture in the Department of Var. He selects as a typical example a plantation of about twenty-three acres, situated on the southern slope of the maritime foot-hills. The ground had been occupied by a growth of olive-trees, which yielded but a scanty return, and in 1881 "the proprietress caused the olive-trees to be removed and the ground prepared for flower culture.... In the autumn of that year 45,000 tufts of violets and 140,000 roots of the white jasmine were planted. The following spring the remainder of the ground was planted with roses, geraniums, tuberoses, and jonquils, and a laboratory erected for the manufacture of perfumes. The flower plants grew vigorously and strong, and in 1885, the fourth year after planting, the flower farm at Seillans, which had yielded previously a rental of $115 a year, produced, according to the statement of the proprietress, perfumes valued at $43,154, and giving a net profit of $7767 86."

In view of the fact that our leading markets now demand fruits and vegetables throughout the year, it is pertinent to consider whether these cannot be grown under glass to supply our Northern home market during the winter at an expense less than that of packing and freighting from the South. If this can be done it will at once provide a fine field for trained gardeners and horticulturists.

The near future will doubtless show the practical development of many other branches of our agriculture that as yet are hardly more than suggested. These illustrations are only intended to indicate the boundless opportunity that this profession offers for the employment of our best talent.

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TO FRANCESCA.

BY DR. T. W. PARSONS.

Sing Waller's lay,
"Go, lovely rose," or some old song
That, should I play
Feebly, thy voice may make me strong
With loving memories cherished long.

Sing, "Drink to me,"
Or, "Take, O take those lips away"—
Some strain to be,
When I am gone and thou art gray,
Remembered of a happier day.

A solemn air,
A melody not loud but low,
Suits whitening hair;
And when the pulse is beating slow
The music's measure should move so.

The song most sweet
Is that which lulls not thrills the ear;
So, love, repeat
For one who counteth silence dear
That which to silence is most near.

JUPITER LIGHTS.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

XVII.

"SO the coroner's jury brought in this verdict: 'Deceased has our respects.'"

"A very remarkable verdict, I beg to remark," said the Judge, with stiff disapproval.

"It was so," assented Hollis, cordially; "for he never had their respects while living—Jed Battle; you may bet on that. You see he wasn't a respectable man. Um!—yes. It must have tickled him mightily to hear it, where—wherever he was; and I don't believe it was *quite* the combustible place, because, after all, he did take himself off, you see; and that counts for something."

"Am I to understand that you approve of felo-de-se?"

"Why, of course I do, when a man's too mean to live; the trouble is that so few of 'em appreciate their meanness. Jed Battle did—at last; that was what made the jury turn round and respect him."

"Your ideas, sir, are those of a pagan!"

"Then the pagans were more level-headed than I had supposed—that's all. Come, now, just take yourself: ain't you acquainted with one or two who could be spared pretty well out of a crowded world?" demanded Hollis, with his nasal drawl—"men who beat their wives and break their mothers' hearts?"

The Judge with a restless motion rose, rubbing his hands; but he was obliged to clear his troubled face, for Cicely's figure appeared through the trees.

Hollis, all unconscious of any personal application, went on with his story. "Well, from the moment the heavy load of Jed was taken off of 'em, those poor Battles began to thrive. The very berries seemed to grow thicker, and they boiled, and boiled, and boiled."

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"Soap?" said Cicely, overhearing the last words as she came up. "If Indians, they need it." She looked at Hollis with a fixed sombre glance.

"It's at Battle Island, not far from the Soo—I was telling the Judge about it. No, not soap—berries, rawsberries and blueberries, blackberries and buckleberries; they all grow wild about there. The Battles make jam of 'em—six Battles with half-breeds to help; they boil without stopping. You can smell jam miles off."

"Oh," said Cicely, "can you? Grandpa, please come down to the shore for a moment." She led the way, and the Judge followed her. When they reached the beach the moon was rising; its narrow golden path crossed the lake to their feet. "I can't stay here any longer, grandpa."

"We will go back to Bois Blanc, then, dearie; though it seems a pity, you have been so well here."

"I don't mean the camp; I am going back to Romney."

"But I thought Ferdie had written to you not to come? Tennant certainly said so; he assured me that Ferdie had written, urging you to stay here. He has no right to deceive me in that way—Paul Tennant; it's outrageous!"

"Ferdie did write. And he didn't urge me to stay; he commanded me."

"Then you must obey him," said the Judge.

"No; I must disobey him. It is so strange—so strange!" She stood looking absently at the water. "He has some reason."

"Of course he has—an excellent one. He wants to keep you out of the mess of a tedious illness—you and Jack."

"Never mention Jack to me again."

"My dear little girl, what can you mean? Not mention Jack? Why, how can we talk at all without mentioning our baby?"

"You and Eve keep bringing him into every conversation, because you think it will have an influence—make me give up Ferdie. Nothing will make me give up Ferdie. So, if you please, we won't talk of baby any more."

The Judge looked at the water with eyes of despair.

Cicely went on. "No, it is not his illness that made Ferdie write in that way; he knows that I should not mind anything of that sort. He has some other reason. And I am *afraid*."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I don't know; that is the worst of it. Since that letter came I have imagined everything. I cannot bear it any longer. You must take me to him to-morrow, or I shall go in some other way. I could easily do it; I could outwit you twenty times over."

"You talk in that way to *me*?"

Cicely watched him as his face quivered, all his features seeming to shrink together for an instant. "I suppose I seem very hard, grandpa." She threw out her hands with sudden passion. "I don't want to be! I don't mean to be! It is you who are keeping me here. Can't you see that I *must* go? *Can't* you?"

"And you would leave Jack with Eve?" said the old man, so terrified by her vehemence that he forgot what he was saying.

She gave a little cry, and ran back through the wood toward the tents. Hollis, sitting beside the camp fire, looked after her in surprise as she darted past.

The Judge came up from the beach alone. Hollis noted his desolate face. "Euchre?" he proposed, good-naturedly. (He called it "yuke.")

But the Judge neither saw him nor heard him.

Cicely reached her tent, and met Eve coming out with Jack in her arms. "What are you doing with Jack?" She seized the child and held him so tightly that it hurt him. But the little fellow had a brave spirit; he did not cry; he put up his hand and stroked his mother's cheek, though his blue eyes twinkled with the tears caused by the buttons of her dress pressing against his bare knees.

"Cicely, you are hurting him!" said Eve.

Cicely carried him to the fire, and sat down on a bench, holding him in her lap; she did not speak. Eve came also and stood beside the fire. This sudden outburst of Cicely's excited her, troubled her; but she had learned prudence, and she too remained silent. After a moment the Judge seated himself humbly on the other end of the bench which held his grandchild. There was a pause, broken only by the crackling of the fire. Then Cicely said, with a dry little laugh: "You had better go to your tent, Mr. Hollis. You need not take part in this family quarrel."

"Quarrel!" replied Hollis, cheerily.

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"Who could quarrel with you, Mrs. Morrison? Might as well quarrel with a bobolink." No one answered him, and his own words seemed to continue vibrating in the air like an echo. "Don't know as you've ever seen a bobolink?" he went on, rather anxiously. "I assure you—lively and magnificent! Lively and magnificent!"

"It is a pity you are so devoted to Paul," remarked Cicely, looking at him.

"Devoted? Well, now, I never thought I should come to *that*," said Hollis, with a grin of embarrassment, kicking the brands of the fire apart with his boot.

"Because if you weren't, I might take you into my confidence. I need some one. I want to run away from grandpa and Eve."

"Oh, I dare say!" said Hollis, jocularly. But his eyes happening to fall first upon Eve, then upon the Judge, he grew suddenly disturbed. "Why don't you take Paul, then?" he suggested, still trying to be jocular. "He is a better helper than I am."

"Paul is my head jailer," answered Cicely. "Grandpa and Eve are only his assistants."

The Judge covered his face with his hand. He was too old to cry, but he could suffer, and he was suffering now acutely; Hollis, being a man, saw how acutely. "Paul had better come and defend himself," he said, still clinging to his jocosity. "I am going to get him." And he started toward Paul's tent with long swinging strides, like the lope of an Indian.

"Cicely," said Eve, coming to the bench, "I will take you to Romney, if that is what you wish. We will start to-morrow."

"Saul among the prophets!" answered Cicely, cynically. "Are you planning to escape from me—with Jack, of course—as I am planning to escape from grandpa?"

"I am not planning anything. I only want to help you."

Cicely looked at her. "Curiously enough, Eve, I believe you. I don't know what has changed you, but I believe you."

The Judge looked up. The two women, their eyes full of tears, kissed each other. The Judge left his seat and hurried away.

He arrived at Paul's tent breathless. The hanging lamp within illuminated a rude table which held ink and paper. Paul had evidently stopped in the midst of his writing, for he still held his pen in his hand.

"I was saying to Paul that he really ought to come out now and talk to the ladies, instead of crooking his back writing to that ass in Lakeville," said Hollis.

But the Judge waved him aside. "For God's sake, Tennant, talk to Cicely! She is determined to go to that murdering brother of yours in spite of us all—"

"Hold up, if you please, about my brother," said Paul, putting down his pen.

"And Eve is abetting her; says she will take her to-morrow."

"Not Miss Bruce? What has made her change so?—confound her!"

The Judge had already started to lead the way back. He was so unhappy that he took short irregular steps—he almost ran. But Hollis, who was behind, touched Paul's arm. "I say, don't confound her too much, Paul," he said, in a low tone. "She is a remarkably clever girl, and she thinks a lot of you."

"Sorry for her, then," answered Paul, going out. As Hollis still kept up with him, he added, "How do you know she does?"

"Because I like her myself," answered Hollis, bravely. "When you're that way, you know, you can always tell."

He fell behind; Paul went on alone.

When he reached the camp fire, Cicely looked up at him. "Oh, you've come!"

"Yes."

"There are two of us now. Eve is on my side."

"So I have heard." He went to Eve, took her arm, and led her away almost by force to the shadow at some distance from the fire. "What in the world has made you change so?" he said. "Do you know—it's abject?"

"Yes, it's abject," Eve answered. She could see him looking at her in the dusky darkness. She had never been looked at in such a way before. "It's brave too," she added, trying to keep back the tears.

"I don't understand riddles."

"I think you understand mine." She had said it. She had been seized with a sudden wild desire to make an end of it, to put it into words; the overweight of daring which nature had given her drew her on.

"Well, if I do, then," answered Paul, "why don't you want to please me?"

She turned her head away, suffocated

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by his calm acceptance of her avowal. "It would be of no use. And I want to make one woman happy. So few women are happy!"

"Do you call it happy to have Ferdie knocking her about?"

"*She* does."

"And knocking about Jack, too?"

"I shall be there; I can take care of Jack."

"I see I can do nothing with you. You have lost your senses!"

He went back to Cicely. "Ferdie has his faults, Cicely, as we both know. But you have yours too; you make yourself out too important. How many other women do you think he has cared for?"

"Before he saw me, five hundred, if you like—five thousand."

"And since he saw you—since he married you?"

Cicely laughed happily.

"I will bring you something," said Paul. He went off to his tent.

Eve came rapidly to Cicely. "We will not let him—we will not let him. Cicely, don't believe a word he tells you!"

"If it is anything against Ferdie, of course I shall not," answered Cicely, composedly.

The Judge, who had remained a little apart during this scene, now followed Paul to his tent. He waited anxiously outside while he went within, and then followed him back, dogging his steps closely.

"I don't believe, after all, Cicely, that you are going to do what I don't want you to do," said Paul, in a cheerful tone, as he came up. He seemed to have abandoned whatever purpose he had had, for he brought nothing with him—his hands were empty.

Cicely did not reply. She played with a curl of Jack's hair, the child having fallen asleep with his head on her breast.

"Ferdie himself doesn't want you to go. You showed me his letter saying so."

"Yes."

"Isn't that enough, then? Come, don't be so distant with me, little sister," Paul went on, his voice taking caressing tones.

Cicely felt their influence. "I want to go, Paul, because that very letter makes me afraid," she said, wistfully. "I feel that there is something behind, something I do not know."

"If there is, it is something which he does not wish you to know."

"That could never be. It is only because I am not with him. When I am with him, he tells me everything: he likes to tell me."

"Will you take my word for it if I assure you that it is much better for both of you, not only for yourself, but for Ferdie, that you stay here awhile longer?"

"No," answered Cicely, hardening. Her "no" was quiet. But it expressed an obstinacy that was immovable.

Paul looked at her. "Will you wait a week?"

"No."

"Will you wait three days?"

"I shall start to-morrow," replied Cicely.

"Read this, then." He took a letter from his pocket and held it toward her. his name, "Paul Tennant," clearly visible on the envelope in the brilliant light of the fire.

But at the same instant Eve sprang up. She grasped his arm, drawing his hand back.

"Don't *you* interfere," he said, freeing himself.

Eve turned to the Judge. "Oh, take her away!"

"Where to? I relied upon Tennant; I thought Tennant would be able to do something," said the old man, miserably.

Paul meanwhile, his back turned squarely to Eve, was again holding out the letter to Cicely.

Cicely did not take it.

"I'll read it aloud, then." He drew the sheet from its envelope, and opening it, began, "'Dear old Paul—'"

Cicely put out both her hands. "Give it to me." She took it hastily. "Oh, how can you treat him so—Ferdie, your own brother!" Her eyes were full of tears.

"I cared for him before you ever saw him," answered Paul, exasperated. "What do you know about my feelings? Ferdie wishes you to stay here, and every one thinks you exceedingly wrong to go—every one except Miss Bruce, who seems to have lost her head." Here he flashed a short look at Eve.

"I shall go! I shall go!" cried Cicely.

"Because you think he cannot get on without you?"

"I know he cannot."

"Read the letter, then."

"No; take the letter away from her," said Eve.

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She spoke to Paul, and her tone was a command. He looked at her. With a sudden change of feeling he tried to obey her. But it was too late; Cicely had thrust the letter into the bodice of her dress. Then she rose, her sleeping child in her arms. "Grandpa, will you come with me? Will you carry Jack?"

"I will take him," said Paul.

"No, only grandpa, please. Not even you, Eve; just grandpa and I. You may come later. In fifteen minutes." She spoke with a dignity which she had never shown before, and they went away together, the old man carrying the sleeping child.

"What was in that letter?" Eve demanded, accusingly, as soon as they were left alone.

"Well, another woman."

"Cruel!"

"Yes, it seems so now," said Paul, disturbed. "My one idea about it was that it might make her less confident, less sure that she was all-important to him; and in that way we could keep her on here a while longer."

"Yes, with a broken heart."

"Oh, hearts! rubbish! The point was to make her stay. You haven't half an idea how important it is, and I can't tell you. She cannot go back to him until I have been down there and—and changed some things, made new arrangements."

"I think it the greatest cruelty I have ever heard of!" She hurried through the woods toward the tents, and Paul followed her.

The Judge came out as they approached. "She is reading it!" he said in a whisper. "Tennant, I hope you know what you are about?"

"Yes: that letter will make her stay," answered Paul, decisively.

Eve started to enter the tent.

"The fifteen minutes are not up," said Paul, holding her back.

She drew away from him; but she did not try to enter again. They waited in silence.

Then came a sound, a faint murmur followed by a rustle. Eve ran within, the two men behind her.

Little Jack, undressed, was in his bed, carefully covered and sleeping peacefully. Cicely had fallen from her seat to the matting that covered the floor.

Eve lifted her. Kneeling on the matting, she held her in her arms.

Cicely opened her eyes. Seeing Paul, she closed them again.

"Go," said Eve.

And Paul went out, his broad shoulders brushing the canvas of the entrance on each side as he passed.

XVIII.

"Yes, two sure signs of old age are a real liking for getting up early in the morning, and a promptness in doing little things. Contrariwise, an impatience with the younger people, who *don't* do 'em."

"Stuff!" said the Judge. "The younger people are lazy; that's the whole of it."

"Yet they do all the important work of the world," Hollis went on, musingly; "old people only potter round. Take Paul, now—he ain't at all keen about getting up at daylight; in fact, he has a most uncommon genius for sleep. But, once up, he makes things drive all along the line, I can tell you. Not the trifles" (here Hollis's voice took a sarcastic tone); "not what borrowed books must be sent here, nor what small packages left there; you never saw *him* pasting slips out of a newspaper in a blank-book, nor being particular about his ink, with a neat little tray for pens; the things *he* concerns himself about are big things: ore contracts, machinery for the mines, negotiations with thousands of dollars tacked to the tail of 'em."

"Yes, I dare say," said the Judge, with a dry little yawn; "Mr. Tennant is an excellent accountant, no doubt."

The tone of this remark, however, was lost upon Hollis. "That Paul now has done, since I've known him, at least five hundred things that I couldn't have done myself, any one of them, to save my life," he went on; "and yet I'm no fool. Not that they were crack achievements like the Suez Canal or the taking of Vicksburg; but at least they were things completed, *done*, completely done. Have you ever noticed how mighty easy it is to believe that you *could* do all sorts of things if you had the opportunity? The best way, sir, to go on believing that is never to let yourself try. I once had a lot of that kind of horse conceit myself. But I know better now; I know that from top to bottom and all round I'm a snorting failure."

The Judge made no effort to contradict this statement. He changed the position of his legs a little, by way of an-

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swer, so as not to appear too discourteous.

"I'm a failure because I always see double," pursued Hollis, "like a stereoscope out of kilter. When I was practising law, the man I was pitching into always seemed to have his good side, and even a mighty good one; contrariwise, the man I was defending had his bad one, and rather more bad because my business was to make him out a capital good fellow."

There was a sound of voices; Paul came through the wood on his way to the beach, with Cicely. Eve, behind them, was leading Jack, who was taking immense strides, in order, as he informed the Judge patronizingly as he passed, "to teep up nize wis *old* Eve, and not mate her fall down."

"Are you going out again?" said the Judge.

"Yes. Paul can go for an hour or two," Cicely answered.

"But you were out so long yesterday," said the old man, following them.

"Open air fatigue is a good fatigue," said Paul. He lifted Cicely into one of the canoes.

The Judge had stopped at the edge of the beach. He now went slowly back into the wood and joined Hollis, who had withdrawn into the shadow as the others approached.

"Your turn, Miss Bruce," said Paul. And Eve and Jack were placed in a second canoe; one of the Indians was to paddle it.

"I's a-goin' wis old Eve!—*old* Eve!—*old* Eve!"

chanted Jack, to the tune of "Charley is my darling," which Hollis had taught him.

"Seems mean that she should have to go with a Chip, when there are white men round. Even *any* kind of white men," said Hollis.

The Judge made no reply.

"At least I'm cleaner," Hollis suggested, watching Paul's canoe pass out of sight.

The Judge remained mute.

But Eve, happening to turn her head, and spying Hollis hiding behind his tree, called out: "Mr. Hollis, are you busy? If not, couldn't you come with me instead of this man?"

Hollis advanced to the edge of the woods and made a bow. "I am exceedingly pleased to accept. My best respects." He then took off his coat, settled his silk hat more firmly upon his head, and clucking to the Indian as a sign of dismissal, he got into the canoe gayly, with the activity of a boy, and pushed off.

It was a beautiful summer morning; the lake was blue; the thick woods on the shore were outlined sharply in the Northern air against the sky. Hollis paddled slowly.

"Why do you keep so far behind the other boat?" said Eve, after a while.

"That's so; I'm just loafing. But Paul doesn't like to be followed *too* close."

"It is Cicely we are following."

"Christopher H., paddle right along," said Hollis to himself. "You needn't be so afraid that Paul will grin. Paul won't grin; he'll understand."

And Paul did understand. At the end of half an hour, when Eagle Point was reached, and the canoes had been drawn up on the beach, he came to Hollis, and stood beside him for a moment.

"This canoe is not one of the best," Hollis remarked.

"No," said Paul.

"I think we can make it do for a while longer, though," Hollis went on, examining it more closely.

"I dare say we can," Paul answered.

They stood there together for a moment, rapping it and testing it in various ways. Then they separated, perfectly understanding each other. "I really didn't try to get her to come with me:" this was the real meaning of Hollis's remark about the canoe.

And "I know it" was the signification of Paul's answer.

Cicely and Eve were sitting on the beach. It was a wild shore, clean, untrodden, untouched by man; the pure water of the lake rolled up and laved its snow-white little stones and smooth glistening brown pebbles. Jack ramped up and down against Eve's knees. "Sing to Jacky—poor, *poor* Jacky!" he demanded, at the top of his voice.

"That child is too depressing with his 'Poor Jacky!'" said Cicely. "Never say that again, Jack. Do you hear?"

"Poor, *poor* Jacky!" said the boy immediately, as though he were irresistibly forced to try the phrase again.

"He heard some one say it to that parrot in Bois Blanc," explained Eve.

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"Oh, *I* shall never be able to govern him!" Cicely answered.

"Sing to Jacky, Aunty Eve—poor, *poor* Jacky!"

And in a low tone Eve began to sing:

"'*Row the boat, row the boat up to the strand;*
Before our door there is dry land.
Who comes hither all booted and spurred?
Little Jacky Bruce with his hand on his sword.'"

Paul came up. "Now for a walk," he said to Cicely.

"I am sorry, Paul. But if I sit here it will be lovely; if I walk, I am afraid I shall be too tired."

"I'll stay here, then; I am not at all keen about a tramp."

"No; please go, and take Eve. Mr. Hollis will see to Jack."

"Uncly Paul, not *old* Eve; *I* want old Eve," announced Jack, reasonably.

"You don't seem to mind his calling you that," said Paul, laughing.

"Why should I?" Eve answered. "I don't care for a walk, thank you."

"Make her go," continued Cicely. "March her off."

"Will you march?" asked Paul.

"Not without a fife."

Jack was now cooing without cessation, and in his most insinuating tones, "Sing to Jacky—poor, *poor* Jacky; sing to Jacky—poor, *poor* Jacky!"

She took him in her arms and walked down the beach with him, going on with her song in a low tone:

"'*He knocks at the door and he pulls up the pin,*
And he says, "Mrs. Wingfield, is Polly within?"
"Oh, Polly's upstairs a-sewing her silk."
Down comes Miss Polly as white as milk.'"

"Eve never does what you ask, Paul," remarked Cicely.

"Do I ask so often?"

"I wish you would ask her oftener."

"To be refused oftener?"

"To gain your point—to conquer her. She is too self-willed—for a woman." She looked at Paul with a smile.

The tie between them had become very close.

Paul's revelation—though it was only a partial one—about Ferdie had roused in Ferdie's wife a passion of anger so intense that they were all alarmed. She did not speak or stir; she sat looking at them; but her very immobility, with the deep spot of red in each cheek, and her darkened narrowed eyes, made her terrible. This state lasted for twenty-four hours, during which time the poor old Judge, unable to sit down or to sleep, wandered about, Hollis accompanying him silently, and waiting outside when he went every now and then to the entrance of the tent to look in. Paul came once. But Cicely's eyes darkened so when she saw him that Eve hurriedly motioned him away. She followed him out.

"Do not come again until I send for you."

"If there is nothing for me to do, then I might as well go to bed."

"You are fortunate in being able to sleep."

"I shall sleep a great deal better than I did when I thought she would be starting South in spite of us," retorted Paul. "Imagine her arriving there and finding him gone to Savannah, and following him to Savannah to find him with— It's much worse than she knows; that letter only tells a little. There are others, telling more, which I have kept back."

"Did you really, then, keep back anything?"

"She'll forgive me. She'll forgive, and like me better than ever; you'll see."

"And is it a question of you? It is her husband, her faith in him, her love for him," said Eve, passionately.

"Oh, as to that, she will forgive *him* the very first moment she sees him," answered Paul, going off.

Early in the morning of the second day Cicely sent for him. "If you don't still believe in him, if you don't still love him—" she began the instant he entered, her poor little voice trying to be a threat.

"Of course I believe in him."

"And he is noble? and good? and dear?"

"If you can call him that—to-day—you are a trump," said Paul, delightedly.

He had gained his point, and by one of the miracles of love she could forgive her husband and excuse his fault; she could still worship him, believe in him. Paul also believed in him, but in another way. And upon this ground they met, Paul full of admiration for what he called her pluck and common-sense (both were but love), and she adoring him for his unswerving affection for his brother. Paul would go South soon. He would—he would make arrangements. She pinned all her faith upon Paul now. Paul was her demi-god because he believed in his brother.

It was really her dislike to see him re-

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buffed even in the smallest thing that made her now say, alluding to Eve, "Oh, conquer her; she is too self-willed—for a woman."

Paul smiled. "I shall never conquer her."

"Try; begin now. Make her think that you *want* her to walk with you."

"But I don't."

"Can't you pretend?"

"Why should I?"

"Well, to please me."

"You're an immoral little woman," said Paul, laughing. "I'll go. Remember, however, that you sent me." He went up the beach to meet Eve, who was still walking to and fro, singing to Jack, Hollis accompanying them after his fashion; that is, following behind, and stopping to skip a stone carelessly when they stopped. Paul went straight to Eve. "I wish you would go with me for a walk," he said. He looked at her; his glance holding hers slowly became entreating. The silence between them lasted an appreciable instant.

"I will go," said Eve.

Jack seemed to understand that his supremacy was in danger. "No, old Eve—no. *I* want old Eve, Uncly Paul," he said, in his most persuasive voice.

Hollis came up, his hands in his pockets. "Were you wanting to go off somewhere? I'll take Jack."

"Old man, *you* get out," suggested Jack, calmly.

"Oh, where does he learn such things?" said Eve. She thought she was distressed—she meant to be; but there was an undertide of joyousness, which Hollis saw.

"On the contrary, Jackum, I'll get in," he answered. "If it's singing you want, I can sing very beautifully. I can sing, 'My Henry is gone to the War.' And I can dance too; looker here." And skipping across the beach in a Fisher's Hornpipe step, he ended with a pigeon's wing.

Jack, in an ecstasy of delight, sprang up and down in Eve's arms. "'Gain! 'gain!" he cried, imperiously, his dimpled forefinger pointed at the dancer.

Again Hollis executed his high leap. "Now you'll come to me, I guess," he said. And Jack went readily. "You are going for a walk, I suppose?" Hollis went on. "There's nothing very much to make it lively." He had noted the glow of anticipation in her face, and was glad that he had contributed to it. But when he turned to Paul, expecting as usual to see indifference, he did not see it. Instantly his feelings changed; he felt befooled. "Perhaps Mrs. Morrison will go too," he said, in an altered voice.

"No; she is tired," answered Paul. Then, seeing Hollis's discomfiture, he added, "Come along with us, won't you?"

But poor Hollis was already deeply ashamed of himself; his thin face under his gray hair had reddened darkly. He walked away with rapid step, carrying Jack.

Jack made prodding motions with his knees. "Dant! dant!"

"I'll dance in a few minutes, my boy," said Hollis.

Paul and Eve went up the beach and turned into the wood. It was a magnificent evergreen forest without underbrush. Above, the sunlight was shut out; they walked in a gray-green twilight. The stillness was so intense that it was oppressive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BY F. GRANT.

THOUGH England has always been a liberal patron of the arts, its national school of painting is of comparatively recent origin. The pictures which hung in the palaces of the great nobles during the reigns of the Tudors and the Stuarts were nearly all the works of foreigners. The portraits of Henry VIII. and his courtiers are due to the brush of Holbein; Mary Tudor sat to Antonio More; Lucas van Heere and Zucchero were the favorite painters of Elizabeth. Vandyck found a munificent patron in Charles I., and Macaulay thought that unfortunate monarch owed much of his popularity, in recent times, to the noble portraits of him by Rubens's pupil. The rugged features of Cromwell were depicted by Sir Peter Lely, who after the Restoration appears to have been a good deal occupied with the portraits of the court beauties, now the chief attraction in the gallery of

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Wolsey's palace at Hampton Court. Lely was succeeded in the royal favor by Sir Godfrey Kneller, who painted seven English sovereigns, and nearly every eminent man of his day.

But during these times we do occasionally hear of British artists of distinction. Nicholas Hilliard was employed by Queen Mary and by Elizabeth. The miniatures of Isaac Oliver obtained great renown, and his son, Peter Oliver, was patronized by Charles I. Samuel Cooper, uncle by marriage of the poet Pope, was known as the "miniature Vandyck." There were George Jamesone, and William Dobson (the ancestor of the present distinguished Academician of that name), who were contemporaries and successful imitators of Vandyck. But whatever may have been the merits of these artists, they were not sufficiently numerous to represent anything like a national school of painting. Nothing can better illustrate the poverty of English art in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and even the early part of the eighteenth century than the catalogues of famous collections, such as those of Charles I., of the Duke of Buckingham, and in later times of the Duke of Marlborough, which were almost entirely composed of the works of foreigners. In two little volumes, published as late as 1766, under the title of *The English Connoisseur*, we find in a list of 250 pictures at Wilton House only two by English painters, Lambert and Abraham Johnson, and a few crayon drawings by Mr. Hoare, of Bath, afterward a member of the Royal Academy. In the collection at Windsor Castle, at that same time, there was but one English picture, "a portrait of Lacy, a famous comedian in King Charles the Second's time, by Wright."

But in the early part of the eighteenth century there were already many English applicants for artistic fame, who only required encouragement and patronage to make their names widely known. Soon after the death of Kneller, which occurred in 1723, Sir James Thornhill (a few years later the father-in-law of Hogarth) endeavored to obtain the formation of a Royal Academy under the patronage of the King. Charles, Lord Halifax, the joint author with Prior of the "Country Mouse and the City Mouse," interested himself warmly in the scheme, but it failed, and Thornhill started a private academy at his own house in James Street, Covent Garden, on the east side, where the back offices and painting-room abutted upon Langford's (then Cock's) auction-room in the Piazza. On the death of Thornhill, in 1734, the academy was continued in a room hired in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane.

John Ireland, in his *Hogarth Illustrated* (vol. iii., chap. iii.), quotes a passage, somewhat condensed and altered, from the original MS. in the British Museum, of Hogarth's account of the English academies of art previous to 1760. "Sir James dying," he writes, "I became possessed (in 1734) of his neglected apparatus, and thinking that an academy, if conducted on moderate principles, would be useful, I proposed that a number of artists should enter into a subscription for the hire of a place large enough to admit of thirty or forty persons drawing after a naked figure. This proposition being agreed to, a room was taken in St. Martin's Lane (Peter's Court).... The academy has now existed nearly thirty years, and is for every useful purpose equal to that in France or any other."

Another document bearing on the subject among the MSS. in the British Museum is a copy of a petition of the Dilettanti Society, signed by John, Duke of Bedford, Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, with other members, and presented to the King, about this time (1760). The petitioners state that they have formed themselves into a society for the improvement of the arts, and they beg for permission to erect a "Building or Temple in your Majesty's Green Park next Piccadilly." The petition goes on to suggest that "the properest spot would be over against the little street called White Horse Street, westward of the Earl of Egremont's house in Piccadilly." The petition met with no response, but the School of Art in St. Martin's Lane was still doing good work without any help or royal patronage. In 1752, Reynolds, the future President of the Royal Academy, had returned from Italy, and in the following year a meeting was held at the "Turk's Head," Gerrard Street, Soho (afterward the head-quarters of the famous Literary Club), with a view to form a public academy; but the scheme was unsuccessful. In 1755 the idea was again started, and negotiations on the subject were entered into with the Dilettanti Society, which was ready to assist, but its

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members wished to have too large a share in the control of the proposed institution, and the project again failed.

The first idea of a public exhibition of pictures seems to have arisen from the paintings presented by Hogarth, Reynolds, and other artists to the Foundling Hospital, to which the public was allowed free access. The place became a fashionable lounge, and the artists determined to attempt something of the same sort for themselves. A meeting took place on the 12th of November, 1759, and it was resolved that a public exhibition should be held annually, to commence each year in the second week of April. The "Society of Arts," founded in 1754, gave the use of their rooms, opposite Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand, and the first exhibition was opened on the 21st of April, 1760. In the following year there were two separate exhibitions, the first in Spring Gardens, managed by the "Society of Artists of Great Britain," the other in the old rooms in the Strand, by a body of seceders, subsequently called a "Society of Free Artists," which continued its annual exhibitions till 1776. The former body contained nearly all the most distinguished artists, and among the exhibitors were Romney, Reynolds, and Gainsborough; admission was free, but the catalogues cost a shilling, and 13,000 copies were sold. Dr. Johnson about this time writes to Baretti: "The artists have instituted a yearly exhibition of pictures and statues, in imitation, I am told, of foreign academies. This year [1761] was the second exhibition. They please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English School will rise much in reputation."

In 1762 the same writer contributed a preface to the catalogue for the exhibition at Spring Gardens, and £524 8*s*. was taken as entrance money. A third exhibition was soon after instituted by the Society of Sign-painters, who hired for the purpose a large room at the upper end of Crow Street, Covent Garden, nearly opposite the play-house. The receipts of the old society increased each year, and on the 26th January, 1765, the King, at the solicitation of the members, granted them a royal charter as the "Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain." The roll was signed by two hundred and eleven artists, among whom were Allan Ramsay, Bartolozzi, Cosway, Gainsborough, Hudson and his former pupil Reynolds, Romney, Benjamin West, and Zoffany. One famous name was wanting among the signatures. In the previous year Hogarth had died, and was buried in the church-yard at Chiswick, not far from his old rival, Kent, who ten years before had been laid in a vault in the church.

But it is time to return to the affairs of the new Society of Artists. Its regulations appear to have been badly drawn up: there was no limit to the number of members, and the directors were unable to perform their duties in a manner which they thought likely to advance the interests of art. In 1767 only eight of the old directors were re-elected, and in the following year they wrote to Joshua Kirby, the President, resigning their seats. A committee of four members, Chambers, West, Cotes, and Moser, was at once appointed by the retiring directors to take measures for the formation of a new academy. The King gave his patronage and assistance, and some of the regulations were written out by his Majesty's own hand. The affair was kept entirely secret till all the preparations were complete, and was at length revealed to the President of the old Society by the King himself. Kirby, who had arrived on some business at Windsor, was ushered into the presence of George III. as West was showing his picture of "Regulus." Kirby admired the work, and expressed a hope that West would exhibit it. He replied that it belonged to his Majesty, who at once joined in: "I shall be happy to let the work be shown to the public."

"Then, Mr. West," said Kirby, "you will send it to my exhibition."

"No," replied the King; "it must go to my exhibition—to the Royal Academy."

The President of the Associated Artists bowed and retired. It is said that the disappointment shortened his life, but he survived till his fifty-ninth year, in 1774. He is buried in the church-yard at Kew, where are also the graves of Gainsborough and Zoffany.

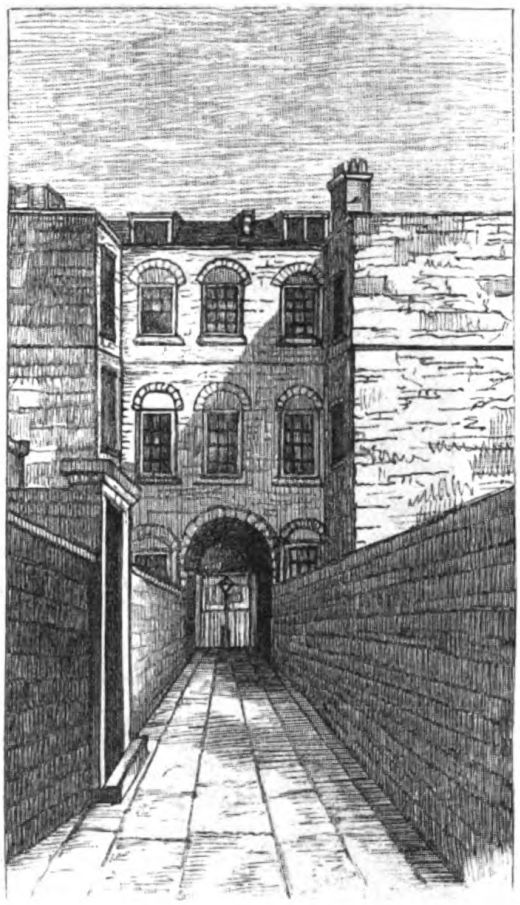
A meeting of about thirty artists, who were to compose the new Academy, was convened for the following evening, 9th December, at the house of Wilton, the sculptor, to receive the code of laws and nominate office-bearers. It was intended to elect Reynolds as President, but he had taken no part in the preliminary negotiations, and it was feared that he would

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not attend. He yielded, however, to the persuasions of West, who called for him in the evening, and took him to Wilton's house, where he was received with enthusiasm, and the necessary business was at once begun. The code of laws was accepted, and thirty-six Academicians, recommended by his Majesty, were elected. On the next day a report was made to the King, who approved of the proceedings, and signed the "Instrument" defining the constitution of the Royal Academy, which thus began its existence on Saturday, 10th December, 1768.

On the 14th December the first general assembly was held at Pall Mall. Twenty-eight members attended, and signed an obligation to observe all the laws and regulations contained in the "Instrument," and the officers were chosen by ballot. Joshua Reynolds was elected President, William Chambers, Treasurer, George Michael Moser, Keeper, and Francis Milner Newton, Secretary. Eight Academicians were chosen as members of the Council, which was to have the "entire direction and management of all the business of the society." Nine others were appointed Visitors, whose duty was to "attend the schools by rotation, each a month, to settle figures, to examine the performances of the students, to advise and instruct them." These regulations, with some slight modifications, continue in force to the present day, and the students have the assistance and advice of the ablest members of the Academy, who willingly sacrifice their time and convenience to this important duty. "The greater the painter," writes Mr. Charles Leslie, in his *Life of Reynolds*, "the more valuable must always be his instruction.... It has always appeared to me that the most valuable part of the constitution of the Royal Academy is that by which the members are made to be in turn the teachers. When I was a student I well remember how much I felt the advantage of being able to consult such men as Flaxman, Fuseli, Stothard, and Turner."

The duties of the Keeper were to take charge of the models, casts, and other movables belonging to the Academy, and "to attend regularly the schools of designs during the sittings of the students." No better man could have been chosen as first Keeper than Moser, the Swiss gold chaser and enameller, who had presided over the



ACADEMY IN PETER'S COURT.

Societies, which met first in Greyhound Court and afterward in St. Martin's Lane. Though in his sixty-fifth year, he was still fit and ready for work. "All who knew him," wrote Reynolds, "were his friends;" but he knew very well how to maintain the importance of his office, and he was as much respected as he was liked by the students of the Academy. He was the father of Mary Moser, one of the only two ladies ever elected as Academicians. Francis Milner Newton was born about 1720, and had acquired some reputation as a portrait-painter. He was an excellent man of business, and took an important part in the establishment of the Royal Academy, of which he was Secretary from its commencement in 1768 till 1788, when he retired. He died in 1799.

The selection of Reynolds as President was of inestimable advantage to the Academy. He was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, on July 16, 1723. At the age of seventeen he was placed under Hudson, who had succeeded Richardson and Jervas,

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SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—From a portrait by himself.

as the fashionable portrait-painter of the day. He remained in London not quite two years, and then, owing to some disagreement with his master, returned to Devonshire, where he obtained a good deal of employment in painting portraits of the local celebrities. In 1744, a few years after his father's death, he made the acquaintance of Commodore Keppel, who had recently been appointed to the command in the Mediterranean, and offered Reynolds a passage on board his flagship, the *Centurion*. They sailed on the 9th of May, 1749, and after visiting many places on the way, Reynolds arrived in Rome early in 1750, where he staid, "to his measureless content," two years. On his way home he passed a month in Paris, and was back in London in 1752. He first took apartments in No. 104 St. Martin's Lane, which had at one time been occupied by Sir James Thornhill, but he afterward moved to No. 5 Great Newport Street. His prices were, at that time (1755), 12 guineas for a head, 24 guineas for a half-length, and 48 guineas for a whole-length. In 1779 he charged £37 10*s*. for a head size, £52 10*s*. for a kitcat, £73 10*s*. for a half-length, and £156 10*s*. for a whole-length. His prices never at any time approached those paid to Lawrence toward the close of his career. In 1760 Reynolds

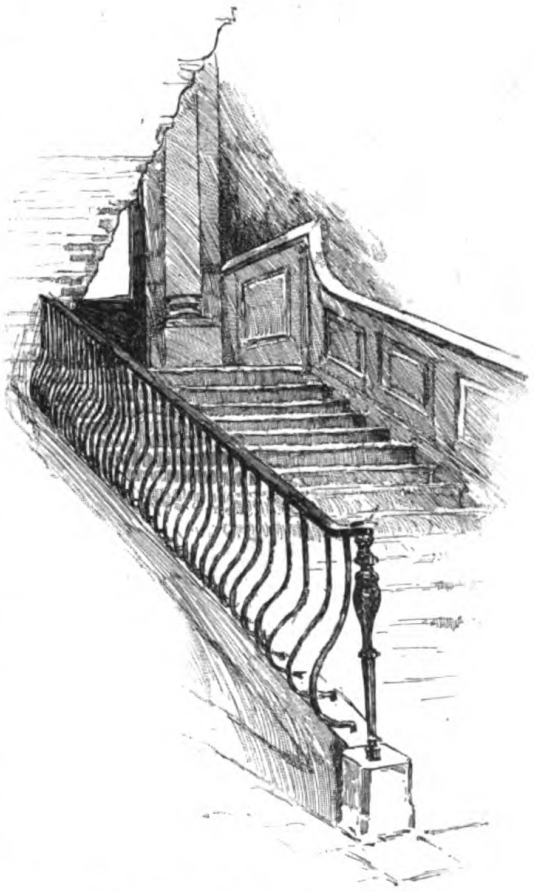
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bought the house formerly in the possession of the father of George Morland, the artist, in Leicester Square, then known as Leicester Fields, where he remained till his death. His sister, Frances Reynolds, was for some time living with him, but they do not appear to have got on very well together. She was of a nervous, fidgety disposition, which would be extremely trying to a man of Reynolds's calm and equable temperament, but Johnson had a great affection for her, and declared that "she was very near to purity itself." She had some small share of her brother's talent, and painted miniatures, which, he said, "made himself cry, and others laugh." There is a head-size portrait of her by her brother, whom she survived many years. She died at Queen's Square, Westminster, aged eighty, on the 1st of November, 1807.

Sir Joshua's house in Leicester Square is little changed, though there have been some slight alterations in the interior arrangements. The staircase, which was trod by so many of the beauties and illustrious men of the day, is an interesting feature of the building, and still retains the old cast-iron balustrades, curving outward at the bottom, to allow space for the ladies' hoops. The place is now occupied by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, the auctioneers.

Reynolds had at this time (1760) already attained almost the highest eminence in his profession. Horace Walpole writes in February, 1759, "Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Ramsay are our favorite painters, and two of the best we ever had." But he met a formidable rival in Gainsborough, and soon Romney was to arrive in London, and win many admirers by the extraordinary grace and beauty of his female portraits. Romney never belonged to the Royal Academy, and no picture by his hand was ever shown within its walls during his life, but in recent times his works have formed a powerful attraction at the exhibitions of old masters at Burlington House. With the exception of James Barry, who will be alluded to hereafter, he was perhaps the only contemporary painter for whom Reynolds felt decided feelings of dislike. Romney was quarrelsome, illiterate, and eccentric in his habits, but his great merits as an artist are now universally recognized, and it would be a graceful act of the present members of the Royal Academy to place his portrait in their building, with an inscription like that on the bust of Molière in the French Academy, "Rien ne manquait à sa gloire; il manquait à la nôtre."

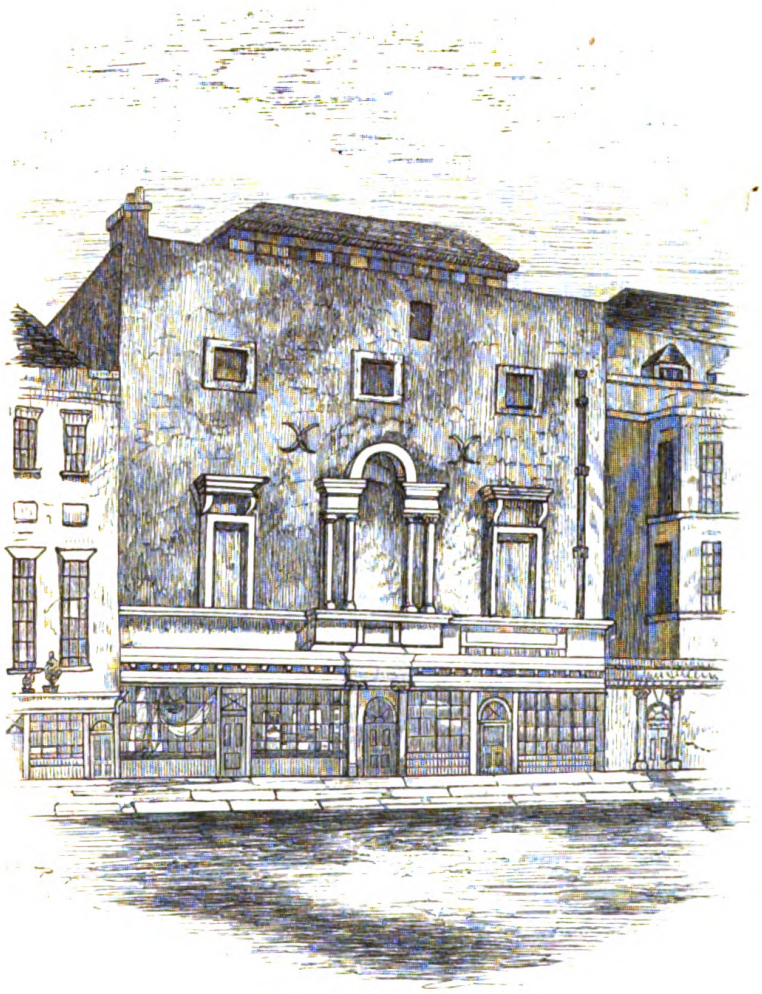
Reynolds kept a regular diary of his sitters, with occasional memoranda of social engagements. The pocket-books in which these were written are now, with the exception of a few missing volumes, in the possession of the Royal Academy. The first of the series was for 1755; the



STAIRCASE IN HOUSE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

last is for 1790, after he had been compelled by failing eyesight to give up painting, and contains only entries for dinner engagements, appointments with friends, and meetings at the club or Royal Academy. The pocket-book for 1759 contains appointments with 148 sitters. In 1769, the year in which he commenced his duties as President, there were only 78 sitters, but this diminution in number may only show that the same persons sat oftener. Mr. Leslie, in his *Life*, says that with Reynolds the number of sittings varied considerably—from five or

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ROYAL ACADEMY, PALL MALL.

six to sixteen or eighteen. But his work as President must have occupied a good deal of his time. He was indefatigable in his attendance at the Academy, and in the first two years from its formation his signature is only missing in the minutes of one Council meeting (1st October, 1770), when we learn from his diary that he was enjoying a little hunting and partridge shooting in his own county.

The Academy found its first home in Pall Mall, immediately adjacent to Old Carlton House, a little eastward of the site now occupied by the United Service Club. Its first exhibition, comprising 136 works, was opened on the 26th April, and was visited by the King on the 25th May, an advertisement having been previously inserted in the papers that on that day the public would not be admitted. It closed on the 27th of the same month. The price of admission was, as at the present time, one shilling; the catalogues were sold for sixpence, and the total receipts were £699 17*s.* 6*d.* In 1792, the year in which Reynolds died, 780 works were exhibited, and the receipts had increased to £3178 12*s.*

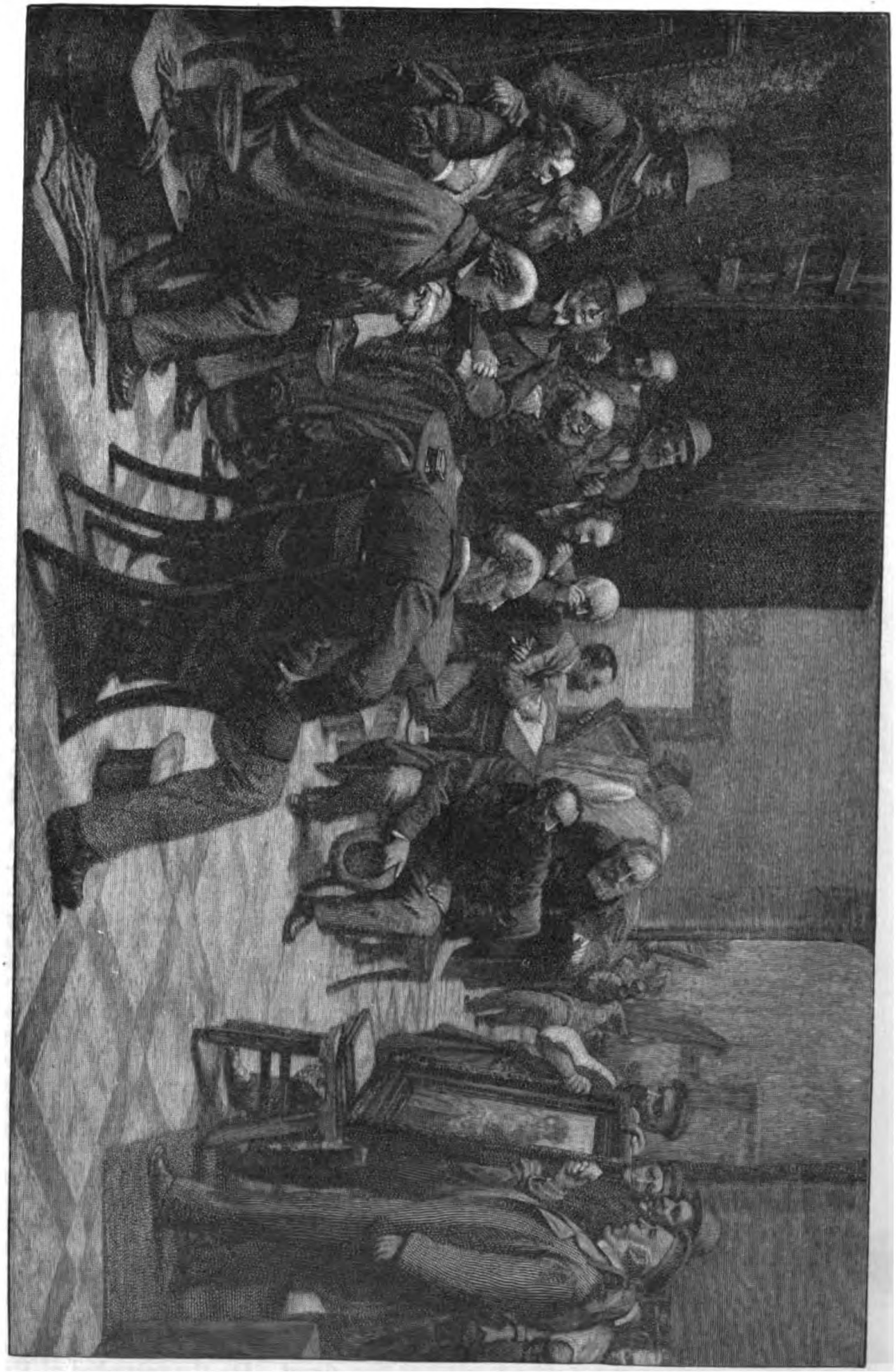
In 1886 the total receipts amounted to £18,741 7*s.* On Monday, August 2d (bank



KEY TO THE ILLUSTRATION "SELECTING THE PICTURES," ON NEXT PAGE.

1. Sir John E. Millais, R.A.
2. Late G. Richmond, R.A.
3. Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.
4. Late J. F. Lewis, R.A.
5. Late E. M. Ward, R.A.
6. Late Sir F. Grant, P.R.A.
7. T. Faed, R.A.
8. R. Redgrave, R.A.
9. C. W. Cope, R.A.
10. E. Armitage, R.A.
11. J. C. Horsley, R.A.
12. F. A. Eaton (the Secretary).
13. P. H. Calderon, R.A.
14. J. C. Hook, R.A.
15. The head-carpenter waiting to chalk on picture—*a* for accepted; *d* for doubtful; *r* for refused.

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"SELECTING THE PICTURES."—From the painting by C. W. Cope, R. A.

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holiday), 7642 persons paid for admission, which on that day was at the reduced charge of sixpence.

In the Council minutes for 13th April, 1770, there appears an entry of the members "having examined the several pictures of the Exhibition."

At the present day the task of selecting from the pictures sent for exhibition by artists not belonging to the Academy is very arduous, and however conscientiously it may be performed, the decision of the Council cannot always be infallible. A summary of the results of the exhibition in 1886 will give some idea of the duties to be performed. The Council commenced its selection on Monday, March 29th, and finished on Tuesday, April 6th. The works sent by non-members amounted to 8875, of which 1753 were accepted and hung, though the space at the disposal of the Council was very insufficient for such a number. The members contributed 172 works, of which 144 were paintings. It will be seen from the above statement that 7122 works were refused, and if one considers the vast amount of disappointment, unhappiness, and even despair that is undergone each year by the artists of rejected pictures, it is not surprising that the Academy should sometimes be regarded by the outside world with no very kindly feelings. The engraving of the painting by Mr. C. W. Cope, R.A., exhibited at the Academy in 1876, gives some idea of the annual scene which takes place when the President and Council "select the pictures."

The work of the "committee of arrangements," as it is officially called, which determines the order and position of the pictures on the wall, is scarcely less difficult or laborious. In 1886 it commenced on Wednesday, April 7th, and was not completed till Wednesday, April 21st. In some respects the task is even more invidious than that of the "selection." The greater number of the rejected works are by artists whom the members of the Council have never known or seen, but those which the hanging committee is called upon to arrange are in many cases by comrades and intimate friends. It is not unusual, moreover, for Academicians to be extremely dissatisfied with the place assigned to their productions. Northcote declared he never had a picture well hung, and even the gentle Angelica Kauffman complained to her friend the President that her paintings were badly placed. The first volume of Council minutes contains the record of a very serious dispute on the subject, which occurred a few years after the formation of the Academy.

Thomas Gainsborough was an original Academician, and his name will always be considered as one of the most illustrious among British painters. "The art of Gainsborough," writes Mr. Leslie, "has a charm not to be found even in that of Reynolds; a pastoral feeling which raises him to the level of Burns." The two great painters, though they were never on familiar terms, had a just appreciation of each other's genius. "D—— him, how various he is!" said Gainsborough, on examining the President's works at one of the exhibitions. "I cannot think," confessed Reynolds, before a picture by his rival, "how he produces his effects." Gainsborough had refused to fulfil any of his Academical duties, and had more than once given trouble about his pictures at the annual exhibitions. In 1784 he sent a full-length group of three of the royal princesses, and insisted on its being hung lower than the usual level of pictures of that class. The Academy still possesses the letter which Gainsborough wrote to the hanging committee on that occasion. "Mr. Gainsborough presents his compliments to the gentlemen appointed to hang the pictures at the Royal Academy, and begs leave to *hint* to them that if the royal family which he has sent for exhibition (being smaller than three-quarters) is hung above the line along with the full-lengths, he never, while he breathes, will send another picture to the exhibition. This he swears by God." A more temperate letter was written to the Council, but it was impossible for the governing body to be dictated to by one of its members, however distinguished he might be; a reply was sent informing him that "the Council have ordered your pictures to be taken down and delivered to your order whenever [you] send for them." The incident was most regrettable, as Gainsborough never exhibited again at the Royal Academy, but it is impossible to question the propriety of the Council in upholding its authority. It is satisfactory to know that the breach between Reynolds and Gainsborough was at last closed. On the death-bed of the latter he sent for his rival, and a recon-

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THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.
From the painting by J. Jackson in the Royal Academy.

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ciliation took place. "If any little jealousies have existed between us," said Reynolds, in his discourse of December, 1788, delivered shortly after the death of Gainsborough, "they were forgotten in those moments of sincerity; and he turned toward me as one who was engrossed in the same pursuits, and who deserved his good opinion by being sensible of his excellence."

son, and the two connoisseurs on the left are supposed to be meant for Richard Wilson (one of the hanging committee), with his enormous nose, and William Hunter, the first Professor of Anatomy to the Academy. The royal personage in the centre and the lady ogling him through the sticks of her fan have neither of them been recognized, but I have not the smallest doubt that they are



FUNERAL CARD FROM JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S FRIENDS.
From Bartolozzi's engraving after Burney's drawing.

The first "committee of arrangement" of which a record appears in the Council minute-books was appointed on the 25th March, 1771, and consisted of Mr. West, afterward President, Cipriani, Richard Wilson, the celebrated landscape-painter, the Keeper, G. M. Moser, and the Secretary, F. M. Newton. The result of their labors may be seen in the reproduction, on page 969, of the fine mezzotint engraving by Earlom after Baldoin, of the Academy exhibition at Pall Mall of that year. Some of the pictures can be identified by an examination of the catalogue. There are not many spectators, but the burly figure on the right is probably Dr. Johnintended for the Duke of Cumberland and Lady Grosvenor, whose notorious intimacy was the cause of a divorce case, then the talk of the town.

On the 14th of January the new apartments in Somerset House allotted by the King to the Academy were taken possession of, and the lodgings appropriated to the Keeper, the Library, the Schools, and the Council-room were occupied, though the exhibitions were continued in Pall Mall till 1780.

The first annual dinner took place on St. George's Day, in 1771, and twenty-five guests were invited. Johnson and Goldsmith, who had been appointed by the

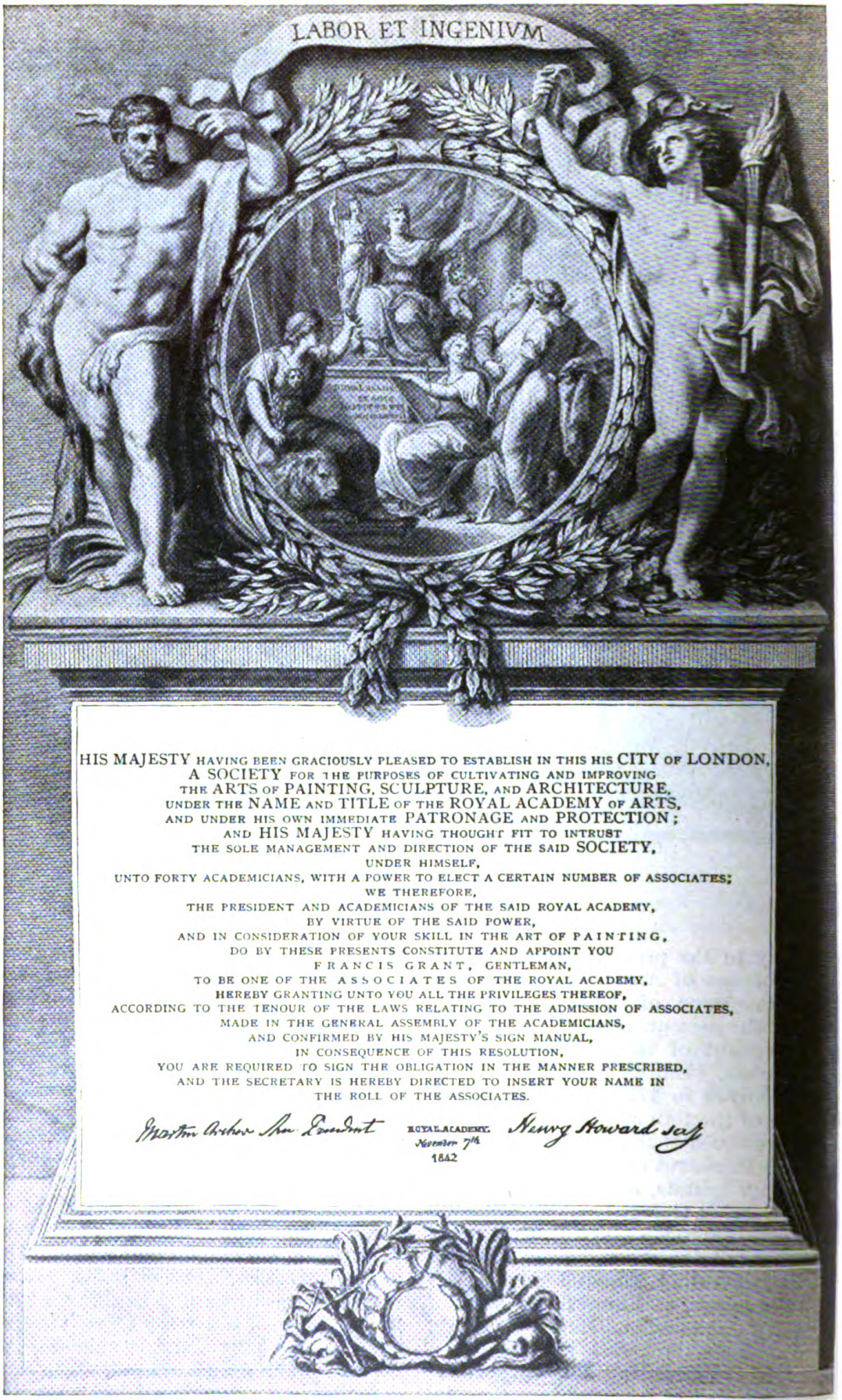
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EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, PALL MALL.
From the engraving by Earlom after Baldoin.

Academy in the previous year—the former Professor of Ancient Literature, the latter Professor of Ancient History—were both present, and Walpole gives some account of their conversation on the occasion. But we have fuller details of the dinner in 1774. At the Council meeting of the 10th of March of that year it was resolved that the Lord Chamberlain, the President of the Royal Society, and other guests, among whom were David Garrick, George Colman, and Samuel Foote, should be invited, and at the next Council fresh names were added to the list, including Edmund Burke, Topham Beauclerk, well known to readers of Boswell's *Johnson*, and Henry Bunbury, who afterward married the elder Miss Horneck, Goldsmith's "Little Comedy." Johnson was, of course, present as an office-bearer of the Academy, but poor Goldsmith, who had died a few weeks before in his lonely chambers in the Temple, at Brick Court, was absent for the first time. The *menu* and Mr. John Dring's bill for the dinner are still in existence. The table was laid for ninety-two persons, at five shillings a head, and the entertainment, with charges for glass, waiters, beer, and other extras, cost £45 0*s.* 9*d.*, but the wine appears not to be included. The fare was extremely plain. For the first course there were fowls, greens, ham, veal pie, raised pie, salad, and roast beef. The second course consisted of geese, asparagus, ducks, pudding, and lamb. In 1791 Mr. Rickholt, of the Freemasons' Tavern, provided the dinner, and the charge had risen to half a guinea a head. The new purveyor was not chosen, however, with-

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HIS MAJESTY HAVING BEEN GRACIOUSLY PLEASED TO ESTABLISH IN THIS HIS CITY OF LONDON,
A SOCIETY FOR THE PURPOSES OF CULTIVATING AND IMPROVING
THE ARTS OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, AND ARCHITECTURE,
UNDER THE NAME AND TITLE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS,
AND UNDER HIS OWN IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE AND PROTECTION;
AND HIS MAJESTY HAVING THOUGHT FIT TO INTRUST
THE SOLE MANAGEMENT AND DIRECTION OF THE SAID SOCIETY,
UNDER HIMSELF,
UNTO FORTY ACADEMICIANS, WITH A POWER TO ELECT A CERTAIN NUMBER OF ASSOCIATES;
WE THEREFORE,
THE PRESIDENT AND ACADEMICIANS OF THE SAID ROYAL ACADEMY,
BY VIRTUE OF THE SAID POWER,
AND IN CONSIDERATION OF YOUR SKILL IN THE ART OF PAINTING,
DO BY THESE PRESENTS CONSTITUTE AND APPOINT YOU
FRANCIS GRANT, GENTLEMAN,
TO BE ONE OF THE ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,
HEREBY GRANTING UNTO YOU ALL THE PRIVILEGES THEREOF,
ACCORDING TO THE TENOUR OF THE LAWS RELATING TO THE ADMISSION OF ASSOCIATES,
MADE IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE ACADEMICIANS,
AND CONFIRMED BY HIS MAJESTY'S SIGN MANUAL,
IN CONSEQUENCE OF THIS RESOLUTION,
YOU ARE REQUIRED TO SIGN THE OBLIGATION IN THE MANNER PRESCRIBED,
AND THE SECRETARY IS HEREBY DIRECTED TO INSERT YOUR NAME IN
THE ROLL OF THE ASSOCIATES.

Martin Archer Shee President ROYAL ACADEMY November 7th 1842 Henry Howard Secy

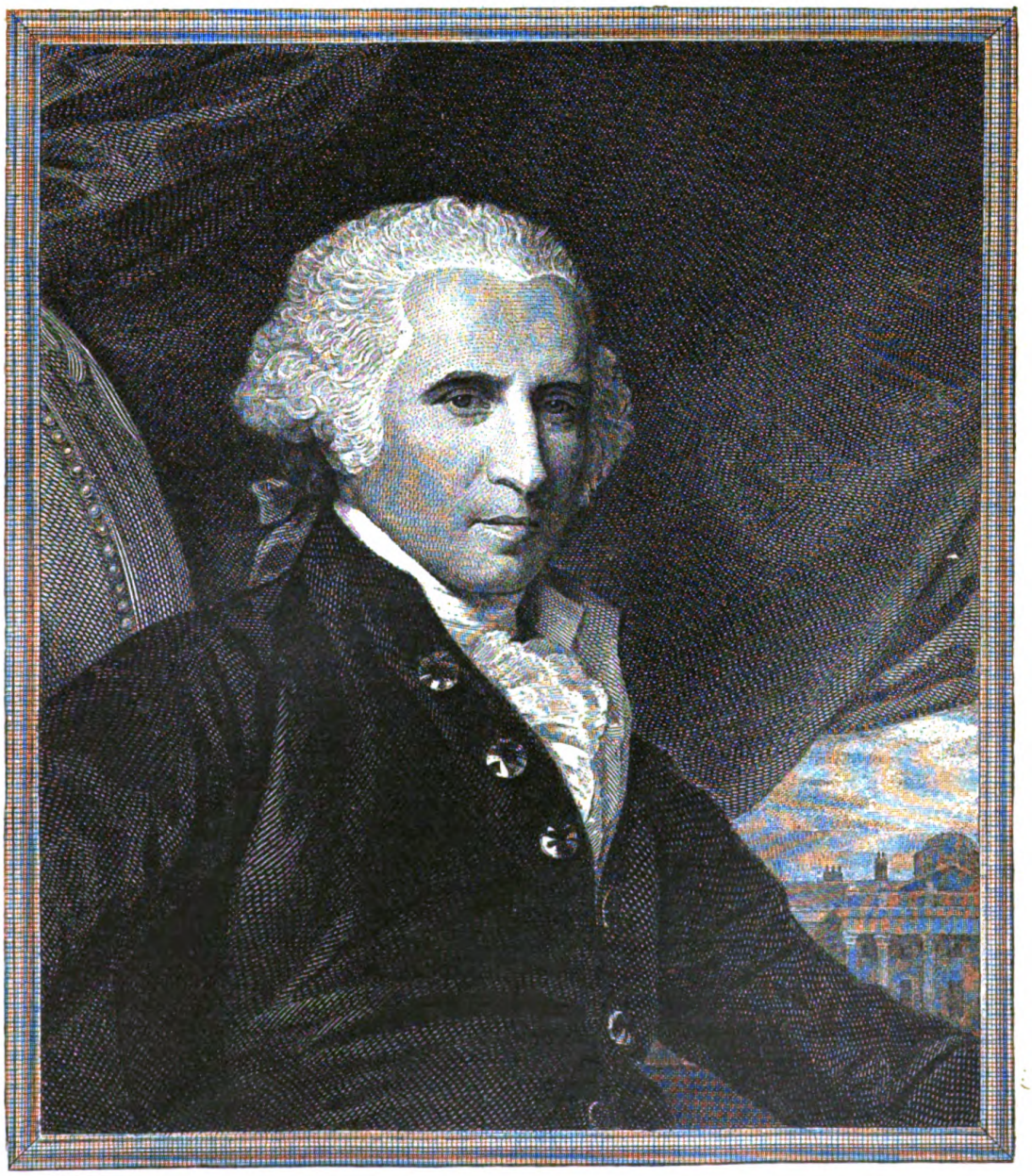
DIPLOMA OF ASSOCIATE.

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out giving some practical proofs of his merits, and in the Council minutes of 9th April appears a resolution "that the President and Council do appoint to dine at Mr. Rickholt's house on Thursday next, the 28th, to taste his wines."

The annual dinner is still held, and now takes place on the Saturday before the opening of the exhibition on the first Monday in May. There is perhaps no social meeting in England where such a distinguished company assembles, and great statesmen, distinguished soldiers, and the most famous literary men of the day are proud to be present at the brilliant gathering. Not many years ago it was said that an ambitious amateur had spent £25,000 on the pictures of living artists in the hope that his munificent patronage would procure him an invitation to the dinner at Burlington House, but his well-meaning efforts were unsuccessful, and he was not present at the banquet.

Another ceremony which has an interest very different from the scene just described is the delivery of an address by the President, on alternate years, at the distribution of the medals to the prize stu-



BENJAMIN WEST.—From a portrait by himself.

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dents. Reynolds's discourses were much admired at the time, and they are still considered as models of their kind, both in style and matter. On the occasion of his last address, in 1790, when he had finished speaking, Burke stepped up, and taking the President's hand in his own, quoted the lines from Milton:

"The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear."

Reynolds's health was now beginning to fail, though till almost the end he mixed much in society, and regularly fulfilled his duties as President. On the 5th of November, 1791, he made his will, but was unable to attend the General Assembly of the Academy on the 10th. His eyesight was becoming more impaired, and he suffered much from depression of spirits. In January, 1792, he was so ill that he was unable to leave his bed, and on the 23d February he died, in his sixty-ninth year, with the same calm fortitude and tranquillity which had always been the most striking trait in his character. Among his eminent contemporaries in art, besides those already mentioned, were Francis Cotes, Bartolozzi, who engraved the plate for the Academy diplomas from a design by Cipriani, Richard Cosway, celebrated for his miniatures, Joseph Nollekens, the sculptor, John Singleton Copley, and James Northcote, Reynolds's pupil and biographer.

Benjamin West was the second President of the Royal Academy. Born in America in 1738, and brought up by parents who belonged to the Society of Friends, he acquired the simple tastes and habits of his people, which he retained to the end of his life. His first lessons in art were from a band of Cherokee Indians, who taught him how to prepare the red and yellow colors which they used for adorning their weapons; but his artistic talents soon attracted attention, and he was enabled, by the kindness of friends, to visit Rome. After a residence of three years in Italy he went to London, in 1763, where he at once became famous as a historical painter, and was one of the original Academicians. George III. and his Queen were favorably impressed with the young artist, who before long acquired considerable influence at court. He died in March, 1820, having presided over the Academy twenty-eight years. During his term of office the most eminent Academicians were Hoppner, Turner, Sir Augustus Callcott, Sir David Wilkie, Sir Henry Raeburn, Mulready, and Sir Francis Chantrey.

Joseph Mallord William Turner was the greatest landscape-painter of modern days. He was born in 1775, and became a student in 1789. His first Academy picture, a view of Lambeth Palace, was accepted in 1790, and for sixty years uninterruptedly he contributed to the exhibitions. Dr. Waagen says "that no landscape-painter has yet appeared with such versatility of talent. His historical landscapes exhibit the most exquisite views, and effect of lighting; at the same time he has the power of making them express the most varied moods of nature—a lofty grandeur, a deep and moody melancholy, a sunny cheerfulness and peace, or an uproar of all the elements." Turner died in December, 1851.

The third President was Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was born in 1769, the year after the foundation of the Academy. At an early age he showed remarkable genius for drawing, and was taking professional portraits in crayons when little more than ten years old. While still a boy he was allowed to visit some of the collections of pictures in the neighborhood of Bath, where his father was then living. In after-days, when President of the Royal Academy, and possessor of a magnificent collection of drawings by the old masters, he readily gave permission for students to copy them, or any of the pictures in his gallery. The present writer has heard Sir Francis Grant speak of the kindness which, as a young man, on his first arrival in London, he received from Lawrence. He was not only allowed to copy any of the pictures in the President's collection, but also to use one of his studios. In February, 1794, Lawrence was elected a Royal Academician, but on account of his youth, the diploma was not signed till December of the following year. His reputation as a portrait-painter was European, and during his career he painted many foreign celebrities, besides nearly all the distinguished persons of his own country. His best known works are the portraits of Mrs. Siddons and of Kemble, now in the National Gallery, and the famous collection at Windsor (known as the "Waterloo Gallery") of the great commanders and sovereigns who took part in

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the campaign of 1814. Lawrence died after a short illness in January, 1830. The most distinguished Academicians elected during his Presidency were Charles Leslie, Etty, and Constable, the most national and one of the greatest of English landscape-painters.

Martin Archer Shee was chosen as successor to Lawrence, though some of the Academicians thought that Wilkie's superiority as an artist gave him a better claim to the post, but Leslie, who himself voted for Wilkie, wrote afterward: "Sir M. Shee made so incomparable a President that I am glad the majority did not think as I did at the time of the election." Shee was eminent as a portrait-painter, but his works never attained the highest level of art, and they are now rarely seen. His favorite pursuit, next to painting, was literature, and he was an excellent speaker. On the first occasion when he occupied the chair at the Academy dinner Lord Holland and Lord Grey declared that his opening speech was the best they had ever heard. Sir Martin died in his eighty-first year, in August, 1850. Among the Academicians elected since the death of Lawrence were Sir Edwin Landseer, Stanfield, Daniel Maclise, and David Roberts.



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.
From Singleton's picture of the Royal Academicians, 1793.

In 1816, Henry Fuseli, the Keeper of the Academy, was much attracted by one of the students, a pretty little curly-headed lad with an extraordinary talent for drawing animals. This little "dog boy," as Fuseli used to call him, was Edwin Landseer, and his name is now probably more widely known than that of any other English artist. His first work at the Academy was accepted when he was only seventeen years of age, and from then till the time of his death his pictures were generally the chief points of interest at the annual exhibitions. On the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, Landseer was elected as President, but his failing health obliged him to decline the position. He died in October, 1873, and was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. The ceremony was attended by his colleagues of the Academy, and by nearly every artist in England. The cortége started from Trafalgar Square, and the whole of the way to St. Paul's the streets were lined with spectators. Since the funeral of the Duke of Wellington no such crowds had been seen on a similar occasion, but his friends of the great world, who had been proud to entertain him at their houses, and not too proud to accept from him many valuable productions of his pencil, were very scantily represented.

During the Presidency of Sir Martin Shee the Royal Academy moved from Somerset House, where the annual exhibitions had been held since 1780, to the National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square. The new rooms were occupied in 1836, and in the following year the exhibition was opened with much state by William IV., on the last occasion that he ever took part in a public ceremony. The Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria visited the galleries on the same day.

Sir Martin Shee was succeeded by Sir Charles Eastlake, a gentleman of cultured

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taste, who excelled rather in the theory than in the practice of his profession. He was born in 1793, and early showed a strong feeling for classical art, which was further developed by travels in Greece and Italy. On the appointment of the Fine Arts Commission in 1841 he was named Secretary, and in 1855 he became Director of the National Gallery. His contributions to art literature were published in a collected form in 1846, but the volume is now rarely met with. Sir Charles Eastlake died December, 1865. During his term of office the most notable Academicians elected were Sir John Watson Gordon, President of the Scotch Academy, Thomas Creswick, William Powell Frith, Samuel Cousins (elected an associate engraver in 1835, who is still living, and without a rival in the art of mezzotint engraving), James Clark Hook, the marine painter, and Sir John Millais.

Sir Charles Eastlake's successor as President was Sir Francis Grant. Born in 1804, and educated at Harrow, one of his earliest reminiscences was of a visit paid by Lord Byron to his old school, when the poet met with an enthusiastic reception from the boys.

During the twelve years Sir Francis Grant presided over the Royal Academy he was on very cordial terms with his colleagues, from whom on all occasions he received the warmest support and assistance. Among his intimate friends was Edwin Landseer, whom in early days he used to meet at Gore House, where Count d'Orsay was then living with his mother-in-law, Lady Blessington. Mr. Disraeli was at that time one of the same coterie, and the present writer well remembers hearing him reminded by Sir Francis Grant of a supper party where Count d'Orsay proposed a humorous toast to the tailors of England, and called on him (Mr. Disraeli) to respond. Landseer's letters to Sir Francis are carefully preserved, and many of them contain interesting pen and ink sketches. Sir Francis Grant died in his seventy-fifth year, in October, 1878. During the time he was President many distinguished artists were elected to full Academical honors. Among them were Thomas Faed, Calderon, Watts, and Sir Frederick Leighton. But the most notable event during Sir Francis Grant's tenure of office was the removal of the Academy to Burlington House, which, by a strange coincidence, is labelled "Academy of Arts" in one of Hogarth's engravings, known as "Masquerades and Operas," published in 1724. The magnificent building where the exhibitions are now held, with its new schools and other recent additions, has cost about £150,000, which has been entirely paid out of the Academy's funds. During Sir Francis's latter years he often expressed a desire that his successor might be Frederick Leighton, and after his death this wish was realized by the unanimous vote of the Academy, and by its hearty approval of all those interested in the success of British art. Sir Frederick Leighton has now been President for over ten years, and has on many occasions shown his anxiety that the institution over which he presides should keep up with the progress of the day.

The best known Academicians elected since the death of Sir Francis Grant are Orchardson, Alma-Tadema, Vicat Cole, Ouless, Briton Rivière, and Marcus Stone. The most important improvements have been the erection of the new schools and the revised code of laws for the students, of which an excellent description is given by Mr. F. A. Eaton, the Secretary of the Academy, in the London *Fortnightly Review* of December, 1883. It has always been emphatically recognized by the Academy that one of its most important duties is instruction in art, and the very first Council meeting has a minute on the subject. There is no space in this article for any detailed explanation of the present system, and only a few bare statistics can be given. The annual cost of the schools is between £5000 and £6000. There are at present about five hundred students on the books of the Academy, who receive the best professional education which the country can give, without payment of any fees; and with the exception of the annual vacation of two months, the schools are open during the whole year. The general superintendence is vested in the Keeper, but there are, or will shortly be, professors of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Anatomy, and Chemistry, besides a teacher of Perspective and a master in the Class of Architecture. Not the least important part of the teaching is that, already alluded to, by the Visitors, elected from the ablest members of the Academy, who serve each a month in rotation. There are three trav-

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elling studentships of £200, tenable for one year, given biennially to the winners of the gold medals of painting, sculpture, and architecture. There are also many other substantial rewards, in the shape of medals, scholarships, and money prizes, given annually to successful students.



SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.—From a portrait by Sir F. Grant.

There is another good work which the Academy has always been diligent in performing. The Council books, from their earliest commencement, have constant entries of pecuniary assistance given to indigent artists or their relatives. The amount annually allotted to this purpose is now very large, and is in many cases increased by the private benefactions of members.

The Royal Academy celebrated its centenary in 1868, and still appears to have every prospect of a long existence. It might be possible for an enthusiastic reformer to point out defects in some of the regulations, and to suggest improvements which would bring the governing body more into contact with the outside world, and we hear rumors, indeed, that something of the sort is at present actually under consideration. But no unprejudiced person who takes the trouble to acquire a knowledge of the subject will doubt for a moment that the members do their utmost to fulfil the duties intrusted to their charge; and as long as the Royal Academy is animated with these conscientious feelings, and contains within its body so many of the ablest artists of the kingdom, it may hope to continue for many years its useful and honorable career.

It only remains for the writer to express his grateful acknowledgment of the permission accorded to him by the Council to examine the minute-books and the archives, and he must add his hearty thanks to the President and the Secretary for the invariable kindness with which they have responded to his inquiries for information.

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SOCIAL AGONIES.

Miss Bloker. "Oh—I'm sorry to disturb you at breakfast, but I wanted to make *sure* of you—Mr. and Mrs. Dedleigh Boreham are stopping with me for a few days, and I want you both to come and dine to-morrow—or if you are engaged, Wednesday; or Thursday would do—or Friday or Saturday; or *any* day next week!" (Mrs. Brown feebly tries to invent that they have some thoughts of sailing for Honolulu this afternoon, and that they have just lost a relative—but breaks down ignominiously.) . . . . . .

—Drawn by George du Maurier

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Editor's Easy Chair.

UNCLE SAM always seems to be a little uncomfortable upon his holidays, as if he were conscious that his genius is more disposed for hard work than for pleasure. This is not surprising, for during a period of nearly three centuries he has been closely engaged in serious labor, with little opportunity to cultivate either the taste or the talent for mere enjoyment. If his race in general takes its pleasure sadly, the circumstances of his own career and development have but confirmed the tendency. He is never so pathetic as when he is trying to amuse himself. He does his best bravely and simply, and his best generally consists in standing listlessly about, making a loud noise, and perhaps, alas! drinking too much whiskey.

Forecasting the great national holiday, John Adams, that noble growth of the old Puritan stock, could only imagine exultant America making a tremendous noise. His forecast has been justified. If on any day of the year this part of the planet is audible as well as visible to its revolving sister worlds, it is the Fourth of July. There is no child of America, native or adopted, so poor that on that day he cannot at least explode a firecracker. In the rural villages of New England patriotic joy often expresses itself by firing enormous charges from cannon at midnight or before dawn, and in default of cannon an old anvil has been known to be hollowed out and compelled to do duty in making night still more hideously explosive.

Uncle Sam's characteristic recreations in the earlier part of the century were the annual militia musters, a sham-fight, or a Cornwallis. The rustic military evolutions happily proved the era to be one of profound peace, and assured its indefinite continuance. Yet the spectator who contemplated this extraordinary form of enjoyment and marked the earnestness of the participants could not but remember that it was precisely such scenes and such soldiers that Burgoyne ridiculed in his plays during the siege of Boston. The trained and veteran redcoats laughed loud and long at the uncouth Yankee military array. But at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, at Bennington and Oriskany and Saratoga, the redcoat laughter was silenced and the queer ploughboys made a nation.

Uncle Sam himself confesses that he can do everything but enjoy himself. That, he admits, "stumps" him. He has heard of people elsewhere giving half of their time to holidays, picturesquely costumed, dancing gayly, playing games, marching in processions along paths strewn with flowers, under windows and balconies draped and festooned with brilliant hangings. He has heard of the Carnival and Whitsuntide upon the Continent, enjoyed with a keen but simple relish of pleasure picnic parties carrying boughs of blossoms and sporting on the sward. But of his own kindred in the "Old Home" he hears that on Easter Monday they roll down hill, and he is conscious that if he should essay a celebration of the day it would be in some such manner. He would roll down hill to enjoy himself, but crown his delight by tossing up bomb-crackers as he rolled.

Mr. Bryce in his *American Commonwealth* speaks with his uniform good-natured courtesy of our political campaigns, and thinks that the thousand lawyers and tens of thousands of business men who march in the mud singing doggerel in honor of their candidate have no more consciousness that they are making themselves ridiculous than the European nobleman who backs with prostrations out of the presence of his sovereign. Perhaps, however, they know very well that it is ridiculous, but each one of the multitude holds every other one in countenance, and the excitement of high spirits carries them through. But even this form of pleasure is taken sadly. The citizens who march and sing nonsense, or roll a huge ball, or wear a coon-skin or a bucktail, are in deadly earnest. It is very different from the light-hearted, careless gayety of a people who have a natural aptitude for enjoyment for its own sake.

But the absence of that aptitude, as illustrated in our various endeavors at public pleasure and in our holidays which seem to bore us, reveals the qualities and the conditions of the race from which we largely spring. Humboldt described the evening dance and the apparent careless contentment of the West Indian slaves a century ago. The traveller in Italy un-

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der the Austrian domination saw that Italian society was condemned to the club and the café and the opera-house, and that its serious purpose burrowed underground. Amusement was encouraged and facilitated to allure and cajole the public mind from grave and vital thought. It was the atmosphere of tyranny. The traveller as he passed from Mantua to Verona, as he watched the "functions" in Milan, and in Venice seemed to see and feel the old mysterious despotism, recalled the ancient bread and games of an earlier Italy, which with the same ignoble intent sought to amuse the people, and as he saw the Stars and Stripes, as then they were sometimes seen upon Venetian or Neapolitan waters, his heart beat and glowed, and he thanked God for the land in which we take our pleasure sadly.

It is Uncle Sam's children who devote themselves to pleasure who are least worthy of their inheritance. It was not for amusement that he came to this continent and has grown up here, and his sobriety and earnestness of purpose are still his best possession. He secured his independence much more effectively than he celebrates it, and the tone of his declaration, as he struck the final blow for it, indicated his consecration to the equal chance of all men.

Wendell Phillips, when he was asked for an autograph, used often to write a couplet, of which the author is unknown:

> "Count that day lost whose low descending sun
> Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

Bartlett says that it was found in Stainford's *Art of Reading*, a book published in Boston in 1803, and there doubtless Phillips when a boy had read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested it, as his life showed. That is the gospel of Uncle Sam. Obedience to that monition will perpetuate and transmit the great inheritance. The faculty of taking pleasure gayly and gracefully may yet be added to the happier gifts which the fairy godmother brought to our uncle's cradle. Our life indeed needs the spiritual relaxation which comes by recreation. But the wild and reckless extravagance of pleasure-seeking in which the end of our first century offers so sharp and suggestive a contrast with the beginning is not a hopeful and pleasant augury of the second. We may smile at Sybaris and Capua as symbols of an ancient and remote condition which has no moral for us. But wiser than such smiling is it to heed the long-drawn music and the pregnant meaning of the lines from the old Reader, "Count that day lost"—for who of us has many days that he can safely lose?

ONE of Macaulay's famous passages is his description of the spectacle of Warren Hastings's trial. It is an admirable illustration of that glowing rhetoric which, giving every richly decorated detail of fact and allusion and suggestion, gradually rises into a work in literature which is like one of Paul Veronese's pictures in art, presenting a great feast, with profuse wealth of costume, and stately architecture, corridor and gallery opening to the sky, and picturesque grouping of the human form. The trial of Hastings had been often described. But the accounts were like the dry record of a catalogue or the summary mention of a newspaper. Macaulay had no new material. He dealt with the old familiar facts. But the sensitive eye of the literary artist saw the pictorial possibility of the details, and by choosing each of them, coloring it in due relation to the rest, and mingling and fitting all of them together, he produced the page which makes the famous spectacle visible to every reader, and, because of the interpreter, more impressive than to those who were its living parts.

An event recently occurred, also before an English tribunal, which, from its relation to imperial politics, and from its singularly dramatic circumstance and probable consequences, must become historic. It had not all the elements which Macaulay brought so dexterously and effectively into his picture, but its significance and results will undoubtedly make it one of the striking passages of contemporary English annals. Before the Special Commission England and Ireland were practically summoned. There is nothing more typically and traditionally English than the London *Times*, and in Parnell the cause of Ireland is now embodied. The haughty, insular, and unreasoning English intolerance of the Irish movement as a scheme of reckless and unprincipled demagogues to aggrandize themselves and to annoy England, to foment discontent and to divide the empire, and therefore a movement summarily to be suppressed, has found its expression in the *Times*, which finally brought the case against

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Parnell to a distinct charge of complicity with crime.

This was what the England represented by the *Times* believed. It felt that directly or indirectly Parnell was responsible for the Phœnix Park assassinations and for the outrages of every kind which have marked the long agitation. To prove this fact the *Times* relied upon the letters which it had published, and to show that Parnell wrote them was to ruin him totally, and to brand the Irish movement as a base and murderous conspiracy. But not to prove this was an alternative which apparently the *Times* had not considered. To prove it would unquestionably destroy Parnell. But not to prove it would ruin the *Times*.

When at last, therefore, the trial to establish this fact began, the English press and all witnesses agreed that the trial was the absorbing subject of the national attention. The alleged crimes of Hastings had been committed in a remote country for which England had no sympathy, and which it regarded as properly subjected by its power. Hastings, if guilty of rapacity and cruelty, had been cruel to those who in the English feeling probably deserved nothing better, and if he had enriched himself, he had added vastly to English treasure and English renown. Doubtless there was a strong British feeling for Hastings, which Clive described as his own when, under similar circumstances of opportunity, which he had improved, he said that he only wondered at his own moderation.

Parnell, on the other hand, who is not personally nor to the imagination a heroic figure, represented a cause with which traditional English feeling for centuries has had no sympathy, and whose recent adoption by a political party has but deepened and embittered the traditional impatience. Neither Parnell's personality nor his cause, neither the magic of distance nor the consciousness of national gain through his agency, invested him with any halo. Impassive, cold, disliked even to detestation, he conciliated no sympathy and moved no admiration among his opponents. But just as the most powerful engine of hostile opinion seemed about to deal Parnell and Ireland an annihilating blow, the engine itself suddenly fell in ruins, and amid the catastrophe of the *Times* Mr. Parnell stood, still impassive, cold, and calm, but transformed even in the view of his enemies from a criminal conspirator to an honest patriot.

The drama culminated when the great English leader of Parliament—the Parliament of which Irish leaders in long succession for many a year had vainly asked a hearing and justice—arose as Mr. Parnell entered and bowed to him as to Majesty itself. It was probably an instinctive, not a premeditated act, in which the lieutenants of the leader joined. But it was symbolical of the assent of England to the demand of Ireland. After the long and dreary history, beginning how far back, and coming through exasperation and blood and crime and suffering unspeakable to the present year, the bow of Gladstone was the signal that the travail was accomplished. But that nothing should be wanting happily and fully to complete the scene, Mr. Parnell, still impassive, cold, and calm, unnoting the acclamation that saluted him, yet as if in acknowledgment and justification of the whole significance of the greeting, dissipated the strength of the relentless hostility that has misconceived and misrepresented his cause by saying quietly that all which Ireland asked England could grant without diminishing her imperial sovereignty, which she was quite powerful enough to maintain.

Here was the soft answer that turneth away wrath, soft but true, and spoken in the very moment of absolute triumph. Mr. Parnell repeated it at the banquet of the Eighty Club, at which the chief leaders of the Liberal party, excepting Mr. Gladstone, assembled to honor him. Lord Spencer said that they paid homage to his forbearance, his dignity, his patience—qualities worthy of a great leader; and Mr. Parnell said, "The way to govern Ireland within the constitution is to allow her to govern herself in all matters that do not interfere with the well-being of the rest of the empire with which Ireland is indissolubly connected." He might well have added, "If that be separatism, make the most of it."

Meanwhile the change in public sentiment was at once evident. General indignation was shown because of the aid given by the government to the *Times*, whose case rested wholly upon the word of a liar and a forger, who, relentlessly exposed as infamous by a cross-examination of consummate ability, confessed his infamy, then went out and killed himself.

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The impression upon the public mind of England was profound; and even Mr. Froude, one of the most resolute opponents of home rule, admits the state of English feeling upon the subject to be such that the experiment must be tried. Great meetings are called to demand the dissolution of Parliament, and the invincible faith of Mr. Gladstone seems to approach fulfilment.

These are scenes and incidents which some future Macaulay may paint with all the splendor of rhetoric as illustrations of a career greater than that of Warren Hastings, because, instead of enlarging the British Empire by crimes which were pardoned to magnificent gains, it extended the justice and wisdom of that empire, and extinguished in the Irish heart the long hatred of England.

THE poet Eugene, as he heard the first bluebird of the spring in Central Park, spoke of the winter which was remarkable for sun and mildness, but said that for himself he preferred a good old-fashioned winter. As Clement parted with him he walked on alone musing upon the phrase. A good old-fashioned winter, old-fashioned hospitality, old-fashioned manners, old-fashioned simplicity, old-fashioned people—when was that golden time; where was that El Dorado, that Arcadia, those Enchanted Islands? In Richard Jefferies's touching essay upon "My Old Village," he asks—the old village—did it, after all, ever exist out of the fancy of the poet? Were the days of old so pleasant? Were the people of old so kind? No, he answers himself, they were not so kind. I never thought of them, nor did they think of me.

Yet the refrain constantly recurs. The old-fashioned roses were so much fuller and sweeter than the roses of to-day; the old-fashioned cherries, ox-hearts, sugar-hearts, they grew on trees long vanished, not on these modern boughs; the old-fashioned cheer—it is a Barmecide feast to which these modern tables invite us. Is this true? Progressive civilization, then, is a delusion. The advance of science and art and the realm of invention really secure us no gain. The old-fashioned stage-coach upon runners which carried our old-fashioned ancestors to Albany in the old-fashioned winters of seventy years ago, with old-fashioned leather curtains buttoned down, and old-fashioned straw for the feet, and old-fashioned winds whistling through, and old-fashioned snow-drifts in which to pass the night, and the old-fashioned duration of the freezing journey—was so much better than the drawing-room car, with steam heat and electric lights and comfortable chairs, and the end of your journey in four hours. Ah! the old-fashioned comfort of the old-fashioned years!

It is constant and instinctive the disposition to contrast the weather and the manners and the comfort and the pleasure and the people of to-day with those of yesterday. But the old fashion was not better than the new fashion. It is only the enchantment of distance which casts the glamour upon our eyes. In March a year ago the Easy Chair was reading the Diary of Manasseh Cutler, the driving-wheel of the famous Ohio Company, one of the notable Americans who was in danger of slipping out of his proper historical recognition. The sturdy Doctor describes a great snow-storm in March. Yes, said the monitor within, an old-fashioned snow-storm. The next day the Easy Chair awoke to the blizzard, which outsnowed Manasseh Cutler's storm. "There was never such heat," said the impatient young man in the dog-days to the more tranquil elder, who turned to his register and showed the same average heat for many a summer. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* What we have not seems larger than what we have. The violet hue suffuses the distant hill, but when we climb to find it, it veils the hill we left behind.

If the man musing of the old-fashioned delights of life recalls and renews his youth, severely and in detail, was it really so much happier? When we were within bounds and under rules, when we must creep unwillingly to school, when there were constant snubs and privations of things most desired, and penalties and punishments of a myriad kinds, was it so superior a fate? The griefs of childhood seem petty beside the grave sorrows of maturer years, but they were quite as grave to the boy as the later sorrows to the man. It is as unfair and untrue to the fact to judge our own youth by the standards and experience of manhood as to test old times by the changed standards of the new. Old-fashioned hospitality was generous and comprehensive, but unless large and generous hearts are out of fashion, not less liberal

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and noble is the hospitality of to-day. It is a trick of the fancy that the old fashion was fairer than the new. It is the revenge of the imagination upon the discomfort and inconvenience of the moment, for memory as surely softens the rough path of long ago as distance enchants the bare crag into a slope of velvet.

Sitting at his own table the master of the house proclaims that his mother's pies were better than those of his wife, and that the cooking of the tomato is one of the lost arts. His father did the same at his mother's table, and his boy will hereafter draw the same contrast between that future table and the one at which he sits to-day. A great scholar, in a noble appeal to the youth who, dazzled by the glory of a past day, is unmindful of the grandeur of his own, adjures him to find in the cool wind that sings out of the northern mountains Charles the Fifth's day, Hampden's day, day of all that are born of woman, another yet the same.

Yes, said Clement, as Eugene's phrase still lingered upon his ear and in his mind, it is because he is a poet that he holds the old-fashioned winter to have been more truly winter, and because his grandmother was fair, does not see that his daughter is beautiful.

THERE is much speculation rife about novels and novelists, and whether a moral is becoming in a story or consistent with true literary art. These are questions which are nimbly handled in the Study next door, whence there has proceeded much sound treatment of the subject. But when a writer, as recently in a New Orleans journal, hopes that the coming novel will be written by a novelist and not by one who is primarily a propagandist or reformer, his meaning is clearer than his thinking. Tales told for a purpose, like "temperance tales," or Miss Martineau's charming *Illustrations of Political Economy*, or even Miss Edgeworth's delightful *Parents' Assistant*, are not regarded as literature in the sense of Miss Austen's novels. They are not pictures of life in the comprehensive sense; they are sermons designed to point a special moral. But their humor and pathos and their graphic fidelity of delineation are qualities of the best literature.

The sensitiveness to a moral in a story, and the resentment with which it is greeted if supposed to be intentional, are very amusing, because it is almost impossible to dissociate a moral from the greatest and most universal works. It is wisely said of *Don Quixote* that it has at least one great moral, namely, that whoever fights with the order of things will get the worst of it; and since the order of things is exceedingly certain, as every reckless violator of natural laws learns in suffering and teaches in experience, it is not easy to describe human life or to delineate human character without leaving a moral behind. The more faithful the touch, the more incisive the moral. This is far from saying that a moral in the ordinary sense is distinctly designed. But it is inevitable, as it is that the more accurately the forms and colors of the landscape are apprehended by the painter, and the more subtle his skill in manipulation, the more beautiful will his picture be.

The primary human passions are the same now as ever, and those who require that a novel shall tell a story and shall introduce us to heroes and heroines are not unreasonable. But they must be sure that they know heroism when they see it before they proceed to judgment. One critic demands that the novelist shall take large views of life and spare us analysis of character. Another insists that we do not wish to meet in stories the same tiresome people that we know only too well in actual experience. A third will have no small details, but only the grand style both in the characters and the circumstance, and there is an impatient sneer at realism as if realism meant only the area steps and the gossip of a bar-room.

But to hold the mirror up to nature, and not to o'erstep the modesty of nature —what do such instructions mean? They mean that the great subjects of creative literary art,

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

solicit us now as always, and we must be able to detect them under every modern mask. The Christmas legends delight to recount in what rude and unsuspected form —an old man, a wanderer, a beggar—the benignant divine love appeared. For goodness, beauty, love, heroism, are protean. Do we expect to meet Rosalind now as Orlando saw her, and is Cordelia lost because she is no longer a king's daughter? When we open a book of a certain novel-

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ist, says one critic, we know that we shall make the acquaintance of a circle of pleasant women and men, and be entertained by their pretty ways and sprightly talk, and watch them make love and marry, and there an end.

Yes, but marry-come-up! what else do we expect to find in the homes and haunts of men and women? What are the other lines of Coleridge's stanza?

> "Are all but ministers of love,
> And feed his sacred flame."

The Trojan heroes and the mighty Greeks go to war for the beautiful Helen. So in all stories in all literatures the thoughts and passions and delights which stir the human heart and invest human life with joy and sorrow and glory are all but ministers of love. If we can see it in a tale of Troy, but not in one of New York or London, if no heroine can be admitted except in white satin, and no hero with less than a nodding crest of waving plumes, a shield and a sword, or gilt armor and a velvet doublet, it is we and not our story-tellers who are at fault.

How often as we read the sharp censure of realism in literary art, a censure which is based upon the fact that the artist holds the mirror up to the nature which we see, but which was not seen by other times; how often, as the disdainful commentator announces that he cannot see in a retired colonel, in a young manufacturer, in a working-girl, in a brisk village, in a station-house, in a hotel, the places and passions and characters that ennoble human life and dignify human nature—do we not recall the familiar story of Turner saying to the lady who surveyed his picture and declared she could see nothing like it in nature:—"Probably, madam, but don't you wish you could?"

When Dickens began to publish his stories and the English-speaking world laughed and wept, a very eminent literary critic remarked that Scott was good enough for him. When Emerson first read in Boston, with a charm which no Boston orator ever surpassed, the essays which have elevated American thought and nourished American character, a mighty lawyer, to Boston admiration the incarnation of massive common-sense, declared that he could not understand the lecturer, but his daughters did. It was sarcastic, but there was something yet to be said. The picture may be good, after all, if we could only see it. The diamond is not paste, if we only knew it.

Editor's Study.

I.

A PAPER on Sir Walter Scott, dealing with him in the way of reminiscence and anecdote, has been introduced to the readers of one of our magazines with a page of rather abstract eulogy by a gentleman eminent for his services to the cause of education, from whom one cannot learn without concern that to go back to the fiction of Scott "from Flaubert and Daudet and Tolstoï is like listening to the song of the lark after the shrieking passion of the midnight piano-forte"—how lurid the poor domestic piano-forte appears in this figure!—"nay, it is like coming out of the glare and heat and reeking vapor of a palace ball into a grove in the first light and music and breezes of the morning."

Our own intimacy with the midnight piano-forte is small, and with the lark even less; but when it comes to the "glare and heat and reeking vapor of a palace ball," we are at home. Nothing was more familiar to our gilded youth than this atmosphere; and we clearly recall the soothing effect upon our fevered senses of the "first light and music and breezes of the morning." It is true we did not come out into them; the reigning prince (sometimes he was an emperor, but usually a plain, simple, unostentatious king) always made us stay the remnant of the night with him; but before flinging ourselves upon the silken shake-down that our host had invariably made up for us in his own room it was our custom to lift the window for some moments of those delicious sights and sounds. Perhaps it was only the unfinished window of Aladdin's palace; no matter; the recollection of it enables us to know what

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one means when one talks of coming out of a palace ball. We dare say all palaces are much alike in the "glare and heat and reeking vapor" of their balls; and we suppose any friend of the romantic will be ready to count our imagined experience of palaces and their balls for something as good as the reality. But we are by no means so sure that we agree with the writer in question in the application of a figure that has stirred our fancy to such extraordinary feats; and we have some grave misgivings as to whether the unqualified acceptance of Scott would prove with readers the "blessing not merely to their minds, but also to their hearts and souls," which he promises.

There is, to begin with, that falsification of historic perspective which Scott never scrupled at when it served the purpose of his romance, and which never fails to confuse the young readers to whom his books have now mostly fallen. Then there are his mediæval ideals, his blind Jacobitism, his intense devotion to aristocracy and royalty; his acquiescence in the division of men into noble and ignoble, patrician and plebeian, sovereign and subject, as if it were the law of God; for all which, indeed, he is not to blame as if he were one of our contemporaries, though any American would be very culpable if he did not warn his children against them when he put Scott's books into their hands. We will not defend Daudet from complicity with the midnight piano-forte, for we are not always satisfied of the singleness of Daudet's intention or the effect of his books; and then, he is hardly a realist; but Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* is one impassioned cry of the austerest morality, far above the conception of the art of Scott's time; and when we come to Tolstoï there is no comparison of the masters in any kind. Beside that most Christian of the moralists Scott is the spirit of the world incarnate, and of the feudal world at that; and beside that conscientious and perfect artist he is a prentice artificer. In the beginning of any art even the most gifted worker must be crude in his methods, and we ought to keep this fact always in mind when we turn from the purblind worshippers of Scott to Scott himself, and recognize that he often wrote a style cumbrous and diffuse; that he was tediously analytical where the modern novelist is dramatic, and evolved his characters by means of long-winded explanation and commentary; that, except in the case of his lower-class personages, he made them talk as seldom man and never woman talked; that he was tiresomely descriptive; that on the simplest occasions he went about half a mile to express a thought that could be uttered in ten paces across lots; and that he trusted his readers' intuitions so little that he was apt to rub in his appeals to them. He was probably right: the generation which he wrote for *was* duller than this; slow-witted, æsthetically untrained, and in maturity not so apprehensive of an artistic intuition as the children of to-day. All this is not saying Scott was not a great man; he *was* a great man, and a very great novelist as compared with the novelists who went before him. He can still amuse young people, but they ought to be instructed how false and how mistaken he often is. As for the man who teaches us that all war, private and public, is a sin; who bids us beware of our passions; who strives unceasingly to free us from the enmities and hates in which we poor worms sting one another to death; who preaches, first and last and always, peace and purity and pardon — we urge his censor to some further study of him. He will find no word of Tolstoï's that contravenes the Sermon on the Mount; this inapproachable artist has no need of anything factitious for his effects, because they are those of truth; and he has never constructed an ideal of chivalry for us to worship, because humanity is good enough for him. One might learn from Scott to be a gentleman, but Tolstoï teaches us to be good men. Unless one hears the shrieking passion of the midnight piano-forte and tastes the reeking vapor of the palace ball in the four gospels, we do not really understand how one should perceive them in the ethics of Tolstoï. His censor is apparently not very clear about the whole matter, however, or he would know that the motives of Victor Hugo and Scott are not alike, and that, in all their books can teach, it is Tolstoï and Manzoni who are of the same tradition, and not Scott and Manzoni. If Tolstoï had not written, we could almost agree with the gentleman we have so cordially disagreed with, and might rank *I Promessi Sposi* as highly as he does; but the Italian's work falls below the Russian's because Manzoni

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wrote in the infancy of his art and Tolstoï has written in its maturity. The Russian is the more perfect master for that reason, but they are equal and coeval in the inspiration of their work. Both are penetrated with the beauty of Christianity, and both are filled with the same pity for the oppressed, the poor, the lowly, the same abhorrence of violence and pride; both are alike

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

II.

Their tradition, with a strange mixture of the realistic and the romantic in attitude, is perceptible in George Meredith's story of *Beauchamp's Career*, where, as in the work of Tolstoï and Manzoni, one is aware of being helped to a clearer vision of life by the novelist. *Beauchamp's Career* is not a new book, not even new in the American edition which embodies the author's work to our public; but in the Study it is never too late to speak of any book; and we wish to acknowledge what seems to us its great worth in the kind we have hinted. We offer our tribute to it the more eagerly because we have not hitherto found Mr. Meredith easy to read, and in acknowledging the greatness of his power in this instance have had to silence some prepossessions or some principles: we will call them principles. Realistic the book certainly is not, unless we stretch that elastic term to cover a case in which the inner truth burns through an outside of sufficiently conventional English-novel material; squires, lords, and ladies, country-house sojourning, Parliamentary election, dining, poaching, yachting, and all; with the Gallic background of an unhappy marriage and love of the elderly French neighbor's wife. Out of this collection of antiquated properties a great, fresh, and noble ideal of conduct evolves itself in the character of Beauchamp, the valiant young aristocrat turned democrat, and in the supreme, culminating episode of the flogging of Dr. Shrapnel, the all but socialistic radical, by Beauchamp's uncle and benefactor, Romfrey. In fact this episode, with Romfrey's final self-humiliation before the man he has brutally and mistakenly outraged, is the meaning, is the true business, of the book. In his ethical attitude here, in his perception of the bearing of all the facts upon the morals of his reader, and in his truth to the truth that the forgiveness of the wronged man is heavenly far above the patrician pride of the gentleman who disgraced him so that he must seem to forgive through fear, the author allies himself with the greatest master of fiction, and touches a point reached hitherto only when Tolstoï's Karenin sees that he cannot forgive with dignity and yet forgives. Higher praise we cannot give him on that side, which is to us the really important side; but to those who care for the minor qualities of George Meredith's work we commend study of that certain splendid massiveness of effect in it from a narrative so often apparently wandering and capricious, and a style so wilful. His progress toward a given end is by a thousand sinuosities, deflections, halts, impulses, but he seems to get there, as our slang is, all at once, and to possess you of the situation by a light gathered from all points upon it. We cannot well say how it is done; we are not sure that we altogether like it; we are only sure that it is the work of a master, about whom, in detail, we might have our reserves; whom we might call Carlylese in some moments, some manners, if he did not otherwise give as deep an impression of originality as he gives of strength; whom we should certainly accuse of letting his people all talk too like one another, and too like their author.

III.

One's reserves one nearly always has, and in coming to praise even such powerful work as Henrick Ibsen's dramas (of which the reader may now get three in English in the cheap and pretty Camelot editions) one must own that there is often more of type than of character in his personages, and that the reality of the action is sometimes strained to an allegorical thinness. Nevertheless the effect is not much less than tremendous, especially in that play called *Ghosts*, where the sins of the father are visibly visited upon the son. Life is made a little difficult by the contemplation of the far-reaching suggestion of this simple action: it appears that you are not only to live rightly for your own sake, but for your children's sake, in whom your vices and evils will walk the earth long after you are under it. This was hinted by the prophets aforetime, science has since affirmed it, and again the poets are burning it into the tough human consciousness.

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We have already spoken of Björnson in his dealing with the same problem, and now one may learn how forcibly his great fellow-laureate handles it. Ibsen's other subjects are *The Pillars of Society*, in which we see how the precious superstructure which we are so zealous to "save" from time to time is propped upon an inwardly rotten respectability; and *The Enemy of Society*, who tries to set right a dangerous evil in his little town, and has his windows broken by his more public-spirited fellow-citizens for his trouble, and stands outcast and alone where he had been idolized before. All three of the plays are bitter with the most caustic irony, which is all the more mordant because it is so just. The literary quality is peculiar. The action opens so tamely, so flatly, that it seems to you impossible to go on with a thing like that; but at the same moment you find yourself in the grip of a curiosity which intensifies to the most poignant interest, and holds you spell-bound to the end.

These dramas are played in Europe. We fancy them offered to the fat optimism that goes to our theatres only to be "amused"; but what our average audiences would have to say of them we will not fancy. Nothing, though, need prevent the reader from setting up a scene for them in his own imagination; and if he likes to know something of the man who wrote them, and who lives in willing exile from the narrow social conditions of home, we commend him to the essay of Georg Brandes (published by Putnams), and to the interesting paper of Mr. Edmund Gosse in the *Fortnightly* for February.

IV.

When we come to speak of American fiction after such work, it is with no shame for some literary aspects of it, but with a distinct sense of its want of reach in other ways. Fine artists we have among us, and right-minded as far as they go; and we must not forget this when it seems as if all the women had taken to writing hysterical improprieties, and some of the men were trying to be at least as hysterical in despair of being as improper. If we kept to the complexion of a certain school—which sadly needs a school-master—we might very well be despondent; but, after all, that school is not representative of our conditions or our intentions. We need not be very specific about it in order to justify the pride and hope we have in the wholly different work of Miss Murfree. Was there something said here once in censure of some of her artistic motives, of points in her literary method? Let us say now, then, that *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove* is a book which we have no wish to censure upon those grounds, if any others. Whether of conscious purpose or through involuntary evolution, she has here wrought free of the faults which existed in her earlier work, and has deepened her hold upon the reader's interest while throwing aside all the romantic devices with which she once appealed to it. There is a fine solidity in this new story, which is at no point weakened by the attribution of improbable motive. The scene is, as usual, in the Tennessee mountains; the persons are our old friends the mountaineers; but the characters are new, the situations are fresh, and the action has a pristine vigor. The whole effect is that of rugged strength; but there are passages, episodes, incidents, of surpassing delicacy and beauty, and of a truth that delights and uplifts. The meeting of the hero and heroine while they take shelter from a shower under a way-side tree is one of these: it is simply perfect in its fidelity to nature and to their characters and social traditions. So far as we recall, no fact or trait in the people is overstrained for the purpose of an effect; an admirable verity gives you the sense of its presence throughout. The Despot is imagined in the spirit of this; he is a poet who supposes himself a sort of prophetic agent of the Almighty because he is so filled with the splendid and awful beauty of the Bible; and the study of Marcella Strobe, good, shrewd, earthly, limited to fact by her affections and ambitions, but generous and fine all the same, is even more subtle. Her father and her grandmother—especially the latter, who is the *bouffe* element of the piece—are triumphs of a skill which we seldom find at fault in this book, with its large group of finely differentiated figures.

V.

Of this art, and of the art of several other American women now writing fiction, we were thinking with patriotic self-satisfaction as we read an English story, recently much praised by English criticism. We mean *A Village Tragedy*, by

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Mrs. Margaret Wood: a story of intense pathos, and certainly of very great force as a social study, relieved by genuine humor and full of excellent character, but, beside kindred American work, showing certain vices from which our writers are as free as the Russians or the French. It would not be very easy to specify these aberrations of art, of taste, but perhaps they may be summed up as consciousness of the reader, or the confidential attitude. We do not think of any English novelist, high or low, except Thomas Hardy, who guards himself from them, who writes, as the novelist always should write, with an eye single to his story, and as if there were no such thing as a reader in the world. If *our* reader will think of Miss Jewett's work, or Miss Wilkins's, or Miss Murfree's, when he comes to Mrs. Wood's tragedy he will see what we mean; but we suppose he will finally so lose himself in it that he will end by thinking us unjust. When Mrs. Wood loses herself in it she proves us so, and we may as well own that our strictures do not apply to the last half of her book. There the consciousness falls from her; the lines, at first tentative and timid, become large and bold, and an impression of the misery, forever hopeless in our present conditions, is left as deep in the heart as if one had personally witnessed it. *A Village Tragedy* is that of a poor girl whom her uncle adopts from her home in the London slums, and whom his harshness drives to the love of a simple, honest, ignorant ploughboy, her faithful husband in all but the marriage rite. His violent death before this can be accomplished leaves her to drown herself and abandon their babe to the workhouse, from which the father came, and from which it was his dying wish to save it. Given away in this sort, the story seems cheap enough; but that is far from the feeling which its grim outlines and its varied detail of incident and character will impart to the reader. A sense of the inevitable repetition of such tragedies as long as the needless poverty of our civilization exists will haunt him after the features and incidents of the story begin to fade.

VI.

Something of the same fault which we have regretted in Mrs. Wood's otherwise excellent work seems to be the trouble with Mr. Kirkland's story of *The MacVeys*. We make bold to speak of it because we liked his *Zury* so very much, and said so. He wrought himself in that book a wide margin on which he could fail a little without ruinous disaster; and he has failed a little in *The MacVeys*. He continues for us the acquaintance of Anne Sparrow and her children, in the stress of social misgiving, as it comes upon them all, concerning the paternity of the children, and Anne's own sense of loyalty when a fine fellow, ignorant of her past, falls in love with her. The situation is good, and new enough; Anne's character was worth tracing through it; but having taken the people of *Zury* up again, the author should have guarded himself from consciousness of the reader's interest in them. It is here that he fails; the creatures of his imagination are not more projected from him than before; they are less so; he is even a little fond with them; and the inevitable result is that his caresses react upon the reader. The characters affect one somewhat as spoiled children.

It is difficult to touch a mistake of this sort without seeming to bear on; but what we mean is that Mr. Kirkland does not keep that distance both from his characters and from his readers that an artist best succeeds by keeping, and is on rather too intimate terms with both. Perhaps this comes about through a sense that the same actors again address the same audience; but it is nevertheless a pity, though it is not inconsistent with some excellent performance otherwise in the book, which at times deals so ably with the painful problem in hand.

Another book by another author who can afford to be sometimes at less than her best is Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke's *Steadfast*, of which the opening chapters seem to us almost the best we have had from her hand. At any rate, we do not well see how the reality of those chapters could be surpassed. They stamp with the distinctness of shadows cast in electric light the sorrow and despair which fall upon the home of the simple country doctor when his widow and his daughter sit down in it after his death; and they portray with the same vivid touch the beautiful constancy of the young minister who marries the wreck of the self-devoted girl he had loved too well in her bloom and loveliness to forsake when they had left her forever. We

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wish to accent our praise of these passages, because the story is afterward not so simple, as we think, in motive, and not so strong in effect. It interests, however, in dealing with some of those antipuritanical or reactionary phases of New England character which are nowhere, perhaps, presented so sharply, so unsparingly, as in Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard's very uncommon stories, *The Morgesons*, *Two Men*, *Temple House*. These stories, recently reprinted, but written many years before realism was named, are not unlike some more modern pieces of realism in concentrating their fierce light upon certain characters, certain traits, and in failing to indicate the general conditions in which these are exceptional, and the moods which often subdue even their exceptionality. But they are bold impulses in the direction of truth, and must be more and more valued in any study of the evolution of American realism. They have fine moments, and are written with a disrespect for the conventional view of New England nature which consoles. It would be very interesting to see what sort of work in fiction Mrs. Stoddard would do to-day.

A writer who, like her, began to be a name while our names were far fewer than now, is Mr. Edward House, whose new novel, *Yone Santo*, we have been reading with rather more satisfaction as a study of Japanese life and character than as a story. It is written from the inside, as regards these, and it presents us a type of most pathetic loveliness in the person of the heroine. If the race whose artistic gift has enriched and modified the taste of the whole world within the last decade can indeed produce such women as *Yone Santo*, its destinies can be best left in the keeping of its mothers and daughters; for our civilization has little to teach them, by example at least, in goodness, patience, self-sacrifice, and all noble ideals.

VII.

We leave ourselves too little room to speak fully of Sidney Luska's new volumes, in which are printed his magazine story, *A Latin Quarter Courtship*, and a fresh novelette, *Grandison Mather*. His pseudonym is now the transparent disguise of Mr. Henry Harland, who makes in these later books a frank advance on the realistic lines while keeping enough of the romantic thaumaturgy to please the reader of his earlier fiction. Both books have the charm which can come only from a wholesome and generous talent dealing with the perennial interest of young love. They are very sweet; they are pure and fine. Perhaps the character in *A Latin Quarter Courtship* is a little more delicately touched; after a year the young lady doctor and the very American painter in Paris survive in our thought as figures treated with subtle art to an effect of delightful humor; but nothing can be more attractive than such a study of new married life as the author makes in *Grandison Mather*. The scene is in New York, and the history is that of a young literary man who marries a lovely girl, loses his fortune through the rascality of his agent, and retrieves himself through his own powers and the inspiration of her faith and affection. Their adversity will have thrills and pangs enough for the reader, who will make acquaintance through them with the facts of a literary struggle as they really are; there are times for holding the breath, times of poignant defeat and disappointment, when one must look at the last page to reassure one's self. Mr. Harland is a born story-teller; he attracts you from the first word, and goes on to the end with a cumulative interest. He has moreover a sense of his responsibility to something better than your curiosity, and nothing that is good is sacrificed to any mere literary end in his work. The praise seems negative, but it has its positive side too; for the finest work of our day teaches that to be morally false is to be æsthetically false. It is a pleasure to recognize this quality in one of our most promising talents, and to welcome these two charming books, not only as entertaining, but as truly representative. Nothing is more normal than the aspects of life with which they concern themselves, and as long as there are "two young lovers lately wed" anywhere in the world, their history will take people out of themselves in a transport which even care and sorrow can feel. We could say nothing friendlier of Mr. Harland's work than that when we return from it to ourselves, it is with the sense of having actually met his characters, and of feeling the happier and kindlier for their acquaintance.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of March. —The conference report on the Direct Tax Bill was adopted by the House and passed the Senate February 20th. President Cleveland vetoed the bill March 2d.

The Senate passed the Agricultural Appropriation Bill February 23d, the Army Appropriation Bill February 26th, and the Post-office Appropriation Bill February 28th.

The Indian Appropriation Bill passed the House February 28th.

President Cleveland approved the following bills: February 20th, Nicaraguan Canal; February 22d, to admit into the Union North and South Dakota, Montana, and Washington; March 2d, Pension Appropriation and the Census; February 27th, Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation, and Diplomatic and Consular.

Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton took the oath as President and Vice-President of the United States March 4th. In his inaugural address President Harrison held that protection was the wise and historic policy, an open adhesion to which, among those in the South who believed in it, would tend to solve the race question; he would have no sectional policy; the right of suffrage and the sanctity of the ballot-box ought everywhere to be respected; surplus of revenue can be reduced without breaking down a protective tariff; the present surplus should be used to complete a navy and to develop trade with South America; we should be hospitable to immigration, but not careless as to the character of it; no European government must be allowed to establish colonial dependencies upon the territory of independent American states, and our citizens in all countries must be protected; heads of departments and other officers will be expected to enforce the civil service law fully and without evasion.

The members of President Harrison's Cabinet, nominated and confirmed March 5th, are: Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, of Maine; Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom, of Minnesota; Secretary of War, Redfield Proctor, of Vermont; Secretary of the Navy, Benjamin F. Tracy, of New York; Secretary of the Interior, John W. Noble, of Missouri; Postmaster-General, John Wanamaker, of Pennsylvania; Attorney-General, W. H. H. Miller, of Indiana; Secretary of Agriculture, Jeremiah Rusk, of Wisconsin.

Senator Ingalls was again elected President *pro tempore* of the Senate, March 7th.

President Harrison made the following nominations: March 11th, Thomas W. Palmer, Michigan, as Minister to Spain; John F. Swift, California, Minister to Japan; J. D. Washburn, Massachusetts, Minister to Switzerland. March 12th, A. C. Melette, Governor of Dakota; A. G. Porter, Indiana, Minister to Italy (all confirmed). March 14th, J. A. Kasson, Iowa, W. W. Phelps, New Jersey, G. H. Bates, Delaware, Commissioners to Samoan Conference, and Lewis Wolfley, Governor of Arizona.

A French cabinet was announced February 21st, with M. Tirard as Premier.

The French Chamber of Deputies passed a bill, February 25th, to insure the freedom and secrecy of the ballot.

The British Parliament reassembled February 21st.

The Queen approved the appointment of Sir Julian Pauncefort as Minister to the United States March 11th.

Prime-Minister Crispi, of Italy, resigned February 28th. On March 7th, by request of the King, he re-formed the cabinet.

King Milan of Servia, March 6th, abdicated the throne in favor of his son Alexander, aged thirteen, who will reign under the title of Alexander I. Regents were appointed. A new cabinet was formed March 7th, with M. Gruics Premier.

The Emperor of China was married, February 26th, to three wives.

DISASTERS.

February 18th.—The Park Central Hotel, Hartford, Connecticut, collapsed by the bursting of a boiler. Twenty-three lives lost.

February 19th.—Twenty people reported killed by a cyclone in Georgia and Alabama.

February 21st.—News of a collision between the steam-ship *Chow Phya* and the *Pyah Pekhet* off Klang Straits Light. Forty-two lives lost.

February 27th.—Passenger train wrecked on a bridge near St. George, Ontario, and ten persons killed.—Seventy lives lost in a gale on the North Sea.

March 9th.—News of the wreck of the Spanish steamer *Remus* off the Philippine Islands. Forty-two persons drowned.

March 13th.—Explosion, Brynmally Colliery, Wrexham, England, killing twenty persons.

OBITUARY.

February 21st.—In Heidelberg, Germany, James C. Flood, banker, aged sixty-two years.

February 22d.—In Washington, D. C., Francis Wharton, D.D., LL.D., solicitor of the State Department, in his sixty-ninth year.—D. W. Bliss, M.D., aged sixty-three years.

March 5th.—In New York, Mary Louise Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, aged fifty-eight years.

March 8th.—In New York, John Ericsson, inventor, in his eighty-sixth year.

March 12th.—In Washington, John Lee Davis, Admiral U. S. N. (retired), aged sixty-four years.—In Baltimore, John A. Campbell, ex-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, aged seventy-seven years.

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Editor's Drawer.



IT cannot for a moment be supposed that the Drawer would discourage self-culture and refinement of manner and of speech. But it would not hesitate to give a note of warning if it believed that the present devotion to literature and the pursuits of the mind were likely, by the highest authorities, to be considered bad form. In an intellectually inclined city (not in the Northeast) a club of ladies has been formed for the cultivation of the broad *a* in speech. Sporadic efforts have hitherto been made for the proper treatment of this letter of the alphabet with individual success, especially with those who have been in England, or have known English men and women of the broad-gauge variety. Discerning travellers have made the American pronunciation of the letter *a* a reproach to the republic, that is to say, a means of distinguishing a native of this country. The true American aspires to be cosmopolitan, and does not want to be "spotted"—if that word may be used—in society by any peculiarity of speech, that is, by any American peculiarity. Why, at the bottom of the matter, a narrow *a* should be a disgrace it is not easy to see, but it needs no reason if fashion or authority condemns it. This country is so spread out, without any social or literary centre universally recognized as such, and the narrow *a* has become so prevalent, that even fashion finds it difficult to reform it. The best people, who are determined to broaden all their *a*'s, will forget in moments of excitement, and fall back into old habits. It requires constant vigilance to keep the letter *a* flattened out. It is in vain that scholars have pointed out that in the use of this letter lies the main difference between the English and the American speech; either Americans generally do not care if this is the fact, or fashion can only work a reform in a limited number of people. It seems therefore necessary that there should be an organized effort to deal with this pronunciation, and clubs will no doubt be formed all over the country, in imitation of the one mentioned, until the broad *a* will become as common as flies in summer. When this result is attained it will be time to attack the sound of *u* with clubs, and make universal the French sound. In time the American pronunciation will become as superior to all others as are the American sewing-machines and reapers. In the Broad A Club every member who misbehaves—that is, mispronounces—is fined a nickel for each offence. Of course in the beginning there is a good deal of revenue from this source, but the revenue diminishes as the club improves, so that we have the anomaly of its failure to be self-supporting in proportion to its excellence. Just now if these clubs could suddenly become universal, and the penalty be enforced, we could have the means of paying off the national debt in a year.

We do not wish to attach too much importance to this movement, but rather to suggest to a continent yearning for culture in letters and in speech whether it may not be carried too far. The reader will remember that there came a time in Athens when culture could mock at itself, and the rest of the country may be warned in time of a possible departure from good form in devotion to language and literature by the present attitude of modern Athens. Probably there is no esoteric depth in literature or religion, no refinement in intellectual luxury, that this favored city has not sounded. It is certainly significant, therefore, when the priestesses and devotees of mental superiority there turn upon it and rend it, when they are heartily tired of the whole literary business. There is always this danger when anything is passionately pursued as a fashion, that it will one day cease to be the fashion. Plato and Buddha and even Emerson become in time like a last season's fashion plate. Even a "friend of the spirit" will have to go. Culture is certain to mock itself in time.

The clubs for the improvement of the mind

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—the female mind—and of speech, which no doubt had their origin in modern Athens, should know, then, that it is the highest mark of female culture now in that beautiful town to despise culture, to affect the gayest and most joyous ignorance—ignorance of books, of all forms of so-called intellectual development, and all literary men, women, and productions whatsoever! This genuine movement of freedom may be a real emancipation. If it should reach the Metropolis, what a relief it might bring to thousands who are, under a high sense of duty, struggling to advance the intellectual life. There is this to be said, however, that it is only the very brightest people, those who have no need of culture, who have in fact passed beyond all culture, who can take this position in regard to it, and actually revel in the delights of ignorance. One must pass into a calm place when he is beyond the desire to know anything or to do anything.

It is a chilling thought, unless one can rise to the highest philosophy of life, that even the broad *a*, when it is attained, may not be a permanence. Let it be common, and what distinction will there be in it? When devotion to study, to the reading of books, to conversation on improving topics, becomes a universal fashion, is it not evident that one can only keep a leadership in fashion by throwing the whole thing overboard, and going forward into the natural gayety of life, which cares for none of these things? We suppose the Constitution of the United States will stand if the day comes—nay, now is—when the women of Chicago call the women of Boston frivolous, and the women of Boston know their immense superiority and advancement in being so, but it would be a blank surprise to the country generally to know that it was on the wrong track. The fact is that culture in this country is full of surprises, and so doubles and feints and comes back upon itself that the most diligent recorder can scarcely note its changes. The Drawer can only warn; it cannot advise.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

RAMBLING PHILOSOPHY.

THE author who writes above the heads of the people writes also above their pockets, and must look to the critics for his reputation, and to the upper air for his porter-house steak.

Poverty, like riches, has wings, but cannot fly without vigorous assistance.

The miser is a pauper as to comfort, without the pauper's peace of mind.

The Heroic Age is immortal in the souls of heroic men.

It depends upon circumstances whether a knight-errant is to be rated as an ass or a hero.

It is better to borrow a wise saying than to originate a foolish one. Even originality may be observed at too great a price.

The reading public will pardon a Homeric nod, but not a Homeric nap.

J. A. MACON.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

No matter how capacious a lawyer's head may be, he invariably carries his opinions in a hand-bag.

WELL FITTED.

"What is your son to do after he leaves college, Mr. Henrix?"

"I don't know. I think he'd make a good critic, he is so fond of cutting up."

AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

If Bacon wrote those grand, inspiring lines
  At which alternately man weeps and laughs,
Who was it wrote those chirographic vines
  We know these times as Shakespeare's autographs?

A COMPREHENSIVE QUESTION.

"My son," said the anxious parent, "I learn with some surprise that you are marked 'deficient' in your French history. I thought you told me you finished your paper in ten minutes."

"So I did; but the question was, 'Tell all you know about the history of France.'"

"Ah! I see."

THE VERSATILE BABY.

A FARCE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MA, the baby's mother.
PA, the baby's father.
BABY, the boy himself.
CHORUS, sisters, cousins, aunts, grandma.

Ma.

Come, Baby, show these people here
How very smart you are.
Call Pa.

Baby.

Ba! ba! Bopup.

Chorus.

Precious heart,
How very smart!

Pa.

Now, darling, sing that pitty song,
"Baa! baa! black sheep," for Pa.
Baa! baa!

Baby.

Ba! ba! Bopup.

Chorus.

Well, I declare,
What genius rare!

Ma.

And now, my precious little one,
Say by-by to Papa.
Ta-ta.

Baby.

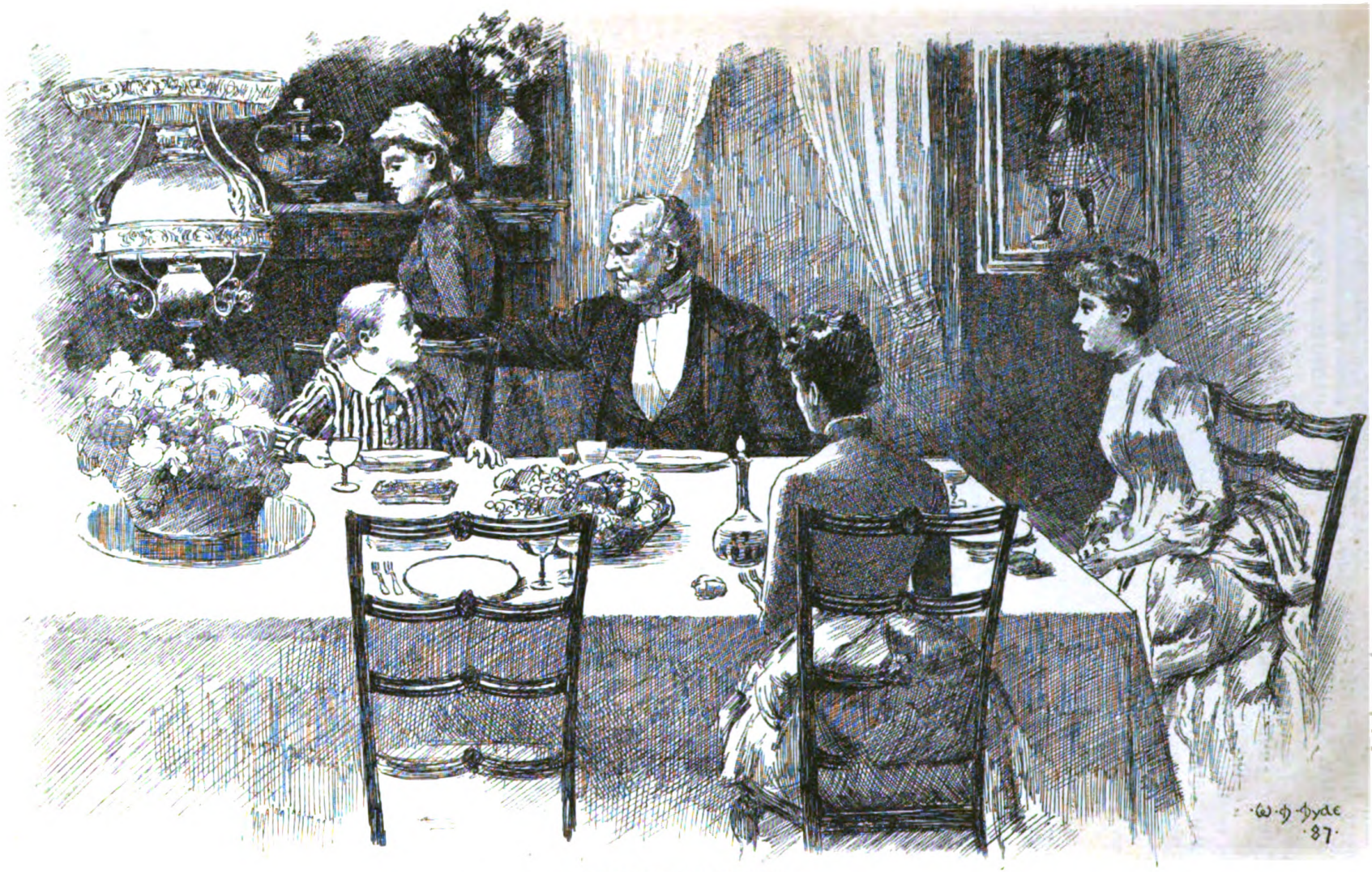
Ba! ba! Bopup.

Chorus.

Oh, wonderful! magnificent! his like was never seen;
A most precocious youth is this whose weeks are but eighteen.
To say so much, and eke to say it all so very plain!
His equal ne'er has been before, nor will be e'er again.
Upon his natal day the Fates in union must have smiled,
For nothing else could have produced so versatile a child. [*Curtain.*]

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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"ONE FOR JOHNNY."

BENEVOLENT OLD GENTLEMAN. "Johnny, why was Damocles afraid to eat his dinner when the sword was suspended over his head by a single hair?" JOHNNY (*who does not like being patronized*). "I s'pose he was afraid the hair would fall into his soup."

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NOT IMMORTAL.

DARING, rash, and brave to the core were the men that accompanied Colonel Doniphan in his famous overland march. After having been lost to all knowledge of the government for nearly a year, the regiment suddenly turned up at Chihuahua, clad in rags and skins, with caps made from the scalps of animals (including horns), frightening the Mexicans, and presenting an appearance to which the army of Falstaff would have been æsthetic.

Among the rank and file was Joe Brush, whose ambition was always to ride the best animal possible, and who had a free and easy fashion of accomplishing it. Meeting an Indian or Greaser better mounted than himself, he traded *vi et armis*, the loser not daring to grumble until beyond reach of the long Kentucky rifle.

Months of dreary marching, poor feed, and want of care had reduced the stock to the veriest skeletons that ever crept along with drooping heads and creaking bones. Joe, however, was upon the lookout, and returned to camp one day with a particularly fine and fat mule.

"Where in the name of General Scott did you get such a noble animal?" questioned the colonel, looking at the newly acquired charger with envious eyes.

"Traded with an Indian, colonel."

"Traded how, Joseph?"

"Just made him get off and take my scarecrow and git."

"Humph!" growled the old man. "That is the way you have kept so well mounted, is it? You'll turn up missing some fine morning—be found as dead as a mule."

"That can't be, colonel."

"Why, Joseph?"

"Because no one ever saw a dead mule, colonel."

"The statement is preposterous."

"Did you ever see one, colonel?"

"Humph! No, I can't say I ever did."

"Did you ever see a man that ever see one, colonel?"

"No—singular—no. I fail to remember having done so."

"Did you ever hear of a man that ever see one, colonel?"

"Humph! Strange! astonishing! I never did, Joseph."

"Did you ever read of a dead mule, colonel?"

"I? Pshaw! Impossible! I never did, Joseph; but I can't understand why it should be so."

"Because mules never die, colonel."

With this positive declaration Joe disappeared, and the colonel became lost in thought. All that he had told Joe was true (many others were in the same situation "befo' de wa'"), but he was not prepared to admit the immortality of the hybrid animal.

He studied long and deeply upon the perplexing problem; then a gleam of satisfaction settled upon his rugged features, and having sent for Joe, he elucidated his conclusions after this fashion:

"Joseph, I've been thinking over what you said. While it is true that I never saw a dead mule, a man who had seen one, heard of a man who had seen one, or even read of one, yet, Joseph, after much pondering upon the proposition that mules never die, I have arrived at the inflexible conclusion that no merely mortal jackass can by any possibility be the parent of an immortal mule. You can go, Joseph."

WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.



A DIRE PROPHECY.

REV. BR'ER TOOTHACHER (*wofully worsted in a pious but vain attempt to inquire into the spiritual welfare of a deaf sister of his flock.*) "Sho', now; my tongue's jes' tired out talkin'; 'n' she ain' nebber ketched a holt onto a salutary word! Oh, Lawdy! Massa Gabr'el's gwine ter bust hisse'f fer sho' w'en he blow fer dis hyah ol' sister!"

HER CONSOLATION.

BANKRUPT'S WIFE. "Well, at any rate, the Thompson failure was worse than ours."

SYMPATHIZING FRIEND. "Why, I thought it was just the other way."

BANKRUPT'S WIFE. "No, indeed: Edward only failed for ten cents on the dollar, while Mr. Thompson failed for fifty!"

MANLEY H. PIKE.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

MR. ABBEY would have merited the gratitude of his fellow-men when he revived and restored the *Old Songs*,[1] even if he had not illustrated them. He has not only introduced Sally and our Alley to a generation to whom they have both hitherto been total strangers, but very charming has he made Sarah, and exceedingly picturesque, as he represents it, is the little thoroughfare she adorned in the long, long ago. Kitty of Coleraine was never more beautiful than she is seen on his pages, and old King Cole was never half so merry before.

It is a curious fact that the artist who is accepted universally by the English themselves as the best and most successful delineator of the scenes, characters, and costumes of other days in England should be an American, and an American who never knew or saw the older country until within the last few years. Mr. Abbey not only mixes his colors and points his pencils with brains, but he poses his models with genius, and dresses them with a thorough knowledge of the clothes they ought to wear. He could no more have put his maiden of bashful fifteen before a spinet or a harpsichord which was not of the period of Lady Teazle or Maria than he could have warmed poor Oliver Twist's shrivelled little body, as Mr. Darley once did, before a Yankee base-burning stove; and no doubt all of the curiosity shops of London and half of the ancient mansions of Worcestershire were ransacked before a stroke was made upon the quaint old instrument which plays Mr. Abbey's accompaniment in the present volume to the old, old song, "I'll Never Love Thee More."

He is as enthusiastically conscientious in his work as was that now traditional tragedian who blackened himself all over when he played Othello. He never draws a single head in a periwig or a single neck in a ruff without costuming his model down to the toes in the very garments which went with the peruque and the ruffle when "It was in Cupid's Garden" that the old singer went for pleasure, or when "Jenny Vowed Away to Run with Jockey to the Fair," and it is decidedly instructive to compare Mr. Abbey's "Herrick," for instance, with the marvellous illustrations furnished by George Cruikshank to an English edition of the first series of "The Biglow Papers," published in London, when Cruikshank was at his best. The British artist's "Yankees" and "Niggers" are like nothing ever seen by mortal eye, except upon the British stage, while the American artist's "Perigot" and "Cuddy" step backward three centuries out of Spenser's "Roundelay," as Spenser saw them, no doubt, in the eye of his own mind.

Mr. Holman Hunt, in a paper contributed to the *Contemporary Review* within the past few months, says that "John Leech argued, as Hogarth did, that for all art invention the trained memory must be at command; in other words, a man must draw action from previous observation and study of nature in its motions and expressions, without any individual posing to him," and he cites Hogarth, Cruikshank, Gilbert, and the whole body of great designers of all schools and ages as being "vigilant that not a line should pass out of their portals which bore damaging traces of the use of the unintelligent or wearied sitter." Going a little further, Mr. Hunt adds that "the increased habit of copying from nature—albeit this is done in different manners—has certainly largely resulted in disregard of the preciousness of what may be called the element of transientness, the essence of interest of well-nigh every scene made up of human life, and also of what is called inanimate nature, which slavish copying of the still facts destroys in the artist's production."

This last sentence contains many of the elements of that transientness which Mr. Hunt advocates so strongly in art, but which so rarely appears in the methods of Mr. Abbey, whose models, by-the-way, show no signs of fatigue or of want of intelligence, and whose work, if he ever devotes himself to the illustration of the ballads of contemporary life, will compare more than favorably with the figures of Cruikshank or Leech, or even of Hogarth. It is in his minute correctness of detail, combined with his fidelity to nature, his grace of style, his originality of treatment, his refined sense of character, and his delicacy of touch, that Mr. Abbey's great charm lies.

Mr. Alfred Parsons, so intimately associated with Mr. Abbey by the twin ties of art and personal friendship, has furnished for the "Old Songs" a series of head-pieces and tail-pieces in every way worthy of them and of him. Between them they have contributed to the Christmas season the most important art book of the year.

[1] *Old Songs.* Illustrated by EDWIN A. ABBEY and ALFRED PARSONS. Sq. 4to, Ornamental Leather, Gilt Edges. $7 50. (*In a box*). New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

THE national ignorance of our national geography and topography has become proverbial. We are familiar with Lugano and Italian scenery, in literature if not in reality, while we know nothing of Loon Lake or of the Adirondacks; and we study the people and the climate of the Isle of Skye before we think of going to the Isles of Shoals. To the average mind in this country, therefore, the title of Mr. Roberts's book—*Shoshone*[2]—suggests something for the teeth or the complexion, or for the cleansing of kitchen utensils, rather than what it is—a cataract which is grander than Niagara, and is one of the greatest wonders of the wonderful great West. The Falls of Shoshone (pronounced Sho-shó-nee) are in southern Idaho, and in a cañon seventy miles in length, through which Snake River flows. They are a series of cataracts, the first of which, the Twin or Upper Shoshone Falls, have a leap of one hundred and eighty feet into a circular basin, which is "shaped like a boiling caldron, is filled with troubled waters, and sends forth dense masses of spray." Below is a half-mile of rapids, then the river becomes tranquil once more, to be broken, however, by the Bridal Veil Fall and the Bridal Train, each over eighty feet in height. The great Fall of Shoshone is crescent-shaped, and is two hundred and twenty-five feet high by fifty in width. The plunge is unbroken, the roar is deafening, and its force Mr. Roberts describes as being so great that the displaced air is as fierce as a tornado, and the earth itself trembles from the blow it receives. The Niagara River falls two hundred and twenty-five feet in twenty-five miles, at Shoshone the Snake River descends five hundred feet in four miles, and yet it is safe to say that not one American in ten thousand ever heard of the Snake River or of Shoshone Falls.

The American tourist who "has done Europe," and who has time to see and to learn something about his own land, cannot do better than follow Mr. Roberts from Pike's Peak through the marvellous mountain and desert scenery of Colorado, and eastern Utah as far as Salt Lake, thence northward by the way of the Shoshone Falls and the great lava beds of Idaho to the plateau of the Yellowstone, and return with him to civilization and the comparatively commonplace along the head waters of the Missouri to the town of St. Paul. Perhaps then he will be able to realize in some measure the lay of a land whose grandeur it does not seem in the power of words to express. The strength of the language applied to its description by writers of all countries cannot fail to appear wildly extravagant to those travellers who have seen it not, while those to whom it is known unite in declaring that the half has not yet been said. Are Shoshone and all the other wonders of the western side of our own country really so wonderful that they surpass all the wonders of the rest of the world? Or is there something in their very atmosphere that fills men with adjectives which cannot be repressed, and which expand and become magniloquent as they flow?

Nothing can settle this point but actual comparison, and Mr. Roberts will prove a most satisfactory guide, although his book is much more than a guide-book, and his expressions of admiration are unusually reserved. He gives an excellent sketch of the geological features of the States and counties through which he passes, and presents hard facts and truthful figures in which no romance can lurk. Mr. Charles Francis Adams in a few pages of preface heartily endorses the objects of Mr. Roberts's book, which has many illustrations of the marvels it contains.

THE glories and the wonders of the west of Scotland have for their prophet Mr. William Black, although even he has found himself without honor in his own country, as it has lately been seen by two pairs of American eyes. If the Hebrides are not always so brilliant as they are painted by the author of "The Princess of Thule," certainly they are not so very bad, morally and meteorologically, as they have been drawn—and quartered—in the pages of this Magazine during the past few months. If the misery, barrenness, cruel injustice, dire poverty, slavery, starvation, dreariness, desolation, and awful gloom which Mr. and Mrs. Pennell found so universal in their "Journey to the Hebrides" exist at all *In Far Lochaber*,[3] just across the Minches, Mr. Black has concealed them in the most ingenious way. The people he presents to us, except the folk of Kirk o' Shields, who are not Highlanders at all, are prosperous, cheerful, well fed, well clad, and in full enjoyment of their glorious privilege of being independent; while concerning the scenery and the climate Mr. Black must be left to speak for himself.

Scotch marriages, in fiction at least, are as curious and uncertain as Scotch weather. In Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife" a young gentleman who says in Scotland, by way of a joke, that he is married, finds himself legally tied to a young lady whom he has no wish to wed, and who wants to marry somebody else; and it takes the traditional three volumes of the English novel to tell the story of their successful separation. In "Far Lochaber" (which is pronounced to rhyme with Rock Harbor), on the other hand, Ludovick Macdonell, a Roman Catholic from the north, and Alison Blair, the daughter of a "Minister" in a lowland factory town, who love each other dearly, go deliberately to a solicitor's office, sign a declaration of marriage before sympathizing witnesses, have their declaration countersigned by the

[2] *Shoshone and other Western Wonders.* By EDWARDS ROBERTS. With a Preface by CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 00; Paper, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *In Far Lochaber.* A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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"sheriff-substitute," who duly records it; and when they are satisfied that they are joined together by a bond which death alone can break, they are told that while they are man and wife in English law, Scotch law, if the wife desires it, divorces the husband, and sets them both free. And the consequence is that the hero of Mr. Black's novel fights as hard to keep the bride to whom he is deliberately married as the hero of Mr. Collins's tale struggles to get rid of the wife he has married by accident and against his will.

It is not of Scotch marriages generally, however, but of mixed marriages in Scotland, that Mr. Black treats in his latest story; and his picture of the family at the Manse in Kirk o' Shields is as strong a piece of realism as he has ever presented, and well worthy of close study in this land of open communion and no communion at all. It will be very difficult for the generality of readers to conceive of the insurmountable social barriers which the Reformation has built up in Scotland between the great extremes of the Christian religion; but the Rev. Ebenezer Blair, a direct descendant of the Blairs of Moss-end, who had borne their testimony in troublous times, and had achieved great honors in their place, is a beautifully consistent character, in all his narrowness, and quite as worthy of respect as Robert Elsmere or John Ward.

MR. MINTO'S *The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot*[4] is an historical novel which is not only entertaining as a romance, but valuable as a history of the land and the age to which it relates. The scenes are laid in England toward the end of the fourteenth century, when the son of the Black Prince reigned as Richard the Second, and when Wat, the Tiler of Dartford, demanded the abolition of the poll-tax and the forest laws, and got killed for his pains. Ralph Hardelot himself was one of the new order of priests established by Wycliffe, and an heroic spirit who saw all the mischief which was brewing between the people and their masters, and felt called upon to labor with all his heart and might to avert the impending strife. Mr. Minto hints that this story of his beautiful devotion and dauntless endeavor to reconcile domestic enemies has been gathered from old and neglected chronicles, and it seems good enough to be true. It is told here in modern, scholarly English, with none of that effort to preserve the diction of the period which is so often a stumbling-block to the writer, and to the reader weariness. It is full enough of love and adventure, and jousts and dungeon cells, to satisfy the admirers of Ivanhoe, and to make palatable the pill of history by which they are gilded, while the serious student who reads to be instructed will not object to its spice of romance. There is always a fascination about the hard knocks and the deeds of valor of the olden times, and Mr. Mark Twain but echoes the popular sentiment of the nineteenth century when in "The Innocents Abroad," after describing how the Renaissance Baron razed the castle to the ground, massacred the family, and moved on, he adds, "They were hardy fellows in the grand old days of chivalry. Alas! those days will never come again!"

THE Table of Contents of a Christmas holiday book is not infrequently as little to be relied upon as the bill of fare of a summer hotel. But when the house is old-established and known favorably from one end of the earth to the other, when the caterer is an expert and the cook a *chef*, when the service is neat and the attendance efficient, when fruits and game are always in season, when the market is the best in the world, and when the oyster has never an R in its calendar, then even the epicures themselves—as the critics are sometimes called—find the realization as good as the promise, and the feast all or more than their glances at the *menu* led them to expect. The boys and girls in whose little mouths still lingers the taste of the banquet served to them last Christmas by the publishers and the editor, by the writers and the illustrators of *Harper's Young People*,[5] will enjoy no less thoroughly the present symposium, and with appetites whetted, not cloyed, by the periodical snacks they took each Tuesday as the magazine appeared in every American hamlet, from California to Maine.

The eighth volume of the "Young People," completed just a year ago, contained such esculent and nutritious courses as Mrs. Lillie's "The Colonel's Money," Mr. Kirk Munroe's "Derrick Sterling," and Mr. Howard Pyle's "The Wonder Clock"; other and earlier entertainments have boasted Mr. Alden's "Moral Pirates," Mr. Stoddard's "Two Arrows," Mr. Habberton's "Who was Paul Grayson?" Mr. Ker's "Lost City," and Mrs. Lillie's "Nan" and "Rolf House." It would seem a difficult matter to provide better cheer than this, and in greater variety; but the guests at the ninth annual festival of the Young People's Association will gather about a board that groans with very excellent dainties indeed, and very wholesome solids, and this, in part, is the bill of the fare.

In the initial number Mr. R. R. Bowker serves as a relish a pleasant paper entitled "Mrs. Craik and 'Dorothy's Parlor.'" In Mrs. Craik all English-speaking children have lost a true friend, but she has left them a rich legacy in her books and her poems, for "Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True," and "Philip, My King," in verse, and "The Little Lame Prince," and "Little Sunshine's Holiday," with her transla-

[4] *The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot.* A Novel. By WILLIAM MINTO. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] 8vo, Paper, 30 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Harper's Young People* for 1888. Vol. IX. Profusely Illustrated. 4to, Cloth, $3 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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tion of the touching story "Motherless" in poetic prose, will live to make many generations of children yet unborn better and happier in the fact that Mrs. Craik lived at all. In this same volume are printed two of the latest stories ever written by the friend of all Little Women and Little Men—Miss Alcott's "The Silver Party," and "The Little Red Purse," while Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster pays a just and loving tribute to Miss Alcott herself, who died in March of the present year. By way of roasts are a number of continued stories and descriptive articles upon many subjects, notably "The New Robinson Crusoe," by Mr. W. L. Alden; "The Household of Glen Holly," by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie; David Ker's "Betrayed by the White Elephant;" Mrs. Alice Wentworth Rollins's "Held for Ransom;" Mr. Kirk Munroe's "Chrystal, Jack, and Co.;" "Fencing," by Colonel Theodore A. Dodge, U.S.A.; "Heroes and Martyrs of Invention," by George Makepeace Towle; "Some Inhabitants of a Drop of Water," by Alfred C. Stokes, M.D., author of "Microscopy for Beginners," and very many more. Among the side dishes may be mentioned contributions from Dr. William M. Taylor, Mr. H. K. Munkittrick, Mr. Palmer Cox, Mr. William Blaikie, Mr. Frederick Schwatka, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Helen S. Conant, Rev. Heber R. Newton, D.D., Mr. Allan Forman, Mr. Richard Malcolm Johnston, Mr. Charles Henry Webb, and other clever men and women. To these may be added sweets and desserts in profusion in the shape of pictures, puzzles, and the Post-office Box, and even the now fashionable cigarette between courses, for in the copy for January 3d Dr. Titus Munson Coan discourses upon "Cigarette Smoking," and points out in most forcible language the incalculable harm done to those boys who abuse the innocent weed by inhaling it, and the paper in which it is wrapped, long before they have any business to smoke at all.

Certainly the young people who can read English need not hunger or thirst for knowledge so long as they are fed upon such meat as this.

IF the story of "The Boyhood of Christ"[6] is to be retold in this irreverent age, and by an uninspired man, no man perhaps is better fitted for the task than the author of "Ben-Hur." The basis of his descriptions, naturally, is the familiar history to be found in the pages of the gospels, supplemented by the paintings of the old masters, particularly of Raphael and Murillo, although the Divine Child, as He is pictured by General Wallace upon the journey to Jerusalem, when He was in his twelfth year, seems to have stepped out of the canvases of the Middle Ages rather than to have been drawn from the narrative of Saint Luke. "His attire was simple: on His head a white handkerchief, held in place by a cord, one corner turned under at the forehead, the other corners loose. A tunic, also white, and girt at the waist, covered him from neck to heels. His arms and legs were bare; on His feet were sandals of the most primitive kind, being soles of ox-hide attached to the ankles by leathern straps. He carried a stick that was much taller than Himself..... Under the folds of the handkerchief could have been seen the forehead covered by a mass of projecting sun-burned blond hair, which the wind had taken liberties with and tossed into tufts. The eyes were in shade, leaving a doubt whether they were brown or violet, like His mother's [!]; yet they were large, and healthfully clear.....The nose was of regular inward curve, joined prettily to a short upper lip by nostrils just full enough to give definition to transparent shadows in the corners. The mouth was small, and opened slightly so that the on-looker could catch a glimpse of two white teeth through the scarlet freshness of its lines. The cheeks were ruddy and round."

This is the face of the Boy whom Carlo Dolce painted as a Man, and whether or not it is the face of the Child whom Mary and Joseph found in the Temple, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions," it is made very beautiful and very human and very real. That the Jesus Christ in whom General Wallace believes was, in all the stages of His life, a human being is what General Wallace is striving here to show. His divinity was the Spirit within him, and the Spirit was God! As the author of the "Ecce Homo" in the Pitti Gallery in Florence could not have painted the agony of the Lord without giving us His face, so General Wallace declares it is not possible for us to be convinced of His divinity except by the self-comparisons which a recognition of His human nature affords. "The Boyhood of Christ," then, was the boyhood of a member of a family of Hebrews who were in comfortable circumstances, not rich, not poor. He was permitted to taste something of the natural boyish freedom of His time, to have His playmates, and to share in their sports; but He was always superhumanly precocious and preternaturally serious, and long before the youths of His own age began to mature He was made to feel that He must be about His Father's business, and His Boyhood ceased.

The tone of the work is reverent and sincere; General Wallace's thorough knowledge of Bible lands and of Bible times is so well known that the correctness of his accounts of scenery and domestic life in Palestine cannot be questioned, and as he touches only upon that side of the Young Messiah which was born of woman, churchmen and theologians will not quarrel with him upon points of doctrine, while laymen and children will be made to realize fully the truth of the beautiful Christmas story that the Friend of Little Children was once a child Himself.

[6] *The Boyhood of Christ.* By LEW WALLACE. Illustrated. 4to, Full Calf, Gilt Edges, $3 50. (*In a box*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

"OUR Father which art in heaven, help us to remember those who have nothing to eat. Amen!"

So spoke the crippled child of a confirmed drunkard in a New England town, and at a dinner-table so dreadfully old-fashioned that Mr. Howells's *Annie Kilburn*[1] felt the persons who sat about it to be entirely out of the world she had grown to look upon as the only world worth knowing. There was a platter of stewed fowl and a plate of high-piled waffles, there were soda biscuit and canned cherries, there was a clean white cloth, and with all there was love! "'Winthrop!' said Putney, and the father and mother bowed their heads. The boy dropped his over his folded hands, and piped up, clearly, 'Our Father which art in heaven, help us to remember those who have nothing to eat. Amen!' 'That's a grace that Win got up himself,' his father explained, 'and we think it suits the Almighty as well as anything.'" Whoever its author may be, it seems to contain the sum of the Golden Rule, and to those who only remember to thank the Lord that they themselves have meat to eat, it is here presented as a motto-text for the new year.

On social as well as on moral grounds Annie Kilburn is well worth studying and well worth knowing; if not particularly interesting in herself, she is surrounded by men and women whom, in the jargon of society, "we are pleased to have met," notwithstanding the fact that we meet them and their kind every day. Mr. Chapley, the publisher, of New York, had a summer home at South Hatboro', and there is even one family from Chicago there, who are recognized "as quite nice, you know, because New England by birth!" Hatboro' is the typical New England town, with all its virtues and all its faults, including private theatricals, a soldiers' monument, Queen Anne houses, and railroad tracks crossing the principal streets; and it contains all of those delightful and varied phases of human nature to be found in the villages of the Eastern States and nowhere else. The bell of the orthodox church at Hatboro', which called the members of Mr. Peck's society together for the business meeting, in Chapter XXV. of "Annie Kilburn," sounded in the ears of a body of men and women absolutely true to the life; and if the proceedings had been reported by a stenographer, with a detective camera and a perfected phonograph as assistants, they could not be more clearly reproduced than in Mr. Howells's book, from the sputtering of the electric-lights over Mr. Gates's head to the sharp cutting eloquence of the irrepressible lawyer who loves his fellow-men and goes on periodical and dreadful "sprees."

Mr. Ralph Putney is the most admirable creation of Mr. Howells's since the days of Bartley Hubbard, but a more delightful and more satisfactory character in every way than the illustrious journalist of "A Modern Instance," because more lovable and more worthy of respect. His weakness is a great weakness, and there is nothing in all fiction more pathetic than the manner in which he discusses his failings with his wife and his friends; nor anything more realistic or more terrible than the scene at Mrs. Munger's "party," when the lemonade he tasted turned out to be rum-punch in disguise. The temptation to quote Ralph Putney—when he is himself—is very strong. His picture of the Boston millionnaire who goes to Hatboro' long enough in the spring "to dodge his taxes," is only equalled by his account of the minister who behaved toward the poor in his parish in a way to make it simply uninhabitable to the standard Christian! Putney confesses that he is not a hypocrite, simply because hypocrisy will avail him nothing in a town where all the inhabitants have seen him in the gutter; and this, he declares, is the only advantage he has over his fellow-citizens; but the good that is in him is very good, as his own boy will tell you, notwithstanding the fact that in his drunken helplessness once he ruined his boy's physical life.

The hero whom Annie Kilburn worships, while she cannot love, however, is not the village lawyer, whose piety and irony are so curiously blended, but a member of that cloth which has furnished so many heroes lately to the more serious novel. He is a minister as consistently Calvinistic as John Ward, and as broadly humanitarian as Robert Elsmere; he has no wife to torture, although he does make life burdensome to his infant daughter; he gives his coat to those who take his cloak, and he meekly turns both cheeks to the smiter; he is only a self-educated man, who has not had time to attain to that state of high culture which leads his brother Elsmere to apply the scourge of introspection upon the bare skin of his own conscience, and he for-

[1] *Annie Kilburn.* A Novel. By W. D. Howells. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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gets himself entirely, and his own hunger, in his earnest endeavors to remember those who have nothing whatever to eat!

In this respect, if in no other, is he a better teacher than the now famous men who preach the gospel of Mrs. Deland or Mrs. Humphry Ward.

THERE is no clergyman at all in the social circle of which Mr. Haggard's *Colonel Quaritch, V. C.*,[2] is so bright an ornament, although even the poorest of British curates might have leavened the whole lump of family pride and marital infelicity which Colonel Quaritch found at Boisingham when he came back from the wars with his Victoria Cross. The Colonel himself is a good fellow, bearing upon him that unmistakable stamp of dignity and self-respect which Mr. Haggard says is one of the distinguishing attributes of the English gentleman; but Mr. and Mrs. Quest and the woman who thought she was Mrs. Quest, and who ought to have been Mrs. Cossey, are hardly the people Ralph Putney would have wanted his wife or his boy to know. They could not have existed in Hatboro' or in Walpole or in Petersham, and the descendants of the Pilgrims in New England, with all their rough edges, are more to be admired for their dignity and their self-respect than are the descendants of the men and women the Pilgrims left behind them when they shook the dust of old England from off their feet, as these descendants are described in modern English fiction. Mr. Gerrish, who keeps the variety store in Hatboro', is quite as interesting in his meanness and narrowness as if he had had two wives at once; and Annie Kilburn is as much of a heroine as if she had sold herself to a man she despised in order to save her father from the untold misery of moderate retrenchment.

Mr. Haggard's story will amuse and entertain many readers in Hatboro' as well as in Boisingham, but Mr. Haggard can do, and has done, better work than this. The strongest scenes in the present book, as is natural, are the description of the Colonel's shooting-match with his disreputable rival, and the account of the higher if not nobler game "potted" one morning by the so-called Mrs. Quest; while the idea of the grim and ghastly sentinel who kept watch for so many years over the buried treasure is as ingenious in its way as the execution and probating of "Mr. Meeson's Will."

THE most interesting if not the most important character in Mr. Besant's latest novel is the Reverend Mr. Comfort Eykin, Doctor of Divinity, who gave his life *For Faith and Freedom*[3] and the cause of the Protestant Monmouth against the Catholic James. He was one of the two thousand clergymen who left the Church of England on that famous "Black Bartholomew," Sunday, August the twenty-third, in the year of grace 1662, rather than subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles and the Act of Uniformity, after the interregnum of the Cromwells and the accession of the Second Charles. He was rector of Bradford Orcas, in the County of Somerset, in England, although, strangely enough, he was a native of Boston, in the province of Massachusetts, and he was of the stock from which were to come John Ward and Annie Kilburn's Brother Peck. In his youth he was sent to the College of Balliol, in the University of Oxford, purged at that time of malignants, and entirely in the hands of the godly, and he never again left the mother-land. He knew and could read Hebrew, Chaldee, and the ancient Syriac, as well as Latin and Greek. "As for his opinions, he was an Independent, and that not meekly or with hesitation, but with such zeal and vehemence that he considered all who differed with him as his personal enemies — nay, as the very enemies of God." For this reason, and because of his austerity, he was more feared than loved in his parish, while he was regarded by his party as the greatest and stoutest champion of his cause. That this man should rebel against the policy of the last—and the blackest—of the Stuart kings is not to be wondered at; and the story of the fight he fought and the misery he endured with cheerfulness for conscience' sake, as here related by his dear and faithful daughter, Grace Abounding Eykin, is full of that realistic charm which always distinguishes Mr. Besant's work. The historical incidents and personages of the narrative are truthfully portrayed, as is to be expected of the author of "The Chaplain of the Fleet" and "The World Went Very Well Then." The sermon and the preacher and the congregation on that dreadful "Farewell Sunday," King Monmouth and his camp, Judge Jeffreys and his bloody deeds, the fight at Sedgemoor, are pages from the annals of the time, stripped of all their dryness, and illumined by the lustre of romance. The narrative does not end with Sedgemoor by any means, but is carried over the ocean, and down to the beginning of the reign of the First George, although it will lose much of its interest to the more serious reader when the honest nonconformist disappears from the scene. Of all the heroes of the church militant who now claim public attention in the world of fiction, he, all things considered, is, perhaps, the most heroic.

THE only approach to a clergyman in *A Christmas Rose*[4] is that miserable inmate of the debtors' prison who had been a parson once, before he became a sot. He lived in times

[2] *Colonel Quaritch, V. C.* A Novel. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated. 16mo. Paper, 25 cents; Half Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *For Faith and Freedom.* A Novel. By WALTER BESANT. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *A Christmas Rose: a Blossom in Seven Petals.* By R. E. FRANCILLON. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] 8vo, Paper, 30 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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when statesmen were too busy to write book reviews, and he has come down to posterity without even a name. Their games were empires then, their dice were human bones; and they had no time nor attention to waste upon country parishes and simple men's souls when arch-rebels threatened his most gracious Majesty the King, Mr. Pitt himself, the Protestant succession, and all the rest of the royal family.

Mr. Francillon's "Christmas Rose: a Blossom in Seven Petals," is a pretty little tale of loyalty and love in England when the second George was King, and when the young Pretender, according to tradition, had returned, ten years after Culloden, to sacrifice as many more lives as possible upon the altar of a bad cause already lost. The personal magnetism of the last of the knights-errant, the Bonnie Prince Charlie of Scottish romance, has never been equalled by mortal man; never had leader such devoted followers, and never did leader deserve them less, or dishonor them more. The history of his friends is a Book of Martyrs, and the story of his own life is a library of follies and of falsehood, although this does not appear in Mr. Francillon's tale, nor is it the view of his character which Mr. Francillon takes. As the hero—and the husband—of the Christmas Rose saw the young Chevalier in "Petal the Fourth," his grave and melancholy cast of face was clearly due to the number of his cares rather than to the number of his years; and the melancholy was not that of weakness, but of past contests bravely borne. The blue eyes were such as are familiar with dreams, and sad dreams! The poor patriotic dupe of the tale felt the fascination of noble features and of a gracious presence, and saw before him, in flesh and blood, not only his Prince and his Leader, but the visible incarnation of a cause that was the very faith of his house, that had taken everything his house possessed, and now asked him for his life, which, except his wife, was everything he had left.

All of this is very beautiful, and without it the story of "The Christmas Rose" could not have been told, which would have been a pity, for it is a story worth telling, and told well, but unfortunately the melancholy admired by Mr. Francillon was caused by dissipation, and the dreams the blue eyes saw were dreams of passion and of broken faith. That "The Christmas Rose" bloomed so long in Rupert's garden was due to the honest, tender care of those who nourished it, not to the justice of the cause of those in whose honor it was planted.

The Rebel Rose[5] is a rose of another color, though from the same stock. It is an English political novel of the present day, by an author who prefers to remain anonymous; and its heroine, whose badge is the white rose of the Stuarts, is a young lady who looks like the portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots, and who claims to be the legitimate sovereign of Great Britain. In her long descent she goes back to that Henrietta Maria of England who was the daughter of Charles First and the wife of a Duke of Orleans, and who will be remembered by the readers of Dumas's "Vicomte de Bragelone," and probably be forgotten by everybody else. She was not a very estimable young lady, and no doubt she would have poisoned the duke, her husband, if the duke had not prematurely poisoned her. She left a daughter from whom this "Rebel Rose" is sprung, and who certainly stood in the regular order of inheritance before that Electress of Hanover who gave birth to the direct ancestors of the present queen.

While the Honorable Mary Stuart Beaton is called "Madame" by her little court, as was her grandmamma of England and Orleans, her model is her more illustrious and even more unfortunate grandmamma of Scotland and France. She affects the stiff, long bodice, the rosary and cross, the ruffle, and the Mary Stuart cap; but she claims estates, not kingdoms, and the only tragedy in her life is the part she plays in the tragedies of other people. She has a would-be Bothwell, but no Rizzio; and her likeness to the rest of the Stuarts is physical, not moral. History is not willing to repeat itself in her case, and she is not very anxious that it should. Lady Saxon, on the other hand, aims lower, but with more success. Emma Harte, Lady Hamilton, is her archetype, while the rest of the *dramatis personæ* are too busy making original history to care to have it made over from old and worn-out patterns on their account. The men and women who figure in this story—particularly the men—seem to have been drawn, in a measure at least, from the actual men of the day; and this, perhaps, is the reason why its author's name does not appear on its title-page. It is not easy to guess, at a distance of three thousand miles from Palace Yard, who Sir Victor Champion, Mr. Rolfe Bellerman, old Clarence Greenleaf, Tommy Tressel, or Ross Bingley are meant to represent or to suggest, but Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Labouchere, Lord Randolph Churchill, and even Mr. Gladstone himself will perhaps recognize shadows of their own personality in some of the characters, and will wonder how a writer familiar with Camden, Oneida County, New York, of all places in the world (page 40), can sketch them all so cleverly. Not only as a story, but as a picture of British political and social life, is "The Rebel Rose" worth reading.

WHILE it seems a long step forward from the period of the "Christmas Rose" (1775) to the period of the "Rebel Rose" (1888), it is a longer step still to the middle of the twentieth century, in which Mr. Besant has placed the

[5] *The Rebel Rose.* A Novel. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] 8vo, Paper, 40 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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scenes and incidents of *The Inner House*,[6] which he calls a novel, but which is rather an allegory on the banks of Stour. In the prologue the reader is introduced to the Theatre of the Royal Institution in London, crowded to suffocation, on the evening of the twentieth of June, 1890, when a big professor, with a big head and big spectacles on his big nose, who comes from the little University of Ganzweltweisst am Rhein, is expected to announce that marvellous discovery which is to startle the world in about eighteen months, if the professor does not die in the mean time, or succumb to nervous prostration.

The subject of the Professor's discourse is to be nothing less than "The Prolongation of the Vital Energy," and this, in effect, is what Mr. Besant dreams the Professor is to say. He will begin in an old-fashioned way by reminding his audience that everything in nature is born, grows slowly to maturity, enjoys a brief period of full force and strength, then decays, and finally dies; all of which his audience will know very well before, and, with the proverbial delicacy of a well-bred English crowd, it will let him know that it knows it, and that it is beginning to be bored, until it is moved to absolute enthusiasm by his bold assertion that his great discovery is the application of science to the arrest of all decay, and that his gift to humanity is the gift of eternal life on this terrestrial globe. The Professor, in so many words, will quote the promise of *Zamiel* to *Hertzog*, in the old play "'Tis thine to Live Forever!" "You all know," he will proceed to say, "how at a dinner a single glass of champagne revives the spirits, loosens the tongue, and brings activity to the brain. My discovery is of another kind of champagne, which acts with a more lasting effect. It strengthens the nerves, hardens the muscles, quickens the blood, and brings activity to the digestion. With new strength to the body returns new strength to the mind." The Professor will not confine his beneficence to the intellectual and to the powerful alone, but he will kindly extend it, without charge, to all who are supposed to make beautiful and comfortable the life he protracts; above all, to lovely women and to poets and painters and musicians, and to good plain cooks, although in Mr. Besant's phantasy this last is implied, not expressed.

What is to go on in "The Inner House" during the coming years, and after the Professor's Champagne of Life is put on free tap and begins to take effect, the reader must read for himself. That things will not turn out exactly as the Professor imagines they will, the reader no doubt is prepared to read; but that the stimulant is to pall so quickly upon the senses of those who imbibe it, and that they are to long so universally for the next morning, with all its headache, will be a surprise even to the closest students of human nature.

MR. KIRK MUNROE'S contribution to "The Young People Series" this Christmas season consists of a pretty little volume containing two healthy little stories, the first of which, *Chrystal, Jack, & Co.*,[7] gives its name to the book. Chrystal and Jack are sister and brother, and the rest of the family make up the firm. They are in the trailing-arbutus business, with a warehouse in a news-stand on a street corner in the city of New York, and a large laboratory and factory, under the direct superintendence of Madame Nature herself, at Hartley-on-the-Hudson. They are not disturbed by the worries of Free-Trade or Protection, by strikes or by the turmoil of an election year, although poor Jack learns very quickly that such things as Trusts exist even in wild flowers, and that he is likely to "get ten days or ten dollars" for selling his plants without a license. Some of the tricks of the trade which Chrystal, Jack, & Co. scorn to practise will perhaps surprise unsuspecting purchasers as much as they shock these honest dealers. The process of mounting *old* flowers, from which the original beauty and fragrance have departed, is a trade in itself, and the young beau who wears to-night the fresh bud in his button-hole little thinks that it is one of the faded roses which last night adorned the bouquet of the belle of the ball. If the firm had been familiar with the workings of some of nature's large machine-shops for the turning out of men and *women*, it would have seen how these belles and beaux are themselves made over, and how last season's Jacques and Camellias are strung on fine wires and wooden toothpicks, stripped of dead leaves and withered stems, freshened by all of the arts of the toilet, and are offered for sale, this season, as "floral tributes" and "set pieces" in the social mart. That they sometimes bring higher prices than the cut flowers of Chrystal, Jack, & Co. is a very melancholy fact.

The hero of the second of Mr. Munroe's stories, "Delta Bixby," is an adventurous youth who starts out in the world with a twenty-dollar bill, which quickly disappears, and with a letter of advice from his father, which lasts him all his life: "My dear Boy, I want to send with you on your travels four Be's, and I ask for them your unceasing care, your most thoughtful consideration, and that you will never neglect an opportunity of keeping them busy. Their names are, Be honest, Be charitable, Be industrious, Be temperate."

With four such Be's in his bonnet even the most thoughtless and forgetful of youths may once in a while be eccentric enough to remember those who have nothing to eat!

[6] *The Inner House.* A Novel. By WALTER BESANT. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] 8vo, Paper, 30 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Chrystal, Jack, & Co.* and *Delta Bixby.* Two Stories. By KIRK MUNROE. [*Harper's Young People Series.*] Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

OUR ENGLISH,[1] by the author of "The Principles of Rhetoric," is a very useful volume of essays upon the principles of phraseology, divided into five different heads: "English in Schools," "English in Colleges," "English in Newspapers and Novels," "English in the Pulpit," and "Colloquial English." That "Our English" is as good as "The Queen's English," and certainly better than "The Dean's English," would seem, of late years, to be an established fact, the Dean to the contrary notwithstanding. In "A Plea for the Queen's English," published about a quarter of a century ago, Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, made the assertion that every important feature in a people's language is reflected in its character and history, and he took for example what he considered "the process of deterioration which the Queen's English had undergone at the hands of the Americans. Look at those phrases," he continued, "which so amuse us in their speech and books; at their reckless exaggeration and contempt for congruity; and then compare the character and history of the nation—its blunted sense of moral obligation and duty to man; its open disregard of conventional right where aggrandizement is to be obtained; and, I may now say, its reckless and fruitless maintenance of the most cruel and unprincipled war in the history of the world. Such examples as this (and they are as many as the number of the nations and their tongues) may serve to show that language is no trifle." Language, most assuredly, is anything but a trifle, as it exhibits itself in this specimen of the English of the Dean.

Professor Hill, on the other hand, and the better hand, without condescending to the vulgarity of abusing the language of other people, has almost nothing to say about the speech of our fathers, except to hint in a footnote that America does not have a monopoly of bad English, in its broadest sense, and to quote Byron as saying that "Hazlitt's style suffered from a cutaneous eruption." He points out the faults in our own English, particularly as it is to be found in the newspapers and the novels, and sometimes as it is heard from the pulpits; he shows the origin of these faults, and in every instance prescribes a cure.

The first thing which will strike the reader of "Our English" is the beauty of the English in which it is written. The style is plain, direct, and forcible, and the matter is as direct and forcible as the style. Take, for instance, the following paragraph from the first chapter, "English in Schools": "I am no believer in the doctrine that a good book or a good essay can be written by one who has nothing to say, or that, in English composition, form is one thing and substance another. Even if it were true that words are the clothing of thought, it would follow that words without thought, however skilfully knit together, however richly embroidered with figures of speech, must still bear the same relation to words with thought that an ingeniously constructed scarecrow bears to the farmer who made it. In the best writers, however, words are not the clothing of thought: they are thought incarnate; the language and the idea are united, like soul and body, in a mysterious way which nobody fully understands. More than this. In a great writer the style is the man—the man as made by his ancestors, his education, his career, his circumstances, and his genius."

It is not often, even in the best examples of our English, that graceful manly thought is so becomingly clad. Professor Hill is the creator in this instance, and in many other instances, of figures of speech so well dressed that the critical observer forgets entirely to look at the clothes they wear, while he is never unconscious of the harmony of the garments, or of the perfection of their fit. Miss Edgeworth, speaking once of the author of "Sandford and Merton," said, "Mr. Day always talked like a book—and I do believe he always thought in the same full-dress style." Professor Hill never talks like a book, even in his books; and concerning the man who is always in evening-dress—conversationally—he says that almost every circle would look askance at a speaker "who never used *who* for *whom*, never mixed singulars and plurals, never began a sentence in one way and ended it in another, never broke off in the middle of what he was saying, never fell into slang, never threw the accent on a wrong syllable or expressed his meaning inexactly. He who commits no offence against the conventional rules of the language excites a suspicion that he has taken special precautions against a possible violation of them." Professor Hill might have gone a step further and compared his colloquial prig with the man who is always in his shirt sleeves and his slippers, the man who goes to the other extreme of dress—or the want

[1] *Our English.* By ADAMS SHERMAN HILL. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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of it—and who is much more eloquent when he says, "I seen him when he done it," and "You oughtn't to have went," than are the purists themselves, who are so correct in their speech that they never seem to be sure that they really saw anybody when he did anything whatever, or appear to know positively whether it was your duty to have gone or not.

If Shakspere and Milton are distasteful, says Professor Hill, we may try Pope or Cowper, Tennyson or Whittier. If George Eliot is dull, we may try Fielding or Hawthorne, Thackeray or Charles Reade, Scott or Trollope. In the history of English composition, Charles Reade should have a chapter to himself. Rarely ungrammatical, sometimes coarse, always direct, his English is not to be accepted as perfect, or adopted as a model in our schools and colleges, in our newspapers and our pulpits, or even in our novels, nor would Professor Hill so recommend it. It would be a dangerous English to imitate, but it is a wonderful English, nevertheless, and it has had a wonderful moral and linguistic effect. What Mr. Joseph Hatton once well termed "the pungent philippics of the master of English invective" are visible in everything Charles Reade has written, from his longest romance to the shortest of his personal notes; and in nothing are they more marked, or more remarkable, than in the series of papers upon Bible topics written during the last few years of his life for various periodicals, and now published in book form under the general title of *Bible Characters*.[2] The tone of this volume will be a great surprise to many readers who only know Charles Reade as a journalist, a dramatist, and a novelist, and who know him superficially at that. Beneath his rash invectives there has always flown, deeply if silently, an undercurrent of strong religious feeling, and of broad practical Christianity which those who look below the surface will easily have discovered in his works for the stage, as well as his works for the closet. Examples of these could easily be given and at great length, did space permit. His own Confession of Faith, almost the last words he ever penned, and engraven now in enduring letters upon the sarcophagus of plain granite under which he rests in Willesden Church-yard, might well have served as an introduction to this collection of papers; and for the sake of those who are not familiar with it, and who may be interested in its reproduction, it is here given in full.

"I hope for a resurrection — not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created man out of nothing; which nature could not. He can restore man from the dust, which nature cannot.

"And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life—not from anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ.

"He has promised His intercession to all who seek it, and He will not break His word; that intercession once granted cannot be rejected; for He is God, and His merits infinite; a man's sins are but human and finite."

A short time before his death Charles Reade was cut to the very quick by a charge of "religious monomania" made against him, and widely circulated in the public press of both sides of the Atlantic. This charge was refuted carefully, and in what seems a most satisfactory manner, by Reade's literary executors in the "Memoir" published about a year ago, although, strangely enough, they are absolutely silent concerning the writing of this series of papers on "Bible Characters," now under consideration here. John Coleman, however, an old actor, and an intimate and enthusiastic friend of Charles Reade, touches upon this period, and upon this particular phase of Reade's life, in a volume of reminiscences printed lately in London, and his account of the last evening he spent with his friend, bearing as it does in an emphatic way upon Reade's peculiarities of English style as well as upon his religious faith, it may not be out of place to repeat here. "He read me a remarkable paper, recently published in the *Leisure Hour*, on the 'Book of Jonah.' The subject was handled in his most masterly manner, but in the full flow of his impetuous eloquence we stumbled upon one of his characteristic blotches. It was to this effect: 'Having now arrived at this conclusion, we must go the whole hog or none.' I made a *moue*. He stopped, and said, 'You don't like *the hog*, I see.' 'I don't,' I replied; 'do you?' 'Well, it's a strong figure of speech, and it's understanded of the people; but you are right, John —yes, you are right. It's scarcely Scriptural, so out it goes.'

"It seems appropriate to recall here," Mr. Coleman continues, "that on this occasion we discussed, as we had done many a time and oft before, the everlasting problems of life, death, time, and eternity. Years ago he was a pronounced agnostic in his views [!]; now he hoped with a child's humility. When I was leaving, after some hours' earnest conversation, he said, 'Well, when all is said and done, when Tyndal and Huxley have demonstrated to their own satisfaction that protoplasm is the beginning, when Darwin has shown that the great gorilla is the middle, and Mill has proved that annihilation is the end, there yet remains this fact, which they can't get over—there can be nothing more wonderful in our going hence than our coming here!'" And Mr. Coleman closes by saying that Reade quoted from one of his own dramas certain lines which he believed to be the sum of the whole matter: "There are on earth but two things which never die: Love, which decays not, and Faith, which binds the soul to heaven."

This unfamiliar side of Charles Reade's char-

[2] *Bible Characters*. By Charles Reade. 12mo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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acter is dwelt upon at unusual length here, in the hope of attracting particular attention to a very remarkable little book written under peculiar circumstances by a very remarkably big man.

THE sublime truth of Professor Hill's doctrine that "a good essay cannot be written by one who has nothing to say" finds its most perfect proof in the efforts of the ordinary man to prepare a dissertation upon recipes, or to write a review of a cookery-book. He enjoys good living as he appreciates good English, and he can apply bad language to bad cooks; but what can he say of a paragraph like the following, taken from the introductory chapter of *Choice Cookery*,[3] a volume just published, by Miss Catherine Owen? "The most elaborate dish will only be a combination of two or three simple processes of cooking *perfectly* done—that is a *sine qua non*—something fried, roast, boiled, or braised to perfection, and a sauce that no *chef* could improve upon; but to recognize that this is so—that when you can make a Châteaubriand sauce or a Béarnaise perfectly, and can *sauté* a steak—the famed filets à la Châteaubriand or à la Béarnaise are no longer a mystery, or that one who can make clear meat jelly and roast a chicken has learned all but the arrangement of a *chaudfroid* in aspic—will make apparently complicated dishes simple." To those to whom all this is no longer a mystery the author addresses herself exclusively, and he to whom it will always remain a mystery can only leave to her the statement of her own case, as it is contained in her Preface. "'Choice Cookery,'" she says, "is not intended for households that have to study economy, except where economy is a relative term, when perhaps the house-keeper could easily spend a dollar for the materials of a luxury, but could not spend the four or five dollars a caterer would charge. Many families," she adds, "enjoy giving little dinners or otherwise exercising hospitality, but are debarred from doing so from the fact that anything beyond the ordinary daily fare has to be ordered in, or an expensive extra cook employed. And although we may regret that hospitality should ever be dependent on fine cooking, we have to take things as they are. It is not every hostess who loves simplicity that dares to practise it." Miss Owen then proceeds to explain that it was to help the women who wish to know at a glance what is newest and best in modern cookery, that these chapters were originally written for *Harper's Bazar*, and are now gathered into a book. She hopes that the copious details and simplification of different matters will enable those who have already achieved success in the plainer branches of cookery to venture farther, and to realize for themselves that it is only the first step which costs.

From the foregoing the ordinary male mind will be enabled to grasp two important facts: first, that a family is not expected, by Miss Owen, at least, to live handsomely upon an incredibly small sum *per annum*, and second, that there are hostesses who have the courage to practise the simplicity they love, and who know that the little dinner their own servants can prepare is a greater honor to themselves, and a greater compliment to their guests, than that most elaborate spread by fashionable caterer, which pretends to be what most emphatically it is not, and succeeds in deceiving no one.

To such good housewives — and they are crowns to their husbands—does Miss Owen write; and for what she writes will every one thank her—except the caterers and the expensive extra cooks.

[3] *Choice Cookery*. By CATHERINE OWEN. 16mo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THERE is no hint of anything so earthy or so commonplace as victuals and drink in all the history of *The Countess Eve*,[4] the latest story from the pen of the creator of "John Inglesant" and "Sir Percival." The air this lady breathed was ever full of voices and of echoing footsteps. She was never alone. The living and the dead surrounded her, being with her one moment, and the next gone forever. Worse than that, in their absence certain other things, which are described as never having lived, and as never being able to die, accompanied her in her walks abroad, and in the privacy of her own particular paradise. In the science of sound, according to Mr. Shorthouse, there are partial tones, which are unheard, but which blend with the tones that are heard, and make all the difference between the paltry note of the poorest instrument and the supreme note of the violin. So in the science of life, in the crowded street, or market-place, or theatre, or wherever life is, there are partial tones, there are unseen presences. Side by side with the human crowd is a crowd of unseen forms—Principalities and Powers and Possibilities. These are unseen but not unfelt. They enter into the houses of the human beings who are seen, and they abide there. Some of these homes are swept and garnished for their coming, while in other homes house-cleaning on their account is undreamed of. These Possibilities and Powers and Principalities occasionally leave their hosts radiant with a divine light, and resonant with an added tone; and sometimes they eat their hosts out of house and home, and leave them subject to a violence and a tyranny abhorrent even to themselves.

From the partial tones of Mr. Shorthouse's prelude to "The Countess Eve," the reader will get a fair idea of the symphony which follows. The Countess lived in a nameless city of Burgundy, and about an hundred years ago. She had a husband who was a bland and courteous person of exalted rank and middle age, lofty,

[4] *Countess Eve*. A Novel. By J. H. SHORTHOUSE. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library*.] 8vo, Paper, 25 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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distinguished, with a distrait and absent expression, but scrupulously polite, as befitted his station. She also had a friend who was a stage-player with no settled conduct or regulated law of action, either on the stage or off it. He was young, slight, and elegant in build, singularly attractive and fascinating, and so popular that his eccentricities were overlooked and his violations of all law condoned. He was the pippin whom Satan put it into the head of this eighteenth-century Burgundian Eve to crave. The serpent appeared in the mask of a French abbé, who sat, unseen of the Countess, on the arm of her chair, and who whispered, in partial tones, into her not unwilling ear that the apple was hers for the picking, and that it would prove unusually good to eat. The struggle was a fierce one, but virtue triumphed, guardian angels of the Countess shook the apple off the tree before it was ripe, and paradise was never lost.

It has been said of this story that "its psychological finesse, its dramatic adroitness, its dexterous relation and avoidance of perils, its correct and perspicuous diction, its purity, tenderness, and grace, combine to constitute it an absorbing romance, and a strengthening force in this period of depressing and destructive fiction." All of which is perfectly true, and no reader who has come under the spell of Mr. Shorthouse's previous works, particularly of "John Inglesant," will willingly forego the pleasure of reading this story, or will voluntarily lay it down unfinished. But for all that, it is too psychological for the ordinary mind, too spiritualizing and too spiritualistic to reach the great majority of men and women who most need the lessons it teaches. The depressing and destructive fiction produced by scores of British novelists, who have not a tithe of Mr. Shorthouse's intellect and grace of expression, often points a better moral, and without intending to point a moral at all, than is to be found in the excellent, but not altogether comprehensible, moral of this "Countess Eve."

Constitutional Government in Spain: a Sketch,[1] by Dr. J. L. M. Curry, is the result of some years of close study of the subject, and of actual observation of Spanish political and social life. The author is a native of Georgia, a graduate of the Law School of Harvard College, and a man of wide and varied experience. He served as a private in a company of Texan Rangers during the Mexican War, was a member of the Legislature of Alabama, and of the United States House of Representatives, a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry in the Confederate service under General Joseph E. Johnston, and a representative of the State of Alabama in the Confederate Congress. After the war he was ordained a Baptist clergyman, became President of Howard College, Alabama, and later, Professor of English Philosophy in Richmond College, Virginia. In 1885 he was sent by President Cleveland as United States Minister to the court at Madrid. He has been an enthusiastic worker in the cause of common-school education in all its branches, and for all conditions of the people, without regard to race or color. As an eloquent platform orator, Dr. Curry is well known throughout the Southern States, and that he is a writer of excellent English, of great observation, and of deep thought, his present work will prove to the whole country.

The battle for Constitutional Government has been waged in Spain for almost three-quarters of a century, and in the face of most formidable odds, of the most persistent and virulent antagonism. During this period there have been what Dr. Curry calls "a litter of Constitutions:" that of the Cortes of Cadiz of 1812; that of Christina of 1836; that of Isabella of 1837; another of Isabella of 1845; that of Prim and others in 1869; that of 1873; and finally that of 1876. New Constitutions have superseded the older, to be in turn disregarded or overthrown by the favorite of the hour. The suddenness of one of these movements, and the brief time occupied in its consummation, as described by General Cushing, will give a fair idea of the uncertainty and instability of political life in that country. On the night of February 11, 1873, Spain went to bed a Monarchy, to wake up a Republic. In like manner, on January 2, 1874, the Republican Dictatorship of Castelar disappeared in a night, to give place to the Conservative Dictatorship of Serrano; and naturally it did *not* appear strange to the Spaniards, on getting up on the morning of December 31st, in the same year, to find that the Republic had vanished altogether, and that the Monarchy had returned with all the celerity of a transformation scene upon the stage.

That these ephemeral and tentative Constitutions are suggestive of lime-lights and gauze curtains, of the ballet, the bolero, or even the bull-fight, rather than the deliberate and serious movements of state-craft and diplomacy, there can be no question. But Dr. Curry shows that they are by degrees leading up to a freer government; and his clear and terse histories of these Constitutions will serve, no doubt, to make his readers more charitable towards those who have attempted to overcome almost insurmountable obstacles in striving to imitate our own example of popular sovereignty, and secure for their unhappy country some of the privileges we enjoy.

Not the least interesting and valuable portions of Dr. Curry's book are the numerous Appendices in which he gives a brief summary of the careers and the claims of the various aspirants to the Spanish throne, during the last few years, and which explain many of the historical events to which he alludes in the body of the work.

[1] *Constitutional Government in Spain: a Sketch.* By J. L. M. Curry, LL.D. 16mo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE history of *The Earth in Past Ages*,[1] written upon the everlasting rocks by the finger of their Creator, is not always a very easy history to read. Wise men for centuries have been striving to decipher it. With the most praiseworthy patience, and no little skill, they have collected its twisted and torn and scattered leaves; to the best of their power they have pieced and mended them; and as far as possible they have supplied the fragments that are lost. They have tied all these together in coherent sequence, and have bound them in a volume which Mrs. Sophie Bledsoe Herrick has just translated into language plain enough for the most immature of scholars to study and understand, and which at the same time she has succeeded in making interesting to such older readers as are not themselves scientists and geologists—a compliment that cannot be paid to the majority of serious books prepared especially for the young.

Mrs. Herrick does not attempt to explain how the great mass of the earth came into being. That, she says, is a mystery which even geology has not been able to solve. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," but why, and when, and how, she confesses that it is not her purpose, as it is not in her power, to tell. What is clear to her in the study of geology, and what she makes clear to other people, is how the earth came to be as it is now, with its seas and its continents, its mountains and its lakes, its sandy deserts and its rocky peaks. These are the work of the air above, of the waters on the surface of the earth, and of the fire beneath; factors which are still busy, although, of course, imperceptibly so, in changing the face of the earth today. To these three forces and their many assistants she devotes the various chapters of her book, going back to the period when the world was a rocky globe, intensely hot within, and covered without by an universal sea; when, as it revolved about the sun, it was, as she describes it, a mighty drop of dew moving around an enormous ball of glowing fire. It was not a beautiful earth then, but a desolate waste of cruel waters, a shoreless sea, whose tides, instead of falling upon some sandy beach, followed the moon in its course, and swept unbrokenly around the globe. Rocks and water, fire and air, were then its only component parts; but as it cooled, these powers themselves went to work, under Divine guidance, during long days and nights, and builded the continents and the islands, divided the waters into seas and lakes, and set flowing the rivers that were to feed them, "And, behold, it was very good."

Mrs. Herrick's little book will find as many interested readers as her "Chapters on Plant Life," published a few years ago. It is prettily bound, printed on clear paper, with good type, and its illustrations add greatly to its value. She closes with "The Coming of Man"—man when he first appeared upon the earth, when he had not yet gained the mastery over the brutes or over himself, when he was still a savage, versed in the rudest and simplest of arts. But for all that, the children of men cannot fail to profit to-day by what she has to tell them of the past ages of the earth, over which they themselves have come to reign as the lords of creation.

In its present age, strange as it may seem, there is no part of the earth's surface so little known to the social geologist as that portion which is tenanted by his nearest neighbor. He reads with delight Hugh Miller's story of the "Old Red Sandstone of Assynt," and Tolstoï's accounts of the poor of Russia, while he revels in his ignorance of the condition of the tobacco-strippers of Brooklyn, or of the life in the dens in the little streets running east and west from the Bowery. When Mr. Lee Meriwether returned from his famous "Tramp Trip" in Europe a year or so ago, he was commissioned by the Bureau of Labor Statistics in Washington to examine into the condition of the working-women in the large cities of America, and the results of his researches he now presents to his fellow-countrymen in an entertaining volume entitled *The Tramp at Home*,[2] full of startling facts and of realistic pictures of misery, ignorance, and crime.

It seems to be significant that Mr. Meriwether's investigations in his own country were attended with more serious obstacles than in foreign lands. In Europe he found the working-men willing and even anxious to talk with him, to tell of their low wages, of their hard struggles, and to listen in return to what he had to say concerning the wage-earners in the United States. At home he had great difficul-

[1] *The Earth in Past Ages.* By Sophie Bledsoe Herrick. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, 60 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *The Tramp at Home.* By Lee Meriwether. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ty in winning the confidence of the working classes, who seem to be suspicious of anything connected with the government, which they appear to imagine is run entirely in the interests of the rich. The possessor of moderate intelligence, naturally, is the hardest to deal with. The more enlightened understand the value of statistics, and in order to assist in throwing some little light upon the great labor question, as it is called, will submit to what ordinarily would look like an impertinent examination into private affairs. Laborers of more limited intelligence, on the other hand, are flippant or evasive in their replies, when they reply at all; if they are girls they giggle, if they are men they swear; they cannot be made to understand that their more fortunate fellow-creatures desire to help them, and they are too ignorant to try to help themselves; and so the philanthropist, in very many instances, gets nothing but abuse for his pains, and looks for comfort to the politer heathen at the other end of the earth, or turns to the earth itself in those past ages when there were no men to vex it with social problems or with questions of life and death.

Mr. Meriwether begins his adventurous tramp in the cities of Brooklyn and New York; he shows how the factory operatives live in the New England States, the food they eat, the literature they read — literature in their case meaning anything that is printed; he pictures the laborers, and their condition, in New Orleans, and sketches farm-life in East Tennessee; he describes logging in Washington Territory, visits the Chinese quarters in the cities of California, and does not forget those laborers who go to sea in ships. He shows the crowded state of the poor in cities, how sewing-women, and even "sales-ladies," work from fourteen to sixteen hours a day for pittances scarcely sufficient to support life; and he then asks the pertinent question, How are these bad conditions to be bettered?

Five methods of making the working-men healthy, wealthy, and wise have been offered by the theorists, to wit: Organization, Coöperation, Education, Temperance, and Economy, any one of which Mr. Meriwether grants to be excellent in itself, but not all of which combined—as so often they are combined—will go to the root of the matter. They do not, and can not, remedy the evils created, nor can they prevent the evils to come in other generations. As an official of the Labor Bureau Mr. Meriwether's duty is simply to discover and to lay before his readers existing facts; but as a keen observer and a public-spirited private citizen he ventures to enter a strong protest against what he feels to be unjust and invidious protection, and to urge some legislation which will counteract and prevent the abnormal concentration of population in cities. When, with a graduated tax, no man can own more land than will support his own family comfortably, and every man can possess land of his own, the cry of over-population in the United States he feels will be proved to be an absurdity, the billionaire and the tramp—the two excrescences of society, in Mr. Meriwether's opinion—will disappear entirely, and the great Labor Problem will be solved.

THE tramp and the billionaire—terms which are said to be considered synonymous by certain close students of human nature in America—are to be found in great quantities in modern British fiction, and they figure very prominently in Mr. Farjeon's new story, *The Peril of Richard Pardon*.[3] The tramp in this case is the better man of the two. He is a hop-picker by choice, an artist by profession, and a philosopher by nature. He says that those who get the most out of life are those who accept life as a comedy. Like Beatrice, in one of the greatest of comedies, there was a star danced, and under that was he born. He was flogged at school and he laughed, and when they expelled him he laughed. He laughed when he made money, and he laughed when he was robbed of it. When he fell in love he laughed, when he was married he laughed, and he seems to have laughed loudest of all when his wife ran away from him with another man. He always laughs on the right side of his mouth, and whether he has anything to laugh at or not. His is a most comfortable philosophy—for a tramp!

Mr. Farjeon's billionaire in this latest tale of his is a philosopher of another school. He is a man all scowls and frowns; a man who never smiles at all. He confesses that his temper is none of the best, and he proves it to be one of the worst. He has many failings; he knows them all, and he glories in them. By his own showing he is a very wilful, hot-headed old billionaire, who is determined to have his own way, no matter how bad his way may be, nor how much his having it is likely to cost other people. He never reads the letters he receives, nor gives his address to the few persons to whom his own letters are written. He travels much, and always with twenty-five thousand dollars in hard cash in his trunks. He is exceedingly disagreeable in every relation of life, and when he comes to his unpleasant end, with a wry face, Mr. Farjeon's reader is almost inclined to laugh with the tramp, who unwittingly is instrumental in bringing his executioners to justice.

"The Peril of Richard Pardon" is not a very cheerful story until the tramp appears, and although it is certainly a very extraordinary peril, Richard himself could have avoided it easily if he had been possessed of half of the philosophy, or one-tenth of the common-sense, of either the tramp or the billionaire. The book lacks the brightness and the sustained interest of Mr. Farjeon's other stories, and it

[3] *The Peril of Richard Pardon.* By B. L. FARJEON. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 30 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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is hardly worthy of the author of "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "Miser Farebrother," or "Blade o' Grass." Its only moral would seem to be that a man who is perfectly pure and upright in his social and domestic relations, who belongs to no clubs, has no bad habits, who never spends an evening outside of his own family circle, and who would rather shell peas with his wife than "have a good time with the boys," runs a great risk of being hanged for the murder of his uncle and the stealing of a diamond ring!

While he would not so well have served the purposes of fiction perhaps, he certainly would have been much happier if he had not been quite so good.

It is very pleasant "in this age of depressing and destructive fiction," as it has been termed, to come upon an English novel which is not only healthful and clever, but cheerful as well. The stories in three volumes which the great majority of our British cousins write nowadays are apt to be tainted with immorality when they are not stupid, and they are almost sure to be prosy when they are not unclean; while in either case they are very prone to be tragic or sad. There is not a tear, and hardly a sigh, from the beginning to the end of *When a Man's Single*,[4] except for the heroic death of the bit of a Scottish lassie, with a boy's name, who had to be sacrificed at the great age of four in order to give her uncle a chance to go to London and have a story to tell; and the opening and the closing chapters are bright enough to have been written by Mr. Hardy himself—if he had not been a native of Exmoor instead of Thrums. Mr. J. M. Barrie is almost unknown to American readers, but he is a man from whom American readers will want to hear again. He does not yet figure among "The Men of the Day," and his name is not to be found in the publishers' lists. But it would seem, from certain half-formed hints contained in the present work, that Tammas McQuhatty, and Snecky Hobart, and Jimmy Tosh, and Christy Angus, and other quaint characters, have been seen before in other books of Mr. Barrie's; and it is to be hoped that they are to act as chorus in books that are yet to come from the same pen.

Some of his "bits" of description and character drawing, to use a word of Mr. Hardy's own, are well worthy of transcription here. Naturally, in the story of a man who is single much is said concerning the condition of men who are not. "'We was speakin' aboot matermony,' the mole-catcher remarked. 'It's a caution,' murmured the farm-laborer from the other side of the dike. 'Ay, ye may say so!' he added, thoughtfully, addressing himself. 'Ye drew a sma' prize,'" said Tammas to one of the stone-breakers, who had recently married a little woman—a very unusual choice in a community of working-men, who prefer women big enough to do their own proper share of the labor of the day. "'Ay,' said the mole-catcher, 'Sam'l's Kitty is sma'. I suppose Sam'l thocht it wud be prudent-like to begin in a modest w'y!'" This Kitty of Samuel's, it may be remarked, had "a Sabbath voice," which reminded the saw-miller's niece of the little squeaking saw her uncle used for soft wood; while on week days Kitty's voice was the big saw that pulled and rasped. That Mr. Barrie is himself single must be inferred from the following curious statement contained in Chapter IV.: "It is said that married men lose their awe of hair-pins and clean their pipes with them." And Tammas Haggart's reply to the mole-catcher, who congratulated him upon his powers of sarcasm, is as good as anything that Dean Ramsay ever collected. "'I'd aye that repootation. Am no' an every-day sarcesticist, but juist noos an' nans. There was ae time I was speakin' tae Easie Webster, an' I said a terrible sarcestic thing. Ay, I dinna mind what it was, but it was michty sarcestic.' 'It's a gift,' said the mole-catcher. 'A gift it is,' said Tammas."

These are but random echoes of the many quaint speeches to be found in the prologue and epilogue of Mr. Barrie's book, which is by no means a dialect story, however, for the main scenes are laid in London, where excellent English is not infrequently heard, even in journalistic circles, and where he has put, among other men and women, a barber's apprentice who masquerades as a baronet, and is as original and as entertaining in his way as any of the men of Thrums.

Mr. Barrie, without attempting to pose as a "sarcesticist," has the gift of good-natured satire in making his humble folk reflect their betters in their speech and conduct. And a gift it is!

Mr. William Powell Frith, a popular British painter who is possessed of the rare gift of seeing others as they sometimes see themselves, and who has the art of recording on paper as well as on canvas whatever he chances to see, published about a year ago a volume of *Autobiography and Reminiscences* which was noticed at length in these columns, and justly praised for the charming simplicity of its style, for the kindliness of its remarks upon current art and contemporary artists, and for the great value of its pictures of British life and character, as its author had noted them in his sketch-books during the fifty years of his artistic career. In the preface to a second volume[5] which has just appeared he relates a well-known story of the famous Sam Slick, in which Judge Haliburton's eccentric and impossible Yankee is represented on a long sea-voyage as being induced

[4] *When a Man's Single.* By J. M. Barrie. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] 8vo, Paper, 35 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *My Autobiography and Reminiscences.* By W. P. Frith, R.A. Volume II. (Portrait and *Fac-Similes.*) 12mo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers. Also, uniform with the above, *My Autobiography and Reminiscences.* Vol. I. By W. P. Frith, R.A. Portrait. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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to fire a rifle—a weapon with which he was entirely unfamiliar—at a bottle floating in the water at long range from the ship. Shutting both eyes, and pulling the trigger at random, he succeeded, to his own amazement and to the admiration of his fellow-passengers, in shattering the object at which excellent marksmen had fired in vain. When begged to repeat the achievement, the cute clock-maker had gumption enough to refuse. He had made his great reputation, and nothing again would induce him to run the risk of utter failure. Mr. Frith professes to believe that it would have been wiser on his own part if he had followed the example of the gentleman from Slickville, and had retired upon the laurels he had won in his earlier effort at literature; but he need not apologize for his second shot, nor fear for its result. He has made another and a palpable hit, and his readers have every reason to congratulate themselves that his gun has two barrels.

Mr. Frith began the study of his art in the schools of Mr. Sass and of the Royal Academy more than half a century ago. Among his fellow-pupils were Edward Lear, author of "A Book of Nonsense," Jacob Bell, who bequeathed to the British nation some of its rarest art treasures, John Phillip, R.A., who was commissioned by the Queen to paint "The Marriage of the Princess Royal," Henry O'Neil, author of "Eastward Ho!" Alfred Elmore, Augustus Egg, and Edward Ward; and later he was brought into intimate social and professional contact with Eastlake, Constable, Wilkie, Etty, Chantry, the Landseers, Shee, Leech, and many other eminent artists, not forgetting Turner, to whose vacant seat at the table of the Academy he was elected in 1852. Besides all of these, he has known every notable man of his period, and in every walk of life, and what he has to say of them has not only the merit of freshness and apparent truth, but is exceedingly well said. Many of his thumb-nail portraits are gems in their way, notwithstanding the smallness of his canvas, while some of his kit-kats and his full-length figures give one a better idea of his widely differing subjects than can be found in any other of the branches of his twin arts. He describes Etty, for instance, as "a very curious-looking man; his head is much too large for his body; he is very much marked with the small-pox; in short, he is what is called a regular vulgar-looking, clodhopping Yorkshireman [Mr. Frith is a Yorkshire man himself]; but as soon as he speaks, all the impression that his ugly face has made upon you wears off, and you are at once surprised at his great gentlemanly behavior." In the same letter, written to his mother in 1835 and when he was in his seventeenth year, he says, "I have been introduced to the immortal Wilkie. He is a very tall, gaunt Scotchman, a very surly-looking man, but quite the gentleman in his behavior." But he dismisses Constable and Eastlake with the remark that they "are both very nice men," saying nothing about the "gentlemanly behavior," which seems to have been a surprise to him as it was exhibited by the other two. For deportment Mr. Frith unquestionably has the greatest admiration. He calls Albert of Saxe-Coburg a beautiful prince, quite as handsome as any hero of a fairy tale, and adds that he "was, beyond question, not only mentally but physically also, one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other time. To the most fascinating outward appearance the prince added the most gracious and courtly manner that could be imagined." How Thackeray would have enjoyed this picture of High-Life-Up-Stairs!

Mr. Frith, however, is not always so flattering to his subjects. Adelaide Procter he found "very charming, but Nature had been very unkind to her in respect of personal appearance. I fear it could not be denied that the authoress of 'The Lost Chord,' and so many other beautiful poems, was a very plain person indeed." The artist is occasionally as cruel as photography in his sketches, and there is something startling in the facts he discloses from time to time. To be told that Charles Kingsley stuttered is bad enough, but who will believe that Landor not only dropped his h's consistently and continually, but as continually and as consistently put them where they did not belong?

These examples of the contents of Mr. Frith's second volume are selected indiscriminately from hundreds of paragraphs equally as entertaining and characteristic, for it is a simple matter to quote from a book every page of which is quotable. Some of the less personal and more serious chapters are as valuable *in their* own way as those which have been more particularly dwelt upon here, notably those relating to "Fashion in Art," "Ignorance of Art," "Suppository Pictures," "Book Illustrators," "English Art and French Influence," and "Self-delusion and Other Matters." He has a most profound respect for the Old Masters, and of some of the modern men—Hogarth, Turner, Leslie, and Landseer—he cannot speak in too high praise; while he has many a pleasant word to say of Tenniel, Du Maurier, and the excellent men of the present day. Concerning the critics of art, however—not excluding Mr. Ruskin—he is hardly so laudatory, although it is not easy to see what harm the critics can have done to Mr. Frith. No matter how hard they may have tried to injure him, his fame and his position are entirely assured. He has achieved greatness and wealth, his pictures have been reproduced by all the arts of all the copyists, and his name and his works are known, and favorably known, to his art-loving countrymen of his own generation.

That he has bottled away at least a jorumful of further reminiscences, which hereafter he will fire at and hit, every one who has watched Mr. Frith's previous feats of marksmanship will sincerely wish.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

THREE charmingly illustrated articles, entitled *Our Journey to the Hebrides*,[1] were contributed to HARPER'S MAGAZINE last year by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, two observant and intelligent American travellers who were willing to confess, before they set out upon this particular excursion, that Scotland was a country about which they cared little and of which they knew less; and that it would have been very much more to their liking if they had been permitted to re-discover the unknown side of Holland or the unexplored departments of France instead. They had heard of Lowlands and of Highlands, of Melrose and of Stirling, but they had heard very little, and that little they had quite forgotten; while the rest of their knowledge was made up of a confused impression of Macbeth, Kidnapped, White Heather, and The Heart of Mid-Lothian; of Skye terriers and of Shetland shawls; of blasted heaths and of hills of mist; of Covenanters and of Rob Roy. They thought—and they still seem to think—that oatmeal is an abomination, they were unwilling to accept whiskey toddy as a steady diet, and they spoke—and still speak—of haggis with absolute and undisguised contempt. The farther they went the more they were reminded that to travel in Scotland is to travel through the Waverley Novels, and these to them were but a name. Since their return they have tried to read Scott, and they do not hesitate to admit that they are not thrilled by the daring deeds of the MacGregor, and that they find Sir Walter's description of the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral stupid and dull! That every Scotchman, and every Scotchman's son, at home and abroad, from the Orkneys to the Aucklands, should resent this, was of course to be expected; and the disinterested on-looker who has never seen the Hebrides—except in Scottish novels and Scottish song—is lost in amazement at the pictures brought back by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, and at the courage they have displayed in painting that far-away land of romance and misery as they saw it, or thought they saw it. That they are entirely honest in their descriptions is evident on every page, but that they are strongly prejudiced would be quite as evident even if they had not been honest enough to admit it themselves. They found that they had stirred up in their Magazine articles what their Scottish critics would call "a bum-bee byke," or, as the Sasanach expresses it, a hornet's nest, but instead of retracting they reiterate their original statements in the story of their unfortunate journey, as they now present it, somewhat enlarged, in book form.

In their Preface they say that they walked far enough to see the country as they believe it has seldom been seen by ordinary travellers, and that in a purely physical way it was the most miserable trip that can be imagined in any civilized land; but because they dwell upon the badness of the weather and the fatigue of walking, they deny that their eyes were shut to everything else, and they are satisfied that they give the best and most concise description of the western Highlands and Islands of Scotland that can be given when they say, "We found the whole country BEAUTIFUL and full of the most WONDERFUL EFFECTS" (the emphasis is their own); "but we must add that it is the most abominable to travel through, and its people are the most down-trodden, on God's earth." This is very strong language, for "God's earth" is a big place, and there are autocrats in Russia, constables in Ireland, landlords in London, and Indian traders in certain portions of the American continent; and to borrow and beg and to get a man's own, this earth from one end of it to another is, take it all in all, the very worst earth perhaps that ever was known. If Mr. and Mrs. Pennell had looked as hard, through the same rainy weather, and while suffering from the same blistered feet, they would have found, no doubt, bitter misery among the prosperous Hollanders and among the smiling French; but if they have succeeded in calling the attention of the landlords and the government to the wretchedness that most assuredly does exist among Highland crofters, and have done anything to better the condition of a race they believe to be down-trodden, they may be forgiven the strength of their adjectives and the one-sidedness of their vision; although no self-respecting Scotchman can ever excuse their abuse of haggis and parritch, their denunciation of an occasional indulgence in the harmless and necessary gill, or their want of appreciation of the Wizard of the North.

Mr. and Mrs. Pennell found more to enjoy in the Hebrides than they were conscious of

[1] *Our Journey to the Hebrides.* By JOSEPH PENNELL and ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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themselves. According to their own showing, it did not always rain upon them, even when it did not snow; the sun and the stars sometimes shone upon them, and the moon itself rose occasionally in a non-theatrical way. The droning of the pipes made a cheerful sound in their ears, and the plaids of the men a bright picture in their eyes. In the manners of the Highlanders they found something of that equality which French Republicans are supposed to love—a courtesy which is not cringing, and which has a tendency to civilize even English tourists in that part of the world. They noticed particularly that the Highland women invariably wore clean white caps, and at Bunessan the travellers found an excellent luncheon. The ruins at Iona they confess to be beautiful, not only with the beauty of impressiveness, but with a grace and refinement of detail which they did not look for in the far north; and one night at Tarbet "The black rocks of the mountain-side softened into purple shadows against the gold of sky and sea, and in this glory the hovels and the people and the misery disappeared. And when the sun sank behind the western waters and the gold faded there fell a great peace over the island, and with it began the twilight that lingered until it grew into the coming day."

The clouds and the rains, the mists the melancholy and the monotony, which are so trying in reality, and sound so dreary in the letter-press, add to the charm of the drawings, which are Mr. Pennell's share of the work. He has never before been so happy with his pencil, despite the misery he depicts. His illustrations restore to the Highlands all the poetry and the romance of which Mrs. Pennell would have robbed them, and make the "Journey to the Hebrides" a pleasant one, even to the honest men and bonnie lassies they have horrified and shocked in the narrative itself.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL and his bronzed veterans in bare legs and tartan kilts play an important part in the little story of *Uncle Peter's Trust*,[2] written for little folk by Mr. George B. Perry. The scene opens with a shipwreck and deeds of daring at Land's End, on the Cornish coast, but the greater part of the action takes place in India during the terrible mutiny of thirty years ago, when Highland soldiers fought so gallantly for the good cause, and when a Highland girl, who never knew how miserable she ought to have been in her Highland home, was the first to hear "the slogan of the MacGregor, the grandest of them a'," as it brought relief to Lucknow, and life, and more than life, to the unhappy women in the besieged town.

Joe Stetson, who was left in Trust to Uncle Peter by the winds and the waves, was a curly-headed honest brave boy, whom every boy, whether he be brave or not, will envy and admire, and will follow with absorbed interest from his naval school at Plymouth to his Victoria Cross at Allahabad. The Indian incidents are forcibly told, the horrors of war are not dwelt upon, and the glories perhaps are too easily won; but there is an air of possibility and probability about it all which shows the author's familiarity with his subject, either from close reading or actual observation, and will hold the attention of older readers as well as of the Young People for whom it was written, and to whose Series it belongs.

Mr. Perry's description of a review upon the field contains an excellent picture of two of the British leaders in India, which is worth condensing here as an example of the difference in the stuff of which heroes are made. Sir Colin Campbell's face was scarred and weather-beaten, and bore all the marks of a lifetime of war. His close-cropped curly gray hair surmounted a face that told of determination and strength. He was dressed plainly, only the star on his breast and a whole line of small colored ribbons telling of his fifty years of war service; while Sir Hugh Rose, who rode by his side, was dressed with scrupulous care, his exquisitely cut whiskers and smooth face, just slightly tinged a reddish brown that seemed almost to hint at paint, setting off a slight, graceful, almost effeminate figure. Sir Hugh belonged to the class of "dandy officers" in whom the Duke of Wellington did not hesitate to put his trust. It is recorded of him that he was more *afraid* of getting a speck of dirt on his *uni*form at the Crimea than of facing the whole Russian force. In India, as Mr. Perry exhibits him, he fought like a tiger while he looked like a lady; and one of the most important lessons Uncle Peter's boy learned in that campaign was the unexpected fact that honor peereth sometimes in the finest as well as the meanest habit.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Farjeon's *Toilers of Babylon*[3] is not by any means a boy's story, there is a boy in it who is as good and as boyish as if he had been created especially for the amusement and instruction of boys and girls. He is original and unique, and he is made to point an excellent moral. Both Mr. Perry's boy and Mr. Farjeon's boy were Left—the one in Trust, the other in Pawn—but they had little else in common. Timothy Chance—Timothy no man knows why, Chance because of the predominance of that element in his infantile career—wrapped in an old shawl and peacefully sleeping, was found one Saturday night, about a dozen years before the story opens, upon the counter of a pawnbroker's shop, and never redeemed. His life was spent in the lower quarters of the modern Babylon

[2] *Uncle Peter's Trust.* By GEORGE B. PERRY. [*Harper's Young People Series.*] Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Toilers of Babylon.* A Novel. By B. L. FARJEON. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] 8vo, Paper, 40 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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on the banks of the Thames, and among the Toilers who give their name to the book. His unwilling uncle, who had more pledges of his own than he could comfortably carry, had nothing to do with his support, and what he became he owed entirely to his own grit and to his own genius. He was faithful and honest, cheerful and brave. He kept hens and he sold eggs for a living, and he flew about on the wings of his dorkings like a cherub in a Christmas pantomime, doing good on all sides.

"The Toilers of Babylon" is a return to Mr. Farjeon's earlier and better style; it shows the influence of his master Dickens without any signs of unworthy imitation. Timothy Chance belongs to the school of Rob the Grinder and of Sloppy, without being based upon either; while Kingsley Manners suggests Richard Carstone and Mr. Dick, as his father suggests Tackleton and Gradgrind, although not more than Dick and Carstone or Gradgrind and Tackleton suggest each other.

The particular Toilers with whom Mr. Farjeon deals in this story dwell in the east of London, of which Mr. Besant is so fond; and the author stands by Mr. Besant's side in his fight for the down-trodden poor against the criminal indifference, or the intentional oppressions, of the landlords of England, the men who sit in Parliament to make laws for the social regeneration of the people. The picture of the miserable tenement in Church Alley painted by Mr. Farjeon in Chapter XXX. of "The Toilers of Babylon" will make the most hardened reader shudder, although he asserts that it is all true, and that he dare not print half of the frightful details which he himself has seen. That these writers, and their fellow-missionaries whose field is the press of Great Britain, are doing excellent work there is no doubt. The landlords can no longer plead ignorance as their excuse; public attention is turned toward them too strongly for them any longer to unload their responsibility upon their agents. The owners, and the owners alone, thrive and fatten upon these systems, and they alone are accountable in justice for the evils of which undoubtedly they are the prime cause. The remedy is theirs to apply, and if it is not applied soon, the power of doing so may be taken out of their hands. There are misery and oppression in London greater than exist even in the Hebrides, while there are no beautiful country or wonderful effects to soften the shadows; there falls no great peace over the place at any time; and there is no coming day yet visible which is to meet the twilight that hangs over all.

A Scotchman very unlike the miserable Scottish crofters who fill Mrs. Pennell's pages, and equally unlike the Scottish heroes of Mr. Perry's tale, although quite as Scotch in his own way, is Mr. Alexander MacIlray, the particularly respectable Scot who conducted the affairs of the Paris office of a leading London newspaper a few years ago, as he is depicted in *The Weaker Vessel*,[4] a new story of modern times in England, just completed by Mr. D. Christie Murray, who has a good deal of Scotch blood of his own to boast of. "The Weaker Vessel," which deals, among other current topics, with the artistic and philosophic and æsthetic humbugs of English society, is a story which will appeal to both of the great classes of novel-readers in the present day, to wit, those who read for the story and those who read for the style. The first will skim through it and skip over it to become at once deeply interested in the people and their affairs, and to keep at it until they discover how it all turns out. The second will find no little entertainment in its plot, although they will get greater pleasure out of the talk of the book than out of the talkers themselves, notwithstanding the fact that it is by no means what is vulgarly styled "a talky novel." Mr. MacIlray's remarks are original, forcible, and always worth listening to; but the members of "the Moral Tone Association" and their jargon about "the Line of Beauty," the "Vanity of Human Wishes," and "The development of the individual soul following the laws which govern the development of the inert conglomerate mass," and the like, are quite as enjoyable. Mr. Murray has seen enough of the absurdity of ultra-culture to picture it with good-natured contempt, and the reader of this "Weaker Vessel" of his —who does not skip—will find no little mental profit and recreation in his descriptions of the sham enthusiasts in art who do not know a Rubens from a Vandyck; and the sham enthusiasts in humanity who would not part with a dime to save their neighbors from starvation; and the sham enthusiasts in poetry who are as wooden under their wooden simpers as wooden barbers' blocks; and the sham enthusiasts in friendship who stick pins and needles into the wax caricatures of their friends as soon as their friends' backs are turned; and, best of all, in his descriptions of "the sham enthusiasts in the last new fad of atheism who are deadly afraid of ghosts and say their prayers on the sly."

Sebastian Dolmering Jones, one of the most inoffensive of Mr. Murray's artistic hypocrites, who is so true to his kind that he must have been drawn from life, is made by the author to prove the truth of the very unexpected but very comforting doctrine that the bore, no matter how much of a bore he is, may sometimes have his uses. Jack Denham, the young journalist, who is Mr. Murray's mouth-piece in the present volume, and who tells the story of "The Weaker Vessel" in the first person, found Jones the bore so exasperating on first acquaintance that he could hardly resist his impulses to assault him; later Jones's foibles be-

[4] *The Weaker Vessel.* A Novel. By David Christie Murray. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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gan to amuse him, and finally to soothe. It was consoling to Denham to reflect that in the depths of his own daily imbecility he never was as bad as Jones; and so in his most despondent moments Jones became a sort of invigorator to him, toning his moral system when it needed toning most. This is hardly the way the members of the Moral Tone Association set out to reform their fellow-men, but those of Mr. Murray's readers who read for style—all of whom are too apt to have Sebastian Dolmering Joneses of their own—will appreciate the lesson and profit by it.

It may not be amiss here to say of "The Weaker Vessel" that it so interested and so pleased one novel-reader, who reads for story as well as for style, that he carried into the pine woods of New Jersey the other day, where he went to forget work and to get rid of his Jones, all of Mr. Murray's novels which he had not already read.

MR. JAMES BRYCE, quoting the remark of an earlier writer that the government and Constitution of the United States are based upon the theology of Calvin and the philosophy of Hobbes, goes further than this in saying that there is a hearty Puritanism in the view of human nature which pervades the American instrument of 1787. It is the work of men whom he feels to have believed in original sin, and who were resolved to leave open for transgressors no doors which could possibly be shut, and he asks his readers to compare the spirit in which it was drafted with the enthusiastic optimism of the Frenchmen of 1789. It is not merely a difference of race temperament, it is a difference of fundamental ideas. Neither Mr. Bryce nor Mr. W. J. Cocker, in *The Government of the United States*,[5] notes the curious fact that the ubiquitous Scotchman who comes to the front whether he be in Paris or in Lucknow, and who was never known to be suppressed until Mr. and Mrs. Pennell met him in the Hebrides a season or so ago, is in a measure responsible for the composition of the Constitution of the land we live in; for those who have studied with care both documents find that Hamilton and Washington and their fellow-delegates to the Convention based, consciously or unconsciously, the Constitution of the United States upon the Solemn League and Covenant of the Church of Scotland, in the reign of Charles the First.

Mr. Cocker's handy little volume is simply a text-book for schools, in which the author has been curiously successful in presenting in a clear and concise way the influences and conditions which rendered our Constitution a necessity, and in describing, as fully as the character of the work will permit, the powers and limitations of our particular form of government. After referring briefly to the principles of government, he describes the relations of the early colonies to the mother country and to each other, and relates the various causes which led to the formation of occasional intercolonial leagues for mutual defence, and later brought about a union of all the colonies in the war of Independence against the government of George the Third. He points out the defects of the Confederation and the difficulties the framers of our Constitution met with in preparing a document that would be acceptable to all parties and to all sections. He does not attempt to describe the constitutions of the several States, but confines his attention strictly to the Federal Constitution itself—a subject so ample in its scope and so suggestive in its provisions that a single volume is barely large enough to contain the outline of its history or the story of its effect upon those who subscribe to it.

Mr. Gladstone has pronounced the Constitution of the United States to be "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man"—an opinion in which the great English commoner stands by no means alone. It was first framed by delegates from the different States, and then submitted to the people of the States, in conventions, for their approval. After its adoption it became the fundamental law of the land, the necessary elections were held, Senators and Representatives were chosen, and George Washington, just a hundred years ago this month of April, in the city of New York, took the oath of office, and pledged himself to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States"—a document which not one citizen of the United States in a hundred thousand has ever read, while not one citizen in fifty thousand realizes what it and its framers have done for the formation of a more perfect union, for the insurance of domestic tranquillity, for provision for the common defence, for promotion of the general welfare, and for the securing of the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity.

The truth of the motto quoted by Mr. Cocker on his title-page, that "freedom and free institutions cannot long be maintained by any people who do not understand the nature of their own government," is not for an instant to be questioned; and it is equally true that no single individual of the people can begin too early the study of the political history of the government under which he is born. Hence in preparing his text-book for school uses Mr. Cocker has done much for the enlightenment of future voters and of embryo voters' wives, and has done as good work in explaining our laws as is done by the lawmakers themselves. He presents a volume admirably arranged, clearly printed, and above all supplemented with the Index which is as important to a work of this kind as is a constitution essential to the welfare of a state.

[5] *The Government of the United States.* By W. J. COCKER, A.M. 12mo, Cloth, 72 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

MR. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY was a man who never said anything in public or in private without having something to say; and whatever he said was always said well. In his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," his "History of the United Netherlands" and his "Life and Death of John of Barneveld" he spoke aloud that all the world might hear; and how forcibly and how beautifully he spoke all the reading world well knows. In his whispered utterances to his friends and to the members of his own family, as presented in the two volumes of his *Correspondence*,[1] just made public, he speaks equally to the point in a clear low voice, with proper emphasis and expression, and in refined and scholarly English. By rare good fortune, or by equally rare forethought, all of his letters seem to have been preserved by those to whom they were addressed, from the note of the school-boy of ten, recording the fact that he was "third best" in "speaking his piece," to the last letter of all, full of loving gossip about the pretty ways of his children's children. The editor in his Preface explains that the letters are printed as they were written, and that he has withheld only such portions as he believes Mr. Motley himself, in his thoughtful consideration for the feelings of others and in his own good judgment, would have wished to be omitted. That Mr. Curtis has done his share of the work delicately and well no one can question. He has permitted Mr. Motley to show himself as a man of generous sympathy, affectionate disposition, and most amiable character, without revealing any of the tender, innocent secrets of his beautiful domestic life.

Dean Stanley, from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey, said of the man whose mortal part he had just laid in the cemetery of Kensal Green, "The hand of death has removed from his dwelling-place among us one of the brightest lights of the Western hemisphere—the high-spirited patriot, the faithful friend of England's best and purest spirits, the brilliant and indefatigable historian who told, as none before him had told, the history of the rise and struggle of the Dutch Republic, almost a part of his own." Dean Stanley with truth could have said much more than this, for he knew of Motley the man, the son, the husband, the father, the friend, by close personal association, what the world inferred from Dr. Holmes's brief but affectionate "Memoir," published some ten years ago, and what it now knows positively from Mr. Motley's own familiar correspondence with those who knew him best.

Quite as interesting as Mr. Motley's unconscious pictures of himself are the pictures he drew of the prominent men of all nations and of all professions with whom he was brought into intimate social contact: Bismarck, Disraeli, Palmerston, Brougham, Lincoln; and Macaulay, Kinglake, Thackeray, Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens, Grote, and their peers. Only two of these sketches can be quoted here: "Thackeray has the appearance of a colossal infant, smooth, white, shiny ringlety hair, flaxen, alas, with advancing years, a roundish face with a little dab of a nose, upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles, a sweet but rather piping voice, with something of the childish treble about it, and a very tall slightly stooping figure." Concerning another famous British nose, that of Lord Brougham, Mr. Motley is equally happy in his description. At "Commemoration Day" at Oxford, he wrote, "Nothing could be more absurd than Lord Brougham's figure, long and gaunt, with snow-white hair under the great black porringer, and with his wonderful nose wagging lithely from side to side, as he hitched up his red petticoats [Commemoration robes], and stalked through the mud."

These selections from the light and cheerful side of Mr. Motley's letters are by no means a fair example of the gravity and dignity of the two volumes. He looked at life in a serious way, and the last few years of his life, unhappily, were serious enough. How and what he wrote to his intimates at the time of his resignation of the Austrian mission, and of his retirement from the court of St. James, Mr. Curtis, and no doubt wisely, has withheld. That he felt deeply upon the subject—and he had every reason to feel deeply—one or two very brief allusions show. The happier and more prosperous periods of his honorable career he would have wished to dwell upon, and all of these have been most carefully preserved.

The two volumes of the "Correspondence" are beautiful examples of book-making; the paper is of the finest quality and the margins generous. The Index adds greatly to the value of the work for future reference, and the portrait is an admirable specimen of the engraver's art.

[1] *The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L.* Edited by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Two Volumes, 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges, and Gilt Tops, $7 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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The Mouse-Trap and Other Farces,[2] by Mr. William D. Howells, would seem to be a misnomer. A second and careful reading of these delightful examples of the modern domestic drama, as they are now collected in book form, only serves to strengthen the original impression that they are comedy, not farce; and pure comedy at that. Comedy may be defined as a dramatic composition of an amusing character, in which only the lighter faults, follies, actions, and passions of mankind are represented and satirized. Farce, on the other hand, is a low style of comedy, in which personal qualities and actions are exaggerated for the purpose of exciting mirth and laughter, without regard to any of the laws of probability or possibility. Comedy is cheerful reality; farce is coarse absurdity.

Mrs. Amy Somers, in a lightly floating tea gown of singularly becoming texture, employing the last moment of expectance before the arrival of her guests to "Five O'clock Tea" in marching up and down in front of the long mirror in her drawing-room, looking over her shoulders for different effects of the drifting and eddying train, now advancing upon her image with certain little bobs and bows, now retreating from it with a variety of fan practice and elaborate courtesies, is neither absurd nor exaggerated: she is emphatically a dramatic composition, whose character is light and essentially amusing. She is not only probable and possible, she is reality itself. If, as Mr. Howells represents her, she finally condescends to burlesque in the series of grimaces and "mouths" she makes at the responsive reflex, she burlesques no one but herself, and she never degenerates into farce. Mr. Willis Campbell, standing in pleased contemplation of Mrs. Somers's manœuvres, which are not intended for his inspection, sees and appreciates "her fine comedy manner" as it is displayed in the cleverly assumed look of surprise with which she turns to greet the visitor she sees in the mirror, but has not permitted herself to seem to see. The heroine of this little play is a queen of comedy as well as of society; every drawing-room she enters is her stage, every man she addresses is her audience, every part she plays is carefully studied; and only a few discerning members of her own sex are admitted behind the scenes.

The step between comedy and farce in the dramatic literature of the present day is a very short one, and very easily taken; the majority of the comedies written for the regular stage are styled, on the bills, "farce-comedies," and when a farce is attempted it is advertised as a "comedy-farce." Mr. Howells's farces are not even farce-comedies. Polonius would have described them as "parloral-comical"; they hold the speculum up to nature, they reflect men and women as they live and speak and move, they are excellent reading for old and young, and they have on more than one occasion made even amateur theatricals endurable.

[2] *The Mouse-Trap and Other Farces.* By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

If ever *A Dangerous Catspaw*[3] is put upon the stage it will figure as melodrama, and nothing else. There are slow music and limelights in every scene, and the plot is filled with burglars and burglars' tools, with fences and pawnbrokers, with priceless jewels and detectives from Scotland Yard, with fire-arms and hand-to-hand encounters, with dark-lanterns and anonymous letters. It is a novel which will delight the admirers of "The Leavenworth Case" and "File No. 113"; while as a study of character and as literature—in the widest sense of that much-abused term—it is better than either of these. As is to be expected in a novel to which Mr. David Christie Murray puts his name, it abounds in good *talk*, and in common-sense quaintly expressed. Some of the remarks of Mr. Prickett, the detective, who "takes notes but does not write them down," are well worth repeating. It is his opinion that "the major part of people ruins their memories with reading novels and songs and trash." He indulges himself only in professional reading, criminal cases, law reports, and sometimes the advertisements in *The Daily Telegraph*. His head, as he looks at it, contains a piece of machinery in motion, which is bound to go, and must have something to work on; and he is very careful never to clog the wheels with "treacly verses" or the like. He does not pretend to say that he remembers everything he has seen, but *it is his* proud boast that he never forgets *anything* he has looked at. Leave books alone, is his motto, keep the head clear and the eyes open, and when you look at things, *look* at them—the emphasis being his own. He does not wish to be understood as despising book-learning by any means; if he should live to be old-aged he intends to have a real burst at it; but while he's got his way to make he looks upon book-learning as a luxury which he cannot afford.

Dr. Elphinstone, a Scottish scientist of no little renown, is quite as pleasant a companion in his way as Mr. Prickett. He has all of the directness of speech for which his countrymen are distinguished, and a good deal of that humor in which they are generally supposed to be lacking; and he dismisses "the local yokel" who figures as a constable in a rural parish as a "thing who might make a decent gate-post, if you planted him," but who is fit for nothing else. Dr. Elphinstone's friend Arnold Esden, the military-looking "cleric," as he is termed in the book, is a muscular Christian hero of a familiar type, although entirely original in many respects; and his own account of his

[3] *A Dangerous Catspaw.* A Novel. By David Christie Murray and Henry Murray. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] 8vo, Paper, 30 Cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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missionary labors with one William in his flock, whose nose he broke in a most artistic way before he touched his heart or his conscience, is the best thing in the book.

"A Dangerous Catspaw" bears upon its title-page the joint names of Mr. David Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Murray. Perhaps the latter gentleman is responsible for the frequent use of the substantive "cleric," so rarely to be met with in English books since Bishop Horsley's day, and already obsolete in America, and for the piece of curious moral sentiment which forms "the tag" of the melodrama. The doctrine which pervades the story, that a burglar is not to be blamed if he breaks in and steals to cover the results of previous delinquencies, and that he is to be pardoned altogether if he attempts suicide when his offence is discovered, is certainly unusual and dangerous; and when the authors say in the closing paragraph that they are inclined to put more trust in their favorite thief at this hour than in many men who have led fairly blameless lives, they do not echo the honest, healthy tone of Mr. David Christie Murray's previous books.

MRS. TYTLER'S *French Janet*[4] is a Franco-Scottish story of the middle of the eighteenth century, when George and Caroline were Defenders of the Faith of Great Britain, and when Louis, the fifteenth of that name, reigned over the long-suffering people who were getting ready to cut off his grandson's head. Jeannette Ste. Barbe, Pearlin Jean (*pearlin* or *pearling, Scotch*, a species of lace made of thread or silk), or French Janet, as she is variously called, might have been the maternal grandmamma of Rebecca Sharp, who, it will be remembered, was of French extraction. Although Miss Sharp was small and slight in person, pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down, while Madame Ste. Barbe was a tall, black-browed, black-eyed woman, with full red lips and a dash of natural carmine in her brown cheeks, they had many characteristics in common. The heroine of the present tale had genuine conversational talents, rather daring than winning; she had been a penniless orphan permitted to grow up among the waiting-maids and lackeys of her wealthy relations in Paris, without care and without moral training; she had been disposed of in marriage to an equally penniless and worthless occupant of a sinecure in the office of a Farmer-General,—a husband who did her the favor of blowing out his own brains before he marred her life altogether. As a widow she was given to opera-suppers, Porcheron balls, card-tables where unlimited stakes were the rule; she was devoted to the depraved society and unhealthy amusements of the time and place in which she lived; and she was one of the most accomplished weavers of lace in the country, carrying about upon her own beautiful person all the examples of her art which she did not sell,—hence her title, Pearlin Jean.

That such a character as this should have created great havoc in the Spartan household of a Scottish laird, even if she had not appeared in the questionable shape of a goblin damned, is not to be wondered at. Why she haunted Windygates and the innocent young squire is not very clearly defined; but how she haunted, and how her ghost was laid, are described in a very entertaining way.

Mrs. Tytler has made a careful study of the domestic life of the French and English of other days, as her "Huguenot Family," published many years ago, has clearly shown; and she is not less happy in her portrayal of the manners and customs of the folk of low and high degree in the shire of Roxburgh, Scotland, who were made the recipients of "French Janet's" posthumous attention. The laird and his leddy at Windygates are as true to their life as are the duke and the duchess at the Hôtel de Châlons in Paris, and the maiden of Deer Hough, with her simple ways, is as worthy of admiration as was, in the flesh, the adventuress of point d' Alençon and Valenciennes, whose perturbèd spirit she put to rest.

CAPTAIN KING has been telling the story of another "War-Time Wooing" in the columns of *Harper's Weekly* during the past few months, and with the same attention to detail, the same air of realism, and the same soldierly straightforwardness and simplicity which distinguished his earlier effort at fiction. Captain King handles the pen as well as the less mighty sword, and in *Between the Lines*[5] he draws a series of admirable pictures of the battles of our civil war. There is plenty of action in his tale; it opens with flame and smoke, and shout and groan and sabre-stroke, and on almost every page death-shots fall as thick and fast as ever they fell during the revolution in modern Greece. The reader who knows nothing of the horrors of actual war hears in one chapter the sullen booming of guns, sees the dust-clouds rising dense and stifling over Virginia roads, catches occasional glimpses of wandering columns with red battle-flags fluttering overhead. In the next chapter a silence as of desolation has settled upon the land of which Captain King is writing; for all the fields, from Chantilly to Manassas, are peopled only with the dead, and every slope and every green pasture is ridged with new-made graves. Farm buildings and storehouses are nothing now but blackened ruins, charred stumps, and scattered ashes. Worn and dingy gray uniforms as they pass along are hailed with acclamation by enthusiastic women, while jackets of blue, equally dingy and equally worn, are received

[4] *French Janet.* A Novel. By SARAH TYTLER. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] 8vo, Paper, 30 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Between the Lines*, A Story of the War. By Captain CHARLES KING. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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in utter and contemptuous silence, every shutter and every door that is left standing being closed and bolted against them. This is the war of which the new generation, happily for itself, knows so little, and which perhaps it has never before seen so close at hand.

The part which Cupid plays "Between the Lines," if not so prominent as the part of Mars, is not less important in its results. He rules the camps of Federals as well as Confederates, his darts are shot with certain aim, and Cupid-like he wounds his friends as often as he pricks his enemies. The Yankee officer falls, of course, in love with the daughter of Virginia, against whose father and brother he is waging a cruel but what he believes to be a necessary war. It is the old story of a race divided against itself. Their ancestors had fought on opposite sides in the Wars of the Roses; they had tried to kill each other when the Roundheads opposed the Cavaliers, and when the house of Stuart was conquered by the house of Guelph; but they were always of the same race, for all that: love is stronger than parties now, as it was in the days of the Lancasters and the Hanoverians, and this American story, which begins with hatred and bloodshed, ends with the pressing of a pair of soft Confederate lips upon the ugly scar a Virginia sabre had left across a bronzed New Jersey cheek.

THE last, the longest, and the most pretending, but by no means the best, of the quartette of novels under consideration this month is *Lady Bluebeard*,[6] by an anonymous author. The scene opens in the veritable garden of Eden, as it is now known to Oriental travellers, a dank, desolate marsh, where the muddy waters of the Tigris and the Euphrates meet; and the curtain falls on a moon shining full upon a beautifully calm and surprisingly pure snow-white range of the great Himalayas. The various characters are carried on aboriginal elephants and camels and donkeys, and on intrusive and irrelevant steam-boats, all over that Eastern country, making queer love, seeing strange things, and talking a good deal of that clever nonsense which is talked in the books of Mr. Mallock. Lady Bluebeard, the heroine, is described as a "blithesome and lithesome" creature, with that soft gray melancholy eye in which is seen the glint of flashing steel, so common in English stories of Lady Bluebeard's school. Her cheeks are pale, her smile is sweet, she has the traditionally graceful, easy gait of the three-volume goddess, her manner is irresistibly fascinating, and she is only original in the peculiar tint of her hair, which is "honey-colored," although whether buckwheat or clover honey, or strained or in the comb, is not disclosed. The hero, who tells her story, and his own in the first person, travels at the expense of a member of his family of whom he invariably speaks as his "dear old fool of an uncle"; and when Lady Bluebeard assures him, in an early chapter, that he is unquestionably that uncle's nephew, the prosaic reader is strongly inclined to agree with her.

If the central figures of the tale are sometimes a little exaggerated, however, and generally absurd, their various adventures will entertain a large class of readers; and the white-bearded sheiks, the nautch girls, the sleepy Arab encampments, the barbaric music of the Turkish minstrels, and all the sounds and sights and experiences of that unfamiliar land are brilliantly and it would seem faithfully reproduced. But what Lady Bluebeard sees and is told of pearl-fishing, for instance, the accounts of the perils of the poor wretches who spend half of their lives under water, the descriptions of the pearls, their colors, their values, and the surprising statement that enormous quantities of false pearls from Birmingham are yearly sent to India, are much more interesting and instructive than Lady Bluebeard's own talk about the flood-gates of Pactolus or the condition of women in the next world; and unnatural as it may appear, her own fate at the end of the book will excite less general interest than the uncertainty which surrounds the fate of the poor drunken Oxford graduate she left diving for pearls one afternoon in the Persian Gulf.

THE piece spoken by the little Motley boy at Mr. Greene's school, near Boston, in 1824, will hardly be found in Mr. Rolfe's collection of *Fairy Tales in Prose and Verse*;[7] for this latest volume of the series of "English Classics for School Reading" is made up, for the most part, of the prose and verse of the men and women who were Mr. Motley's own contemporaries in the world of letters: Lord Tennyson, Mrs. Mary Howitt, Mrs. Craik, Mr. William Allingham, and the like. High and well-deserved praise has been given in these columns in previous months to Mr. Rolfe's "Tales of Chivalry" and "Tales from English History." The present volume is similar to these in plan and scope, although the selections are suited perhaps to the wants of a younger class of students. Mr. Rolfe's system is an admirable one, and it is admirably carried out in this as in previous instances. The Notes at the end of the book are simple and exhaustive, and that some of them are intended for instructors as well as scholars detracts nothing from the value of the series. They are particularly adapted to the intellectual wants of both classes, and to teachers as well as to taught they can be conscientiously recommended, as can the briefer foot-notes upon almost every page.

[6] *Lady Bluebeard.* A Novel. By the Author of "Zit and Xoe." [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] 8vo, Paper, 40 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Fairy Tales in Prose and Verse. Selected from Early and Recent Literature.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., Litt. D. [*English Classics for School Reading.*] Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 36 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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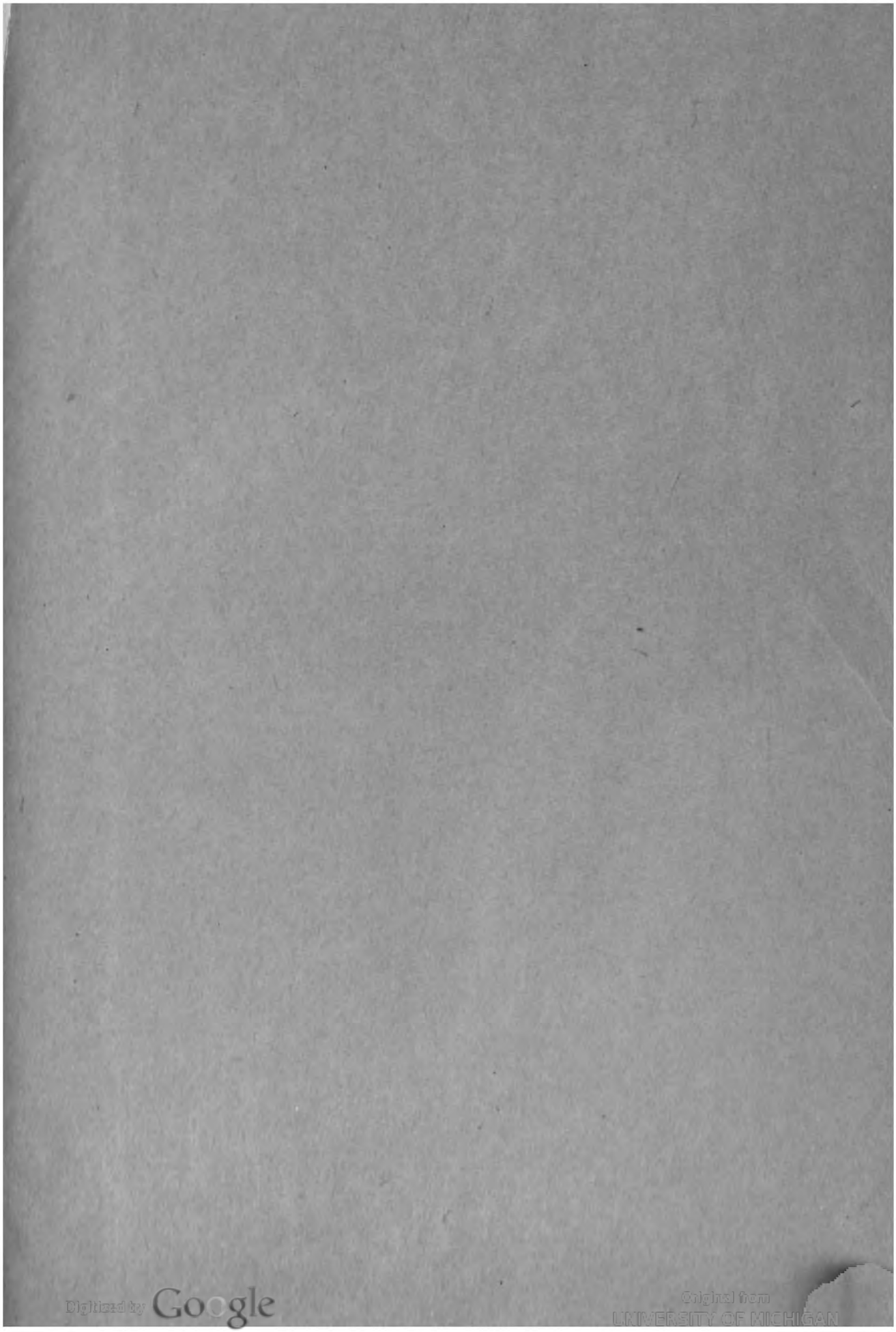
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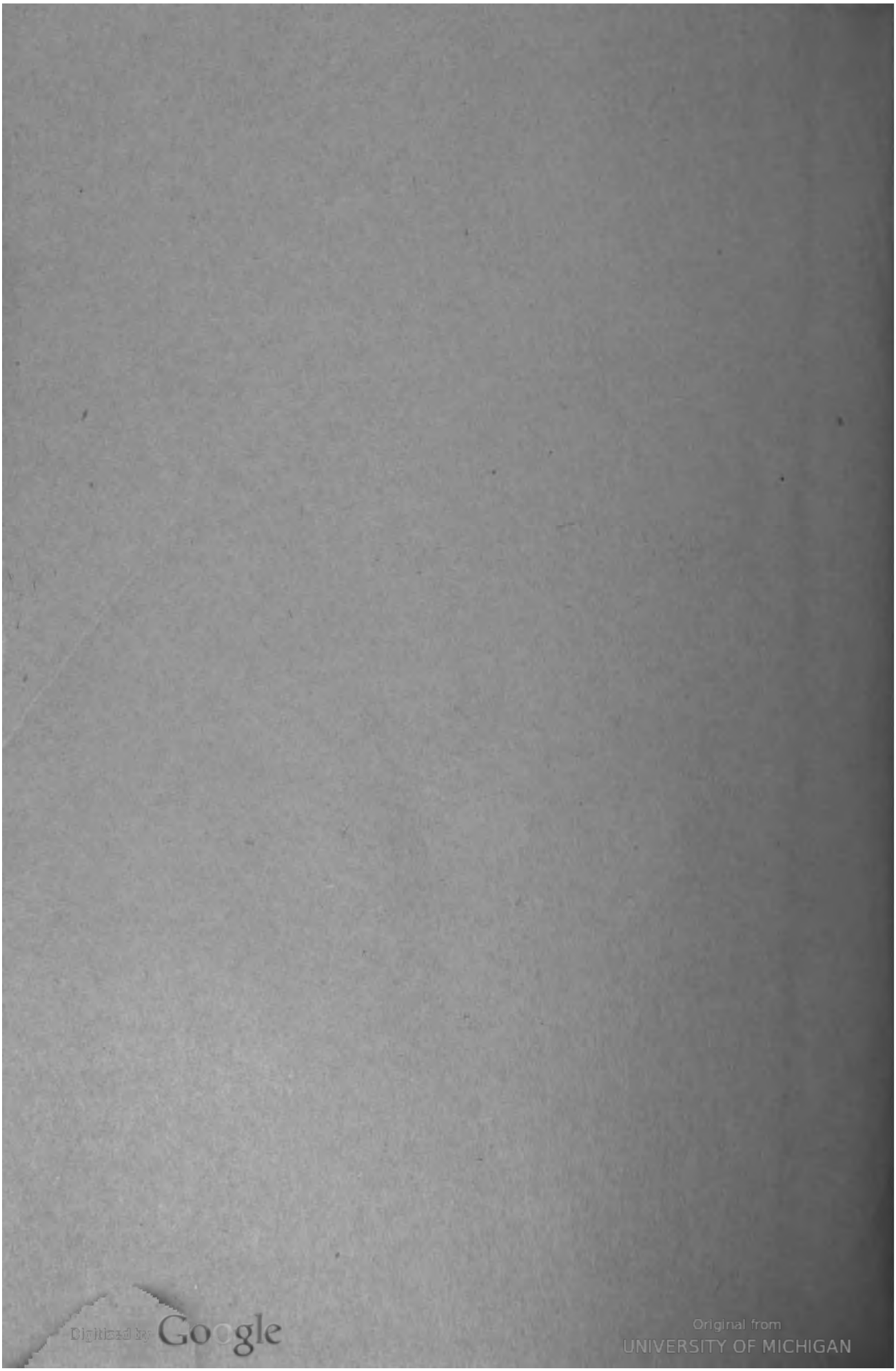
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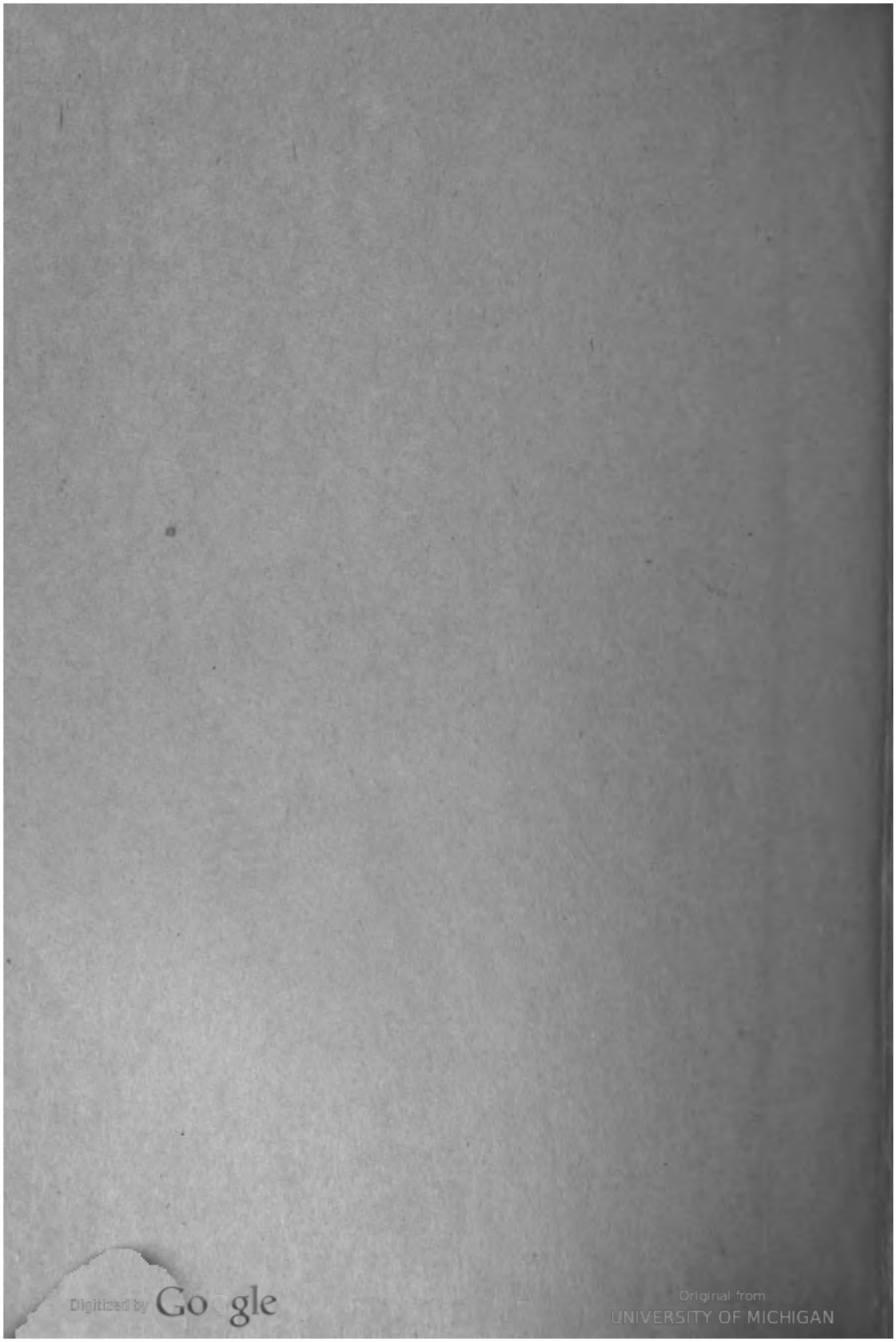

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